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# R O M U L O

*Voice of Freedom*

BOOKS BY CORNELIA SPENCER

Three Sisters
China Trader
Elizabeth: England's Modern Queen
The Exile's Daughter
Made in China
Made in India
The Missionary
Nehru of India
Straight Furrow
Romulo: Voice of Freedom

# ROMULO

## *Voice of Freedom*

CORNELIA SPENCER

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 52–11039

Manufactured in the United States of America

*"America was the only sovereign nation in the Far East that in its hour of danger was able to count on the loyalty of its subject people."*

*—Carlos P. Romulo*

GENERAL CARLOS P. ROMULO

Secretary of Foreign Affairs
Republic of the Philippines

Chief,
The Philippine Mission
to the United Nations

Chief Delegate of the Philippines
to the Far Eastern Commission
Washington, D.C.

Aide-de-Camp to General Douglas MacArthur
on Bataan, Corregidor and in
Australia, 1941-45

Lieutenant Colonel 1942; Colonel 1942
Brigadier General 1944

Resident Commissioner of the
Philippines to the United States
1942-44

President
Fourth General Assembly
of the United Nations
1949

Ambassador
The Republic of the Philippines
to the United States
1951-

# Foreword

CARLOS P. ROMULO began to voice his devotion to the ideal of independence when only a schoolboy in Manila. Sharing, at first, in the mutual hatred of his people against the new "overlord" when the United States freed the Philippines from the Spaniards, he became convinced of good American intention, and watched with warming loyalty the improving conditions of his people.

His natural gift was one of ready wit and fluent words. In oratorical contests, as a cub reporter, as a professor of English literature at the University of the Philippines, as a newspaper editor, and then as publisher of a chain of newspapers, as well as director of a broadcasting station, he moved swiftly toward notable achievement. He was champion, through these means, of every move toward freedom, and worked with all his ability for the identification of his people with the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship.

When the Second World War was about to break out, he made a tour of Far Eastern countries to learn firsthand how these people felt toward their colonial masters, and to measure their devotion to democracy. The forty-one articles which resulted won him the Pulitzer Prize for Journalism and later confirmed his prediction of things to come.

He was appointed aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur and put in charge of Press Relations of the Army,

when war came. Going from fox hole to fox hole on Bataan, his task was to encourage the men who longingly awaited the help from the United States that did not come in time.

On Corregidor he broadcast three times daily, over the "Voice of Freedom," statements which had to be a spur to continued loyalty on the part of his hard-pressed countrymen, a reassurance to the United States and the world as to the part the Filipinos were playing, and a challenge to the invading Japanese. His success with regard to the Japanese was measured by the high price they at once put on his head.

Taken from Bataan at the last moment when the American-Philippine forces were withdrawing, General Romulo was sent to the United States to bring the American people to a realization of what was at stake in the Far East. He toured the country for two and a half years, wrote books, and poured himself out in an effort to hasten America's preparation.

At the death of President Manuel Quezon, he was appointed Philippine Resident Commissioner. On the floor of Congress he appealed dramatically for unity between the Americans and the Filipinos, and presented the conduct of the war as a tool to bring about unity.

In the Philippines once more, for the first landing on Philippine soil on Leyte, he continued to speak over the "Voice of Freedom." Again he was sent to report the successes at Leyte to the Congress of the United States. In the advance on Manila he was the clarion of approaching liberation.

Heading the Philippine delegation at the United Nations, he was a constant spokesman for democracy. He was elected President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations by a vote of fifty-three to five. Before the repre-

sentatives of the world, he was ever the adept and gifted Voice of Freedom, expressing the appreciation of the Filipino people for the independence they had achieved, urging co-operation among all freedom-loving nations, and stirring the world to action while he felt there was still time.

# ROMULO

*Voice of Freedom*

# I

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOY looked at his carefully written notes. They were good. They had to be, since he believed in what he was going to talk about. He believed that his people should have their independence, and now at last he was convinced that the United States intended to grant it. For this reason, loving his own country above all, he could sincerely choose the subject, "My Faith in America," as his theme for the school oratorical contest. The idea of that theme had a long story reaching back to the very date of his birth, just over the edge of the century.

Thinking it over now, he smiled to himself, drawing in one corner of his mouth in a way he had, and blinking his eyes quickly. His right hand, holding the fluttering pages together, fluttered them even more, while his left hand ran over his short-clipped hair in a thoughtful gesture. He shifted his position on his desk seat, and then jumped to his feet and began to pace about the empty schoolroom. He had stayed after school to practice for the next day, which was the day of the contest. Words came easily to him, but they must say exactly what he intended them to say.

At once he was lost to everything except his own eloquence, flowing with speed and passion, extemporaneous but for his notes. His steps were quick, timed to his words, and he rarely hesitated. In the loneliness of the warm Philippine

afternoon, he gesticulated, raised and lowered his tones and reconvinced himself of what he said. Yes, he had come to believe America sincere. Now he wanted to go to America and know the American people.

Sometimes in his bedroom at home he paused before the mirror. It was a large mirror brought from Spain in a galleon a century or two ago. Many of the things in that house had come from Spain. He studied the reflection of himself. He was short, small-boned, and lightly built. He would never be large. His face was round and his eyes had an Oriental look. He was glad, for he should expect nothing else. He was a Malay and he should look Malayan. Would he want to desert his own? It was sometimes maddening to be teased about his shortness on the baseball field where length would work for speed; it was secretly discouraging to grow no taller even though he ate everything that was supposed to make one healthy, for it was hard to compete with American boys, or even with other Filipino boys who, because of some alien blood in their veins, stood five or six inches above him.

It was the fashion to wear American suits, but his, which he wore with a keen sense of style, did not change him at all. He stayed just what he was—a smallish young man, Malayan in all his looks.

But he had a way about him, and people always laughed when he was around. It was good friendly laughter and he thoroughly enjoyed it. He might need such laughter before he finished all he planned to do. He was sure that destiny pointed out a long road ahead for him, and he intended to follow it.

Standing before the mirror, Carlos Romulo made great

resolutions. He had once hated America and the Americans as his father and grandfather before him had hated them. But now he believed in America. As a Filipino he wanted to throw his effort on the side of what America was doing for his country.

He was back in the schoolroom again and the notes were in his hand. There was no need to practice any more. He was always inspired at the moment when he spoke. Inspiration rose from the audience for him, like the aroma of good cooking, whetting the appetite. He was going to win the contest tomorrow, of course. He would win it because an important family decision rested on the victory. It had been suggested rather than stated, yet he knew it was real. If he won tomorrow, his father was going to send him to the United States for university work when he was ready for it.

Many things led to this certainty. The family had had close connections with Americans ever since the early days of the occupation, when they lived in the town of Camiling in the province of Tarlac, where Carlos was born. William Howard Taft had become a close friend. American teachers in the school had lived in the Romulo home. Manuel L. Quezon had returned from Washington triumphantly with the passage of the Jones Law which promised independence to the Philippines. And now, Carlos had based his oration on the conviction brought by that great parade of welcome.

The victory in the contest he expected might not have been possible without Manuel Quezon. That day when he saw Resident Commissioner Quezon, he gave up his fight against America. None of the past must matter any more. War, any war, was something special and had nothing to do

with ordinary living. In war men were not themselves but some other kind of creatures. They became inhuman and were again cavemen of prehistoric times. . . .

Looking down from the Old Wall of Manila, built by the Spaniards more than three hundred years before, Carlos and some other students had watched the great parade.

The Wall had been pierced by a new gate named Quezon Gate, in commemoration of the occasion. Leaning over, half hidden by vines, Carlos and his friends had watched from above the long, winding procession, brilliant with banners and flags, and musical with bands. There was Quezon himself! He looked slight but handsome, and the young men felt a twinge of envy at the way he wore his clothes and bore himself.

For a time the students memorized long sections of Quezon's speeches. Perhaps the brilliant welcome and the fact that they idolized him had something to do with it. But it could have been the speeches themselves which fired the imagination of the young men, for students studied them willingly and recited them with passion. Bits of them became part of the language of schools and universities—and running deeply beneath the glowing words was a living vein of fire, an undying spark that was to keep Quezon himself alive after his body was all but dead, and to burn in the hearts of the people of the Philippines during bitter days ahead.

But Carlos and the other students could not read the future. They only saw Manuel Quezon as their hero, and patterned their lives over his, and said his words, wishing secretly that *they* had been the ones to say them in such a day of struggle for freedom.

Tomorrow came and Carlos met it with high heart. Before a room crowded with dignitaries, both American and Filipino, his father and his uncles and his mother, even, he rose to speak when his turn came. His pulse beat strongly but evenly. He drew himself up to his full height, and for an instant seemed stretched up an inch or two, and then forgot everything as the words poured out. Fine perspiration gathered just beneath his heavy hairline and he felt moisture on his lip, but with a quick whisk of his handkerchief, he went on. He must remember time. He checked it with the turn of each new thought. Many an oration had failed because there was too much of it, and knowing his own fluency, he watched himself.

He was carried away by what he said. How true his own words were! They did not seem his but the words of someone greater than he! He had spoken English a long time, ever since he was in primary school. Now he spoke smoothly, and although he had a slight accent which he would never entirely lose, he did not have to stop to think.

He reached the end, rose to a pitch of high appeal, bowed, and went to his place. He was well pleased with himself and in his self-satisfaction he forgot for a moment that there was a prize.

One contestant after another spoke. Some did well and some badly. One forgot his speech altogether. Then the last one rose and gave a sound but passionless address. The contest was over.

The beribboned judges consulted together. Names were written on paper. After a pause the chairman stepped forward to announce the winner. Carlos heard his name announced. He came from some far distance to the present.

True, he had resolved only yesterday that he must win, but today was far from yesterday and he had been carried away by what he had been listening to, and most carried away of all by what he himself had said.

Now he rose and glanced quickly around. Hands began to clap in an uproar of applause. He had a glimpse of his parents standing part way back in the hall. He went forward searching for some appropriate thing to say, and then decided to say nothing. He had said enough and had left a good impression. More words might spoil what was already done.

He held the medal in his hand. It was not only a medal. It was America for him. He bowed deeply, shook hands with the chairman, said, "Thank you, sir. I hope I deserve it," and turned back to his seat.

The assembly broke up and students and parents crowded around. One boy said bitterly, "I knew there was really no use trying when *you* entered the contest, Rommy. Your words come out like rushing water. I'll bet you don't even have to try!"

Gregorio Romulo, Carlos' father, waited for him. His eyes met his son's. "You know what this means, Carlos. It means the university in the United States for you. Your mother and I are proud."

Carlos returned his father's look and then smiled with sudden happiness at both his parents. But as quickly he was serious, for he felt it a momentous moment. He stood on the brink of discovery. He was to see for himself, at last, how freedom worked within a people.

# II

CARLOS HAD deep-rooted reasons for wanting to see what freedom meant. One was the history of his own country with Spain and then with America. Another was the broader question of the dominance of a white minority over a colored world. His own country would gain its independence, of that he was now convinced, but of the happy solution of colonialism for all he was far less certain.

America's connection with his country began just before he was born. The story of the Philippine struggle against the United States, told again and again in his family, was so much a part of his heritage that he could scarcely be sure what had happened when he was really old enough to remember it, and what had happened before he was born or when he was a mere infant. Whichever way it was, he knew that he had been taught to call every white-skinned person he saw a "foreign devil." Hatred for Americans was one of the first things he learned, and next to hating them he was to fear them.

Two years before he was born, Commodore Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. Coming as if out of nowhere, the American ships had swept in before even Aguinaldo, leader of the Filipino revolutionists against Spain, arrived. Exiled in Singapore, Aguinaldo had been invited to join Commodore Dewey in Hong Kong to discuss joint ef-

forts against the Spanish. That the sinking of the American battleship *Maine* in far-off Cuba could mean this for freedom! That the Americans should come to this far outpost of Spain and join in the delayed efforts of the followers of José Rizal! Aguinaldo and his men could scarcely believe it.

When he reached Hong Kong, Aguinaldo found that Dewey had not waited for him. He had tried not to believe himself betrayed and clung to the hope that America's coming inspired. He sent word to his forces at home, saying, "Where you see the American flag flying, assemble in numbers; they are our redeemers." [1]

Without his presence, Aguinaldo's forces obediently watched the battle of Manila Bay, wondering, yet glad. Dewey dispatched the gunboat *McCulloch* to Hong Kong to fetch Aguinaldo. Though belated, this was as it should be. When Aguinaldo arrived, he asked one question, "Will the United States recognize my government?" [1]

The record of the answer to this question is not clear. Aguinaldo believed that recognition was promised. Later, Dewey said that he had not intended to give such an impression.

Dewey asked Aguinaldo to throw in his forces until American land troops should have had time to arrive, a period of three or four months. The capture of the city of Manila, it was agreed, should be left until that time.

How often in the Romulo family the story of the Filipino forces, which swept to the very gates of the city, was told! There the Guardia Civil and the Spanish artillery were besieged. The victory seemed so certain that the revolutionary forces met to form a civil government. In June, 1898, a month after the Battle of Manila Bay, a celebration of in-

dependence from Spain was held at Cavite and the new revolutionary flag was unfurled.

The American ground forces arrived. One of their leaders was a man named Major Arthur MacArthur, who had a young son Douglas. Now that the troops had come the surrender was, after all, arranged by diplomacy. A few shots had to be fired to save all faces. Actually, because of water shortage and starvation, the city was ready to give up.

One of the conditions of the surrender, demanded by the besieged Spanish, was that no Filipino forces were to enter the city in sign of triumph. The Americans accepted this condition and announced it. That was a bitter moment for the Revolutionary Army which had done the fighting. Anger swept through it like fire. To them the Americans seemed to have stepped into the shoes of the Spaniards. Secretly word was passed along—"Resist!"

But resistance to the Americans could not be open resistance on the battlefield. For such, arms were needed, and the Filipinos had none. The Americans, on the other hand, had all they wanted. The Filipinos would have to fight as guerrillas. Bows and arrows and even rocks would have to be resorted to. Organized resistance swiftly went into action. Women and children many times worked as scouts and messengers.

The American soldiers had never fought on foreign soil before. They could make nothing of this kind of fighting. They began to question those they captured, then to press for answers to their questions, and at last, in desperation, to torture for the answers they must have.

When word of this reached home, the people would have none of it. Perhaps the memory of their own struggle for

freedom was still too fresh. They demanded the truth about what was going on in the Philippines, and got it. A great argument over what to do with the Philippines began in the United States. At last, eventual independence was promised under the McEnery Resolution. But the word "eventual" kept the guerrillas from believing the promise at all. They kept on fighting.

General Arthur MacArthur was a sensible man. He saw that until Aguinaldo was captured, the war would not stop. He was trying to control the situation in other ways. The Islands had been put under martial law. He announced amnesty that provided that there would be no punishment of those who surrended, and a reward for all guns turned in. He instituted habeas corpus. But Aguinaldo was still free, leading his men.

Carlos Romulo was three months old when, in June 1901, Aguinaldo was at last captured by ruse. As he grew older, Carlos heard the story told many times. It was really a part of his life, for his own grandfather had been held a prisoner by the Americans, and his father, Gregorio, was one of the guerrilla leaders.

Years later, in America, Carlos was to hear of his father's meeting with the American soldiers quartered in Camiling. Brigadier General McCabe said that he and his men liked to go swimming in the river near the town, but Gregorio Romulo and his men lay hidden along the shore and took chance shots at them. One afternoon the General was standing on the river's edge with his arms up, skinning out of his shirt, when the "zing" of a rifle bullet passed close to his head. He leaped for the water and as he jumped, his shirt

caught in a bush and hung there. Carlos' father kept on shooting at the shirt, not knowing it was empty!

One day fear filled the home in Camiling. Carlos' uncle had come and the grown people gathered round to listen to what he had to say. They drew in their breaths in horror, and the tears glistened in their eyes as he talked to them. The old grandfather had been given the "water cure" to make him answer questions of his captors. They all knew what the torture was. When the account was finished, stillness fell over them all.

Soon after the surrender of Aguinaldo, the grandfather himself came home. When he told the family how the great leader had been tricked into surrender and how he had at last sworn allegiance to the United States, they tried to understand. But to be taken was one thing; to surrender, quite another. They waited to see what would happen.

At last, Gregorio himself came. All the friends and relatives gathered to welcome him. Surely *he* would never surrender! But he said that since his commander in chief had admitted his defeat, there was no other course for those under his command.

Again they waited fearfully to see what would be done to Gregorio. Would he be thrown into jail, or shot? Gregorio surrendered to the American commanding officer in Camiling, Captain Minor. In a short while Gregorio came safely home to report what had happened and said quite cheerfully, "These Americans are not as bad as they seem." He at once started to study English from Captain Minor, while the Americans learned Spanish from him. The townspeople shook their heads, unable to make sense out of what was taking place.

In the next years the little boy Carlos had his own lessons from the Americans. Those Americans were strangely out of place in the town of Camiling. It was then a place of nipa shacks and tin-roofed houses, under which, after the Filipino fashion, pigs and goats lived. True, there were fine homes there too, but they were the exception. The soldiers were quartered by the town square near the Catholic church and the schoolhouse. The men often sat about in the small park, amusing themselves with the children who played there. A particularly homely sergeant taught some of the boys English. Small, barefoot Carlos hung back because of all he had heard at home about the Americans—their rudeness and brutality—now things remembered from the past. One day the sergeant held out an apple to him. Comfortable though the Romulo home was, and furnished with many things of beauty, it held no American apples. The child hesitated. He inched nearer, and at last reached out to accept the fruit, said a quick thank-you, and dashed away.

Soon he, too, was going for his lessons in English. All would have been well if it had not been that bits of guerrilla fighting were still going on. One day a neighbor was hanging dead, right in the park, and Carlos on his way to his lesson looked in horror; then raced home, determined never to go near the Americans again. That familiar face, blue-black in death, haunted him even in his sleep.

But the next day the boys teased him because he had not come to class. They said he was too stupid to learn the lessons and so had given them up. That was too much for Carlos. He went doggedly back, by another route, and mastered the lessons even though most of the boys were older than he.

Then Major Dalrymple, the revenue officer, came to Camiling. He got on so well with the Romulos that they asked him to live in their house. The two-way teaching of languages continued. When, later, Gregorio Romulo ran for the mayorality of the town, the revenue officer stumped for him. He taught the Filipino boy to swim in the river behind the house. (Most Filipino boys swam in the sea like porpoises.) Every time the American went to Manila, he brought back gifts. Best of all, he loved to tell stories of great Americans. To Carlos, all these Americans seemed to have been great because they had fought for freedom. In his mind he put them with Filipino heroes of freedom.

Schools patterned after those in the United States were set up throughout the Islands when the civil government was established. An American supervising teacher came to Camiling. This teacher had a son about Carlos' age. Carlos disliked the youngster for personal reasons. One day he fought him on the playground and to finish off the battle nicely, wedged the American boy firmly in the fork of a large tree. The boy cried out and his father came running from the school building, while Carlos waited. Even though he knew he was in the wrong, it had satisfied something in him to make the other fellow squeal. The teacher turned to him and said quietly, "Well, you beat him. Are you satisfied?"

Carlos answered in as near a growl as he could manage, "Yes, sir."

"Then shake," the father commanded. The boys gripped, suddenly grinned at each other, and were friends.

The Amercian teachers came, slowly at first, and then like an invasion. These Americans did not live in separated com-

pounds but in the villages and often in the homes of their pupils. Americans and Filipinos could not but get acquainted. Mr. and Mrs. Lee J. Grove lived with the Romulos.

William Howard Taft had been made Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands in 1901 and served until 1904, when he became the United States Secretary of War. Since the Islands were supervised by the Department of War, Taft was still in close touch with the Filipinos. He was back in 1907 to open the first Legislature. When, the next year, he was elected to the Presidency of the United States, he was still much interested in the Islands.

The Filipinos loved William Howard Taft because they saw that he was opposed to their being controlled by a foreign power. Among those who loved him was Gregorio Romulo. A strong personal friendship grew between the two men even though they were so different. Carlos, the boy, honored the thick-set, jovial man from America.

Carlos' father began to be successful. First as mayor of Camiling, then as governor of the province of Tarlac, he progressed toward Manila. Before long the family moved there.

In Manila, Carlos went to high school. In these day he was still troubled about the political relationship between the United States and his country and often got into arguments about it. What he remembered of what the Americans had done in the past made no sense with what he saw them doing now in this city, and everything was the more mixed up by the fact that the Filipinos still did not have their freedom. Sometimes he went to his principal, Michael J. O'Malley, and talked with him for hours. The man patiently retold what the boy already knew—that the American people would

not have atrocities against the Filipinos, had investigated them and had punished those who committed them. He pointed out how the government of the Islands was being gradually placed in Filipino hands, how roads were being built, sanitation improved, and the standard of living raised. It was convincing—but where was independence?

Carlos became editor of the high school annual. He had to sell advertising space to pay for the printing of it. He and the business manager called on important businessmen, now established in Manila, to get their advertising. Carlos' ability to speak well helped him, for he was rarely turned down.

The experience with the school annual may have had some part in planting an idea in his mind. About this same time he took a job as a cub reporter for the Manila *Times*. His salary was four streetcar tickets a day. As far as he was concerned, the reporting itself was the real pay. But he learned a lesson. Writing of this experience, he says, "I made an auspicious beginning by writing a four-page story describing a fire. It was rich with the rhetoric that was my favorite subject in high school, and it was a sobering discovery for me to find my story the next day pared down to a single item in the column 'News in Brief.' " [2]

The passage of the Jones Law and the victorious arrival of Manuel Quezon found the boy a young man, reaching toward the future. He could count upon the promises of America by now, but he was aware, too, of far-flung colonies of the West all around him. What might independence mean for these? He must see how freedom worked for all.

It was the year 1916.

# III

CARLOS ATTENDED the University of the Philippines before he went to the United States for graduate work. During his last year in Manila he was a reporter for the *Cablenews-American,* the only English-language morning paper at the time.

Mr. Norbert Lyons, then editor of the paper, writes:

> I was very much impressed with his intelligence and unusual ability to use the English language. He was one of the very few Filipino reporters I ever employed whose copy did not necessitate strenuous and back-breaking editing before it was fit for the composing room—both from the standpoint of language and journalistic treatment. In fact, it was often superior, from these criteria, to the copy submitted by the American staff. When he left I was very sorry to see him go. He was a very fine reporter, too, and I am not at all surprised over his brilliant subsequent career.[1]

At last he was on the Pacific, on his way to Columbia University. Aboard ship he found Filipinos as cabin boys and providing music for the dancing, but that was all. Beneath the colored lanterns of the spacious decks they recreated the beautiful, exotic atmosphere of the Islands, and the white men and women danced and applauded them so that they would play the more. But the quarters where the brown men lived were the worst in the ship, and Carlos was

ashamed that they should serve him who was only one chosen from among his race. In the holds of such ships, he knew, Filipino laborers sometimes went stark mad because of the confinement. He was accepted and they were barred, although they were, when at home, no more servants than he. This was an uncomfortable thing and it troubled him as he sailed toward the land of the free. His love of freedom and his longing for independence for his country grew even stronger because of his fellow countrymen on that ship. The hurt of racial injustices was freshened as he neared America.

Then came the day and the moment when he first saw San Francisco. He would never forget his first glimpse of the city. It reminded him of Manila, for it was spread upon hills, open to a vivid sky, beautiful and welcoming. He forgot everything but that he was in America.

Once in Columbia, he found to his delight that though he was always noticeable because of his size and color, he was not alien. He was sometimes homesick, but it could not last long because of the wonder of Manhattan. A new experience came to him. He was embarrassed that white men could be so greatly pleased at every success he had. Sometimes he was sure that they tried especially to overlook a stumbling in his speech, or politely covered their own failure to appreciate what was to him a joke.

But this atmosphere of friendliness at Columbia was not, he soon found, the characteristic one toward peoples of other colors in the United States. His shade was overlooked because he was a selected student from another country which was a ward of the United States. Elsewhere he had found the Orientals not so well treated, and darker races, even though

they were citizens of the country, were barred from their full share in community life.

When problems became too heavy he went to Ossining, New York, to talk to the Very Reverend Father James F. Drought, who had been Vicar General of the Maryknoll Fathers in the Philippines. This was a friendship which stretched through the years.

His life in New York was usually too full of excitement and activity for these heavier concerns to weigh him down. He was soon a member of a debating team at Columbia. The audience always seemed to be on his side from the start and this gave him an advantage over his opponents. But the University filled only a part of his life. He enjoyed much that the city offered and delighted in its opportunities.

Now that he was a student in America he sometimes thought about others who had come here to study or visit, and then returned again to the homeland. Many of them had helped to carry forward the struggle for independence.

José Rizal, long dead, was a hero, a legend—the very spirit of freedom and a martyr for its sake. Sergio Osmena and Manuel Quezon still lived and worked. America had strengthened their determination. However American he, Carlos, might seem to become, he knew he would always be first a Filipino. His dedication, like that of these others, was first of all to his own country.

For, whereas these who had come to study democracy had helped in carrying the Filipinos forward into a democratic form of government, the roots of the struggle for freedom were old among his people. They had been strong and deep long before Americans ever came to the Islands. During the latter part of the Spanish occupation, different

groups or political parties sprang up with the purpose of obtaining liberation. When the United States came in, the Federalist Party, which was strongest at the time, proposed that the Philippines become a state of the American union. The belief was that by this means peace could best be achieved. This party was useful in bringing the insurrection against the United States to an end and in providing co-operative leaders in the years to follow. William Howard Taft, the first Governor General, leaned heavily upon it, and indeed, the Philippine Commission found it almost indispensable.

But about 1907, new parties arose, and these were dedicated to independence rather than simply to peace. The Federalists had by now given up the idea of statehood and looked toward eventual independence. They had changed their name and were thought of as the conservative nationalist and independence party.

When the Philippine Assembly was started by Taft in 1907, it took a great step forward. Before this, Filipino members of the Philippine Commission had been appointed. There had been no suggestion of nor machinery for a free electorate. The new Assembly, through its elected Speaker, reached the majority party, the national membership of that party, and hence the electorate.

The Assembly became the forum for freedom. The Nationalist Party, formed and led by Sergio Osmena and Manuel Quezon, spearheaded the movement to win it.

At this time Sergio Osmena was governor of the southern island of Cebu. He had been outspoken for independence, first from Spain, then from America. Manuel Quezon had been a major in the army of the revolutionist Aguinaldo.

He was by now governor of the province of Tayabas. Sergio Osmena was elected Speaker of the Assembly and so was at once put in a place of strategic leadership.

A long contest between the Federalist Party and the new Nationalist Party began. The Nationalists held the largest proportion of seats in the Assembly and a wave of anticipation and longing for independence swept the country.

Manuel Quezon was sent to Washington as one of two elected Resident Commissioners. His purpose was to achieve something for Philippine independence. The people at home furnished him with material for his struggle in the Congress of the United States. Municipal Councils prepared resolutions and forwarded them to him and he, in turn, presented them to the representatives of the American people. He published a magazine of his own to tell the facts about his country.

Manuel Quezon was a fiery man, full of determination and devotion to his purpose. He made speeches before the Congress year after year. Sometimes deadly silence met him in the great chamber. Sometimes there might be a flicker of humor or concern on a face here and there. But he knew that underneath both of these lay a deep-rooted belief on the part of all white people that no people of color could govern themselves.

Seven years of work resulted in the passage of the Jones Law. Further steps in gradually placing power in the hands of the Filipinos followed.

Carlos, sitting in the classroom at Columbia, listened to professors, some of them hoary with their years of research, practiced in the art of presenting their findings, experienced

in meeting the questions of students, and even more practiced in providing the right kinds of answers. Their work had become an art because of its perfection. He admired it as he admired anything well done, but it was far away from what concerned him most—his country. He had seen with his own eyes what colonialism could do to its lords as well as its servants. His people must be free and Americans must escape becoming colonial masters.

Often people from such homes as those in which he was now a welcome guest, had come to the Philippines. Here in New York, the man of the family was both butler and handyman, and the wife a gracious hostess while at the same time she was cook and maid. These Americans were everyday people who were used to working hard, who were educated, ambitious and intelligent—and democratic to the core.

In the Philippines, however, they found a cult or club of the white people established by those who had come before and by some of the wealthy people of the country itself. They came expecting to live much as they had at home, but they soon found it impossible to do so. Although they had arrived with only a slight knowledge of the Filipino people, they had intended to learn to know them well. They found, instead, that they were to live in a certain kind of house staffed with a certain number of servants, use a certain standard of furnishings, and entertain in a certain kind of way. Worst of all, they were supposed to hold a certain attitude toward all who were not of the white group—or be criticized by their own countrymen.

They might resist for a time, but in the end they usually accepted the colonial pattern.

True, American teachers had been different. They had

lived among the people, and so by that much had won the Filipinos to America.

Here in America, Carlos Romulo saw more and more clearly that East could never meet West, and peace would never come as a way for all, until the white man's world had changed to Everyman's World.

He had been just too young to take any personal part in the first world war, but his islands had offered their army to serve abroad. It had been kept at home. Could it have been that the white man was uncertain whether these troops would be loyal?

He had heard Chinese people talk. Once he had a friend whose father was a Chinese businessman in Manila. The half-Chinese boy had told him about how the white people behaved in China, while his eyes burned. Carlos, listening, had pounded the table between them and asked, "Why do you stand for it? Why don't you do something about it?" The other boy had only looked at him, as if he were too ignorant to understand.

It took years of living in a westernizing Manila to understand how hard it was to do anything about colonialism. Fresh from the province of Tarlac where teachers and soldiers had been friendly, his sight was influenced by the material improvement he saw around him, and he was not close enough to neighboring colonies of the West to read their story. But as years passed and he had grown older, he came to know what the other boy meant.

He learned that the white man was in the Orient first for all that he could take away. Business boomed in a few lines where the climate and cheap labor could contribute most, but the profits left the country. Wages of laborers were in-

creased, but the costs of living rose. The workers often said, "The white man has no soul." Often Carlos himself had heard white men speak in the presence of Filipinos as though they were not there. Always the white manager, the white doctor, the white representative of a business firm, was the one asked for, as if no other was worth counting.

And pidgin English! Perhaps no white man could ever truly realize that it was an insult to the intelligence, a lowering of class, a making of a difference between the speaker and the one addressed. Once, here at Columbia, an American student who had been in the Orient a short time spoke to him in this language. Probably the student was only behaving instinctively. But that made it worse, because it meant that the sight of a brown face made him act the part of a colonial white man without even pausing to think. Carlos had kept a straight face for a moment, and then had laughed and replied in solid American touched with slang. A slow red had risen in the other fellow's face until Carlos quickly turned the episode into a joke and they shared the fun of it.

Sometimes guests in his old home in Manila were surprised at the beauty of old furniture and at the paintings and music, never expecting any culture but their own. They tried to slip smoothly into a conversation between equals, but the change of point of view was obvious. They seemed not to have known that the wild hill tribes were scarcely typical Filipinos. It would be as true to describe Americans by using the example of the few isolated mountain people who, shut away from the progress of the nation, still settled their differences by feuds. Saddest of all were the Filipinos who themselves deserted their own ways and their own love

of freedom to accept Western ideas of colored peoples; there were some of these.

But some Americans in the Philippines were different from all these. They were the devoted missionaries and teachers and scientists and civil servants who followed no way but their own, believing in human values. They were beloved because of their point of view and because of their work. They had helped to bring independence into sight, for they would never accept colonialism even though they were partly caught by it. They escaped it as much as they could and poured their lives out for the people.

The voice of the lecturing professor in the Columbia classroom brought Carlos back to America once more. Here in America he was getting a better idea of what his country might do, not only for herself but for other countries of the Far East. When she had achieved her independence, she would be a free Oriental country surrounded by colonies or by countries partly regulated by the West. She would be a demonstration, an example of an Oriental country which had been given independence and treated as an equal. America could prepare such an example if any outside nation could. She had been in the Philippines only during the span of Carlos' lifetime—and the Spaniards had been there three centuries. England had been in India even longer, and white men of different countries had held treaty ports and concessions in China for a hundred years.

It came to be that whatever he was doing, Carlos did against the background of his country and her possibilities. What she might do was not his discovery, but it was his concern and he intended to help make it come true. What

he learned about America here, what he took back, what he could say and write—all these would be useful when the time came.

He made a pledge. He would answer the problems of race and of independence by helping to make his islands a proof that Oriental peoples could rule themselves and be loyal to those who helped them. Could he believe that America was one country of the West which, when tempted to be like other colonial empires, refused to be so because it claimed the right of every man to be free? He could. He must.

# IV

THE YEARS PASSED so quickly that before Carlos knew it, it was 1921. He had been at Columbia nearly four years and soon he would be awarded his degree of Master of Arts. Last letters from his father had persuaded him to come home. Gregorio thought his son did not want to leave America, and he was right. Carlos had scarcely begun to do all that he wanted to do here. He attracted experiences like a magnet, and each was interesting. Some American students seemed bored by their university life, and perhaps all life, for that matter, but he never found anything boring for long, and least of all, New York.

But of course he wanted to return to the Philippines, too. He was twenty, and he had finished his university work. His major had been English Literature and now he must find ways of using his training. He heard that the University of the Philippines might have an opening for an assistant professor and wrote to inquire about it. He was accepted.

When he was nearly ready to start homeward, Manuel Quezon, who was in the United States at the head of the Philippine Independence Mission, asked Carlos to join it. He went before Congress as a representative of his people and watched the presentations closely. Some things were done well, he decided, and some badly. His criticism, given by one so young, did not seem to the older men of the

Mission altogether suitable. But they agreed that he was a promising young man.

It was hard to look back on, rather than forward to, America. On his way, and leaving farther and farther behind the country he had come to love so well, Carlos was gloomy. Farewell parties by professors and students, and by other friends, the memory of Washington and New York, all were history now.

Honolulu was like the United States again. Much of the city was American. This was an outpost of America. Many Filipinos lived in the Hawaiian Islands, many Chinese, many Japanese, white people and Negroes. As far as he could tell, there was little racial tension. He walked through the streets and out into the suburbs. Flowers, flowers, everywhere—just as in the Philippines. There were pretty dark-skinned girls, too. Surely they were more attractive than the white-skinned girls of the United States. They were less abrupt, less brash, less demanding. Their soft languor reminded him of home and he was touched with homesickness more than in all the years away. The old Malayan story of the Creator's creations being underbaked in the case of the white race, overbaked in the case of the black, and just right in the case of the brown, made perfect sense. White girls suddenly seemed quite raw!

Japan. Before, as he passed here as a mere boy, he had seen the pictures on a Japanese vase come to life—graceful towers, midget houses, neat people fluttering with politeness. He had distrusted their motives even in those few short hours of the ship's stay. There was no natural kinship between the Japanese and other Asian peoples. He could not explain why, but from his earliest memory he had thought

of them as pirates on Philippine shores, which indeed they once were. They had been there before the Spanish came, as had the Chinese, but the Chinese had intermarried and melted into Filipino life (as they did nowhere else in the world), while the Japanese stayed to themselves and ran their small businesses quite apart from the other life of the Islands. Perhaps it was this separateness which kept them unrelated to other Asian peoples.

Even now, he was not drawn to the Japanese or their country, though they were so near his home. Something from within controlled them, some rules of life which hid their real selves like a mask. They were like a chilling breeze compared with the naturalness of Americans and the warm, outgoing freedom of his own people. He was glad when the ship nosed toward Shanghai.

But Shanghai was worse than Japan. The skyline rose imposingly enough above the muddy, debris-ridden waters of the Whang Poo River. But as the ocean liner drew in to the point where a small tender would bear away the passengers who were disembarking here, he caught himself gazing at the swirling currents. Those currents told a terrible story. All the pitiful waste of a great, cruel city with its burden of colonial poverty was there. A foreign gunboat suddenly belched out garbage from a gunwale and small sampans flocked about like vultures picking up the crusts and half-spoiled fruit and vegetables in long-handled nets. Even while this was going on, the bloated body of a dead child floated past. Carlos turned away, sickened, and tried to gaze off to the towers of the hotels and banks and business houses as they glinted golden in a rare beam of steaming sunshine, unreal above the towering banks of fog.

The burden of the Far East settled down on him. All the free, lighthearted happiness of the past few years was gone, and he lifted the weight of what must be shared by every Asian. Some day Asia would free herself from the white man!

Soon Hong Kong lay before him. The harbor below the Bluff was busier than he remembered it. But it was less disorderly than Shanghai. Was it because he had become more used to the atmosphere of colonies already, or was it because Shanghai was an International Settlement while Hong Kong was only British? The British were certainly the most expert colonizers, as a result of practice. Did Americans perhaps have an exaggerated idea of the British appetite for servility, something growing out of their own past? India had made her protest heard around the world, surely, but might a day come when it was proved, as the British predicted it would, that because of these years of British rule, India was further along than she might otherwise have been? No. Such a thing was entirely impossible. Look at his own islands. They disproved forever any such possibility. One could not ever compare British and American policy in the Far East. But there were those who still said that India would soon be free and that Great Britain would be carrying on a more civilized international code than the United States within the generation.

Those who argued so held that when Britain could get the products she needed through co-operation on the part of her colonies, she would cease to have an empire; that when sea power gave way to air power, her widespread authority would decrease. She had been for a long time the world's greatest empire, but, they said, when her peak had been

reached she would recede, not out of defeat against a background of hatred and confusion, but like a star come to its setting.

Yet, there lay Hong Kong before him, and thousands of coolies, mostly women and children, working on sampans and on the shore, loading and unloading, cleaning and polishing, all seemed no part of the day some liked so well to describe.

Only a few hours on to Manila, now. . . . Then it was there in the afternoon sunshine. Carlos had forgotten how beautiful his city was. No, San Francisco could not compare with it, for Manila was tropical. No chilling breezes or damp fogs here, and here everyone had the lightheartedness of holiday. The buildings of the business section, the towers of hotels, the open parks and spacious patios and the cool, shaded streets leading off to residential areas, all set in the embrace of green hills, were inviting. It was American, yet never American, Romulo saw now. It was colonial, and yet not colonial. Some parts were poor, yet not poor like parts of India and China. His peoples' faces did not have the pinch of hunger and fear. He knew that class differences existed, far too many of them, but it was not like the caste system, nor like the hidden rules which bound the Japanese. Who really knew Japan or the Japanese? Who could read through their disciplined courtesies? Not he! But looking at his own country on this autumn afternoon as he sailed back from America, Carlos knew that they differed from their neighbors. The reason was that they had the promise of freedom, and they believed that the promise would be fulfilled. It demanded hard work of them, but they were working as friends of the white man and not his slaves.

He saw his family waiting for him at the end of the gangway. He recognized schoolmates and other friends. Gripping his smallest bag and leaving the rest to porters, he ran lightly down to meet them, and found himself smothered in their greetings and their welcoming gifts of flowers.

# V

THE UNIVERSITY of the Philippines still stood in its old location in the city of Manila when Carlos Romulo went there as a professor of English. Founded in 1908, it was part of the educational system which the United States had set up throughout the Islands. As the American plan of education began to work it was certain that students would feel that they should move toward a first-class university. The University had other purposes, too, and now as the young professor began his work, he was more aware of them than he had been when he was a student there. He saw that his home university must prepare leaders for the future and must also be the center of culture for the Islands. It must preserve Filipino culture, and explain and give practice in American culture.

He saw, too, that in some ways the University of the Philippines was still below the standards of universities in the United States, even though one of its purposes had been to make it possible for its graduates to go immediately there for graduate work. He himself had had this experience and knew that this was still difficult. But he had been fortunate because languages came to him easily, and language was one of the hardest problems of Filipino students. Often their preparatory work was not as thorough as it should have been because there were not enough qualified teachers, and

besides this, the public school system provided eleven rather than twelve years of teaching.

An even greater difficulty, Romulo saw, was that the University took for granted that its students had come from backgrounds like those of American students entering college. Most of them had come from very different backgrounds. The culture familiar to most of them was related to the Spanish or the older Malayan or Tagalog. What was felt of America had come through an occasional American teacher, through trying to use English, and through imitated American customs. Thousands of young men and women were trying hard to be like Americans. They did not want to believe that the University might be more truly useful to them and to their people if it suited itself to their needs, regardless of whether or not the result was American. The Filipino people had proudly decided to show their ability to merit independence by being educated according to American standards. In spite of great problems, they refused to let this institution differ from American state universities.

Romulo was still closely linked with the United States in his work, perhaps more so than in any other profession he might have undertaken. Exchange professorships joined the University to others in the United States. In 1922 and 1923, Dr. Joseph Hayden was the exchange professor of political science, and his interest in the University was to take him into several fields of public service in the Islands during the following years. He was only one example of the ties with America.

But Carlos could not easily stay fixed in one spot. He was interested in a variety of things, especially now when he had come home full of fresh ideas. There was a great

deal that was American in Manila already, and yet it was Spanish and Oriental as well. It had its dignified residential districts. Malate was especially beautiful. There spacious homes reached out in open patios laced with bougainvillaea, and orchids of unusual varieties overhung shaded banks. Along Dewey Boulevard one saw leisurely horseback riders in the coolness of early morning or late evening. This was the promenade and it was nothing unusual to see here costumes which ladies of Manila had purchased on recent visits to Paris.

Plenty of cars glided along the water front, and on the streets of the modern part of the city. Girls in gay play clothes cycled near the Bay and brilliant beach umbrellas outside the Casa Mañana marked it as a place of pleasure.

The Rotary Club met at the famous Manila Hotel every Thursday for luncheon. There was a yacht club. An American polo club had aroused anger because it did not admit Filipinos, but that was all in the past because the Filipinos had built another which admitted everyone and soon outstripped the first in popularity. Yes, America was here, and even enhanced, for the atmosphere of Spain and the aroma of the East mingled with it.

Sports, the social life of the city, and in spite of himself, newspaper work, all appealed to Romulo and he could not be fully satisfied as a professor. He had made a pledge at Columbia. Somehow he must make his people heard by the West. Somehow he must make them feel that their failure or success in meeting the demands of independence, according to American standards, depended upon each one of them. And he must prepare them for their responsibilities to their

neighbors. Both America and the Philippines must speak through him.

The tool of English literature, delightful and masterly though it might be, could not be his only one. He could use it well, and he was more and more sure of that, but he must be able to touch people quickly and directly. He could not wait for a generation of students to go out from these halls, and then, through them, begin to speak. The voice of the Philippines must be heard through the Islands and through the world, at once.

He looked with growing longing toward the field which had fascinated him ever since he was a boy—the field of newspapers and reporting. It required self-assurance, and he knew he had that. It required an agile tongue and a swift pen, and these, too, he had. It required courage to start on what might be a slow, uphill climb, but perhaps he had that courage. At any rate, in that year 1922, he became assistant editor of the *Philippines Herald,* and by the next year was its editor. Meantime he was still at the University, now as a full professor, and by the year 1924 was acting head of the English Department.

The city of Manila often held great carnivals. The people loved them and each time selected the most beautiful girl for Queen. In 1922, the girl who won the title was Virginia Llamas. One night at a dance, Carlos was introduced to Virginia. Her native language was so different from that of Carlos—even though her home was only seventy miles from Manila—that they had to speak to each other in English or Spanish. But this did not hold back the conversation. Moreover, they soon found that both of them were passionately fond of dancing, and they danced as one. Nothing was as

relaxing to Romulo as dancing, and in the years ahead it was often to be interlaced with the work of days heavy with decision and responsibility because it could clear his mind and send him back fresh to work still waiting to be done.

But his head was whirling now, and was to whirl for many a day, because of Virginia Llamas. She seemed so cool, so beautiful, and in her way, so far from his directness and impetuosity. He must win her. His mind settled on that at once, for all his decisions were made quickly and finally. Even though his road was not altogether clear—for he was at that moment only an assistant editor—he was certain that success lay ahead. He had been moving in that direction so far, and he had no reason to doubt himself now.

Virginia Llamas looked at him calmly. He seemed all the things she was not. Where she was controlled and unruffled, he often exploded and was easily upset. Where she could meet anything asked of her, she was not one to take up causes. She saw at once that he had given himself to the cause of his country wherever it might lead him. She was as strongly patriotic as he, but her patriotism did not go out to blaze in headlines.

He would never really see himself, for he would never take time for that. He was fussy about his dress, and exact in keeping appointments, and impatient with those who waited upon him, but with these details taken care of, he at once forgot them all because of his interest in what he had undertaken.

Virginia tried to understand him, for he would not let her go. He could not hide his feelings from anyone, if they were strong at all, and they were strong toward her. He could be

the most aggressive, the most pompous, the most self-conscious actor she had ever known, and then it all melted away in his devotion to something that would help the Philippines. He was self-assured and at the same time self-forgetful, a strange contradiction to be found in one person.

Perhaps because he was so impetuous and knew so exactly what to say at the right moment, how to flatter without seeming to flatter, how to swing her in the dance in such a way as to blend his motion with her own and yet with greatest delicacy, she danced with him as she had never danced with anyone. Of course she was popular. No Queen of the Carnival could be otherwise. She had to divide her favors even though the event itself was soon past. The young man never complained or had hurt feelings, or sulked. But neither did he give up. At the first suitable moment he was there again, his curiously homely face beaming, his linens glistening, the flowers he had brought of exactly the right fragrance.

The fact that they had to speak to each other in languages not altogether their own had its use in love-making. It accented all they said, made them careful in the choice of words, and spiced the pauses between the dances.

Carlos would win Virginia, however long it took. He never doubted his ability once his purpose was settled upon. His very certainty was to make for his success all through his life.

They were married in 1924. They set up their home in a Spanish-style house on Vermont Street in Malate. It was an enchanting place, and in that spot their roots went down in their own country. In the evening they often rode along Dewey Boulevard, and in the early mornings they watched

the mists over Manila Bay while they let their horses wander as they would. There could scarcely be a better heaven than this.

But their life could not long be a quiet one to themselves. Soon Virginia found that no life with Carlos could ever be quiet, for he was full of ideas and soon he was flying by Clipper to the United States for this or that, for some special mission put upon him by Manuel Quezon, or on some responsibility for the University, or on some quest of his own. He became a commuter to America.

Hours were no longer measured in the usual way. Life was lived when Carlos reached home rather than by any other schedule. Sometimes he was afraid it was too hard on Virginia, and soon especially for little Carlos, their first child. But he had to fit himself to the accidents, events and whims of the life of the great city, and all the world, for that matter, and not to meals and sleep. Virginia saw that if he were to fulfill his bursting possibilities, she must leave him free to dash about as he would, following his nose for news, and his ability to set it quickly down.

She had seen a new side of her husband when he showed her some plays he had written. One was published the year they were married. It was called *Daughters for Sale*. Two years later he wrote *Rizal, A Chronicle Play*. Again, he published a collection, *Juli and Other Plays*. It was impossible to predict all that might lie ahead, and she did not try. She only decided that nothing must stand in Carlos' way in whatever he undertook.

He left the University in 1928. He was pushing quickly and steadily upward. The desk he occupied seemed to float from one office to another, each more imposing than the one

before. His suggestions, his sense of form, his instinct for the heart of the story, brought his own wording to the headlines before others knew what was happening. In 1930 he became editor of the *Manila Tribune.*

Then came the day when he accepted the editorship of the TVT Publications. These were daily papers issued in English, Spanish, and Tagalog, the *Taliba,* the *Vanguardia,* the *Philippines Tribune.* It was 1931. He had "arrived" in his chosen field.

# VI

FROM THE VERY beginning of his fresh experience in his own country Romulo worked closely with the Senate President, Manuel Quezon. Between the years 1922 and 1925, he had served as Quezon's secretary. This, combined with his growing interest in the relationship between the United States and the Philippines, and his passion for journalism, made him realize keenly the service that could be given through the newspapers of the Islands. When he came into the work of the TVT Publications, he was ready to look on both sides of the many issues that were rising.

He was not the only one in the newspaper staffs who could see from both sides. Before he came to TVT Publications, he had had a person on the *Herald* staff who was unforgettable. Yay Panlilio came to be his star woman feature reporter there. She had been born in Manila but had studied in the University of Colorado. "She was a little thing in a simple dress and a sailor hat that made her look like a little girl. Her voice was like a little girl's, too . . . . Equipped with a scratch pad and a candid camera . . . she would dare anything for a feature or a picture. She would clamber over roofs and hang precariously out of windows. Her enthusiasm was that of a small boy, oddly in contrast with her femininity. Often I would curb her impulsive nature." [1] So wrote

Carlos Romulo on another day when Yay would write for him again.

As a journalist, he evaluated the Americans he saw in the life of Manila. He knew only too well that they were not just average Americans. They were not those teachers who had come from small towns with an intense devotion to their work. These were diplomats, newsmen, or play-people who came to visit or to live in the city because the life appealed to them.

The American who stood above all the others in his opinion was General Douglas MacArthur. The name MacArthur was familiar to and respected among Filipinos. Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur had introduced the family to the Philippines when he helped to bring hostilities to an end at the turn of the century. He became the first military governor of the Islands and made himself forever dear to the people by measures which he started at that time. His father before him, Douglas MacArthur's grandfather, had been a military man, also, and lieutenant governor of Wisconsin.

Douglas was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, at the army post. Most of his childhood had been spent in military camps, and any other kind of a career for him seemed never to have been seriously thought of by either himself or his parents. His mother was a lady of outstanding family in Virginia. She kept a firm hand on him and found ways of always being near him. When he went to West Point as a cadet, she moved to a point close by and poured out her love and her guidance on the young man.

Douglas MacArthur soon showed many of the qualities which the Filipinos later revered. At the military school he was a leader in everything he did. He played baseball, was

manager of the football team, and drew splendid grades in his work. In 1903 he graduated at the head of his class. A short time after that he arrived in the Philippines for the first time as a member of the Engineers. He went out a second time as an aide to his father in 1905. By now he was moving swiftly upward. He carried out his assignments in the first world war brilliantly and as a brigadier general was superintendent of West Point for three years. In 1923 and 1928, he made short trips to the Philippines on special assignments.

It was on the last of these trips as a brigadier general of the Philippines Scouts that Carlos Romulo met him.

Douglas MacArthur was nearly twice Romulo's age and they could not well have been more different. The American was tall and gaunt with a beaklike nose, though his bearing was graceful and his manner pleasant. He paced up and down when thinking deeply, and seemed almost never to free himself from serious planning and decisions. He rarely went out socially, and when he did, others unconsciously became his respectful audience. He worked hard and his only luxury was late rising.

Romulo was "knee-high" beside the General. His words always flowed out too quickly, and he made his decisions too soon. He learned to wait until the American began to talk—a moment he loved dearly. For General MacArthur was an orator and when he began to speak could be a volcano of impassioned words flavored with old-fashioned phrases and decorated with dramatic figures of speech. Romulo listened, delighted with the oratory of one who could match or surpass his own abilities and deeply impressed by the meaning of the words. He saw no good reason why they

should become close friends, yet was sure they would. Later, when Romulo became a member of the Board of Directors of the Manila Hotel, he looked forward to the meetings, for General MacArthur was vice-president and when he presided he always gave a report of world events. These were both important and enjoyable for the journalist.

The Americans in Manila were, of course, only the smaller part of the city's life. There were many other sides to it. One, Romulo watched anxiously. He often went to the old walled city. Each time he was struck by the contrast between it and the modern Manila which he loved. Here ancient Spanish-styled convents and churches mingled with cluttered shops and narrow streets. Here Fort Santiago rose as if to challenge any who passed along the Pasig River. All this was familiar. What was alarming was the changing ownership of the small businesses. *Apa* and ice-cream vendors seemed to be standing at almost every street corner, selling their cones and the mixture of shaved ice and cream and sugar which went in them. All these were Japanese. Japanese barbershops sprang up here and soon began to appear all over Manila. Japanese bazaars mushroomed, and whole sections of the city turned suddenly Japanese.

Romulo began to get reports that the fishing industry was being taken over by the Japanese; then in various outlying districts hemp plantations came somehow into their control; then forests, too. He knew that the law did not permit these to be owned by foreigners, but it was possible to avoid this by having unsuspecting or co-operating Filipinos act for the Japanese. Romulo kept meeting more and more Japanese even socially and there they were the most courteous and

pleasant of men. They always took part in important events in the city.

What was going on? Romulo had always shared the instinctive feeling of his people toward the Japanese. It sprang from deep and ancient roots. Centuries ago Japanese pot hunters had come to Luzon to search for the beautiful porcelain or stoneware jars used by the Chinese. The tribal people had come to have superstitious regard for these ancient burial vessels but did not share the Japanese artistic or collector's passion for them. In 1592, the powerful Japanese shogun, Hideyoshi, the first of his country to look so far away for a place where he might expand his power, had demanded tribute of the Spanish governor, Dasmarinas, and threatened to attack the Islands and to occupy Manila if it was not paid. The Japanese pirates had been nuisance enough, and now in hope of being rid of them, and because he was afraid, the governor sent an embassy to Japan to talk things over. There a treaty was drawn up which included the payment of tribute and the withdrawal of pirates. The Chinese who had long been in the Islands had become a part of Filipino life, but the Japanese had always been alien. Both history and differences between the two peoples kept the Japanese and the Filipinos apart.

All this that lay in the past combined with Romulo's awareness of American feeling against the Japanese. America had always been a champion for China, and that in itself made her hostile to Japan.

In 1928, Romulo had heard of a new Japanese idea, a plan so foolish that he had not taken it seriously. It was said that the Japanese were suggesting that all Oriental peoples draw together into a federation against the West. Within

the last two or three years it had been mentioned again as the Japanese proposal for a "Co-Prosperity Sphere of East Asia." The idea pleased no Filipino that Romulo knew. Now he fearfully watched the spread of Japanese influence. He warned his people through his papers, but the Japanese development was still too indefinite to frighten many of his readers. Indeed, some criticized him.

He was convinced that the Philippines must ally themselves ever more strongly with the United States. The time was to come, or was perhaps already here, when the two countries must be one of the strongest international combinations of history.

Many ties bound the countries together; some of them due only to small incidents. When Henry L. Stimson came as Governor General in 1928, everyone watched to see what he would be like. Would he keep up merely a stiff, official correctness, or would he be really friendly? He at once ordered that to all the parties given at Malacanan Palace, the Manila White House, an equal number of Filipino and American guests should be invited. He decreed that all balls should begin with the Philippine ceremonial dance, the *rigodon de honor*. The Governor and his wife learned the dance so that they could take part. This particular dance was one of the traditions of the Filipino people. The first night it was danced, many dark eyes glistened with pleasure.

The record of the Rotary Club helped, too. For a long time, it was true, its membership was made up of two Americans to every one Filipino. But Romulo was elected its president the second year he was a member.

The parties of the Philippine Columbian Club, which was made up of graduates of American universities, each year

honored one of its different nationality groups. This broke down any strangeness between them.

Romulo, as editor and journalist, was in the thick of the political struggle between the United States and the Philippines in 1931. Sergio Osmena went to Washington as head of the Ninth Independence Mission. This mission, sent by the Philippine Legislature, went without exact instructions, and misunderstanding arose. The passage of any law for independence was difficult, and the Filipinos were fearful that the United States would exact military and economic agreements which would not be tenable for the Islands. The question of American military bases in the Philippines, after independence should have been granted, became the burning, pivotal issue. At home the people rallied around President Quezon, complaining that their mission in Washington was entirely too soft in its attitude to the American Congress, while the members in Washington were convinced that they had better get something than nothing.

When the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Act was passed in 1933, uproar greeted it in the Philippines. A split between Osmena and Quezon threatened to have serious results.

Championing President Quezon, Romulo was in the middle of the two-way barrage of transoceanic reporting. When the Act was passed, Quezon refused to accept it and declared that he would maintain that position even if, as some said, it would turn the people against him.

The mission refused to come home or to send a representative back to talk things over. In a desperate attempt to straighten matters out, Quezon himself made a hasty trip to Washington. His mission thanked Congress for its good intention, explained why the Act was unacceptable, and

asked for something better. Unfortunately the difference had involved Quezon and Osmena in a tense political struggle. But Quezon clung to his purpose and in April, 1934, returned in triumph with the Tydings-McDuffie Act. The earlier Act had, in the meantime, been vetoed by President Hoover, repassed by a Democratic Congress, and rejected by the Philippine Legislature. The new one bore the signature of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he had suggested that the Act might later be improved.

The day after the mission returned was the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Battle of Manila Bay, when the United States and the Philippines had begun their relationship. The Philippine Legislature accepted the Tydings-McDuffie Act at once, and although the new bill did not differ drastically from the old one, it included agreement on two crucial points. It promised independence and the withdrawal of all American troops in 1946. The end of the long struggle was in sight. The writing of the constitution was the next step. That same summer a constitutional convention was called to meet in Manila for this purpose. The Legislature accepted its work early the next year.

During all this political excitement, Romulo was frantically busy. Sometimes he was a member of the mission in Washington. Through his papers he was voicing the opinions of Quezon, which he enthusiastically shared. When the Convention met there were still many tensions. Some charged that the influence of the United States was too strong in the writing of the constitution. In August, 1934, the *Philippines Herald* stated, "No matter what we may say, this convention is being held under the auspices of the Philippine Government, and the disgruntled foes of Mr. Quezon to the contrary

notwithstanding, he is the head of the Filipino participation in that government." [2]

The new constitution had to be approved by the President of the United States, and although the Convention was meeting independently of United States officials, the delegates were torn between the wish to write their own document and to make the best possible use of the Tydings-McDuffie Act and the long-term promises of the United States.

While the Convention was at work President Quezon tried to get rulings on some of the draft resolutions by cabling Washington, but such help was refused. The constitution must be a real expression of the Filipino people made without outside promptings.

Ten years of work in setting up the machinery of self-government lay ahead. There were many problems and disputes within the country itself. Whispers of dangers from the Japanese and of revolution in colonial countries nearby grew stronger, meanwhile. Romulo's work was to make himself the mouthpiece for all the warnings and trends of the increasingly disturbed times as they came to him. He threw himself into it with the energy with which he undertook everything.

# VII

MANUEL QUEZON and Sergio Osmena themselves brought an end to the division which had arisen over the progress of independence. They joined forces and went into the election which was the first step in carrying forward the ratified constitution. Aguinaldo, who had led the revolutionary movement in its early years, now reappeared to run for the presidency of the Commonwealth. He made, however, no real showing in the modern political contest.

On September 17, 1935, Manuel Quezon was elected President, and Sergio Osmena Vice-President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines. The fiery, impetuous leader was tempered by the moderate, statesmanlike Osmena. Both threw themselves into the work ahead.

President Quezon, perhaps partly urged on by Romulo's anxiety, thought at once of the defense of the Islands. Since the American troops were to be withdrawn in ten years, now was the time to build a strong home force. He looked about for the right person upon whom to put this responsibility. General Douglas MacArthur was finishing a tour as Chief of Staff of the United States Army, and after this there was no higher step for him to take. President Quezon asked him to come to the Philippines as his military advisor and General MacArthur accepted. The Philippines were like home to him. Two years later he retired from the United States

Army and for the next four years gave his time entirely to the Philippines. He recognized the threat of Japan but he believed that the Islands could be made ready to defend themselves. He planned to train 40,000 men annually for ten years, build up a fleet of MTB boats, and establish an air force. He believed that there were only two beaches where an enemy could land effectively, and was confident that if he had time to carry out his plans, all would be well.[1]

The press had much to say about the co-operation between President Quezon and General MacArthur. Some papers said that Quezon was setting up a dictatorship supported by General MacArthur. Romulo worked doggedly to build confidence. He suspected that some of this talk came from those groups which were still unhappy about the results of the election, or that it was due to Japanese influence.

Romulo saw more and more clearly where the greatest control in the press services lay. They were the voice of the important business interests in the Far East. There were many such interests in the Philippines. While the United States had done much for their ward—and he was the last person not to value this fully—he had only to look about him to see the financial interrelationships. Take for example, the gold mines. They were chiefly in the hands of the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company, owned by one American who was familiarly called the Gold King of the Philippines. Other examples could easily be found. It was tragic to see how often Americans of good intentions were soon drawn into financial interests.

Discouraged as he sometimes was by the whole picture of the West in the East, Romulo was always heartened by thinking again how much better the conditions in the Phil-

ippines were than they were in neighboring countries. He had flown over many parts of the world by now. The Clippers had been his habitual mode of travel, but when he touched ground, he touched it at certain dressed-up points. Though he had flown over many places in this way, he had really seen little of their peoples. He must see them. He had a plan to do just this, but he was not yet sure how he would carry it out.

Already the warnings against Japan which he had been giving through his papers were being proved correct. The incident at Mukden took place in 1931. Romulo recognized this as the beginning of the invasion of China. Soon Japan occupied Manchuria, and then Jehol. In Shanghai the Chinese attacked the Japanese-controlled industries and the large Japanese settlement. There was bloody fighting and the strength of the Chinese soldiers surprised the world. Both China and Japan belonged to the League of Nations. An international commission of inquiry under the leadership of Lord Lytton was appointed to find out what was going on. The report was not satisfactory to either of the parties involved, and Japan withdrew from the League. China was showing that she hotly rejected Japan's plan for a Co-Prosperity Sphere among the Asian peoples. This was encouraging, but the invasion of China justified Romulo's warnings and President Quezon's efforts to protect the Philippines.

The year 1935, dramatic as it was for the Philippines, brought to Romulo himself a dramatic experience. He went to the University of Notre Dame in Indiana to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He was now publisher of what were known as the DMHM papers which included the *Debate,* in Spanish; the *Mabuhay,* in Tagalog; the *Mon-*

*day Mail* and the *Philippines Herald,* in English. The signal services he had performed for his country in making his papers the voice for Quezon and in supporting every move toward independence with the influence he could wield as publisher, had led to the awarding of the degree.

President Roosevelt was to receive the same honor and the two men sat together on the platform. Behind and above them hung the flags of their countries. The brilliant-hued hoods were laid over their heads, and the citations were read. The Notre Dame choir sang the Philippine National Anthem, and then the "Star Spangled Banner." In how many places and under what different circumstances Romulo had heard those songs sung! Sometimes the melodies had risen from clustered nipa huts in small Filipino villages, or from country schoolhouses. Now he joined in the singing with all his heart, while an ache clutched his throat.

He was stimulated and moved. His speech of acceptance of the honor bestowed upon him rushed from a full heart. "If war comes, or fresh conquests from whatever source, we shall oppose it to the death," he said. "To the Philippines the United States has been a generous benefactor, a loyal and true friend, and if we honor the debt in no other way, we can pay with our lives," [2] he pledged with a sense of prophesy.

When the ovation at last died down, President Roosevelt leaned forward in his chair where he awaited his turn, and said with his brilliant smile, "Rommy, you have stolen the show from the President of the United States!" [3]

Back in the Philippines, the words Romulo had spoken on the platform at Notre Dame came back with curious clarity. "If war comes . . ." He talked long hours with President

Quezon and with General MacArthur. His papers continued their warnings.

He was proud of the center of his publications both because of its efficiency and because he knew how great an influence the press had during difficult and unsettled times. The Herald Building stood on Calle Muralla, on the Old Wall. It was a modern plant with rotary presses, rotogravure equipment, linotype machines, Ludlows and all that was necessary in an up-to-date establishment.

This was the center of Romulo's activity, except for the home on Vermont Street where he now had four sons. His home was fragrant with orchids which Virginia raised as a hobby, the fine atmosphere of beauty and grace which she created anywhere, and lively with the activity of the boys. It contrasted grimly with the premonition that gripped his mind when he sent out his editorials from day to day and week to week.

In 1939, Germany invaded Poland. Great Britain and France declared war on Germany. A year later Germany, Italy and Japan made a three-power pact. In a few months the United States passed the Lend-Lease Act to help those nations whose defense was also the defense of the United States. The month after this was done, Russia and Japan concluded a neutrality treaty. Romulo's eyes were on Japan and his papers poured out alarms.

In the summer of 1941, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill met dramatically at sea to issue a joint declaration of peace aims for their respective peoples. The statement, soon known throughout the world as the Atlantic Charter, stated that the United States and Great Britain wished no territorial changes contrary to the wishes

of the peoples concerned, respected the right of nations to choose their own form of government, and wished to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who had been forcibly deprived of them. They also stated that they wished to see equal economic opportunity and equal standards of living and labor shared by all. "Freedom from want and fear" was a phrase, taken from the Charter, which rang around the world and the colonial peoples took heart that at last the world's two greatest powers had dedicated themselves to freedom.

The Filipinos were heartened, too, but Romulo thought of their neighbors to the East. Could they even know what freedom was? To what were they to be loyal? He knew that in some way he must discover for himself how they stood.

The atmosphere was tense, and this tenseness was not lessened by interviews held by American correspondents in Manila. Some of these charged that the Filipinos were leaning heavily on American aid in case of danger, and articles they published abroad created bitterness and argument. This was too much for Romulo. He replied in a magazine article:

> The Filipino people have never made a secret of the fact that they crave American sympathy. . . . They crave sympathy out of the fullness of their loyality to America and to the ideals which they share in common with the American people. . . .
>
> The Japanese menace is not a menace of a week's or a month's standing. It is a menace that was always inherent in the history of the Orient from the moment that Japan became a major modern power. . . . They (the Filipino people) are not so simple of faith as to believe that this menace is of little consequence to the future of their country. They realize fully the extent of the danger which they must now face . . .

for us independence is a closed question. . . . We know only too well that if the United States should decide to retain some vital connections with the Far East after Philippine independence, it will not do so out of anxiety over the security of the Philippines, but out of a desire to safeguard American interests in this part of the world.

This answer was strong, but he felt it necessary to check misleading statements. The next month he spoke again, and more to his liking, through his own paper, the *Philippines Herald,* and what he said there was reprinted in *Living Age.*

He gave a brief summary of the general situation in the Far East, and then went on to say in an article which was titled "The Philippines in World War II":

The Far Eastern crisis is one of imperialism in two senses. On the one hand it is a struggle between imperialistic powers themselves. On the other hand, it is also a struggle between the imperialistic powers and the inhabitants of the subject colonies. . . .

The principal protagonists in the current Far Eastern drama are the United States and Japan. . . . Japan has proclaimed that she is determined to uphold what she calls the "New Order in Asia." . . . The principal tenet of the American foreign policy in the Far East is the maintenance of the status quo, the nonrecognition of the fruits of aggression, and the observance of the Open Door in China. . . .

Despite the hopes that have been expressed by leading statesmen of both countries that the Japanese and American points of view may be reconciled, the prospects of such a reconciliation are not at present bright. Yet the responsible leaders of both countries realize and have admitted that a war between Japan and the United States could only injure the interests of both, and result in the complete elimination of one or the other from the Far Eastern field as a power to

be reckoned with. They realize also that through such a conflict they will play into the hands of the only one nation that will profit from the fatal injuries of either or both, which is the Soviet Union. From the purely selfish point of view they must also see (the Japanese more than the Americans) that when two great powers fight, they do not only injure each other directly, but they also give a chance to the subject peoples under them to declare themselves free from the imperial yoke. . . .

We belong . . . to the vast group of nations—nearly six hundred million in all—including India, Malaya, the East Indies, Korea, Formosa, and the Philippine Islands. We are the forgotten factor in the present crisis and in the war that may soon break out in this part of the world. Racially and geographically, as well as by reason of our common political aspirations, we are morally united with them. . . .

Fortunately for us in the Philippines, we have no doubt whatsoever that the Second World War, or any war in which the United States may become involved, will indeed be a war to preserve democracy and liberty. . . .

For this is the only true meaning of Filipino loyalty to the United States; that in casting our lot completely and unreservedly on the side of the American nation, we shall lend our strength to the preservation of that liberty—the same liberty that the United States has vouchsafed to us in the most remarkable compact concluded between a sovereign power and a subject nation in modern times.[4]

In July, a month later, President Roosevelt recalled General Douglas MacArthur to active status as a major general, promoted him to lieutenant general and put him in command of all the armed forces of the United States in the Far East. He set up headquarters (USAFFE) on Victoria No. 1 in the walled city of Manila.

Romulo went to talk with General MacArthur. The time

had come for him to do something about that idea he had had of finding out what colonial peoples really felt about democracy. This war was supposed to be a war for democracy. Could these people be counted upon to support democracy? Did they know what it was? How open would they be to Japan's invitation to join the Far Eastern Co-Prosperity Sphere? China was showing her lack of interest, but what about India and Burma and Indonesia and Malaya and Siam? The time was short. Already American women were being evacuated. The United States had put an embargo on arms. Japanese credits had been frozen.

General MacArthur encouraged Romulo to undertake a trip to find out how the subject peoples felt about sovereign nations. Armed with credentials signed by President Quezon, United States High Commissioner Sayre and General MacArthur, as well as with press cards, Romulo started out.

This was a new undertaking for him. He was going to see and get acquainted with the ordinary people of the Far East. Perhaps he had been spoiled by the special friendliness of the Americans he had known and always given special treatment by officials wherever he went. He had never fully seen and certainly not shared the suffering of the people above whom he had often flown. "My travels heretofore had been many and long, but they had been luxurious tours circling the earth, or concentrated on the gayer places of America and Europe and even Asia. Now I realized that I had flashed by Clipper or private car past the sore places of the earth." [5]

General MacArthur gave Romulo letters of introduction to military observers, but Romulo knew that he would not find out what he wanted to know from these. Only the people themselves could give him what he searched for.

In September, 1941, he set out with high hopes, and yet dread.

> As a Filipino I was proud of my nationality. As a nationalist I had faith in the genius of my people. I set out to visit the other countries of the Far East; to gather the opinions of fellow Orientals whose languages I could not speak and whose ways I did not share. But I expected them to show pride in their nationality. I waited their saying with Oriental dignity and pride: I am Burmese, or Indonesian, or Malay!
>
> Instead, I found them ashamed to speak. The very mention of nationalism was taboo. It was disgraceful to be a native in Asiatic countries controlled by Holland, France or England. . . . The people were living in such misery as I had never known existed. . . .[5]

He came to Burma. Surely these gentle, friendly people were going to side with the democracies. The man who was the spokesman for the Burmese nationalist movement was in jail. Although the country was strongly armed and the British officials were sure that it could be held, secret loyalty was with Japan. The people felt that they had nothing to lose.

Singapore was fully armed. It seemed to Romulo to be the heart of the whole system of empire colonialism. Although the people appeared calm, the proud behavior of the white men angered him. Why would not the Malayans welcome the invader? What had they to lose?

The Dutch East Indies were rich. Any aggressor would cast jealous eyes on them. The Dutch had, on the whole, been less severe than others in their treatment of the native peoples. Yet the nationalist movement was growing strong through secret organization. The people resented the way

the wealth of their islands was being drained off and their leaders done away with or silenced. They had supposed that the Atlantic Charter would apply to them, but Winston Churchill in a famous speech, had made plain that it would not. Every movement for freedom was delayed until after the war. Romulo did not need to be told that the Japanese would find no real resistance here.

Indo-China was already so much affected by propaganda from Japan as to be controlled by it. Japanese seemed to fill every opening and hold all sorts of positions. Romulo ran up against them unpleasantly again and again.

Thailand was calm. It was proud of its tradition of freedom. It claimed to be neutral. Romulo predicted that none could be neutral, and that Thailand, too, would fall.

As he hurried from one country to another, his alarm was rising to terror. He was wiring and sending out his material in every way he could. Much that he wrote down he did not even try to send. It would never pass the censors. As it was, the censors followed him and he had often to slip over the border of an adjacent country to get out the material on the country he had left.

He saw India. He compared its centuries under British rule with the generation of the United States in his country. Why was there this terrible poverty and suffering after all these years? England was asking India to stand by her now in her need. How could she ask it and how could India give it, as she was?

He flew to embattled Chungking. All the coastal areas of China were lost to Japan and all the large industries had been seized. He had never seen such suffering as here; such complete loss; such good humor in the face of tragedy. One

word always brought a broad smile to any Chinese face, with a lighting of the eyes. The word was "A-mellica."

He could have wept for the millions of Chinese who had dreamed their dream of revolution in the days of Sun Yat-sen—and who were still not free or their condition bettered. Of course many factors made this so—the enormous number of people, the lack of real leadership and the bickering of warlords, the lack of unity in working for better conditions. But what he saw in China fitted in with a sign on a park entrance in a foreign concession—DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED. Until that was atoned for, he was convinced, there could be no peace in Asia.

Taken all together, the conditions in Asia were even worse than he had feared. Why should these people be expected to stand up for a democracy which they had never experienced? China could be counted upon, but her determination to fight on the side of America was based far less on loyalty than on her own hatred of the Japanese.

He had seen enough, long before his tour was completed, to furnish him with material for writing. His articles poured out and appeared in his own Manila papers and through the chain of the King Features Syndicate in the United States. He was managing director of two radio stations in Manila and these made broadcasts from what he reported. What he was saying was judgment and prophesy—and it was far from praise and comfort to the West. The idea that Asia's millions loved western democracy was proven untrue. Among them all, only the Philippines could be counted upon.

A week before he returned to the Philippines, he found on his tray when he was served at the Hotel des Indes in Batavia an invitation to a secret meeting of the Nationalist

leaders of Java. He was told that a car awaited him outside. He had known that many Indonesian students in Manila were Nationalists, and some of them had told him that some of their group would want to get in touch with him.

> I was driven to a guarded house that was the headquarters of the Indonesian Nationalist Party. I met the leader, a calm intelligent man who spoke to me in perfect English. "Surely you know that the salvation of the Far East lies with Japan," he argued. "With the exception of America, all the Western nations in the Far East are here to exploit us. That exploitation will not end until one of our own colored peoples assumes leadership. It is suicide for us to oppose the leadership of Japan." [6]

While Romulo was still in Batavia he heard that Premier Tojo had seized the leadership in Japan. That was a certain sign that war was imminent. He hurried to get steamship passage to the Philippines, but all sailings were already canceled. He managed to charter a plane. By special arrangement it was to land at Clark Field.

When the plane touched earth, he saw crowds waiting. They were young people carrying banners to honor him for his reporting job! His own four sons were there.

It was a demonstration for democracy, and because he had found it all but lost in Asia, he was full of foreboding. These fine-looking young men who stood today in the bright sunshine, well dressed and full of pride—where would they be if war came? It was comforting to think that even his oldest son, Carlos, would be too young for war. At any rate, he was registered in a school in America for the coming academic year. . . . A moment later, Romulo was ashamed to have wanted an escape for his own sons.

That night he went to see General MacArthur. President Quezon was in Baguio, the summer capital in the mountains, struggling for health. This time that Romulo went to General MacArthur's headquarters on the Old Wall, history came to mind. This very room where they sat was part of an old Spanish dungeon. A few steps from here Manuel Quezon himself had been imprisoned when he was a major in the Philippine Revolutionary Army. Times like those threatened again!

When Carlos had finished his report, General MacArthur said, "War is coming, and when it breaks I shall ask President Quezon to commission you in the Philippine Army and induct you into the United States Army in charge of Press Relations on the Philippine side." [6]

Only one thing could make this war better than any war the Filipinos had fought. They would be fighting on the side of the Americans. They would be repaying something of the debt they owed. That was what Romulo had said the Filipinos would do, six years ago at Notre Dame! The experiences which he had just been through had shown him how deep the revolution breeding in the Orient was. He could have measured it without going, had he been willing to give up hope. Just such hatred of everything Western had been in his own family, bred by the centuries of domination by Spain and fed by the fresh imposition of America. But the generation which was his had forgotten the more distant past. He had accepted America and made himself her spokesman, as he was spokesman for his own country. He knew now that he and his people were to give everything they had, and perhaps their lives, for America.

But first he must speak for the peoples of Asia whom he

had seen. He wrote the story in burning words. Forty-five articles told the effect of imperialism in Asia. Those who hoped to hold the Far East from the power of Japan, read them with dismay. Japanese read them with secret joy for they told what they wanted to hear—that the West had already lost the peoples of Asia. What the Japanese could not understand was that they, too, had lost and would lose those who were looking for freedom.

Japan put a price on the head of Carlos Romulo for his plain speaking. His stirring words would whip up the resistance of the awakening nations. The price was to endanger him and his family and make him restless with fear.

# VIII

THE DAYS AFTER Romulo returned from his tour of the Far East had an unreal quality. John Hersey writes of them. "In Manila the unreality showed itself most overtly in conversation. Lack of lettuce was at one stage a very popular topic of talk. The trick was to think up a new angle, such as, 'I'm so hungry for lettuce that when I got an asparagus salad with one leaf today, I ate the lettuce and left the asparagus.' " [1]

Japanese residents began to leave the city, being shipped out, it was said, because Japanese assets were frozen. They looked very American as they left, and Filipinos watching the debarkation felt half sorry for them, even though they had never wanted them there.

News from China was greeted with regretful sighs. But then, China was always in trouble of some kind. Nothing seemed really frightening to the people of Manila because they knew that General MacArthur had for years been preparing the defense of the Islands. General MacArthur's office and the offices of the Military Mission stood on the broad rampart of the Old Wall. Many people thought them quaint and beautiful. It was in the spirit of modern Manila to feel so. One entered the Wall through an ancient shield-emblazoned gateway, passed along narrow winding streets, and so to a stairway which led to spacious rooms. The windows

looked down on the moat, which was now a golf course, and across Manila Bay to Corregidor and Bataan. The General's private office was like a drawing room with old pictures and books, inlaid cabinets from Spain, a Chinese screen, and deep sofas and chairs. It seemed just as it had been ever since the General moved in. But deep in the earth beneath the office garages a bomb shelter had been dug, fully equipped with every facility including telephones.

Hostesses complained more often about General MacArthur's failure to appear when he had accepted an invitation. He excused himself early from a dinner honoring High Commissioner Sayre, saying that he had to go and inspect the training camp at Baguio. He began to fail to appear even at military functions. Actually he was working day and night to complete the defense plan he had started several years before. He feared that time was short. The Japanese press was attacking the United States and Great Britain bitterly. He knew that the Japanese were preparing air raid shelters. If war came, Japan would attack the Philippines as a threat to its Pacific supply line.

Manila had good natural defenses. The mouth of the Bay was guarded by two threatening jaws. Bataan was the upper one. On its China Sea coast, it offered little by way of landing space, much less, harbors. Sheer cliffs, shoals, coral reefs and rocks intermingled and left only a few small sandy harbors. There was only one good anchorage, Mariveles at the southern tip, but it was within the protective reach of Corregidor. Beyond it the coast was again grim as it proceeded inward along the side of the Bay. After fifteen miles of this, the shore grew kindly and here towns had been built and the bite of the jaw was powerless.

Corregidor was an island four miles long, bearing on its back barracks, a hospital, some playgrounds, roads and sand and rocks. Only troops, both American and Filipino, and convicts lived here. There were tennis courts, a golf course, a baseball area, an Army Club and an air field, also. This was the visible surface of the island. Beneath it lay the real defenses, a network of tunnels cut out of solid rock. From the main tunnel laterals for storage and hospitals branched out. Trolley lines ran through the main tunnel. Corregidor was a rampart which seemed completely safe and which no enemy could blast from the control of the Philippines or America. It was known as "the strongest single fortified point in the world."

The fort of the island was Fort Mills, and a short distance away across the water on the island of Caballo was Fort Hughes, while on Carabao stood Fort Franks.

The mainland, or lower lip of the Bay, was Batangas. Corregidor lay like a pill between the upper and lower lips. The American flag flying from the highest point of Corregidor dominated the entrance to Manila Bay.

All this was reassuring to the people of Manila. Twice the *Coolidge* came in bringing American troops, and ships unloaded ammunition and airplanes. There were now about sixty thousand American troops, ten to fifteen thousand well-trained Filipino Scouts, and fifty to sixty thousand recruits in the Philippine Army. At Nichols and Clark air fields, Flying Fortresses were lined up impressively. There were about two hundred and fifty planes. The navy had thirty-six submarines, about the same number of destroyers, and one heavy and one light cruiser.

The MT boats which General MacArthur had been work-

ing to collect lay tied up just outside the Manila Hotel. And the Bay was mined.[2]

Everybody knew that such preparations meant that there was danger of attack, but they counted upon a successful defense.

President Quezon made a public appearance on the campus of the University of the Philippines. "Bombs may be falling on this campus soon," he said. At that some of the students laughed and Quezon shouted into the microphone, "It can happen, I tell you." After a pause he went on solemnly, "I pray God that the Philippines may be spared the horrors of war, but if we should be participants in the struggle, it will be a good thing for us for two reasons: First it will give us an opportunity to show the American people we are ready and willing to lay down our fortunes and lives in the defense of the American flag; and second because it will teach our youth—which, reared in the ease and comfort of an American-protected market, has whiled away its time in luxury and frivolity—how to suffer and how to die." [3]

On December fourth word came that Japan was moving convoys of transports escorted by cruisers into the Gulf of Siam. Ships of the Asiatic Fleet slipped out of Manila Bay to scout. The next day an alert came from Washington.

During those days it was hard to see General MacArthur. In his conferences in the USAFFE, or in his penthouse on the Manila Hotel, he seemed calm, dignified and unhurried. He had his own reasons for feeling confident. He counted on the loyalty of the Filipinos and he knew at firsthand their ability to fight. He believed that if they had the materials of war, they could wage it successfully.

His own life had changed a few years before when he had

married Jean Faircloth, and when in 1939 she gave birth to a son, the perfect marriage was complete. These two, wife and son, formed with the General a family unit that was to move together whatever came.

To the MacArthur penthouse Virginia and Carlos Romulo had come often for delightful evenings. But now, in this time of waiting, none could come close to the General.

His sense of mission and destiny was clear to everyone. He was the key to the future in the Far East. He was the one upon whom the Filipinos depended.

# IX

At two o'clock on December the eighth (Manila time) the correspondent Ray Cronin telephoned Clark Lee of the Associated Press, "The Japanese have blasted hell out of Pearl Harbor." [1] Romulo's city editor, Jesus Intengan, woke him early and told him the news. "You're crazy," Romulo answered. "Don't print anything as screwy as that!" [2] They had expected something, but not this.

From his penthouse on the Manila Hotel, General MacArthur gave rapid orders. Romulo telephoned to him. He answered simply, "Carlos, it's here." [2]

The full sweep of the Japanese plan gradually became clear as one by one the flashes came that Hong Kong, then Shanghai, then Davao on Mindanao, had been bombed.

In the middle of the morning, President Quezon telephoned to General MacArthur that planes were over Baguio where he was convalescing. They bombed Camp John Hay one mile from the town. General MacArthur issued a message to calm the growing panic. In spite of preparation, sirens were blowing madly and confusion increased.

The MTBs tied up in front of the Manila Hotel added to the excitement. They were sleek plywood speedboats, seventy feet long and twenty wide, each carrying a crew of

twelve men. When the alarm sounded they darted out over the Bay followed closely by four Q-Boats.

Now word came that planes had been over Aparri in northern Luzon. At noon on the tenth the first planes appeared over Manila flying in two great Vs. Sirens and the complacent bells of midday mingled senselessly. Shore batteries opened up and the MTBs roared out. No bombs were dropped on the city; the planes fanned out toward the naval station at Cavite and toward Clark Field.

Romulo was in the Herald Building. He rushed to the balcony. In the streets below everything seemed frozen to the pavement—streetcars, automobiles, pony-drawn carromatas, people.

A little newsboy shook his fist at the sky and shouted in Tagalog, "You will pay! You will pay!" [2] Romulo heard someone sobbing behind him. He turned to see an American woman, a member of his advertising staff. She had come to tell him that she was quitting to work with the Red Cross. Now she was weeping not in fear but in anger because no American planes went up to meet the enemy.

While he stood there, flames and smoke rose from Cavite. Then slow billows of gray plumed up from Clark Field, sixty miles to the north.

He went back to his desk. Reporters and linotype men came to him, wanting to resign and enlist. He could not object. General MacArthur had said to him only a matter of weeks ago that he was to serve in Press Relations if war came. Now he wrote a brief note saying only, *I'm at your service. Carlos.*[2]

Special editions rolled off his presses as the mad news poured in. More than a hundred planes had been destroyed

where they stood neatly lined up on Clark Field. The stunning disaster could scarcely be believed.

In the middle of the confusion, a caller came. It was an American fashion writer who had come a week earlier to find a position. Now she appeared again to announce that she was going to do publicity work for the Manila Hotel! It was part of the nightmare of that day. Romulo knew only too well that perhaps in a few hours the hotel would be only a shell of its old self. There could be only the publicity of danger and death.

The papers would carry some details of the bombing of Clark Field, but already censorship was at work. Frantic preparation went on, but behind the haste there was still confidence that the Philippines would hold out. The United States would not let go. That was a certainty. Recruits lined up before the enlisting offices. Drilling began almost at once outside the Old Wall. Ships of the last convoy were still being unloaded while other ships came into harbor. Occasionally a plane crossed the sky over the Bay.

Bombing of shipping and military points continued. The Japanese were clearly out to destroy these, not yet ready to waste their bombs on the city. The planes came from the north and circled slowly over the docks or one of the air fields or one of the camps. People, watching, told each other that the defense would come soon.

Censorship created a battle atmosphere among the newsmen. Correspondents accused each other of beating the release time restrictions. Clark Lee openly charged Romulo with this. Romulo's papers were clients of the United Press, rival of the Associated Press. Lee finally complained to Major LeGrande A. Diller, spokesman at the press confer-

ences. Diller promised that he would look into it. Romulo's eyes twinkled as he put in, "Yes, Clark, we will certainly look into it." [3] The little incident did not pass entirely away until weeks later when Clark Lee saw Romulo under different circumstances.

On the twelfth, General MacArthur told the newsmen, off the record, that he would not be able to defend the beaches with the forces he had. "The basic principle of handling my troops," he said, "is to hold them intact until the enemy commits himself in force. These small landings are being made to tempt me to spread out and weaken our defense." [4]

Five days later Romulo was in the Herald Building as usual. The water front was being bombarded. This had come to be almost routine. The telephone jangled and General MacArthur's voice came clearly between the explosions.

"I am calling you to active duty."

What Romulo had been expecting had come. He quickly thanked the General and said he would need only a short time to get his affairs in order.

"I am not asking you," General MacArthur said instantly. "I am ordering you. Report tomorrow morning." [4]

Romulo ordered a uniform. Major General Valdes of the Philippine Army administered the oath. He was commissioned a major. General MacArthur was waiting in his office when Romulo went in the next morning. The uniform felt strange on him but it bore the proper insignia. General MacArthur said heartily, "Carlos, my boy, congratulations! But who made you that terrible uniform?" [4]

They talked things over informally. General MacArthur said, "President Quezon is splendid! His old fighting self." [4]

The President had hurried back from Baguio when the attack began. Now Romulo was linked with both men, for though each had his separate responsibility, all three must work together.

General MacArthur began to pace the floor slowly as he planned Romulo's duties. He was to report to Major Diller, he was to have charge of press and radio, he was to keep the people warned but not in panic. A desk in the Press Relations Section was assigned to him. Major Diller announced Romulo's induction to the correspondents. Some of Romulo's own reporters who were there were taken by surprise.

The attacks on the water front continued, but the city was still untouched. Everyone expected the headquarters on the Old Wall to be bombed, for its location was no secret.

One afternoon Romulo was on the water front when the sirens began to shriek. He rushed for the nearest shelter and looked up to see a Japanese plane making for the very spot where he was. The next thing that he knew he was lying on the ground with a fearful headache. He struggled up and a second shell hit closer yet. The next time that he struggled up, he was covered with blood. It was not his own but that of a man who had been near him. He was trying to make out what had happened when he heard a great cheering. President Quezon with his aide-de-camp was carrying out his policy of driving around the city during a raid to see how his people were faring! Romulo had not realized what this policy meant until now. Standing there, shaken, and covered with blood, he felt cheered. What better leadership could the Filipino people ask than they had in President Quezon? The situation was desperate even though the press could

not say so, but the President and the General could not be surpassed in times such as these.

December crept on toward Christmas. The afternoon of Christmas Eve, Romulo sat at his desk watching General MacArthur in the next room. He knew that the General had been using his limited forces with the greatest care, keeping the Japanese from closing the way to Bataan where it was now clear the great stand would be made. It had been possible to do this only by never allowing the Japanese to mass for any great attack. General MacArthur had confused and disorganized the enemy.

This afternoon was an especially important one. Only a few hours earlier, President Quezon and General MacArthur had decided to save Manila by declaring it an open city. It had also been decided that the General would leave for the field and take the President with him. President Quezon had already left with his family, and United States High Commissioner Sayre and his staff were now aboard the *Mayon* ready to leave for Corregidor.

Romulo watched General MacArthur. He was studying maps, answering the constantly ringing telephone, and then getting up to pace the room slowly, deep in thought.

Suddenly he stopped, put on his gold-braided cap, and strode out of the room. He stopped before Romulo and told him that while he, MacArthur, went with the Advance Echelon, Romulo was to remain behind with the Rear Echelon in charge of Brigadier General Richard J. Marshall. He asked Romulo to keep in closest touch with him at the front.

The General wheeled and was gone and Romulo dropped back into his seat. General MacArthur's guard and the

commanders of the Advance Echelon went with him. Those left behind laid down their arms, for Manila was an open city, no longer armed.

The ringing telephones announced more and more inroads by the Japanese. Larger and larger numbers of enemy soldiers were being landed along the beaches. The waterline blazed with bombs while the water shot high into the air. The Japanese were advancing on Manila, paying no attention to the rules of warfare.

That Christmas Eve the roar of demolition was added to the sound of the Japanese bombing. Everything that might be useful to the enemy had to be destroyed. Oil tanks, munitions dumps, railroads, docks and radio stations, and even any part of an air field that was still whole, must be made useless.

A public announcement told the people that General MacArthur had left for the front and that Manila was an open city. The telephones rang madly. Reporters, officials and citizens called to make sure that the news was true, and to ask just what an open city was.

Some people were resentful. If London and Moscow could take it, could not Manila? But the word had gone out all over the world and that night the city, after being blacked out for many days, blazed with light. The men in the offices of the Rear Echelon, even though they had misgivings about enemy intentions, relaxed and even joked a bit.

But their misgivings were right. The declaration of an open city meant nothing to the Japanese. Two days after the declaration, the city was bombed. One of the MTB men described the attack:

I was in Manila about that time. A big air attack was going on, although it had been declared an open city. For that reason I had gone in with the guns on my boat with their canvas covers on—for welfare reasons. Yet, open city or not, the big air raid was on—streets deserted but for a few people running nowhere in particular like crazy, planes criss-crossing the sky above. The big church a mile from the shore was just beginning to burn. In the harbor, boats were burning and sinking on all sides—five- and ten-thousand tonners. But not a single shot was fired at the planes—which came as low as five hundred feet.

I went into the city, and everywhere the people were kind and helpful. The Japs were right outside the town, and yet the storekeepers would give me anything we Americans needed without either money or a voucher—just sign a paper, that was all. They trusted us.[5]

Another MTB man added to the account.

I took my boat into the harbor just as the Japs were entering the city. It was night, and we could see the town burning—a huge death-pall of smoke hanging above and oil six inches deep on the water. It looked like doom hanging over a great city, and it was. Made you feel bad. We stayed there from nine at night until about three in the morning. Didn't dare go ashore, and anyway, our job was to destroy harbor shipping—so what was left of it wouldn't fall into Jap hands. The little boats we'd just knock in the bottom with an axe. The big ones we'd climb aboard and set a demolition charge to. Between times we'd turn and look at the doomed city in the light of its own fires. . . . Now and then, way off down a street, we'd see a column of Jap infantry or some cyclists go by. . . . The big American Army and Navy Club was dark and deserted on the water front, but presently the lights began to come on. The Japs were taking over. They made it their headquarters. Watching those lights come on made you plenty sore.[5]

The next day the city was bombed again. Romulo heard that the Herald Building had been struck. He had been expecting it for two reasons. His publishing plant on the Old Wall was conspicuous. He had said a great deal about Japan and her intentions for years. His recent articles on the Far East and his even more recent releases on the war would make it a desirable target.

He set out in an army car to see what had happened. Along the way he saw bombed churches, nuns at prayer in the open, the wounded and the dead. When at last he reached the place where his building had been, there was only a pillar of flame. Nearby stood his staff and the members of the mechanical department, watching. Some came forward with tears streaming down their faces. A loyal office boy had saved the framed originals of Romulo's scoops, his interviews with President Roosevelt and General Chiang Kai-shek.

Melville Jacoby and Clark Lee went over to see the damage, too. Lee told Romulo his regret over the loss of the newspaper plant. Romulo managed a grin and said, "Oh, it doesn't matter, I was planning a new building anyway." A moment later he took Lee aside and said in a low tone, "The newspaper is nothing. I have just received word that the Japanese machine-gunned the native town of my mother. I have no word from her." [6] That moment ended the private feud between the two newspapermen.

But Romulo had not told Lee everything. That afternoon while he was looking at the ruins of his plant, he had seen his oldest son, Carlos, watching the burning building. He had been shocked at what he saw. The boy's face had grown old. He could have been taken for several years older than

he was. He had had an impulse to go to the boy and to try to tell him that none of the things that happen to people really matter—only love for each other and loyalty to what one believes in. But, for some reason, he had not gone.

That day brought him to a peak of weariness. He collapsed at his desk and men came and urged him to go home and get some sleep. It seemed he no longer knew what sleep was. They all knew now that at any moment the Rear Echelon would have to leave. The enemy was too near. . . . He fell asleep in the car on the way to his house.

Only Virginia was awake. He stumbled through the front door, and she helped him to a bath. He was just creeping under the mosquito netting of his bed, when the telephone rang. Virginia said, "You are going!" [7]

It was General Marshall's voice ordering him back to headquarters. They were to join General MacArthur in the field. He was to pick up any available food at the Manila Hotel on his way.

When he went in and kissed the four boys, he suspected that Carlos was only pretending to be asleep. "My wife walked with me into the patio. The moon was up. I don't believe that Virginia ever looked more beautiful than she did then, standing against the wall of orchids, her white dress glimmering in the moonlight. I wanted to say something to keep her brave, something to tell her a little of all I thought of her. Instead, I blurted, I'll be back in two weeks!" [7]

Neither of them believed the words; neither showed disbelief. He kissed her quickly, jumped into the car and drove away without looking back. It was better that he should not even guess how long it would be before he saw her again.

# X

By three o'clock in the morning, the Rear Echelon was ready to go. Many details had had to be thought of and arranged for during the hurried night. One of them had been to collect materials for setting up a broadcasting station on Corregidor, for President Quezon felt that it was urgently needed. Now every order had been carried out. Everything that the enemy could use in Manila lay destroyed. Every available supply had been sent to the front.

The city was still burning when they left, and its light was a sad and eerie background for the small party which crept away in the old steamer *Hyde*. The ship was in darkness. The roll was called and familiar voices answered. Romulo slumped to the deck and was almost instantly asleep. He awoke once in the night because he was cold. A man beside him asked what was the matter and Romulo grumbled in reply. When he awoke in the morning sunshine he discovered that Captain Christiansen had put his only blanket over him.

The *Hyde* was against the dock of Corregidor. The island appeared to be a bulk of rock, nothing more. To the east Cavite was still in flames. To the west lay Bataan where the northern and southern sections of the Philippine-American armies had joined, and where the great last stand would be made. Behind, in Manila, the Japanese must be marching

in. The little group of men lifted their bags and silently walked ashore.

Corregidor was shaped like a huge tadpole with its head lying toward the China Sea. Its differing levels suggested the natural names, Topside, Middleside, Bottomside. Topside was the most pleasant because the officers' quarters here were small white cottages draped with vines, and from this elevation one could see Manila clearly. The rest of the buildings were plain and bare.

A trolley ran from Bottomside to Topside. Malinta Hill rose from Bottomside and ran along the spine of the island, rising to a height of six hundred feet. The tunnels which were the fortress were cut through the solid rock of this hill and the main tunnel took its name from the hill. These tunnels were a place of refuge for five thousand people when the attacks came and the sirens blew.

It was six-thirty on New Year's Day, 1942, when Romulo entered Malinta Tunnel for the first time.

> The smell of the place hit me like a blow in the face. There was the stench of sweat and dirty clothes, the coppery smell of blood and disinfectant coming from the lateral where the hospital was situated, and over all, the heavy stink of creosote, hanging like a blanket in the air that moved sluggishly when it moved at all. . . . I stood there gaping, bewildered and alarmed by the bedlam going on around me. This was the final refuge of a fortress we had all assumed had been prepared and impregnable for years. Now that disaster was upon us, soldiers were rushing about belatedly installing beds and desks and sewage drains and electric lights. . . . Soldiers were sleeping along the side of the tunnel, on cots and ammunition cases, or curled up on the cement floor. Their boots were in one another's faces. Ambulances rolled within a few

inches of their heads. The bombs that fell night and day shook the furthermost stone laterals of the tunnel. They slept on, drugged by pure exhaustion. Above their heads on the stone walls of the tunnel were pasted colored pictures clipped from American magazines, of American planes. Where soldiers under happier circumstances pinned up the pictures of their sweethearts or movie stars, these men put pictures of bombers and pursuit ships. They were the sweethearts these fellows wanted to see!

Nobody paid any attention to me. I wandered in and out of the laterals carrying my luggage. . . . Colonel Diller was the first to notice me. He came up and shook my hand. "You just arrived? Hungry?" When the others welcomed me, I realized that they were glad to have me there. Only the tension was great and life was not quite real in the tunnel on Corregidor. One moved, worked, tried to eat, tried to breathe, in a dream. . . . I asked if I might wash before breakfast. The Colonel pointed to the hillside. I saw nothing, but I followed the direction of his finger and found a faucet jutting from the rock that yielded a thin trickle of water. When I rinsed my mouth I found it was from the sea. The water mains had been knocked out by Japanese bombs. . . . The breakfast coffee was made with salt water and I had to leave the tent after drinking mine. . . . When I came back to the table I smelt fried bacon and eggs and cheered up. But the bacon was stiff with salt, and my second attempt at the salt water coffee wouldn't wash it down. The one piece of toast I got was thick and heavy. I thought the breakfast horrible. Later I was to look back and remember it as a feast. But that was after I got used to the swarms of flies that were everywhere. Every person on Corregidor moved in his own personal aura of flies.[1]

After breakfast he went to find President Quezon and pay him his respects. By mistake he tried to enter the women's lateral. He found that Mrs. Quezon and her two daughters,

Mrs. Sayre and other members of official families as well as fifty or sixty nurses lived there. Mrs. MacArthur and the small boy, Arthur, lived with the General in one of the white cottages beyond the mouth of the tunnel, on the higher level.

When he reached the proper lateral, he could only dimly make out a long, narrow room, lined with about forty beds. He nowhere saw the President until a weak voice came from the gloom. The President was propped up in bed, his hair long and tangled, his face more than ever emaciated, but his eyes afire. It had been only a few weeks since Romulo had broadcast for the President from beautiful Malacanan Palace. Now the figure before him suggested that of Mahatma Gandhi. President Quezon leaned forward eagerly and spoke enthusiastically of the help President Roosevelt would be sending soon.

On his way to find General MacArthur, he met him coming to see President Quezon. His hearty welcome meant more than a citation. But even he, immaculate though he always was, now looked shaggy and wrinkled. They began to discuss the radio that was to broadcast from the tunnel. General MacArthur already had a name for it. It was to be the Voice of Freedom. He wanted it to be at work within forty-eight hours. Romulo hurried back to the USAFFE lateral and set to work.

Planes bombed Corregidor that day, and the nine days that followed. They wrecked the trolley lines and ruined most of the Bottomside service shops. Fuel lines and water mains were all punctured. President Quezon's yacht was sunk, as well as half a dozen other small craft. Although the power plant and the cold storage plant were hit, they were not seriously injured.

The attacks followed a pattern. About seven-thirty in the morning an observation plane would come over and circle slowly. It would release a silver balloon to test the wind and air currents. Soon the Japanese bombers would zoom over Clark Field. There were usually twenty-seven or fifty-four of them in great Vs. The siren on Corregidor would blow; red lights flash on in Malinta Tunnel; gun crews rush to their places.

> Then would come the fires and heroism. Men and women dashing out and picking up the wounded while the bombs were still falling. They would carry the wounded and the dead to the hospital tunnel. You would hear the cars long before they reached the tunnel. The urgency of their horns blowing all the way down the hill from Topside and then up the slope from Bottomside, told you they were bringing the dead and those about to die and those who would be better off dead. The M.P.s would make the cars slow down as they drove into the big tunnel and they would stop at the hospital tunnel and blood would be dripping down from the cars or the trucks. Then the stretcher bearers would gently lift out the bloody remnants of what had been an American soldier or a Filipino worker a few minutes before. . . . Then would come the communiqué: "Fifty-four enemy bombers raided Corregidor for three hours today. There was no military damage." Of course the communiqués had to be worded that way. You could not tell the enemy he was hurting you.[2]

Between the bombings, everyone had his work to do. Constant strengthening and repairing of defenses went on under Major General Moore. The tunnel was being improved. Communication with Bataan by underground cable, the nearby island forts, and with Washington was possible. General MacArthur was in touch with his key men all the time.

But in spite of every effort there were never enough beds or bedding. The only things that were plentiful were smell, bedbugs and flies. Romulo found that not even all the officers had cots. He spent his first few nights in the open.

Identification tags were short. Many of the Americans lacked them and almost no Filipinos had them. They were hurriedly being made.

In forty-eight hours the Voice of Freedom was ready to go on the air. It had been a difficult job to get it ready, for part of the equipment brought so carefully from Manila had been lost, and part had in some way become wet.

> For hours they had been fussing over the thing, and suddenly our chief, Colonel LeGrande A. Diller, jumped back and said excitedly,
>
> "It's working, Rommy, go ahead!"
>
> I was taken by surprise. I will never be able to recall what I said. I stepped quickly before the mike and adlibbed. I remember the beginning because it would become as familiar to me as my own name: "People of the Philippines! You are listening to the Voice of Freedom—from the battle front of Bataan!" [3]

In Manila, Romulo's job had been to keep the civilians informed and encouraged. This was still his responsibility, but now his audience included the men fighting on Bataan. He had not only to prepare for the three daily broadcasts of the Voice, but he also had to put out a small newspaper which he called the *International News Summary* (laughing somewhat at the scope of the title and the smallness of the publication). This he composed from news which came in over the radio. These two projects took a great deal of time because his resources were so limited and because he had to

weigh every word to be sure that it would help his own audience and discourage the enemy.

He was raising the price on his head the day he first spoke over the Voice of Freedom on Corregidor. From that hour the Japanese not only threatened, they pursued him. Within an hour Tokyo answered his broadcast sarcastically in English, and Manila cried out through its occupation headquarters, "Men of Bataan and Corregidor, your resistance is futile! We have shown our power; we have conquered Hong Kong, Singapore, Java, Guam, Wake Island. We have destroyed the American Navy in Pearl Harbor! When we decide we will crush you. But since most of you in Bataan and Corregidor are Filipinos, and our fight is not with you but with America—surrender, and we will treat you like brothers!" [3]

Romulo made his broadcasts in English and Japanese. Two Japanese-Americans did the translating for him. But he was speaking first to his own people and to the American boys. He knew that his own people were listening to the Voice in secrecy. He knew that those who heard, scribbled the words down on scraps of paper to give to others, or repeated them by word of mouth. Those who were found with notes about the Voice were shot.

During those first few days on Corregidor, Romulo heard once from his family. His wife sent word that things were not too bad with them, but dared give no details. He knew that they must have left Manila to hide somewhere in the country. One of the small boys wrote a note ending, "It's a Jappy New Year." [3] Seventeen-year-old Carlos had enlisted in the Philippine Army as a private. Perhaps coming to this

decision had made the young face look so old that afternoon while father and son watched the burning Herald Building.

He prepared a special broadcast worded so that Virginia and the boys would know that it was addressed to them, as well as to all other Filipino people. When the time came to send it out over the air, he stepped to the microphone with both foreboding and prayer.

"Hello, Father-Mother-Brother-Sister; Hello, my sweetheart, my wife; I have come from the front to say a few words to you. So listen carefully wherever you are—in an empty barn, somewhere in Bulacan, in some secluded barrio on the shore of Cebu, or in a darkened room in Manila, with the windows shut against the passing patrol. Come closer—this is your son, your brother, your sweetheart, your husband who speaks to you in the name of all the fighting men in the hills of Bataan. . . . Be courageous and prudent. . . . Yield as far as honor will allow, but no further. Remember that if you co-operate with the Japanese you are fighting against me, against all of us. . . . Hold high the flag within your hearts, as we are holding it high in the hills of Bataan. Do not betray us. . . . We will come back sooner than you think." [3]

Romulo had to keep in mind that the Voice of Freedom was always more than his own voice. It was the voice of General MacArthur speaking to the men on Bataan, and that of President Quezon speaking to the Filipino people, and that of the Philippines speaking to the world.

By contrast, the broadcasts from the United States were out of keeping. They made great promises about help that was to come, interspersed with the advertising of luxurious foods which, compared with the conditions at the front,

made anything else they said unconvincing. Help had so far not been started, it seemed, and the mention of delicacies when the men were eating black bread and salt water coffee on Corregidor, and bolting anything that they could get in filthy fox holes on Bataan, resulted in nothing but anger. Such broadcasts only made the men break into oaths and plead for even a few of the promised planes, today.

# XI

SOMETIMES WHEN NO raid seemed likely, and the sun shone, the wounded and the well gathered at the entrance to the tunnel for "sun-snatching." The wounded lay on pallets or sat in wheelchairs or on the ground. A special tent without sides had been erected for President Quezon. The dust raised by passing vehicles was often so thick that it made him cough and he had to be moved inside once more. Yet, here, whenever possible, the group gathered. The nurses looked young and pretty, out of place in the dirt and suffering and danger.

Corregidor tied many varying kinds of suffering into a hard knot of pain. There was the pain of anxiety and responsibility for those who planned and ordered the strategy. There was the fear and pain of those who carried that strategy out, who often appeared later in a bloody truck at the hospital lateral. There was the pain of every single man who lay on his hospital cot—tortured by wounds, and even more tortured by being there rather than manning his post. Each one of these had his memories of home, whether of American town or Filipino village, and each had his purpose.

The frail form of President Quezon, the more heartbreaking because it housed an indomitable spirit, the hovering care of his wife and daughters, the esteem in which all were

held—these filled all who were there with a sense of pathos. The newly-weds, Melville and Annalee Jacoby, correspondents for *Time Magazine,* were spending their honeymoon on the bomb-wracked rock, with valiant sportsmanship.

Tall, erect, calm, in control of himself and everything around him, the General was master of the situation, however bitter it was. But he had been born to a destiny, and now he must carry it out, and carry it out alone. Like others who are great, he was a lonely man, for he was dedicated to a purpose, and like all such, he could have none close to him. Romulo treasured the rare, warm words which General MacArthur spoke to him, for they were symbols of more than they would be from any other man.

Some feared and hated General MacArthur because he had a special destiny or for such small reasons as that he was a prophet and a poet and a master of the English language. They hated him because he was fearless, and they considered it inhuman to be so fearless. They hated him because he was never discouraged and because he never admitted that he could be wrong. They believed that no one, not even one chosen of God, could always be right. He never let down. His shoulders were up and his chin out. None knew how much the General was having to do with how little, during those early days of the battle on Bataan. He told no one but hid the facts behind a calm and self-assured behavior.

The General stayed in the tunnel as little as possible. Half a mile away from it, toward the inside tip of the island, was the small white cottage where he and his family lived. President Quezon sometimes occupied another cottage there, and High Commissioner Sayre yet another. Mrs. Mac-

Arthur, on the other hand, spent much time in the tunnel or under the canvas shelter outside the officers' mess where nurses and other women gathered. She wore the plainest cotton dresses and wrapped her head in a turban. But this dress did not make her less dignified. Like her husband, she was always the same—warm and friendly and cordial to all who came to her.

"I remember one day on Corregidor when I was caught far from shelter when the siren screamed. Bombs were already shaking the island as I ran down the long road to Malinta Tunnel. A car overtook me and stopped. Mrs. MacArthur opened the door and invited me to ride with her to the tunnel. By stopping she had spent the precious couple of minutes that might have meant the difference between her being killed on the road, and reaching a place of safety." [1]

Another time when she came to the tunnel, Romulo describes in these words:

> She walked into that crowded cave as if paying a social call on people she liked very much indeed. How she managed it was as much a miracle to us as one of her husband's strategies, but she managed to look smartly dressed even on Corregidor. As always she was smiling and greeted everyone in her friendly Southern drawl.
>
> Her first anxious question to me was: "Have you heard from Virginia?"
>
> Her sympathy was beautiful when I told her I knew nothing of my family. She was like that to everyone, considerate and friendly. I heard her holding a conversation with a soldier from the States:
>
> "Awful breakfast, wasn't it? I had the same myself. . . ."
>
> Many times I had the occasion to tell her, "Jean, you are the one bright spot on Corregidor." [2]

Pain and pathos were all exaggerated because everyone knew that Corregidor was the end of the line. There was nowhere to go from here, and all were in it together. Yet no one ever said this openly. General MacArthur was the picture of courage and hope. Doctors and nurses breathed encouragement. The men searched the skies for the help that was promised and gathered outside the northern entrance to the tunnel in the evening to listen to the broadcasts from San Francisco and from Tokyo and from the puppet station in Manila. This was the center of social life for the Rock, and if anyone began complaining he was sure to be snubbed by someone else.

The fact that there was nowhere to go from here gave Romulo a kind of nightmare. He was fussy about cleanliness and fresh air. He had neither in the tunnel and often he awoke with a smothering sensation and rushed out into the open to sleep there as he could. This panic in the night came to be something which he could not shake off. It was more than just his dislike of the tunnel. It was the realization that this was the only refuge for all of them—and it was not a refuge but a trap.

No one who studied the maps in the USAFFE lateral could fail to see the meaning of the moving battle lines. The truth was that the Filipino and American troops were being pushed back and back. The truth was that unless help came soon, they could not hold. Not even all of General MacArthur's strategy could make them hold. And the Rock? All one could do here was to sit and take the pounding that the planes gave it, day after day, and then go out and gather in the wounded, repair the damaged buildings and pretend there might be something different.

Romulo sent out his broadcasts about the men on Bataan over the Voice of Freedom, but he had not yet been to see those men. He must himself visit the fox holes and know how the fighting went. He must then come back and repeat the words of encouragement which already sounded foolish and hollow.

# XII

GENERAL MACARTHUR had told Romulo that he should feel free to cross to Bataan as he wished and could. President Quezon worried about the boys at the front and wanted to go to see them himself, but he was persuaded not to do so because of his ill health. Now he said to Romulo, "Find out how my boys are thinking, eating and living."

Major General Basilio J. Valdes and Colonel Manuel Nieto went with Romulo. They set out in a tiny boat and made for Cabcaben dock. It was only three miles from Corregidor to Bataan, yet that early morning it seemed much further. Japanese planes had been strafing the ships in this channel a short while before. Romulo trailed his hand in the water and instantly a shark's fin cut the surface. . . . It was a strange nightmare trip! Here he was, only thirty miles from home, and three miles from the fighting front where young men he had last seen on the dance floor of the Manila Hotel or playing Jai Alai were fighting in filthy fox holes for the life of their country, and for America!

They reached the dock safely. No sirens had been sounding when they left and none had sounded as they came. But they noticed an American officer making strange and desperate signals to them as they tied up alongside a barge. They came within earshot. The barge, he shouted, was loaded with TNT. It did not take long for them to reach the dock!

When they stepped ashore they saw that the Bataan before them was altogether unlike the Bataan they remembered, even though they were a long distance from the lines. Only a few months before the *Herald* staff had come here to celebrate its twenty-second anniversary. That evening orchestras had played under the trees of Rodriguez Park.

A few deserted nipa shacks stood near the dock. Romulo noticed that there was still a telephone in one of them. In other shacks potted jungle orchids and ferns trailed forlornly, signs of a life that had been. No real road lead away. Jungle paths wandered off into the thick foliage in an aimless way.

They set out by car, jolting along through thick dust which soon encrusted them so that they looked like albinos. The jungle grew so thickly on either side that they had to stoop and pull their helmets over their faces to keep from being scratched. When they did emerge into an open space, the Japanese planes seemed to be waiting for them. Bataan was, this morning, a target for special bombing.

They would have lost their way but for the sentries posted here and there, usually under the shelter of a great tree. But following the trail, they at last reached a command post altogether shadowed by foliage. In tents here, officers were busy over their maps. They welcomed the visitors warmly, and asked hungrily for news. They seemed starved for some word from outside, particularly for the answer to the one question which officers as well as privates kept asking. "When is help coming?"

Not even General MacArthur could say when help was coming, and certainly Romulo could not, but it had been promised and surely it would come. So now Romulo stifled

his own impatience and his own wonder at the long delay and said as convincingly as he could,

"Soon! President Roosevelt has said help would be coming. Ships and planes must be on their way now." [1]

That afternoon, Romulo reached the front. Barbed wire obstructions were strung along the beaches; and in the hills behind, artillery was hidden. The hills met the shore in what seemed impassable cliffs, and every attempted landing by the enemy was checked. Now as Romulo looked, he saw guns dropped where a boatload of Japanese had tried to land.

They went on to the fighting line, Romulo writes:

> I found myself alone on an open field on the Morong line. I was beginning my work as an emissary in the fox holes of Bataan. For the first time I saw the fox holes, dotting the field that was a clearing in the forest. They were trenches, open to the blinding sun and the enemy bullets. . . . The boys had dug the fox holes themselves with their bayonets, others with picks and shovels. Many had dug their own graves. Before some of the trenches were land mines and others were fronted with barbed wire entanglements hung with tin cans that would rattle if an enemy tried to crawl through.
>
> The boys in the fox holes were not stationary. They kept bobbing up and down, watching the skies for the diving enemy bombers, watching the surrounding trees for the movement among the leaves that might betray an enemy sniper. . . . They (the snipers) tied themselves in trees and hid under nets interwoven with leaves. The powder from their guns was smokeless. . . . The Japanese sniper who was killed did not fall, but hung rotting in his tree. . . .
>
> This was the day I learned the technique of visiting the fox holes, jumping from one tree to another to protect myself against the snipers, running across the field to jump into the

nearest fox hole, and out again, zigzagging for the nearest tree behind the lines.

Planes were overhead when I jumped into my first fox hole to squat down beside the boy inside . . . the Filipino soldiers of Bataan were only boys. Many were seventeen- and eighteen-year-old college students who had enlisted only a day or so before seeing actual fighting. Many were friends of my son.

I talked to boy after boy that afternoon. They were in rags. Hunger pinched their grimy faces. In those dirt pits, where they could neither stand erect nor lie at full length to rest—they lived, ate, attended to all their bodily functions, somehow survived. They did not even have tin helmets to protect their heads. Tortured by merciless sunlight, by the steam and stink of their filthy lairs, by the incessant demand of the moment to watch, fire, crouch again for protection—somehow they lived! . . . They had only one question, the same one their commanders had asked with equal eagerness;

"When is help coming?"

"Soon!" They believed me.[1]

They went toward the battlefield of Abucay. Ten thousand dead Japanese lay unburied in the blistering sun. Brigadier General Vicente Lim had led that counteroffensive. He had been the first Filipino to graduate from West Point, and his troops were all Filipino.

Now as they came near the firing line, they saw how that counteroffensive had been fought. Cleverly hidden artillery and land mines were waiting for the enemy. The charge began with artillery fire. The Japanese knew the position of the mines. Their shock troops came on, crouching, running, crawling with lifted guns, waiting for a chance to fire. They looked hideous and no doubt the Americans and Filipinos looked as horrible to them. The shock troops threw

themselves on the mines which exploded under their bodies. The lines came on in broken formation, jumping into the fox holes, craters, stooping, firing. Machine guns in the American fox holes tried to pick them off as they came. No matter how many fell, there were always more coming.

Now electrified barbed wire barred the enemy but they flung themselves on this in waves, and others walked over their dead bodies to meet the lowered bayonets. The Japanese could send ten thousand suicide troops against the limited American-Philippine army, and not count the losses too great.

Romulo and the men with him left Abucay and went to the defense line at Bagac. The command post lay beyond a sugar-cane field. A sentry warned them of snipers ahead. Four soldiers mounted the runningboard of the car as guards. Suddenly Romulo saw truckloads of soldiers to the left. They jumped from the trucks, spread out and made straight for the car. Nearer, a crew was pointing a machine gun directly at it. They were on the firing line! It was their own machine gun nest that was facing them, and now the officer manning it roared, "Get the hell out of here!"

At that instant a burst of Japanese fire came from a clump of trees and another burst answered it. Machine gun bullets sprayed over the men in the car. It was too much for the driver. He disappeared and Colonel Nieto jumped into his seat and grabbed the wheel. He swung the car around behind the machine gun, and its occupants got out and ran to the nearest line of soldiers. They had no wish to be alone on the battlefield. The line advanced, crawling through the cane which cut hands and faces. Sometimes a man suddenly cried out and clutched his body in agony.

Romulo kept crawling, gun in hand. But there were no visible Japanese at whom to shoot. They had melted away and were popping at the advancing line from nearby trees. Twelve of the men in the cane field never came out.

As the sun went down the firing stopped. It was over for the day. The Japanese who still lived were freeing themselves and creeping back to their own lines.

The party would sleep in the open that night. Romulo looked forward to sleeping somewhere beside a stream. The sound of running water, the singing of cicadas and the stars overhead would be welcome after the enclosing rocky walls of Corregidor. . . . He had scarcely settled down when there was a fearful cracking as of guns. He leaped up, but the man beside him told him to calm down. It was the Japanese firecracker trick—one of the ways they tried to break the morale of the Americans and Filipinos.

This was scarcely over when there was a long-drawn human sigh. It came from everywhere and nowhere, and it sounded as though someone were in anguish. Groans rising to a scream followed. It was all horrible. . . . In a short while a woman's voice began to sing all the old, familiar songs which make anyone long for home. The purpose of this was, again, to break the morale of the boys far from home.

The troops on Bataan were far fewer than were needed. The American 31st Regiment and the Signal Corps men and Engineers together did not make up more than five thousand. Of the thirty-thousand Filipinos, only about half were well-trained Scouts, while the rest were fresh recruits. The main line of resistance had been planned to stretch from Moron on the China Sea, to Abucay on the east coast. There were

not enough front line men to make a solid front across the fifteen-mile width of the peninsula. By the end of January, the line had to be withdrawn from here to a point further south, only eighteen miles from the Bay. The highest mountains of the peninsula ran down the center of the American-Philippine terrain, dividing it into two isolated halves commanded by two generals, Wainright and Parker.

The formation of the new line led the Japanese to believe that a retreat to Corregidor had begun. But General MacArthur ordered up the 41st Division of the Philippine Army. They were green and they had been doing nothing but retreat, but now they took back the fox holes and trenches which they had given up only a short while ago. They pressed on further than had been planned, even further than their original position, and had to be stopped in order to straighten out the line. The second line would hold.

General MacArthur sent President Roosevelt a confident birthday message: Today, January 30, your birthday anniversary, smoke-begrimed men, covered with the murk of battle, rise from the fox holes of Bataan and the batteries of Corregidor to pray reverently that God may bless immeasurably the President of the United States.[2]

Yes, bless the President, sure, the boys said. But why, why, did no planes come?

The dramatic words of the message, so typical of General MacArthur's utterances, gave only the most restrained suggestion of what Romulo had seen on Bataan.

# XIII

THIS TRIP TO BATAAN was the beginning of Romulo's shuttling back and forth. Each time he came back from the front lines, Corregidor seemed more homelike in contrast to the fox holes.

He kept a careful diary of events even though, because of military regulations, he could not set down details of place or name. That diary was a curious mixture of absurd incidents and world-shaking action. Often the smallest affair seemed important because everything was warped out of its usual relationship with everything else by danger, scarcity, and the weakening of common sense.

He recorded details of putting on a clean uniform after a try at a bath or having a haircut in the tunnel barbershop. Every unusual item of food was noted along with reports of major fighting. Even going to the dentist's was a luxury, for the poor food made fillings loosen and drop out, and it was a relief to have three dentists available.

Soap was so scarce that every sliver was guarded and hoarded against the bare chance of a bath sneaked from the only decent bathroom, which was in the vault. Once Romulo, having soaped himself thoroughly, found that the water had given out. At the time this was a real catastrophe.

Bits of dry cheese, a few cookies, some dried fish of a poor quality, a bottle of lukewarm Coca-Cola—any of these

was looked forward to for days and enjoyed to the last grain or drop.

The most precious records in the diary were those of the conversations with General MacArthur and President Quezon. Talking with anyone, but especially with these two, took on new and deeper meaning. Differences in rank and responsibilities mattered little now, and man could speak to man.

Once there was no bombing for two days and General MacArthur suggested that the President spend a night in the little cottage which, though set aside for him, he had rarely used. Several persons were assigned to stay with him. Cots were set up on the porch. The President's bed was near Romulo's. There, in the dark, the two men began going over the past which they had shared. It went back to the little newspaper *The Citizen* which President Quezon had started years before. In that first English weekly to be published in the Philippines, Romulo had championed Quezon. When the struggle against the point of view of Governor General Leonard Wood began, again he had supported Quezon through the *Herald* of which he had by now become editor. When Quezon's leadership had been challenged in the argument over the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Act, again Romulo had stood by him through his chain of papers. And finally, when Quezon ran for the presidency of the Commonwealth, Romulo had backed him with all his press support. . . . All these events came to mind as the two men lay on the dark porch on Corregidor. What a long road it had been, leading always toward longed-for independence. And now—where was the road's end?

Every step of the way had had to be fought with every

resource of wisdom and courage. Now President Quezon spoke, feebly, after a long cough. "Strange, isn't it, Romulo? But we'll win this one, too." [1]

As if to deny the prophecy, the sky over the cottage was instantly torn by screaming bombs. The telephone in the house rang and General MacArthur's voice said excitedly, "Get President Quezon back to the tunnel right away." [1]

Colonel Nieto gathered the President of the Philippines in his arms, bedding and all, and rushed down the steps to the waiting car. Romulo stayed where he was. He even fell asleep, to waken to the flashing of a circle of light over his face. Acting on the training of weeks on Corregidor, he shouted automatically, "Put that light out!" General MacArthur's voice asked, "Carlos, is the President gone?" [1] The General was standing there in his bathrobe. He had come to see personally that his friend was safe.

The relationship between the two leaders was close. Twice a day General MacArthur went to the President's lateral. If any particularly good news came in between, he made a special trip for the purpose of reporting it to Quezon.

The food grew worse. Sometimes it seemed altogether impossible to swallow it. Everyone was losing weight.

> We were served army rations on coarse white chinaware plates by Ah Fu, the chunky, brush-haired Chinese cook who presided over the officers' mess. He ladled out the food as we stood in line, cafeteria fashion, clutching our plates, cups, tableware, and paper napkins—this, before the paper napkins gave out. We suspected much of the food that Ah Fu ladled onto our plates, but we never dared ask if the stew were beef, carabao, or mule. It was better not to know.
>
> "Is good for you!" Ah Fu would argue stubbornly if we

protested, let us say, an allotment of cold corn mush without cream or sugar.[1]

By the middle of February, food was running out on Corregidor, and on Bataan it was worse. Even Quezon was eating only two meals a day. It was the President who thought of trying to run the blockade. The *S S Legazpi* lay stranded in the Bay. Her captain agreed eagerly to try to make the trip to the Visayans. A second captain was chosen in case anything happened to the first. Under cover of darkness the little ship stole away.

It was a week before the *Legazpi* nudged the shore of Corregidor again. One of the MTB captains brought her in. "We piloted her at night—rendezvous twenty-five miles out—and as daylight came, our mouths watered as we saw her cargo, strings of bananas piled high on her decks, and below, fresh meat and fruit for Corregidor." [2]

The *Legazpi* brought eggs and rice and chickens, too. But perhaps more important than the actual food, she brought the reassurance that it was still possible to make contact with the outside. She had done it once, and probably she could do it again. Actually, she did accomplish it a second time, but on the third try she failed to return.

But food or no food, good news or bad, General MacArthur always swung into the USAFFE lateral as though he had something encouraging to report. He would clap Romulo on the shoulder and make a remark about the sword resting sometimes, but the pen never. When he began to work on his plans, he would pace up and down between the rows of beds at the other end of the long, narrow tunnel room. Having come to some decision, he usually announced

it to his staff in enthusiastic terms and hurried to his desk.

Glancing at him there, one saw his hawklike features suddenly intent and serious. On his map the pencil lines marking the battle fronts moved steadily southward. Still, he gave no sign of discouragement.

Often, if an evening were quiet, General and Mrs. MacArthur strolled arm in arm in front of their little cottage. Carlos and Virginia had strolled so not long ago along Dewey Boulevard.

An end had to come soon. Fighting on Bataan would have to stop unless help came. Life on the Rock could not go on like this forever. Blasted and shaken, what had seemed to be the most strongly fortified spot in all the world became more and more a dead-end hell. Even if Corregidor could be held forever it would not save the Philippines. They would have to be won back again in any case.

President Quezon's fever sometimes reached 105 degrees. Even though he still encouraged everyone, he knew, surely, how hopeless the situation was. Once, during a lull, he insisted on being taken to the batteries on the hill because he wanted to talk to the men at their posts there. But he was too weak and broke down after a few words. Sometimes delegations of Filipino officers came across from Bataan to speak to him. He poured out his questions to these emissaries from the fox holes.

After weeks of secret discussion it was decided that President Quezon must be taken from Corregidor. When Manila had to be abandoned, President Roosevelt had invited the Philippine government to Washington. But President Quezon refused even yet to go so far from his country.

He would set up his exiled government somewhere in the Islands.

Preparations for the leaving were carefully guarded. With so many people on the Rock, even though none was suspected of disloyalty, word could easily slip out. The President's party was moved to another lateral which was barred to all visitors, and for several days important papers were sorted and packed. Here, Manuel Quezon talked over his departure with Romulo. He told him that even though he wished to have Romulo go with him, he felt that the work of the Voice of Freedom was entirely too important for that to be considered. But he promised that whenever Romulo wanted to join him, he would make it possible.

The President's chief reasons for being willing to go, aside from his health, were that he hoped he could do something about getting food and supplies sent in, and that he might work more usefully from some other place.

The presidential party was to travel through unoccupied areas. The route was carefully outlined and everyone concerned with carrying out the departure and the journey waited with feverish anxiety.

The Rock was heavily bombed that day, February the twentieth. In the evening no cars were allowed to enter Malinta Tunnel. Soldiers guarded each entrance. The party was to leave in different groups. The first section was made up of staff members and luggage. The second carried the Vice President, one or two other officials, and Romulo. Arriving at the Corregidor landing, they waited, silent in the darkness. No light was allowed, but there was faint moonlight. Army trucks, soldiers on guard and utter silence all added to the tenseness of the atmosphere.

An army car brought Mrs. Quezon and the girls, General MacArthur, General Sutherland and President Quezon. In this eerie light the President looked a ghost.

Mrs. Quezon suddenly whispered, "God bless you, Romulo." [3] She was gone at once, walking down the gangplank to the small boat which was to carry them to the submarine which lay waiting in the Bay. The others followed quickly. The small boat began to move away, and those left behind waved until they could no longer distinguish anything. The submarine was to cruise at night only, and to submerge during the day. It was a poor way of travel for a man with the President's illness, but it was the only way.

General MacArthur seemed more quiet than Romulo ever remembered him. He, himself, knew that this was only the beginning of departures. It was hard to go forward with his work of encouraging the boys when he knew that it was probably too late to hold the front, even should help come quickly. Those who would be the last to leave this place would be the expendable ones. He often watched the nurses at their work, held back his sickening fear for the wounded, and pitied General MacArthur. Sometime the end would come, and judging by all the stories of atrocities they received, only horror could lie ahead.

He went through each day and tried not to look ahead. It was best to set a date and live on toward it, hoping for help by then. Everyone thought of April first as such a date. They would hold out until April first and not look beyond that for the present.

Only three days after President Quezon left, High Commissioner Sayre and his party left by submarine. In his diary Romulo wrote, "They are leaving us one by one." [3]

Word came of President Quezon's safe arrival at his destination. The prearranged statement was given. "The precious package has arrived." [3] Everyone was smiling broadly in the USAFFE that day. It was not until later, however, that the details of the escape came. The President had gone by submarine, steamer and then one of the MTBs to Mindanao, using a fictitious name. From there he had finally reached Australia. "He arrived there, smiling and very much alive, in a woolen shirt and a leather lumber jacket. He expressed complete faith in the men he had left behind him in Manila. . . . When he received new copies of smuggled papers in Australia, Quezon would read every word, and he would look long and closely at the pictures, trying to see what his men were really thinking behind their expressions. He told every comer story after story of his people's loyalty." [4]

The Japanese, on the other hand, reported him either dead of his disease, or purged by General MacArthur. To those who heard these reports it was clear that they were most unhappy at his escape from beneath their very eyes.

The true reports that came to the Rock made everyone content. Wherever Quezon had gone on his way, he had been royally received by his people and they had faithfully kept his route secret. The President had continued to encourage the people. His first statement reached the Rock by radio. Dated February the twenty-eighth, it said:

> To the people of the Philippines: Almost three months have passed since the enemy first ravaged our sacred soil. At the cost of many lives and immeasurable human suffering we have been resisting his advance with all our might. He has taken our capital and occupied several of our provinces.

> But we are neither beaten nor subdued. Our spirit of resistance and our will to victory remain undaunted! . . . Already the gallantry of our soldiers has aroused the admiration of the whole world. I urge every Filipino to be of good cheer, to have faith in the patriotism and valor of our soldiers on the field. But above all, to trust America and our great and beloved leader—President Roosevelt! The United Nations will win this war. America is too great and too powerful to be vanquished in this conflict. I know she will not fail us! [5]

Valiant words! But on the Rock and in the fox holes of Bataan men still searched the skies for the planes that did not come. MacArthur kept up his optimistic front, but those who talked with him privately recognized it for a front, for in the off-the-record conversations it was clear that he fully faced the fact that help now would be too late.

Even so, men tried to reason out the delay. . . . Pearl Harbor had been a great shock which had destroyed the heart of the American fleet. Pearl Harbor had to be reconstructed. The West Coast and the Panama Canal had to be thought of. England had to be helped.

One of the hardest tasks assigned to Romulo after the President left was that of explaining to the boys on Bataan why he had left. Another was to continue to build up the hope for planes. By April planes would come. That was the message he must give.

# XIV

ROMULO DID NOT TRY to understand the military strategy that General MacArthur was using. He had never claimed to be a military man, certainly not a specialist in fighting without arms or planes. But he recognized a military miracle when he saw one, and he knew that now if ever was the time for a miracle.

On the evening of March the fourth, Radio Tokyo broadcast an electrifying statement. The men on Corregidor gathered around, listening and gloating. The broadcast said, "Twenty-four American bombers have attacked Subic Bay." [1]

To the four planes, which were all that General MacArthur had left, the Japanese had added twenty. Moreover, they had called the P-40s bombers. Here was the miracle!

The Japanese were planning to land heavy forces at Subic Bay. Certain that the American-Philippine forces had no air power whatever, they expected no interference. This enormous landing of men and supplies was to begin the final push to take all of Bataan.

The intention of the Japanese was known to the American command well in advance. General Harold George devised a scheme for attaching bomb racks to the P-40s. The work was done on Bataan, and few knew how or when.

The four planes swept out on the unsuspecting Japanese.

Seven heavily laden transports, many motor launches and all kinds of small craft were sunk before the planes left the scene.

General MacArthur put the report in his own words. This time his statement was none too glowing. "In a sudden air surprise we swept Subic Bay, destroying many vessels. We lost no planes by enemy action. Thousands were drowned from the transports we sank. The enemy is getting a foretaste of what America will do when she becomes fully armed and does not have to fight with completely overwhelming odds against her." [1]

Two days later he sent out a longer communiqué. He was still in an exultant mood, for it was clear that the Japanese were altogether confused by the attack. He took time to define a word composed years before but now coming into common use.

"The distillate of forty years—Filamerican. The word was coined in the thick of battle. . . . This perfect union of two races begun early in the century when the weary American soldier resting by the road side gave a bright-eyed Filipino boy his first apple and his first lesson in English. The union based on mutual respect was refined and proved as the years passed. But the fire of war brought forth the pure and perfect understanding . . . Filamerican! It has withstood the attacks of scheming propaganda—the attacks of false promises—the attacks of fire and steel—and it will endure." [2]

Romulo was sent for just after the victory. Victory though it had been, even it could not build up real hope. Now he reported to the tent outside the hospital entrance. General Sutherland told him that General MacArthur had been or-

dered out of Corregidor by the first available transportation, and that he was to leave that night.

It was not the first time that General MacArthur had been asked to leave Bataan and assume supreme command of the United Nations forces in the southwest Pacific. There had been strong demand for it in the United States, but that demand had been offset by the opinion that the line on Bataan would slump if he were removed. On the other hand, no one else was as suitable as he to take over the supreme command.

President Roosevelt sent his third order about this matter on February the twenty-second, but there had had to be some time for arranging the change.

General MacArthur chose Major General Jonathan W. Wainright—"Skinny," the men called him—to take his place. "He was tall like MacArthur, long-necked, burned brown by exposure to the tropical sun, and he had shaved his head because of the Bataan dust. . . . His faded khaki uniform had shrunk; the knees bulged; the pants were too high. He carried a cane that was a bamboo stick cut in Bataan." [1]

"He loved simple things: horses, and back home, riding one up and down the fields of Bull Run." [2]

Romulo had to explain this situation, now, to the boys in the fox holes. It had been bad enough to try to explain the President's going. "I am afraid this means a slump in morale," he said gloomily.

The news still had to be kept secret. MacArthur's going was more dangerous even than that of President Quezon. The Japanese had known for years that he was strengthening the Philippines against them. The propaganda leaflets

which Japanese planes floated down were addressed to him with bitter hatred and threats.

General MacArthur found Romulo, gave him a hearty clap on the shoulder and said briskly, "Carlos, I want to talk to you." They left the lateral where Romulo had been working at his desk, and paced the tunnel. Only a few knew that the General was leaving and none would have guessed it to see him now. But Romulo knew that every word had more than its usual importance and he listened carefully and set down notes. The strategy was all planned and General MacArthur's keymen each knew what was expected of him.

The General suddenly asked Romulo whether he would go with him, or whether he would stay. The question was like a blow. Of course he wanted to go. But the Voice of Freedom must continue. It would be needed more than ever now. The boys in the fox holes would count on it and on him. And here, he was near home. Just across the Bay lay Manila. He longed to be among the first to re-enter Manila, and he ached to find the house on Vermont Street again. He said simply, "I'll stay."

"I knew you'd say that, Carlos. The Voice of Freedom can't be stilled. It must go on. It's our voice." After a pause he went on. "Go to Bataan. Talk to the boys for me. Tell them that I had to do this and that they are to believe me when I say that it's for the best. Tell them that my heart is with them, Carlos. . . . You will join me in my headquarters, wherever that may be. . . . I have just given the orders to promote you to lieutenant colonel. You've done a fine job, Carlos. Keep it up." [3]

Romulo felt ill, partly because of the realization of the decision he had made, and partly because he was shaking

with malaria. He had been having it for the past two weeks, and now it became so severe that he did not go to the dock that night to see the party off. The rains, which had held off all these weeks since the move to Corregidor, were pouring down at last. There was nothing to relieve the gloom except the words of General and Mrs. MacArthur.

When the moment of parting came, General MacArthur said, "Don't forget to change those leaves from gold to silver."

Jean MacArthur said, "My congratulations are for Virginia." [3]

They were gone. Romulo lay alone in the deserted cottage with the rain drumming on the roof. Danger lay ahead for those who traveled. Defeat waited for all who stayed behind.

The MTB men were ready for the party that was leaving. General MacArthur had spurned the idea of a submarine. He said that he trusted the MTBs more than anything else and particularly the squadron commander, Lieutenant John Bulkeley.

Ever since the men knew what they were to do, they had been getting the four boats ready. They had no replacement parts. They had to strengthen the decks to carry the load of fuel gas. The plans and charts for the trip had to be prepared and gone over with General MacArthur. They had to decide what to do in case some of the ships were attacked or lost. Above all, every preparation had to be kept secret. . . . Then, the moment came.

> The thick in-between light crept into the Bay, and shadow shapes began to move quickly. From the shore of Bataan, men jumped into two MTBs; from the shore of Corregidor, men and two women and one child boarded two more MTBs.

> The child was Arthur MacArthur, the women his mother and his Chinese amah, Ah Ju. The four small boats idled silently out to the mouth of the harbor. John Bulkeley was at the wheel of the leader. When the four were past the channel through the minefield their motors opened up into a roar; they climbed up on the waves and were away. . . . The boats headed straight out to sea, then turned south. . . . The wind grew strong and the seas grew high and the MTBs ran into work for which they had not been designed. They would climb up each wave and crash down beyond it, just in time to climb again and crash again. Their beautiful skimming speed disappeared, for all they could make was a coughing twenty-five knots per hour. The General was unable to stand on his feet; he had no sea legs. Everyone was soaked to the skin by the salt spray, and many of the party were violently seasick, especially the little boy.[4]

The four boats were to meet at an appointed place in the morning. Only one reached the point under cover of darkness. The others pressed on by daylight. One boat was disabled and abandoned. They sighted Japanese destroyers and finally made their destination only by the second night. They waited at an inland air field where planes from Australia were to meet them. They waited that day through and through the next night. On the third night two planes rather than the expected three, arrived. The passengers were reorganized and distributed in the two planes. Again the little boy was sick.

After flying ten hours they reached Darwin in the middle of a raid. By various undersized railways the MacArthurs finally reached Melbourne from here. It was March the twenty-first.[4]

Soon General MacArthur's words came back to Corregidor. They flashed like sunshine through a storm.

"I came through and I shall return." [5]

The soldiers had already guessed that he had gone, because they no longer saw him. Now there was no further need to pretend to hide the truth. The Japanese radio blazed forth accusations that he was a deserter who left his men to die in a trap. The Voice of Freedom answered boldly.

President Quezon had not yet reached Australia when General MacArthur set out but was at that time still in Mindanao. But on March the thirty-first he made a proclamation.

> To the Filipino people and the Philippine Army: At the request of General MacArthur I have left the Philippines and joined him at his headquarters in Australia. . . . Having no other objective in mind than to free the Philippines, I did not hesitate to accept the suggestion of General MacArthur despite the hazards of the trip involved. And so I am here where I expect to be able to be of assistance in the reconquest of every foot of our beloved country. . . . I call upon every Filipino to keep his courage and fortitude and to have faith in the ultimate victory of our cause.[5]

Colonel Manuel Roxas, who had been closer to Romulo than anyone else since MacArthur's party left, was ordered out to join the President. Although the two men, Roxas and Romulo, had held differing views on politics for many years, and Romulo's papers had openly criticized Roxas many times, here on the Rock they had become close friends. Now that Colonel Roxas was leaving he told General Wainright that he would like to take Romulo with him. Romulo was summoned to headquarters.

> There he [Wainright] stood before a crude table in the open tent on that bomb-blasted rock, and he wore the look of

a man who had just been paroled from hell. . . . But his look was straightforward and intelligent and I liked the way he spoke to me, man to man. "Colonel Romulo, Colonel Roxas would like you to go along with him to Mindanao. Colonel Beebe wants you here. I would like you to stay. What do you say?"

Roxas was watching me hopefully. My mind swam with all sorts of impressions. Melbourne, MacArthur, all my friends, medicines for this blasted malaria that was even then shaking my knees; baths, food, relief from the shattering firing—safety! Of course I wanted to say, "Go!"

But I remembered MacArthur—the last request he had made of me before he was compelled to leave the men that he did not want to desert. "Carlos, go to Bataan as soon as you are well enough. Tell the boys there why I had to leave Corregidor and that I am sending help to them and that I am coming back." . . . I said to General Wainright as I had to General MacArthur, "I'll stay."

Roxas followed me back to the tunnel with tears in his eyes. He said, "I hate leaving you, Pal." I couldn't answer him.[5]

In the gloom of one of the days that followed, Romulo opened a handbag which he had brought from Manila and had not yet used. A photograph of Virginia looked up at him. Someone in the family must have tucked it in at the last moment. Weak and sick, he was suddenly weeping.

# XV

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S MESSAGE had to be carried to Bataan. Romulo started out by small boat in the darkness. He dreaded talking to the boys.

To his delight, the departure of General MacArthur seemed to encourage rather than discourage the men. Now they felt sure that President Quezon and General MacArthur, together, would see that help came at once.

Sounds of cheer came from the filthy fox holes where boys wan with hunger and weariness still held the front. They sang old favorites even though they were long threadbare. One favorite was the doggerel;

We're the battling bastards of Bataan;
No Mamma, no Papa, no Uncle Sam.[1]

The Philippine song of victory, written in the headquarters in Manila before the Rear Echelon left, was sung, too. Men swinging back to the fox holes made it a challenge to themselves;

Hark! Ye brown-skinned men of might
Come from plain and hill.
Hark! The hour's come to fight:
'Tis the hour to kill!

Sons of toil and liberty,
By that oath you swore,

Come, avenge this treachery,
Come, let's march to war!
Drive this yellow Japanese
From your sky and shore.
Yours is the power,
This is the hour,
Fight for victory! [2]

Years later Romulo composed a poem on a train running between Washington and New York. It was "The Voice of Liberty" which he delivered before the Academy of American Poets and which was published in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* January 14, 1950. The words could have been written during those Bataan days, but for the change of the enemy's location.

I bring the voice of bold unfettered men
The voice that will not die
Through this and ages still to be
The price be fire or blood.
Sweeping the full extent of history,
Its substance, immanent, sublime,
Imparts the answer to our kind being here,
Not like the savage brute
Bereft of faith or hope,
But standing up to God
Within the harmony of space or time.

If troubled hands should seek to mute
Its accents firm and clear
That men and women free
Might circumscribe their ken
Within the narrow scope
Of prejudice and hate,

Then all their doubt and fear
Spread by relentless hordes
Seeking but Mammon's gain,
Can by unfaithful words
Becloud and desecrate
Its mandate but in vain . . .

The thunder and the crash are gone
Leaving but ugly scars
Across the shadowland of dismal years;
Dark memories of youth
Betrayed in senseless wars,
Of men who gave their blood
To serve ambitions mad—
These only, and the tears,
Of bitterness remain
For little things hard won. . . .

So much is gone, so much of peace
Of love, of light, of truth
In each remembered death;
Yet ere the sighings cease,
War's foul and searing breath
May burn the land again
Where heavy iron bars
Of cults and creeds are down
And sullen frontiers frown
Upon a world in fears. . . .

That once again the potent power
That makes the eagle soar
Above the highest peak,
Beyond the fartherest sky,
Will strike the fatal hour

For those who will deny
The Freedom of the mind;
And sternly, bold, unfettered men,
By word of tongue or pen,
In terms of truth will speak,
As they have done before,
The faith of human kind;
While multitudes, unchained and free,
Will wave the battleflags and sing
The Hymn of Liberty. . . .

This be the immortal Voice I bring—
The Voice that will not die.

Every day's most important job was to keep up the spirits of the men on Bataan and Corregidor. The men on Bataan did not know how desperate their situation was, and it was well that they did not. But on Corregidor in the small, dark lateral where General Wainright gave his orders and made his plans, it was known that General MacArthur had still received no directive from Washington. General Wainright sent frequent messages to Washington reporting on the hopeless situation on Bataan. He had been there with the boys and he knew what it was like. Those working with him could not but see his despair.

On Corregidor, Romulo had more and more duties piled upon him, and he was glad to be kept busy. It was best, too, to do all he could to keep everyone from thinking about what lay ahead. April was coming closer and somehow everyone still counted on April to bring something better, even though there was not the least basis for this hope.

He was promoted to Chief Press Relations Officer. He was appointed to the Board of Officers that examined the

recommendations for awards. The tunnel newspaperette had a circulation of two hundred and fifty and it took a great deal of time to prepare. It went to all the command posts on Bataan and the various units on Corregidor. Now, even to get the paper to print it on was hard.

Because everyone had less of everything and was greatly worried about what lay ahead, selfishness and unselfishness mixed in senseless ways. So, while Romulo tried to do everything he could to help the men, he planned things for himself, too. There were two Chinese tailors on the Rock. Romulo managed to get Ah Fu, the cook, to persuade them to make him a new uniform. He looked forward to it with secret exultation. When it was done, however, it was so dirty that it had to be washed before he could wear it. There was no soap, so he washed it without. When he had dried it, he pressed it carefully beneath his mattress. After all this, when he put it on he found it too small to squeeze into and he had to give it away.

There was a rule that no one should hoard any food. Everything should be shared. Colonel Nieto had given Romulo a small piece of cheese before he left with President Quezon, and Romulo had been keeping it for some special occasion. At last he brought it out. As he cut it into exact portions, "Everyone watched with the greatest interest, as if I were designating military maneuvers on a map. As I was lifting my portion to my mouth, it moved between my fingers. Nevertheless so unfastidious can hunger make one, that I ate the cheese after removing the small inhabitants." [3]

The food grew worse, even though no one had thought that it could. Romulo's diary records the menu for one day. "Breakfast, badly cooked rice, a slice of soggy bread, a cup

of salt-water coffee. Lunch, watery soup, suspicious to see and to smell. Dinner, a chunk of almost invulnerable carabao." [3]

The bombings grew worse. One day the radio aerials were hit. The noon broadcast was due in seventeen minutes. The men dashed out and replaced the aerials and Romulo was back in the booth exactly on the minute. In front of the mike, he began as usual, "This is the Voice of Freedom—speaking from the battlefields of Bataan." [3] The Voice had not missed a single broadcast.

They were almost prisoners in the tunnel now because of the frequent attacks. Romulo in his horror of being enclosed awoke to choking terror night after night.

Some still believed that the Rock could be held, even though it shook under the endless blastings. But General Wainright's behavior was not encouraging. One day Romulo's doubts were increased by a call to report to General Wainright's office. He could not but notice how the general had aged in the two weeks since he had come. Now he said that although Romulo was needed, he realized that a price was on his head, and that he wanted him to feel free to leave if he felt it was the right thing to do.

Romulo said, as he had before, that he would stay. But this must mean that General Wainright was not sure that Corregidor could be held. President Quezon, General MacArthur and now General Wainright had all promised that he would be taken out safely. He had not worried about that, but he interpreted today's suggestion as meaning that the end was near.

The stories of atrocities grew worse. The Voice had announced that it was preparing a black list of those known

to be disloyal to the Philippine cause and thousands of names had come pouring in over amateur radio stations. The terrible effects of war reached out to civilians from both sides.

One afternoon the man who was radio monitor for the day, listening to all the reports coming in, suddenly hurried to Romulo with a typed sheet in his hand. He said, "The Japs want your head." His voice was strained. Romulo thought he had said "hat" and took it for some kind of joke. "What do they want with my hat?" he asked.

"I said your head. Tokyo's put the finger on you, Colonel."

Romulo read the typewritten message: *We want to warn the people of the Philippines that a propaganda of lies is being concocted by one Carlos P. Romulo, who sooner or later will pay for his crimes.*[3]

He learned later that placards were posted in the Manila streets offering a price for him, dead or alive, with orders to shoot him on sight.

Both General MacArthur and President Quezon heard about this. The President telephoned the General and urged him to get Romulo away from Corregidor. General MacArthur answered, "I am afraid it is already too late." [3]

But this was nothing new. Romulo had been wanted by the Japanese for a long time. They were only pressing for his capture now.

# XVI

"DURING THE BATTLE of the Philippines I sometimes remembered Rudyard Kipling. How I wished he had been with us on Bataan! I should have liked showing him miles of fox holes piled with American and Filipino bodies and asked him to repeat over the mingled flesh. 'Never the twain shall meet.' "[1] This was the battlefield in those days of March.

Longed-for April came. On the fourth of the month, Romulo went once more to Bataan. He saw that the front lines were not holding. The battle ground had shifted. He left his car at one of the command posts and zigzagged from fox hole to fox hole.

"When is help coming?"

"Soon!"

The boys could still ask that question and he had still to answer it.

He read Quezon's message from Melbourne to the boys. He told them of General MacArthur's plans. He could scarcely expect them to believe. But they did. How could they? They were sick, starving, filthy and clearly being defeated.

That day Japanese planes began dropping bombs nearby. Romulo was in the line of attack. He ran toward the nearest fox hole, but there were already four men in it. There was

little time. He reached the next one and crouched there. There was a terrific detonation and he was covered with gravel. When he shook himself free, the men in the hole he had tried to enter had entirely disappeared.

He hurried to the command post. A message was being telephoned in. A field hospital had been hit. He jumped into his car and raced for the place. The wounded were screaming in agony; many were dead. A priest stood quietly saying the Lord's prayer and those who could were kneeling. In that hospital raid fifty were killed and one hundred and forty were wounded.

Romulo found a telephone and sent a description of the bombing to headquarters on Corregidor. Then he set out in his car again, for the front. He found General Lim with his 41st Philippine division. This division had been at the front for four months—ever since the battle of Bataan had begun. They were the ones who had launched the attack at Abucay. Those thousands of Japanese dead still lay unburied. Today, at sunset, General Lim stood before him, haggard, his eyes sunken, his black hair turned gray. He was burning with malarial fever.

He pointed over the field to his boys in the fox holes. "Look at them," he said starkly. "A third of them are dying from malaria and dysentery, and we have no medicines to give them." He paused and added in a low voice, "And, you know, we have not been eating."

I looked. Those boys were to Lim like his own sons. I looked out over the fox holes and saw many faces that I had known in happier days in Manila. Only, were they familiar? At times I could not be sure. I would have to look at a face several times to be sure it was that of a man I knew. Hunger changes the brain and body of a man. . . . He (General Lim)

seemed to me the embodiment of the Philippine army on Bataan: ragged, starved, sick unto death, beaten back hour after hour—invincible!

He said in a tired voice, "We have done our best."

Up to that moment I had not lost hope.[2]

There are times when one must go back to the primal instincts to survive. . . . The wonder is that, having gone such a metamorphosis away from the civilized, one can return to normal emotional living. Hatred and fear develop such a desire to kill that it becomes the strongest emotion. The miracle is that after the battle ends, when one lies down at night to rest, memory revolts. How did you, the civilized, friendly person you had always thought yourself, the man of faith and trust in God—how did you ever have that hatred and desire to kill? This reaction always stays with you until the next day, when you again watch the injustice—men you know to be good and sincere, butchered by the enemy—and the old cunning, inhuman ecstasy of hate comes back and you know you must kill the enemy before he kills you.

That all the influences of religion and education are swept away by such experiences, even temporarily, is the underlying danger of war.[3]

These are Romulo's thoughts on war set against the rending sky of a day in April, 1942, on Bataan.

The next day was Easter Sunday. The Voice of Freedom broadcast a special message. Romulo wrote the words with despair and a certainty that the end was near:

All of us know the story of Easter Sunday. It was the triumph of light over darkness; life over death. It was the vindication of seemingly unreasonable faith. . . . Today on the commemoration of that resurrection, we can humbly and without presumption declare our faith and hope in our own inevitable victory. . . . We, too, shall rise. After we have paid the full price of our redemption, we shall return to show

the scars of sacrifice that all men may touch and believe. . . . We shall rise in the name of freedom, and the east shall be alight with the glory of our liberation! [4]

The end came quickly. Three days after that Easter Sunday, General Wainright sent for Romulo. "Colonel Romulo, I'm ordering you out of Corregidor," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Bataan is hopeless. . . . At seven tonight take the little launch to Bataan. Go to the Bataan airfield. From there you will be taken off for Mindanao, where you will report to General Roxas and General Sharp. Here are your secret orders." [4]

Romulo had tried to put in a word but General Wainright had silenced him with a motion of his hand. Now he handed Romulo an envelope. "Good-by, sir," Romulo said stiffly. Then General Wainright suddenly softened and came around the table and shook hands. "God bless you, my boy," he said warmly.[4]

It happened as swiftly as that. Romulo was dazed. Among all the thousands on the Rock, he had been chosen. He was suddenly ashamed of it. Surely he would seem a quitter. He would feel better about it if he could talk it over with some of the others, but it was a secret.

But without his telling them the men knew he was to leave. Perhaps they saw the way his eyes avoided theirs; or heard his restless tossing through the sleepless night. One after another came and handed him a letter, a will, or a photograph to take to some member of a beloved family. They knew what was ahead and what to expect from the Japanese, but their handshakes were strong and they were grinning.

It was not possible to say good-by to anyone, for that would break the secrecy. Romulo had to walk out of the tunnel for the last time, trying not to see the nurses or be aware of the boys asleep along the edges of the tracks.

The sky was alight with bombs falling over on Bataan. Only a moment later Japanese planes began to circle over Corregidor.

> The little launch was waiting with drumming motors beside the dock. On board were Lieutenant Edwards . . . two army doctors, a sergeant, and several American prisoners who had been sentenced by court-martial for some breach of discipline, and were being sent back to Bataan. I sat in the boat looking back at my friends on the Rock, and I hope never to know a moment as heavy as that again.[4]

Four months had passed on Corregidor and this was the end. It could be a matter of only days now until the Japanese would swarm over these shores. A matter of only hours until the boys who had hoped and fought out of their belief in America, would be crossing this channel where he crossed, to defeat. The most strongly fortified point in the world was only a battered rock, black in the shadow, hideous in the light of falling bombs, and cradling such despair as the world would never know.

Ahead lay the crossing of Bataan to uncertain escape.

# XVII

ROMULO HAD NO LIKING for being the last man out. He hated leaving all those who were still on the Rock; crouching in the tiny boat as it began to make its way across the channel to the battered peninsula; being given special treatment; knowing that the American and Philippine armies were having to fall back. All his revolt against what was happening gathered together—but he was helpless before it. The sky, flashing with gunfire and bombs, terrified him. As result of a car accident years before, he was subject to a kind of paralysis when afraid; now in the boat that paralysis threatened him.

As they left the dock some little ship in the Bay sent a burst of fire upward toward the circling Japanese planes. To hit the planes at their altitude, was impossible; but the discharge lit up the escaping boat perfectly. Instantly the Japanese planes dropped bombs. The men flattened themselves. The boat increased its speed. Three planes swooped down and followed it with machine gun fire. Two men jerked and then lay still. These were two who had been sent out for discipline. The small boat zigzagged on as the planes rose and left.

Romulo tried to sit up, but he could not move. At last his muscles slowly unlocked, beginning at the finger tips. By the time they reached the Bataan landing at Cabcaben, his

trouble was over. But the landing place had been heavily bombed. How to reach the shore? The white snouts of sharks were visible in the dim light. The gangplank was made of long, yielding bamboo poles. Although he was shaky, Romulo made it to land with help.

A car was to have met them, but none was to be seen. The bombing had confused the carefully laid plans. They walked around trying to find a captain who was to have brought the car. Suddenly Romulo remembered that telephone in a nipa hut which he had seen weeks before. As he stumbled into the shack the telephone was in use. Someone was shouting desperately into it, "I tell you the show is over!" [1]

The retreat was on! Romulo hurried out again to the dusty road. He could not think clearly. A primitive urge to live took hold of him. All of his distaste at leaving Corregidor was replaced by a longing to escape and live.

They waited to find some vehicle going their way. But the traffic was all grinding toward the channel leading to Corregidor. At last they stopped an army car. It was explained that Romulo must get out; that General MacArthur and President Quezon had ordered it. The driver said simply, "We can't get through to the air field." [1]

"Get him out anyway!" It was a command, a prayer.

So Romulo parted from those who had crossed with him. The car set out northward against the wild traffic which came pouring out of the jungle. There were trucks of dead-looking men, gray with dust and weariness; nurses whose eyes Romulo avoided because they were headed for the dead-end which was Corregidor. What could take all these across

that shark-infested channel? There were not enough boats to begin to take them. Ambulances with the wounded, dazed men who still did not realize what was happening, officers with lined faces who knew only too well what lay ahead, artillery pieces being dragged along, all made up that march. The swirling dust, the shouts of desperate officers trying to make some order out of the confusion, the scream of enemy bombers overhead hovering over their prey, all mingled in the nightmare of terror.

"Bataan would be with us as long as we lived and we could never wash it from our clothes or our eyes or our thoughts. As long as I lived there would cling to me the scent of the dead and the smell of cordite and the drugged heavy flies that followed one for miles from the Bataan fields of death." [2]

What Romulo was seeing was more than a front, more than a battle, more than an army in retreat. He was seeing humankind afraid. He was seeing men who hated other men.

"Fear was in (my heart) and would remain. . . . Until a world could be assured of a oneness in human understanding it would be there. Until men of separate race and faith achieve respect for the dreams and beliefs and pigmentary coloration of other men, the death struggle of Bataan will have been as chaff blown before the tempest. Fear and continual danger will be the victors still." [2]

The driving became even harder. Romulo leaned on the ability of the driver of the jeep. For all the confusion he realized the skill of that driving. He had not caught the boy's name and did not find out until months later, in the United States, that it was Packer. That young man was the one who

must get them through that hideous drive by some miracle all his own.

Romulo had a wild hope, during those hours, of finding his son Carlos. He must be here somewhere. There were four Filipinos for every American on Bataan. He kept stopping the car to get out and ask a nurse, or an officer, or some of the men, about Carlos. None knew of him. Somewhere that seventeen-year-old boy was stumbling on like these—dazed, confused, and not understanding that he was defeated. Or, he could be dead.

> Boys of seventeen and eighteen were dragging their guns and stumbling in the dust. I saw them fall, rise to their knees, stand and stagger a few steps, and fall again.
>
> I found myself on the edge of the road helping a Filipino boy to his feet. He stared at me as if he did not see me. He was about the age of my oldest son—he might have been a friend of my son's.
>
> "Come on, boy," I rallied him. "Keep it up—keep going!"
>
> He looked at me out of sunken eyes and tried to grin. He said, "It can't be did, sir!" [3]

Some of the boys were delirious. They wandered on, cheering feebly under the impression that this was the last great march to victory. And some still asked hopefully when the planes would come. Others knew no help would come and felt betrayed, and cursed everyone and everything.

He came near the Bataan air field at last. A P-40 rose against the starlit sky. Had they missed the last plane out? The field itself was being shelled. As they crossed it the earth spouted up around them.

Headquarters had been evacuated. They drove on to the motor pool. A colonel stopped them. The munitions dumps

were about to be blown up. Romulo begged for a delay of five minutes, which was granted, and they dashed on. Explosions from behind shook them as they went.

The motor pool was hidden in a thicket. Romulo tried to telephone to General Wainright to tell him that there was no way out. The wires had been cut and there was no way to reach the Rock. An officer stepped up and asked who Romulo was. He said they had been given orders to get him out, but that he would have to go back to the Cabcaben air field. Back over the terrible way they had come? Packer groaned.

As the car hurtled out of the grove it collided with a motorcycle. The rider was not hurt but the machine was ruined. Romulo told the man to ride on his bumper and help by using a flashlight to guide the way. No use going to the Cabcaben air field, the man told them as they jounced along. It had been abandoned. They went on just the same.

The field was still being shelled. They streaked across it, missing shell holes by the light of shells. They saw a flicker in a thicket. A voice asked who went there. They roared their answer and kept going.

In the thicket men were working over a strange-looking plane. It seemed to have been created out of unassorted parts from a junk yard. Lieutenant Barnick, chief creator, said, "Let me make you acquainted with the Old Duck. We are trying to get her to fly." [3]

Four air officers, the crew, along with Lieutenant Barnick, had been working in shifts for two days and nights trying to make a plane that they could navigate. If that moment arrived, six of them would try to get away in a plane intended for four.

Barnick sat back on his haunches, looked at the Old Duck and shook his head.

"If you won't do it now, honey, you never will!" he murmured. "Fellows, let's test the motor."

I sat in the car and crossed my fingers and prayed while the boys spun the propellor. There was a popping noise—sparks flew. I thought for a moment that the plane had exploded. The motor choked and snarled, snorted, started. It went *pup-pup-pup* for a moment and then settled down to a fairly even hum. I was so elated that I jumped out of the car and placed my foot neatly into a big can of oil just beneath the running board. . . . We pulled the plane out into the clearing. . . . We had to wait for the moon. . . . I kept looking at my watch. The seconds crawled past. It was eighteen minutes past one, which made it the morning of April the ninth, when the moon edged timidly above the blazing jungle.

Barnick sat up (he had stretched out on the field) as if an alarm had gone off in his ear. "Let's go!" he said briefly. "Pile in, you guys." [3]

The plane waddled over the field, barely grazing the bomb-pitted ground. It shook violently. It was not until later that Romulo learned that a violent earthquake had taken place at that very moment. Then they were out over the Bay—only a few inches above it, it seemed. A searchlight found them. What they took for Japanese guns roared out and some bullets ripped through the side of the plane. Someone looked out and remarked that the bullets were American. Sure enough! No one would guess that an American plane would be taking off then or there. They were a target for their own guns.

The Old Duck could not get any altitude. She was about seventy feet above the water. Barnick ordered all extra weight thrown out. Tin helmets, parachutes, side arms, bag-

gage—everything went over. Romulo took a moment to reach into his bag and get the picture of his wife and the pages of his diary before he dropped the bag. He kept his dispatch case. In it were his important papers and all the precious messages pressed on him by the men on Corregidor.

The Old Duck rose fifty feet! They left the Bay and Corregidor behind.

The propellor was stuck in low. One of the men remarked that Lieutenant Barnick had never flown an amphibian before. Romulo peered forward. True, Barnick was studying the controls with a flashlight in one hand while he manipulated the ship with the other.

The hours passed. Romulo fell asleep with his head on the shoulder of one of the crew. He woke with an unhappy feeling that something had gone wrong. They were making for Cebu. They had just enough gas to reach Cebu. Surely it should not take so long to reach there. He studied his watch. Then they began to head down. There was a cloud bank beneath them. Through a sudden opening they got a clear view of the harbor. Searchlights streamed. Enemy cruisers and destroyers awaited them in Cebu harbor.

The plane climbed into the clouds again. That was all very well, but they were almost out of gas. Romulo reached for his dispatch case. Just before he left Corregidor he had picked up a map of secret air fields on the Philippines. It was a heavy map. In a moment he sent it hurtling out. It made the difference in weight to enable them to go on to an unnamed field. In a little while they were landing and their tanks were refilled.

An hour later they came down on Iloilo. Lieutenant Barnick cut the motor, stretched and said dryly,

"Boys, you've just witnessed a miracle. It can't happen, but it did." [3]

They went into the airport restaurant. Romulo ate eight eggs and drank six cups of coffee. Barnick had a dozen eggs and wanted to order more, but the others restrained him.

After breakfast they went out to the air field radio and listened. The Voice was speaking from the tunnel on Corregidor. Romulo could visualize the broadcaster, Norman Reyes, one of his assistants. The tunnel with all its evil smell, its wounded, its cagelike atmosphere, came back, as he stood there on the peaceful, sunny field with April blossoming all around.

"Bataan has fallen. The Philippine-American troops on this war-ravaged and bloodstained peninsula have laid down their arms. . . . The world will long remember the epic struggle that Filipino and American soldiers put up in the jungle fastnesses and along the rugged coast of Bataan. . . . Bataan has fallen, but the spirit that made it stand—a beacon to all the liberty-loving peoples of the world—cannot fail!" [3]

Romulo could not hear it through. He turned away with a desperate desire to escape, somewhere. Barnick's long arm reached out and took hold of him. The tall, wisecracking airman from North Dakota, and the small Filipino, stood together, tears streaming down their cheeks.

# XVIII

From Iloilo Romulo flew to Mindanao where he visited villages and towns with Colonel Roxas. Their work was to prepare the provincial governments for invasion, and to build up morale in every way possible.

Romulo's health was not improving. He had not put on weight and his hands had a way of twitching. Colonel Roxas secretly sent a message to General MacArthur, which read: *In view of condition Romulo's health and possible difficulties of transportation I suggest you send for him immediately.*

He was taken away at last by flying fortress, and a half an hour after his take-off, the field was bombed. Again he had escaped by a last plane.

On the afternoon of April twenty-fifth, the plane landed in Melbourne. Romulo went at once to General MacArthur's headquarters. The staff officers looked clean and well-fed and not at all as they had appeared in Corregidor when Romulo had last seen them. They pounded him heartily on the back. "He's waiting for you!" [1] they said.

General MacArthur was standing by his desk. He put out both hands and said with his old, cordial warmth, "Carlos, my boy, I can't bear to look at you!" [1]

It was all unreal. They took Romulo to the hotel where they were staying and urged him to order anything he

wanted to eat. He had dreamed again and again of steak smothered in mushrooms, and ice cream. . . . The steak was before him, just as he had imagined it. The tables were gleaming in white and silver. Uniforms were resplendent. Women were in evening clothes. Here was Annalee Jacoby coming with outstretched hands to welcome him. All his friends were here.

Then suddenly the faces of Bataan and Corregidor came back. Again the boys came stumbling through the dust, falling and trying to rise. He pushed the food away and tried to apologize. Others around him said with quick understanding that they had felt the same.

He went to work in Press Relations in headquarters. On the sixth of May word came that Corregidor had fallen. General MacArthur handed Romulo a statement written in his own longhand. It read:

> Corregidor needs no comment from me. It has sounded its own story at the mouth of its guns. It has scrolled its own epitaph on enemy tablets. But through the bloody haze of its last reverberating shot I shall always seem to see a vision of grim, gaunt, ghastly men, still unafraid.[1]

On another day, under different circumstances, Romulo would have smiled, for the words were typical of the General.

Today, the words, whatever their choice, brought back the tunnel and men and nurses braced against its damp, unyielding walls, as the enemy came in. The realization of what had happened was so vivid to Romulo that he rushed to the men's room and was sick.

On June the sixth, General MacArthur appointed Colonel Romulo his aide-de-camp. "I am appointing you my aide-de-

camp, not only because of the work you did in Manila and Corregidor and Bataan, but because to me you symbolize the Philippines. Whenever I look at you, Carlos, I see the Philippines. And I want you beside me as a reminder that some day you and I are going to march back into Manila together." [1]

He awarded Romulo the Silver Star for gallantry in action. A press release told the story of the escape from Bataan: *The last man out of Bataan before its fall—Lieutenant-Colonel Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippine Army (inducted into the United States Army) was today appointed aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur. . . .*[1]

A few days later General MacArthur pumped Colonel Romulo's hand up and down. "How does it feel to be a Pulitzer Prize winner?" he asked. What was this? Romulo looked around. They told him that his series of articles on democracy in the Far East, written just before the war, had won the Pulitzer Prize.

Even a year later American newspapers had not recovered from these events. In March, 1943, they asked General MacArthur for a statement, and he said:

> Carlos P. Romulo is a journalist I had ordered into the service and transformed into a soldier. On my staff Romulo played a vital role. Under the most trying circumstances he carried out his work with unflinching devotion. He made the Voice of Freedom a voice so stirring that Filipinos in the occupied areas risked execution by the enemy—and many were executed—to take down his broadcasts and distribute them among the civilian population. With the front line troops his was the voice of faith, loyalty and patriotism that effectively bolstered up their morale.
>
> I appointed him my Aide-de-Camp not only because he

had shown himself a true soldier and because he had fought for the flag with unsurpassed courage and devotion, but also because in my eyes he stands on my staff as a living symbol of Bataan and Corregidor—of those heroic Filipinos who died unquestioningly for the Stars and Stripes.[2]

Almost at once Romulo was sent to the United States on a military mission. It would probably last a couple of weeks. On June the sixteenth he boarded a bomber, his musette bag in hand. In it were the precious letters and messages which he had brought out of Corregidor and Bataan. Now he would try to deliver them, painfully piecing together the bits about each remembered man for their folks at home.

The route through the sky over the Pacific was a familiar one, but the other dozen or so times he had made it, he had had very different things in mind. A whole and beautiful Manila had lain behind him then.

Now he was nosing down over Golden Gate. Only forty-two hours away lay General MacArthur's headquarters and the battered remnants of his own country, and events he would never forget.

In a moment an Army Command car was driving him into the city. He entered the Palace Hotel. He must rest. He was in a state of nervous exhaustion and the shaking of his hands was worse rather than better. He sent General MacArthur a message reporting his safe arrival. Soon a reply came. It said simply, *Thanks, dear Carlos.*[3]

He had a great deal to do in America. He must, in the short time that he had, tell the Americans what their boys in the Philippines had done, and he must tell them the part of the Filipino Scouts and Filipino enlisted men. How had all that been reported over here? He must find out, for now

that an end had come, a beginning would have to be made. As he had gone to Bataan again and again to talk to the boys and build up their morale, so now he must by every means possible stir the American people for the retaking of his country. Only so could the past be redeemed.

There was more that he longed to tell, but it was still too soon. He wanted to tell the story of the millions of Filipinos who were still fighting; the story of the Filipino resistance movement, because of which thousands were being tortured or killed. General MacArthur controlled these by secret guidance and organization. . . . The stories of their suffering was too terrible to print, almost too terrible to think about, for they would not help the enemy. The guerrillas were not going to let America down. Romulo knew now that his son Carlos was among the guerrillas, but he had no fresh news of his family.

Yes, he had much to tell the Americans and it was good to be here. He must try to push off the past; try to relax and get back his control. He must have food and rest.

He went to the dining room in the hotel. He was conscious of his unkempt appearance. All around him the uniforms were in perfect condition. Women beautifully dressed played with their food and sent out scarcely touched meals. The waitress apologized because she could give him only two lumps of sugar for his coffee.

He went into the hotel drugstore to buy a tube of shaving cream. The clerk reproved him when he had no empty tube to turn in. "Young man," he said severely, "don't you know there's a war on?" [3]

He went to his room. The telephone rang. From then on it continued to ring. "Do you know if my son got off

Bataan?" "Did you see my son?" "My son was tall, dark and had a scar on his left cheek. Did you see him?" "Do you know anything about the nurses on Corregidor?"

He could not give false hope and so often he could give none at all. Sometimes he heard a sob of joy when he could say, "Yes, sure. I saw him in Melbourne!"

All of America seemed to be at his telephone and he could not turn it away. If only by some other telephone, Virginia and the boys could know that he was safe. But perhaps they had been told. He could not know. He could only wait and answer the ringing in his room.

# XIX

THE TASK of preparing the American people for the fight ahead was harder than he had expected it to be. Even though help had not reached the Philippines; even though he had explained that delay to himself often in the dark tunnel on Corregidor and yet had not been convinced, he had always believed that the American people would stand ready, once they understood. That confidence came out of all his past. The Americans had always stood by the Filipinos. It could not be that the loyalty of his people was misplaced. So many of his own people already lay dead for the sake of both countries.

He had not read the American accounts of the war in the Philippines. Now he studied them. He dug the story of the past winter out of the files. He took into account the controls over the distribution of news, and the censorship, but even so he did not recognize the story of what he had seen at first hand. Nowhere was it clearly said that the forces against the Japanese in the Islands had been composed of 75,000 Filipinos, largely untrained, and but 10,000 Americans. Nowhere were they even referred to as Filamerican or even American and Filipino troops. One had the impression that the bulk of the resistance came from an American army interspersed with a few outstanding Filipino fighters who behaved with surprising heroism. One would

never have guessed that these young Filipinos, who stood eight to one with the Americans, were volunteers. It was not intimated that they had left their classrooms out of loyalty to America, against the propaganda of another Oriental nation which had appealed to them through long years to join against the invading white man. Every other Far Eastern nation, except China who had her own reasons for hating Japan, had succumbed to that propaganda.

He was burning with the desire to make the Americans realize what their outpost in the Pacific had done. Part of a long debt had been paid. His people had shown that they had learned democracy and were ready for the day of their complete independence.

He reasoned that of course these papers which he was reading were intended for American readers—for the parents, brothers, sisters and sweethearts of the American boys he had seen on Bataan. He understood that no individual was to blame for the way the fighting had been reported. As a journalist, he was especially severe with himself on this point. But the fact remained that the Americans simply did not know the story of the war in the Philippines. He must somehow in the short time he was to have in the United States, do something to make the war picture complete. He did not yet know how he could do this.

Before he left San Francisco the way began to open before him. Someone knocked on the door of his hotel room. He opened it and there stood Captain Barnick of the Old Duck! The time when they had listened together to the broadcasts from Corregidor lay between them for a moment. Captain Barnick, now stationed at an air field in California, had come when he heard that Romulo had arrived. He did

not know that he had been decorated for that flight of the Old Duck, or that Romulo had brought the citation with him. Romulo presented it before they went to lunch together.

Romulo was asked to speak at the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, which met in the Palace Hotel. This was the only speech he expected to give.

When he stood before his audience he was nervous, because of the strain he had been under, and because of the many things he felt he wanted to say. For a moment he was not sure that he could say anything at all. He was introduced by an old friend and teacher, General David Barrows, one of those who had helped to organize the Philippine school system and who had written some of the history textbooks. That all reached back to a very different day!

The group sitting in front of Romulo were good, solid citizens. They would have been his friends in old Manila. Now he looked at them across a great distance of experience and wondered how he could even begin to make them realize what had happened.

He tried to tell them that in this war, for the first time in history, conqueror and conquered had fought together willingly against the enemy. He tried to point up the added significance that not only had they fought together for survival, but that they had fought together for an ideal that was democracy. That ideal had been transplanted from America, but far more Filipinos than Americans had fought and died for it.

He watched the faces before him. They gave no response. He went on with a sinking heart. How could he make these comfortable people see those boys in Bataan, or the guerrillas

hiding in the hills, listening to the Voice and taking down his words at the risk of their lives?

He finished as best he could and took his seat. There was scattered applause. Some few came up and shook his hand and thanked him. He must have failed. Disappointment and anger added to his already overwrought state and plunged him in gloom.

He set out for Washington. There, surely, people would understand. But as he crossed the continent the war in the Philippines appeared far from the people he saw. He had stepped out of a world of terror into a Shangri-la. He had lost his business and his family and all the life that he had known. He had counted upon America as his second home. Now, here in this home, he was suddenly alien.

He saw no troop trains. He saw no preparation for war. But still, he reassured himself, Washington would be different. He set his heart on that. . . .

"But Washington did not appear in the least angry. Overcrowded, shaken together and running over, Washington was having a wonderful time struggling for promotions, business opportunities, social advantages, living space, food, cocktails." [1]

The realization of all that had happened and was still going on, and of all that would have to be undertaken, rose like an impassable mountain before him. Often he needed the reassurance of the cable from General MacArthur which he carried in his pocket. *Thanks, dear Carlos.* But would General MacArthur be thankful for what he was trying to do now in shaking the Americans awake?

He went to the Shoreham Hotel where the Philippine Government in Exile now had its headquarters. Here he

found President Quezon and Vice-president Sergio Osmena. President Quezon carried on his work from his bed or wheelchair and occasionally went by car to the White House. He made Romulo his adjutant. This meant that he must shuttle between Washington and New York.

He took rooms in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria and planned to begin writing a book that would tell the story which was burning in him. He tried to get in touch with a few friends. He made an effort to control his anger at the complacency of New York.

One evening a friend asked me to stop downstairs for a cocktail. As we talked over our drinks, we were interrupted by a commotion at the next table. A drunk was getting boisterous, and in my behalf. He kept pointing at my blue *fourragère.*

"What sort of officer are you?" he demanded thickly.

As a rule I pay no attention to a drunk, but this question repeated loudly many times, stung me. Finally I lost my temper.

"The sort who was fighting for your flag while you were getting drunk over here," I told him curtly.

A man in his party had been trying to quiet him. After I spoke the tipsy one was silent, evidently brooding over my answer, and in the sudden silence, the other man rose and came over to our table.

"I'm very sorry about my friend," he said. "He's really a good guy. My name is George Jean Nathan." . . .

Still the maudlin question rankled.

What sort of soldier was I, after all? Most Americans took me for Chinese; not a single person asked if I were Filipino. Not an American seemed to realize the blood-given right of the Filipino soldiers to the American uniform. This seemed an affront to all who had died on Bataan. . . . This was not a matter of personal pique to me. . . . It held the solution to

the whole set-up between East and West, the problem between the white man and the man of tinted skin.[1]

A few weeks after his arrival, six of the American nurses who had been on Bataan were brought to Washington to be decorated at a meeting of the American Red Cross. He was asked to speak at the meeting. It was a hot day, as only Washington can have them. Romulo at once recognized the faces of the girls. He had been with them on Bataan. Out of all the great gathering that day and out of all of the city of Washington, even all of the United States, only he and these nurses could know the meaning of that last stand. His words spilled from the overflow of his heart. He said all the things that he had tried to hold back. At last he had emptied his soul to the Americans.

The chairman of the Red Cross, Norman H. Davis, wrote him about that speech. He said that people wanted to hear the truth as it had burst from him that day. The National Press Club invited him to make an off-the-record speech there. He had known some of the members for years through his newspaper work. He went before them and talked for two hours. When he had finished, one after another told him that every American should hear what he had said. He should go on a speaking tour. Romulo answered that that was impossible, for he would be leaving the country soon.

He waited to join General MacArthur and looked forward to the moment when they would begin to make the long move back to the Philippines. MacArthur had promised to have him there when they entered the homeland again. But that was far off, delayed.

President Quezon sent for Romulo. He and General MacArthur had been exchanging cables about what it would be

best for Romulo to do. They agreed that he must have a leave of absence from the army so that he could tour the United States on behalf of the war effort. Now he told Romulo of the decision. Romulo's face showed his dismay. But President Quezon made it clear that what Romulo could do in the United States would be far more significant than anything he could do in the Philippines. Everything depended upon how American public opinion supported the military effort.

Of course this was so. None knew it better than Romulo after he had seen America. Perhaps he *could* do more here. Suddenly he remembered what General MacArthur had said in Manila just before the Rear Echelon left. He had been speaking about the Filipino people. "Tell them the truth, Carlos. People can stand the truth." [1]

Now, as if echoing the same idea but referring to the Americans, President Quezon said breathlessly after a hard coughing spell, "After all, making words is another way of making war. America will be your fighting front for a while." [1]

It was decided, and further confirmed as a right decision when a cable came from Australia. General MacArthur praised the idea that Romulo should make a lecture tour, preparing the American people for what lay ahead.

Romulo finished his book, put himself in the hands of a lecture agency, and packed his bags. This was not like leaving Manila with the Rear Echelon, or like leaving Bataan, or even Australia. But there was a similarity in all those departures in that he did not know what lay ahead. In each case he had been and would be working for victory in the Philippines.

# XX

So the race began, a zany crisscrossing of America in a maze of dates. The picture blurred as I hurried through cities and towns, trying to remember thousands of faces, gripping countless American hands, talking everywhere. I sweated over my worn typewritten pages of schedules, caught trains by the split second, leaped on to lecture platforms at the last moment, wrestled with my own luggage, packed and repacked, and hurried on. States streamed by—I was seeing America not in my former leisurely and somewhat remote fashion, but close up, face to face with the American public.[1]

He was telling the story of Bataan. He was trying to make the Americans realize what it had meant. He was trying to stir them to do what would have to be done if the American and Filipino flags were again to fly over the Islands.

Sometimes it seemed that he could never win in this fight. Americans were so far away from it all. They had not had a war in their own country within the memory of any except the very old. No war so long ago resembled the battlefields of Bataan or the blistering Rock.

Could he but tell a few of the things he had learned through confidential reports, these Americans would change. If he could tell them of the resistance; of the tortures endured by Filipino boys and girls—who only a few weeks

before had been playing in holiday-Manila, dancing and decking themselves in all the latest modes of Hollywood—because they would not tell and betray their country. If he could tell them of the slow, steady struggle that went on in the hills and villages, where women and old men and children were the scouts and spies for the organized resistance movement. . . . But he could tell none of these things lest the movement itself be hurt.

Sometimes, sitting on a platform, waiting for the moment to speak, looking into the sea of faces and hearing the pleasant buzz of anticipation in the air, other faces came back to him. One and another of those he had known well had been tortured in horrible ways to protect the very freedom that these Americans so easily took for granted. These Americans feared nothing, because they had never been attacked. They spoke as they wished because they did not know how Fifth Columns worked.

If he let his thinking go on unchecked, he would say too much. He would lash out and destroy the very thing he was trying to build. He would anger people and discredit what he was saying, instead of winning them to a peak effort to fight for the Philippines.

Sometimes his anger and his memory of suffering got the better of him in spite of himself, and he spoke sharply or flew back at those who criticized. He could not seem to speak in terms the Americans understood, although he had spoken English always, because he must tell of things outside their experience. Words alone could not make war real, and in America words were so often outworn, for America was a country of superlatives. "Sometimes I felt I would like to go into retreat somewhere and not have another idea

or emotion or make another effort as long as I lived. I didn't want to talk any more or fight any more or suffer or even hope." [2]

But he was still a journalist and he must share in bringing about the rewinning of the Philippines and ultimate peace. Seven years later his devotion to his first calling was still as strong as ever. In an address at Columbia University, November 10, 1949, he said:

> As heralds and guardians of the truth, journalists are today in the very forefront of the battle for peace. I use the word 'battle' advisedly. For very often today the journalist is called upon not only to overcome the passive obstacles of ignorance and misunderstanding; he has also to reckon with the active, hostile forces of misinformation and propaganda calculated to incite hatred and generate the atmosphere conducive to animosity, suspicion, intolerance, conflict and war. . . .
>
> In the final reckoning, lasting peace can only be attained through freedom, and freedom through truth. . . . The urgency of the crisis that confronts mankind today has imposed a new responsibility on the journalist.[3]

From the time when he was a boy working as a cub reporter for the *Manila Times*, at a salary of four streetcar tickets a day, he had known his calling. Even though now his own business had been swept away and his radio services destroyed, his first love was journalism. If he was a soldier, his arms were those of the pen and the press.

In the fall of 1942 he determinedly pushed aside the complacency of his audiences, checked the anger that often seared him, and devoted himself to keeping up with his mad schedule of lectures. His mind was a crazy-quilt of incidents —pathetic, amusing, heart-warming and unforgettable. The

silence of a crowd, like that first one in San Francisco, meant deep, furious anger which would burst out later in action to forward the war effort. These Americans, like his own people, were easily moved when they heard the truth, and gave and gave again. They had their small jealousies and competitions, and sometimes he was caught in the middle of such feelings between two groups. He was treated royally until he longed for an hour to himself away from people. Sometimes a rare hostess realized this and protected him for such a rest. Most often he had to keep going, trembling with weariness.

During the months from July 1942 to September 1944, he was on tour. He gave everything he had and awaited word from the Far East. As the months passed, bits of news straggled to him. He heard that the first thing the Japanese High Command did when it took over Manila was to occupy his house and search for pictures of his family. He had had no direct word from them since he was in the tunnel. His sons would be grown by the time he saw them again! But he was half glad that they could not see him now. He was something like a circus. The money he made he turned into war bonds for his children's education.

Slowly at first, and then with gathering momentum, the great expanse of the United States with its scattered and varied peoples was quickened with a solid determination to win the war and take back what it had lost. Now trains were overcrowded wherever he went. Wives and babies followed their soldier husbands to encampments. Defense workers were moved to new locations with swift efficiency. He visited plants converted to war production, and was ashamed at his first lack of faith in what America would do. Yes, it had been

too late for the boys on Bataan—but one must think forward and not backward.

The Maryknoll Fathers in Ossining—the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia—the Waste Materials Convention in Chicago—countless girls' schools and colleges—to unassorted groups from the East to the West Coast and back again—he spoke to all Americans everywhere. He was exhausted, but full of hope.

So he came to Columbia University again to speak. When he was here as a student, he had never thought that one day he would come back to describe his country in ruins. But now, that too, must be pushed out of mind.

Dean Carl Ackerman, of the School of Journalism, stood beside Romulo on the stage. He had a scroll in his hand and began reading from it.

"Awarded to Carlos P. Romulo . . . for his observations and forecasts of Far Eastern developments during a tour of the trouble centers from Hong Kong to Batavia."

This was the Pulitzer Prize which had been chasing him for a year. He was proud to hold it in his hand, and especially proud that this was the first time it had been awarded to a non-American. But in what he said in appreciation, he carefully pointed out that it was awarded not only to him but to the American teachers who first in Camiling and later in Manila, and even here in this very university, had taught him the ideals of America.

He often spoke to gatherings of the Rotary International, of which he had long been a member. Here he met many old friends.

One evening he spoke at Colby College. He had to hurry

his speech because he had to catch a train. But the students stood and cheered and stamped until he thought they would never stop. Suddenly they rushed forward, swept him off his feet, and two men lifted him to their shoulders and carried him to the train while the whole student body milled around them. He had never had such an experience as this! He could not tell whether he was laughing or crying when at last they set him down on the platform. Someone pressed an envelope into his hand. Later he read it on the train. It said;

> You will never remember me, but what you said about my brothers and our flag will always remind me of you. I wish every American could hear what you said tonight. Thanks a million for showing me what the American flag stands for.[4]

He was invited to address the faculty and students of Culver Military Academy (where he had enrolled his son). The commandant of the academy took him to meet the director of admissions. The director handed him a paper. Romulo saw that it was the application form for Carlos' admission, signed and accepted. When he went to the armory to speak to the students, he saw an empty chair draped with the Filipino flag. He was aware that there was something significant behind him, also, and turned to see an enormous enlargement of the application which had been given him. He had hard work in going on with his speech after that. Where was the boy who he had thought would be here?

He spoke before the Judge Advocate General's School for the Army at Ann Arbor. The men were standing at attention when he rose to speak. He rushed into what he wanted to say. It was not until he was well along that he noticed that

the men were still at attention. The order to put them at ease made them drop into their chairs laughing with relief.

In Columbus, Ohio, he spoke at a bond rally. The platform was erected in the middle of the Scioto River and amplifiers carried his voice to the shores where an audience of 150,000 had gathered. Never had he felt so small.

He spoke in large cities and small towns, to great crowds and little gatherings. People were kind and he came closer to America. These people would never let the Philippines down.

He heard that the refugee ship, the *Gripsholm,* was to dock in New York soon. Surely someone on board would be able to give him news of his family. He got permission to go aboard with members of the F.B.I. He saw familiar faces. He had known many of these people in the old days in Manila, but they were now so thin and so badly dressed that he had often to look a second time to be sure of identities. Everyone seemed more interested in the New York skyline than in other matters—staring at it with a kind of hunger and relief. These refugees had been in concentration camps or had escaped with terrible suffering.

Romulo hurried through the crowd. He must find someone to ask about Virginia and the boys. Everyone he asked hesitated, and then said vaguely, "No, Rommy, I didn't hear anything about them." He overheard scraps of experiences. He wished he had not heard them, for they gave him a wild desire to stop this endless speaking and go back to the Far East, even though he could not reach the Philippines. But he knew that his going would not accomplish anything and might endanger his family. He must stay here until General MacArthur called him back.

He went back to his hotel room greatly depressed. He turned his press identification card in his hand as he slumped into a chair. That photograph didn't look like him. He jumped up and went to the mirror and studied his face. His face had changed even as the faces of those he had just seen, had changed. He was certainly no longer emaciated, because of the generous tables of Americans; but even so, his expression now was not like the one on the press card. Hatred and fear and war had stamped him as it had stamped the others. Well, it was more than ever clear that he had one job to do. He put away the press card and consulted his lecture schedule.

# XXI

JANUARY the 14th was Romulo's birthday. In 1944 he celebrated it by giving five talks in Kingsport, Tennessee. "I returned to my room feeling physically and emotionally exhausted. Five times in one day I had told the story of Bataan, after all the thousands of times before. It was nearly two years now that I had been in America, always talking, talking, talking, always on the move. During all that time—no word from home." [1]

His mother had written him a note while he was on Corregidor, saying how proud she was that a son of hers was fighting for America. He had seen many anxious American mothers on his tour. Homes everywhere were torn by war. . . . He walked wearily toward his room on this birthday night, opened the door and switched on the light. He was especially lonely and aware that thousands of others were lonely, too, separated from their loved ones.

He went quickly into the room as usual. Desk, table, chairs, and even the bed were covered with telegrams! He began to tear them open. Telegrams were forbidden now except for urgent matters. Yet here were hundreds of birthday messages from Americans all over the United States. He smiled to see how words had been carefully chosen to evade the wartime restriction. YOU ARE HEREBY AUTHORIZED TO QUOTE ME AS SAYING THAT JANUARY THE FOURTEENTH

SHOULD BE MADE A NATIONAL HOLIDAY IN THE PHILIPPINES. . . . CHECKING THE RECORDS REVEALS YOU WERE BORN ON JANUARY THE FOURTEENTH. . . . IN VIEW OF THE OCCASION SUGGEST YOU TAKE A DAY OFF AND CELEBRATE.[1]

He ordered ice cream sent up, changed into pajamas and crept into bed to continue reading. How could he ever have been afraid that he would be alien in America! That first day in San Francisco the Americans had seemed untroubled by the suffering of the world and forgetful that Filipino men had stood beside their boys.

As he read through the avalanche of birthday messages he knew that he had won over his own mistrust, and had won America. . . .

There was the night when he had had to reach Great Falls, Montana, to catch a train. A man he had never seen before drove him for hours through a blizzard. When the train reached its destination, he stepped down on an icy platform with not a cab in sight. He carried his bags, gasping, into the nearest hotel. The clerk told him the temperature was forty-two degrees below zero. He went to his room and tried to get warm. He had had no dinner. He called room service.

The girl on the telephone answered, "What's that?"

"Food! I'm hungry!"

"Dining room's closed," she said. After a moment she added more gently, "I'll see if I can rustle up something."

In about half an hour there was a knock on his door. Here was a quiet-looking girl carrying a tray with a magnificent steak, side dishes, hot coffee, dessert.

"Later the girl returned for the dishes . . . I asked her

the cost of the meal. It was a dollar and a half, surprisingly cheap, and I said so as I laid two dollars on the tray.

"She pushed the tip aside. 'I'd rather not.'

" 'Why?' I asked, interested. 'Don't you accept tips?'

"She was a shy girl and had to speak with determination if at all. 'I've read about you in the newspapers—about the Filipinos and Bataan. You have lost everything. If I took a tip for bringing you something to eat on a night like this—well, I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight.' " [1]

There had been nothing he could say. But later he left the largest box of candy he could find at the desk for her.

In St. Paul, he had addressed the Women's Institute of the city. At the close of the speech, the chairwoman said, "Thank you, Colonel Romulo, for a stirring address. And now, on behalf of all the mothers of the boys in the service, allow me to kiss you as our message to your buddies on Bataan and Corregidor." [1] He had not resisted.

On one occasion a chairman had made a magnificent job of introduction.

Then he said impressively,

> "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce—"
>
> He turned to me, and his eyes glazed. He swallowed hard. Then he leaned over and demanded in a whisper that could be heard to the highest row in the gallery: "Say, what in hell *is* your name?" [1]

All in the audience were old friends after that!

The certainty that he had succeeded in what he had undertaken was the only birthday present he needed. The greetings piled around him were a pleasant confirmation of that success.

But there was something better yet. In the heap of messages, he came upon a cable which he read and read again. No birthday message could match this. It was from Australia. It read:

WE HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST AND ONE OF THE HARDEST STEPS OF THE WAY BACK. MACARTHUR.[1]

# XXII

On a hot morning near the end of July, a morning which promised one of Washington's blistering days to follow, the telephone at Romulo's bedside in the Shoreham Hotel rang. Colonel J. K. Evans, liaison officer of the United States Department of War and the Commonwealth of the Philippines, was on the line. His voice sounded excited and confidential.

"A cable has just come from the General." It was from Brisbane. It might mean that Romulo was being ordered to return.

He checked through his long-packed bags, mentally listed the important papers to be picked up at his office, thought of the appointments he would cancel. But when he went impatiently to the War Department and demanded the cable, he learned that it had not been for him but for President Quezon!

He realized that even though it had been addressed to the President, it might well concern him. But President Quezon was gravely ill at Saranac Lake and must not be troubled with Romulo's impatience. He must wait.

He ordered his meals served in his room while he waited another day through, hoping for a call from the President. During that time he had one reassurance. A letter from headquarters in Brisbane closed with a statement which showed

that they were expecting him to arrive soon. Now he was certain that that cable concerned him.

At last Mrs. Quezon telephoned from Saranac. She said, "There is a cable here from General MacArthur asking the President if he can spare you now. But, Rommy, you know how very sick the President is and how much we need you. . . ." [1]

Of course she was right. He was needed here. He went back to his plans for speechmaking and the routine duties connected with the government-in-exile.

He studied the movement of the American-Philippine armies as official communiqués reported their slow converging on the Philippines. They had moved to Gona, Buna, Lae, Salamaua, New Guinea, Rabaul, and then to Hollandia. He knew that Hollandia was the place from which they would invade the Philippines. He was as yet scarcely able to accept the prospect that that moment of return to his own country might come with him eleven thousand miles away. His hope that he might be there seemed groundless now.

Then early one morning the telephone awakened him again. This time President Quezon himself spoke, although his words were often interrupted by his cough. He asked Romulo to write a statement for him about the new Philippine Rehabilitation Commission.

Romulo found it hard not to speak about his wish to return, but he did not, and was later always glad that he had managed not to do so. For just as Quezon was about to hang up, he added hesitantly, "Rommy, I have just sent a radio message to General MacArthur saying that you are free to join him." [1]

Romulo's voice showed his delight even though he con-

trolled his words. Only a fraction of a second after he replied he heard a terrible coughing spell over the wire, and the President quickly hung up.

Soon the cable Romulo had been waiting for arrived. He read and reread it.

TOP SECRET JULY 26 1944 PRESIDENT QUEZON IF YOU COULD MAKE COLONEL ROMULO AVAILABLE FOR DUTY AT GHQ WE WOULD APPRECIATE IT SINCE THE SITUATION IN PLANNING AND OPERATIONS HAS NOW BEEN REACHED WHEN HIS SERVICES COULD BE USED ADVANTAGEOUSLY MACARTHUR TOP SECRET.[1]

Romulo at once began to make arrangements to get away. But on August first Saranac called. The President's secretary was on the telephone. The President had just received word of the landing of United States and Philippine forces on Noenfoor. He wanted a victory statement prepared at once, for this was the nearest point to the Philippines yet reached.

Romulo began to write. . . .

At Saranac President Quezon lay back on his pillows and asked his doctor to read the Beatitudes to him. He must have known that it was his moment of leave-taking. As he saw victory coming for his people, Manuel Quezon slipped away.

Romulo received the sad news at once. The leader whom as a young boy he had watched when he made a triumphal entry into Manila, the fiery fighter for Philippine freedom whom he had championed, was gone.

Romulo hastened to Vice-president Sergio Osmena's office to report the death officially. Sergio Osmena hesitated at the startling words and tears filled his eyes. He was so

gentle as to give the impression of being timid, but beneath his mildness he had a steel determination.

The new President turned to Romulo as they drove back from the Department of the Interior where Osmena took his oath of office. He asked Romulo his plans. Romulo told them as briefly as he could—but while he was speaking he knew, suddenly, that now they must be changed.

Osmena listened until he had finished and then said gently, "Please do not go. I need you here in America. I want you to be the Philippine Resident Commissioner." [1]

# XXIII

"MR. SPEAKER, twenty-eight years ago today, upon this floor, America gave its first pledge of freedom to the people of the Philippines.

"On that day the Congress of the United States approved the Jones Act, promising independence to the subject Philippines in a covenant without parallel in the world's history. . . . The Jones Act was our victory. You let us win it upon this floor. . . . In 1934 the Tydings-McDuffie Act set the independence date—for July 4, 1946. . . . You gave us the Jones Act. We gave you Bataan. For Bataan and Corregidor were the dividends paid back out of our loyalty and our faith in America. On this day, twenty-eight years ago, we of the Philippines were promised a place beside our fellow Americans as men equal and free. We earned that position in 1941, when we offered our lives beside Americans, in the blackest hour America has known. . . . On that bloodstained Philippine peninsula Americans and Filipinos must meet over a common grave where lie the bodies of their sons. We will remember then, after victory, how we valued them, those Filipino and American boys who died together for democracy. In our eyes they were beautiful, they were the hope of our lives, and our hearts will break again over their shared dust. . . ." [1]

The words came smoothly but with deep feeling on August

29th, 1944, when Resident Commissioner Carlos P. Romulo spoke for the first time on the floor of the Congress of the United States. As he spoke he knew that what he said was being short-waved to the Philippines.

He had been speaking to the American people for two and one half years. Now he stood before the law-making representatives of those people. The fate of his country lay with them.

Others had stood here before him . . . the great of America about whom he had learned as a student . . . his own President Quezon. . . . Still others of the great would be listening to him today at the risk of their lives, at home. Standing in the midst of history, feeling himself possibly a link in the long chain of human destiny, he realized that the time significance of the moment for him lay eleven thousand miles away. During the prolonged ovation, during all the flashing of bulbs of the newsreel men, he was really alone and far from home.

President Osmena had promised that soon after Romulo took the oath he would return to the Philippines. Meanwhile he was appointed Secretary of Information and Public Relations as well as Resident Commissioner. These duties meant a round of closely dovetailed engagements, with scarcely a free moment. Preparation was being made for the return of the exiled government as soon as the armies had reached home soil.

During this crowded time a message, secretly smuggled by submarine across the Pacific, reached Romulo. It said that his son had safely left Bataan and that he was on Mindanao fighting with the guerrillas.

The cabinets of the United States and the Philippine Commonwealth met with President Roosevelt. Romulo was deeply impressed with the President's concern for the Philippines. At tea President Roosevelt said to President Osmena, "The Commonwealth of the Philippines is just begun and you as its president are establishing its precedent. What you do, the others who follow after you will do. And that reminds me of a story about George Washington . . ." He was off to a story with twinkling good spirits. He ended the conversation by saying, "After you have set all your precedents some young radical like myself will come along and knock them all over." [1]

Near the end of September President Osmena received a cable from deputy chief of staff General Richard J. Marshall. He showed it to Romulo. It asked when "Carlos" was coming.

Now Romulo pleaded to be released. He had done everything he could here for the present. President Osmena with his gentle voice told Romulo that he and his staff would all be going, for the exiled government was about to return!

They took their immunization injections secretly, and laid plans carefully so that there might be no suspicion of what was going on. Romulo was to leave Washington on September the twenty-seventh, a few days earlier than the others.

On September the twenty-first he made a short farewell speech before the House of Representatives. His closing paragraphs were ardent with hope.

> Victory is at hand, and when we have achieved it in the Philippines it will be due to Filipino loyalty, to American productivity, to the American boys who came from the farms

and cities to turn overnight into the greatest warriors of history, and to their leader, Douglas MacArthur.

It will shortly be my privilege to rejoin him and serve once more beneath the glorious banner of his honor and his name. . . . I leave Congress temporarily without fear or misgivings, confident that my people's interests are in safe hands.

This is not good-by to you, my colleagues. It is au revoir until I return from the Philippines.[1]

His bags had been packed for months. The afternoon of the day before he was to leave from the Washington airport, President Osmena sent for him. Did this mean another delay?

He found the President's office massed with high-ranking officials of the United States and Philippine governments. There was an atmosphere of expectancy. Colonel Alejandro Melchor, military and technical advisor to President Osmena, smiled and said, "This is in your honor. President Osmena is promoting you to the rank of brigadier general." [2]

President Osmena stood beside his desk with the silver stars he himself had bought for the occasion. As he replaced the eagles with them he said warmly, *"Congratulaciones, mi general."* [2]

The next day he was at last in the car bound for the airport. Suddenly he ordered it to return to the hotel and dashed up to his room. In his eagerness to get away he had forgotten to return to his packed bag the precious picture of Virginia that he had brought from Bataan.

Twenty-four hours later he was at Hamilton Field, California, waiting for the flight that would take him from the United States. He had been in the United States for twenty-eight months. He had crossed and recrossed it. He had

spoken to all the varied peoples of America. When he had arrived, America had not begun to flex its mighty muscles and its people were unwilling to think of anything so unpleasant as war. But now the wheels of all industries were whirring, the camps were full, and everywhere these people were on the march to victory.

He could not have expected more for his country's redemption. He could not have dreamed of as much recognition of himself by America and by his government. The Voice of Freedom would speak again soon, but with new tones.

Flying across the blue Pacific, his plane landed on island after island, and he found each steppingstone humming with military activity. By giant strides America was at last bringing help to his country.

# XXIV

NOW HE WAS looking down upon Humboldt Bay in Hollandia, New Guinea. America's invasion fleet lay at anchor there. This was what the boys on Bataan had dreamed of, this was what General MacArthur had worked for.

Hollandia had been taken from the Japanese only seven weeks earlier. Fighting was going on only fifty miles from the new headquarters set in the jungle. In the offices old friends looked up from their maps and papers to welcome Romulo. The greeting was a reminder of when they had last met in the damp rock of Corregidor with thundering bombs and the smells of gangrene and disinfectant around them.

Romulo learned that General MacArthur had chosen the island of Leyte as the point of attack. In some ways this seemed a strange choice. Leyte was flanked by much greater Luzon and Mindanao where Japanese forces were strong. To enter here would seem to tempt disaster, except for the fact that it was a surprise move.

Romulo had never been to Leyte. He had always thought of it as one of the less attractive of the islands, a place of hemp fields, coconut palms and rocks.

Reports sent by resistance sources gave amazing information on Japanese locations, accounts of troop movements and secret advices. Through the guerrillas General MacArthur

knew how the Japanese were massed, and how the guerrillas themselves could best help from behind the lines. The guerrilla organization had begun six months after the fall of Corregidor, but Romulo had not known until now how well it was working. He was proud as he read their reports and studied their maps.

Other reports made him less proud. He read the names of collaborators and found there persons he had never thought could bring themselves to work with the Japanese. He was glad that the courts set up to judge these people would not be his responsibility.

His own job was clear. He was to bring the Voice of Freedom to life again. This would serve both American and Philippine forces. He must keep the Filipinos informed of the steps taken to set up civil government as the liberation went on. With this in mind he began to prepare the first broadcast to be sent out on the day they reached Philippine soil.

Romulo was amazed at the plans that had been laid for news coverage of the invasion. Press, radio, and motion pictures were all to be used. The correspondents were assigned a special yacht, the *Apache,* from which they were to view what took place.

The newspaper correspondents, ninety-one of them, and the officers of Press Relations usually gathered in the Officer's Camp to write their stories. Romulo knew most of them. One of them shook his hand with the laughing remark, "You're our barometer, General. Now we know the fireworks are about to begin." [1]

Romulo realized that he must get out and toughen up for what lay ahead. He had reached the United States forty pounds underweight, but the hospitality of America had

made him too heavy. As a high-ranking officer he would get no work to bring this weight down. Without consulting anyone he joined up for troop training. During the next two weeks while they waited in Hollandia, he rose early and went out on long marches, waded through swamps, climbed rope ladders, and fought his way through surf. He took rifle practice, sharpshooting, pistol and carbine practice. His military training before Pearl Harbor had consisted of ROTC. Now he had two disadvantages—he was working with men half his age, and he had to uphold his rank as general. The first day brought him to his office in the afternoon exhausted, but at the end of two weeks he was ready for what lay ahead.

While they waited for what was termed A-Day in Hollandia, President Osmena arrived by bomber plane. He had had a difficult time leaving Washington secretly. But here he was, smiling and looking fit.

He set to work at once on long days of planning the rehabilitation that must be done. It was a harder task than it seemed because two nations and two races were involved. Both were retaking the country and both would have a part in rebuilding it. Because of what had happened in the far past, and because of the present war, bitter feelings and even treachery might be expected.

A few men were chosen to go in with General MacArthur and President Osmena. It was strange to plan this moment of re-entering without Manuel Quezon, and all were aware of his absence. This was really his moment—the one for which he had worked and given his life.

There was difference of opinion about where Romulo should be on A-Day. Should he be with President Osmena

and General MacArthur aboard the cruiser *Nashville,* or with the correspondents on the *Apache?*

President Osmena decided it by his own choice. He wanted to go in on a troopship with the soldiers rather than with the dignitaries. He knew that his people would want it so. Romulo, then, would go with him on the troopship *John Land.*

Friday, the thirteenth of October, was the day of invasion. By eight o'clock the great movement toward Humboldt Bay was on. It was a magnificent array. How different from the dust-choked, exhausted, defeated retreat from Bataan! Romulo wrote of that moment;

> Such physical, chest-bursting pride I had never felt in my life before. This fleet was *ours.* This time we were the ones with the power and the terrible weapons and the superiority. I stared out over the fleet as if I could never see enough of it, and I thought, "Thank God, it is ours." [1]

The troops aboard the *John Land* were briefed for the action ahead. The boys crowded around the President and shook his hand warmly. Captain Graf gave up his stateroom to President Osmena, but the others, regardless of rank, slept on cots on the deck. It was fearfully hot, yet lifebelts could not be discarded day or night. Portholes had to be blacked out which made it stifling below decks. There were strict regulations about throwing so much as a cigarette butt overboard. Lookouts were on twenty-four hour duty. No one knew but that German submarines, as well as Japanese, might be in these waters, because they had been reported as leaving the Mediterranean Sea for just this purpose. In the early morning, at noon, and again at sunset,

planes patrolled overhead, for these were the times when submarines were most likely to come to the surface.

> The great fleet moved slowly and cautiously in convoy formation, keeping to the pace of the slowest ship, each ship about six hundred yards behind its leader, and a thousand yards of space between the ships in line. All around them cruisers and destroyers and aircraft carriers watched the slow progress of the troopships, like mother ducks watching the progress of ducklings larger than themselves.[1]

Altogether six thousand ships were moving across the Pacific watching for the attack which the Japanese might make by ships or planes. But Japanese were nowhere to be seen.

Aboard the *John Land* mass was said every morning. It was so hot that no one except the President and the priest wore anything above the waist. Sweating and steaming, the men prayed with mingled fear and hope, for what lay ahead.

Romulo studied the American boys around him. These boys seemed different from those he had talked to in the fox holes of Bataan. Those on Bataan had been ghostlike shadows of these, even though they had managed to joke to the very end. These were like the boys back in America, only less carefree and more determined. They seemed lighthearted enough at their card games while a victrola played the tunes of home.

Many of the boys spent a great deal of time reading. Romulo expected to find them reading comics. He was astonished to see that many were reading background books. The Psychological Unit of General MacArthur's staff had prepared a small pamphlet called, "To The Philippines." Romulo read it and was delighted with it. It answered questions about his people and their history. What pleased him most was

that it was written in such a way as to draw Americans and Filipinos together. It made him happy to read: *You can put aside all notions of dealing with a primitive people when you go into the Philippines. The Filipinos are a people with four hundred years of Christian culture behind them, first Spanish and then American. . . .*[1] No book, Romulo decided, could better have prepared the American boys for what they were to do and he saw that nearly everyone read it at one time or another.

On the evening before the day of landing on Leyte he was asked to speak to the troops. He sat before the loud-speaker in the captain's stateroom. It was in semidarkness like the rest of the ship. The only sound beside that of his voice was the throbbing of the engines. What should he say to these men who were to go in and destroy the enemy? They were the avengers.

In the darkness his voice sounded through the ship:

"Tomorrow we land to avenge Bataan.

"When you at last have before you the enemy as your target, see in him not a human being but the symbol of everything that is detestable and hateful, for if you fail to get him first, he will get you.

"If he gets you first, and your brothers, he will not be content with victory. He will invade your homeland, he will maim your children—as he has maimed ours—he will violate your women as he has ours, he will burn your houses and churches and ravish your countrysides, and worst of all, he will undermine freedom, that most precious of American possessions. . . . Tomorrow yours is the mission for the vindication of American honor that was buried in the fox holes of Bataan." [1]

Terrible words; words of war. A generation before, Mark Twain had written a prayer for war—a prayer so terrible that those who read knew that they could never utter such words before any god, nor uttering wish to have them answered. He said: "O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of guns with the wounded, writhing in pain . . . for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with tears. . . ."

Few slept that night except in uneasy dozes. Romulo wakened before dawn to hear the light, even steps of President Osmena who was pacing up and down the deck.

Straight ahead lay Leyte, still dim in the early light.

# XXV

THE PEOPLE on Leyte had been warned to hide inland to avoid the softening-up bombardment. Even though the Japanese must surely have heard this warning, they evidently did not believe that the American forces would attack here. The American ships had to pass through narrow straits under Japanese control. They succeeded, and the greatest armada ever collected in the Pacific lay ready to attack.

Aboard the *Nashville* General MacArthur was pacing the deck, grinning, corncob pipe in mouth. Romulo could make him out across the water through his binoculars. The sight was something to inspire confidence. Those famous words, "I shall return," were coming true.

Soon wave after wave of bombers roared through the air. The empty skies had never filled for the boys on Bataan, but now the planes came on until they totaled fifteen hundred. At the same time bombers were flying over Zamboanga on Mindanao, over Luzon, over Tokyo. The Japanese fleet had been kept engaged in the waters north of Luzon while the American and Philippine plans were being made, and ships and carriers had brought together planes from different places for the attack.

Even in this moment of triumphant military power, Romulo realized that war was only destructive. He said of it,

"The bombardment of Leyte Bay was a spectacle of power and destruction never to be forgotten by those who saw it from the sea or skies. But even while I watched that softening up process in the dawn, I was thinking of all that waited beyond the destruction, and the victory that would follow the destruction. Beyond those spreading flames lay the heart of the Philippines, oppressed by human and economic problems greater than it had ever known. The real battle for survival would come after this war, for life must always follow death, and its needs must be assuaged." [1]

This burden was on him now as he neared the Philippine shore. Many times after this he would plead with America on behalf of the rebuilding of his country.

While everyone was waiting anxiously and wondering when the troops would go ashore—the boys themselves somehow making the time pass with an extra polishing of their arms—General MacArthur radioed a message to the *John Land* for Romulo. It reminded him of the promise made long ago that he should return with MacArthur. Romulo radioed back: I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES AND NOW I AM SEEING IT RISE AGAIN. MY EMOTIONS ARE INDESCRIBABLE BECAUSE MY FAITH IN AMERICA AND IN YOU HAS BEEN JUSTIFIED.[1]

The landing orders came at ten o'clock. Troopships opened their ramps and the men poured out. Small boats started toward the shore across the narrow stretch of beach.

> The water was cut by the foaming wakes of the boats as they raced shoreward. As the boats neared the beach, Japanese machine guns fired at them. A few of the hundreds of assault boats streaming and zigzagging shoreward were hit by Japanese shells. Some sank swiftly, others burst into flame.

A lone Japanese airplane dived over the fleet and dropped one bomb harmlessly into the sea.

When the assault boats were grounded in the shallow surf, thousands of soldiers dashed ashore. Tanks and more men soon followed. The soldiers pushed inland over the damp, rocky ground of Leyte and soon captured the small town of Palo. The light rain stopped. Once graceful groves of coconut palms were uprooted, topless or burning. Four-men medical squads scurried back and forth, carrying the wounded to first-aid stations on the beach.[2]

But the time for high-ranking officials to land had not yet come. Romulo watched the boys on the *John Land* . . .

The landing barges were slapping the water and our boys on deck, so good-natured and easy-going, were alerted and became like quivering wires. The rope ladders were down and they began piling over the ship's side. . . . Going over the side, some of them grinned their clean young grins at me and flipped thumbs up. "For Bataan!" My glasses blurred, watching the barges packed with youth bob toward the shore, because we knew one out of every three would not come back.

As a Christian I should have wept that such things should be. But I did not weep. I was on my way back to the bloody mess and chafing with impatience that it was taking so long, that I could not be out with the first waves beating their way through. I was a veteran of Corregidor. I had seen field action on Bataan, and I was hungry for action. Now I was a brigadier general and could not go out with the troops. I was Resident Commissioner and could not serve as General MacArthur's aide. . . . I was in a fever of impatience before the next message came from General MacArthur. He would pick us up in his barge at two o'clock. "Be ready," his order read.[3]

This was it. This was what he had been waiting for for two and a half years. He had not seen General MacArthur,

except through his binoculars, since his return from the United States. That afternoon as he scrambled down the rope ladder to board the barge, the General's long arms shot out. He shook hands and said, "Carlos, my boy, here we are—at home!" [3]

The landing barge stopped and the ramp splashed into the water. Romulo stepped down and felt the sand of the Philippines beneath his feet. Cameras ground and the landing party walked through the surf. This was the greatest moment in Romulo's life and he records it so.

He was later astonished to see that one of the pictures taken that afternoon showed him anything but a dignified or an impressive figure as he moved shoreward between tall MacArthur and President Osmena. He said of it, "I was grinning like a mischievious boy." [3] The American newsmen could not let it pass without their fun. Soon they were sending flashes such as, "News accounts state MacArthur waded up to his knees—you must have been up to your neck." [3] Or, "Reports of landing at Leyte cannot be true, for if MacArthur was wading, you would have drowned." [3]

Many dead lay all about. They were Japanese dead. The battleships were shelling the hills beyond the beachheads as cover for the advancing troops. A few hundred yards ahead the artillery fire was heavy.

While the President and General MacArthur conferred, and the equipment which would carry the first broadcast of the Voice was being set up, Romulo saw a group of ragged people trying to attract his attention while guards held them back. There were a hundred or so of them, and they looked like living skeletons. They seemed to find it hard to believe that Romulo had really come back.

> Seeing them, I knew such shame as never before swept a man at the sight of his own people with their poor bodies naked. . . . All were in tatters and some were actually clad in beaten bark. It was not of them I was ashamed. Their rags were worn with grace and honor. They had fought to uphold that honor, and for their lives. No, it was of myself I was ashamed. I thought, "I should not have left Bataan! I should have disobeyed General Wainright's order. I should have fought with these people." And yet what use that vain sacrifice? . . . It was I who wanted to weep for shame at my good American-made uniform and the good life I had lived while waiting and preparing for this return home.[3]

They talked about what was ahead and how everyone would work to rebuild the Philippines. As the conversation went on, it occurred to Romulo that perhaps these people knew something about his family. But of course they would have told him at once, had they known anything. He saw in their faces that it was true that they had no word for him.

The Japanese had not abandoned Leyte. General MacArthur believed that there were about 225,000 enemy troops in the Philippine Islands. In Leyte, they had massed in the hills and entrenched themselves in the natural fortress. But the attack had cut through them.

That first afternoon the Voice of Freedom came to life again. It spoke through pouring rain, surrounded by the dead, while planes and gunfire roared around it. But even so, it was not like speaking from the tunnel. The first broadcast was full of triumph. General MacArthur said to all the world, "The landing in the Visayas is midway between Luzon and Mindanao and at one stroke splits in two Japanese forces in the Philippines. They expected the attack on Mindanao."[3] The dangerous strategy had been successful.

As the forces moved on toward the capital of Leyte, Romulo broadcast over the Voice of Freedom from all sorts of curious places. This was both because of the swift forward movement of the American-Philippine forces and because the Japanese were trying to spot him. The Japanese radio station, familiarly called Tokyo Rose, began a bitter argument with the Voice. Japanese brutality in the treatment of prisoners was reported increasing in horror. Victory could not be easy.

The American-Philippine forces entered the capital, Tacloban, while the pathetic populace milled around giving the sign of victory and waving tattered American and Filipino flags. The land advance was being supported by the naval battle of the Philippine Sea. If sea support failed, the land forces would be isolated and driven back into the hills. But it did not fail.

On October the twenty-fifth General MacArthur, President Osmena, Romulo and the appropriate staffs entered the provincial capital. In a ceremony at the capitol building General MacArthur turned the city back to the Philippine government. This act was a symbol of return and victory and of confidence in the Filipino people. Both General MacArthur and President Osmena made proclamations. The Filipino flag was raised above the battered old building and then General MacArthur returned to the *Nashville*. This was the pattern of transfer from military to civil control that he was to use as each point was recaptured. There were three reasons for using it. The first was the liberal policy of the United States toward the Philippines. The second was President Osmena's careful planning for rebuilding civil

government. The third was the loyalty of the Filipino people to America.

The important work done by the guerrillas through the years of war was at once appreciated. President Osmena recognized it by bringing the guerrillas into the Philippine Army.

What Romulo saw taking place among the boys on Leyte, was more important in its way than the official statements. Here the last barriers between the brown and white were gone. He watched the men sharing everything they had, and listened to their talk. These Americans took the loyalty of the Filipinos for granted. It seemed as natural to them as their own loyalty. They all had one purpose and now Fil-Americanism was a fact.

Civil offices were set up in the capitol building. This building had been occupied by the Japanese and its relics remained as historic jokes. But there was little time for joking. Everything had to be done at once. Currency, housing, labor, sanitation, police protection, had to be reestablished. Not least important was finding a way of keeping in close touch with the people. An old printing press was discovered and repaired and set up. Paper was scarce but it was collected from here and there so that soon the Office of War Information could bring out a one-page news sheet in English called the *Leyte-Samar Free Philippines*. The first issue was dated October 29th. In it Romulo announced the reopening of the schools.

That day had its sadness as well as its happiness. President Osmena and his cabinet and the former Vice-Governor Joseph Hayden were present with Romulo. Dr. Hayden had been exchange professor at the University of the Philippines,

a newspaper correspondent, and then Vice-Governor and Secretary of Public Instruction. In 1942 he had published a scholarly history of the Philippines and he was beloved by the Filipino people for his just, calm appreciation of them and his fair interpretation of their point of view about independence. In his book he had said, "With the coming of the Commonwealth, President Quezon appointed Vice-President Sergio Osmena as Secretary of Public Instruction. . . . Mr. Osmena's qualifications for this position are known to all and he performed invaluable services to national education during the first difficult years of the Commonwealth." [4]

There could scarcely have been better suited official visitors on the day of the reopening of Tacloban public schools. But the children looked at them dully. Their hair was cut Japanese style, and for a moment it seemed that they could do nothing but stare vacantly. Then, suddenly, they began to sing "God Bless America." Where, and by what secret ways, and at what risk had these children been taught the song? For two and a half years of their short lives such sounds had meant greatest danger. But today they sang with all their hearts and the dullness of their faces lit in happiness.

American textbooks were dug from the earth where they had been buried in empty oil cans even though Japanese soldiers had stood with readied bayonets while the supposed destruction of all books had gone on. The teachers had not been able to save the pictures of Lincoln and Washington, but words spoken by those men were remembered and repeated with words of José Rizal. Flags long hidden were brought out, sometimes mildewed and stained. Japanese

flags, distributed free, were burned with pleasure, while the American boys wished they had them for souvenirs.

Romulo was to serve as Acting Secretary of Public Instruction. This meant that he had to travel over Leyte as more schools were opened. He had to talk with the people and go to the front. During the first days on the island rain poured and the mud was deep. The fighting went on through the mud, and the farming must be carried on in spite of it, if people were to eat.

Village celebrations of school openings were novel to Romulo whose life had been lived chiefly in large cities. The people threw leis of fragrant flowers over his head to honor him; bands of a few imperfect instruments played famous tunes with new and curious harmonies. Every kind of official took the opportunity to make a speech, and the speaking dragged on for hours. But the people were gay; they had not met together openly in years, and they rejoiced in their freedom.

Romulo, of course, had to speak, too. He spoke as Acting Secretary of Public Instruction, as the one who broadcast over the Voice, and as the one who had been working for help from America. When the people crowded around after he had spoken, they always asked one question. It was, "What does America think of us now?" They were remembering Bataan and Corregidor; the guerrillas; their dead who lay beside American dead. Yes, they had a right to know what America thought of them now.

# XXVI

EVERY DAY'S EXPERIENCE on Leyte pointed up the fact that the liberation of the Filipino people was only one step in restoring their lives. To set a people free to starve or die from privation, was to offer poor liberty.

Hospitals had first of all to be organized for the wounded and for civilians freed from prison camps, or for the ordinary citizens who had had scarcely any food. Seventeen thousand refugees gathered on the beaches near the firing line, almost at once, and had to be cared for. Collaborators with the Japanese had to be given hearings and trials. President Osmena made every effort to have these carried on in the spirit which he felt suitable to a liberation rather than a conquest.

The reopening of schools and churches, stores and offices, went on wherever land was reclaimed. Everything was more difficult because of the incessant rain. Romulo realized that he was inexperienced in what he had to do and that American life had spoiled him for the hardships which were part of what he was doing now.

Japanese planes were now constantly over Leyte, and sometimes they attacked as many as a hundred and fifty times a day. Once President Osmena escaped death only because he had left his cot for a moment. Four correspondents only fifty yards away from where he had been were wounded so seriously that one later died. A strafing attack might have

killed General MacArthur, for a bullet struck a wall only a foot from his head while he sat at his desk.

Romulo had to go everywhere in his work of collecting information. One day he was talking with a sentry in the open when the boy suddenly gazed at the sky. A moment later the boy was lying at Romulo's feet, his head severed. Without stopping to think, Romulo shouted, "Hey, this boy is wounded!" [1] The surgeon took one look at the sentry and rushed Romulo to the first aid station for shock.

The battle of Leyte went on. Sometimes it seemed to Romulo to move slowly, for he was eager to reach Luzon. But he knew that General MacArthur planned to save his men as much as possible while he gained his objective.

In the middle of November he sent for Romulo. It was raining, as usual. General MacArthur spoke about many things—his satisfaction with the way the war was progressing, pleasure that normal life on the island was beginning again, his joy at the real friendship between the Americans and the Filipinos. Then he began to talk about his real purpose in calling Romulo from his work.

"Congress is about to adjourn in Washington. Congress has always been friendly to the Filipinos. Now that we are about to return to the Philippines, a Filipino voice should be heard in America. It is your duty to be that voice and to report to Congress all that we have accomplished so far in our return and all that we hope to do on the rest of the way back. . . . You are a Filipino known to America, and you have become a link between the Philippines and the United States. That there shall be no weakening in the Pacific war effort, you should be in America now. . . . Are you ready to go?" [1]

It had not occurred to Romulo that he would be asked to return to the United States again before he saw Manila. He had been counting the weeks, the days until the battle might move on to that point! Still he had heard nothing of his family! Each time the Voice spoke, each time the news sheet was issued, he hoped that Virginia might hear or read.

The decision he had to make stunned him for a moment. After a short pause he said, "If President Osmena has no objection, I am ready." [1]

Soon he was boarding a plane heading in the wrong direction, for Manila lay behind him. But one thing encouraged him as he took off for the United States again. General MacArthur had promised that he would not enter Manila without him. Surely that meant that this absence could not be for long.

This flight was very different from the one only two months earlier. The plane carried seventeen persons besides Romulo, and all were wounded. They were cases which did not have to lie down, and there were no bunks and no nurses aboard. As the plane rose from the field, a Japanese plane swept out unexpectedly and strafed them. Two of the wounded boys, on their way home, died in their seats. Washington, safe Washington, with its plush seats and comforts, was only a few hours away.

Romulo carried a little packet of thin, closely typewritten sheets in his pocket. They had been handed to him just before he left. The packet was stamped with the official insignia of the underground movement. He had not had time or suitable opportunity to study the faint writing. Now he took the sheets out. It was possible, it was even likely, that he would find here some word of his family. He leafed

through quickly, but no name sprang to meet his eye from the nearly illegible pages.

He settled to read carefully. Now he saw that they were an account of guerrilla activity, and, yes, letters from Yay Panlilio, his star feature writer on the *Philippines Herald!* In those days when she had been a small, almost childlike creature, she had been even then almost too daring when it came to getting her story.

Yay wrote from the hills where she was working with Marking, the guerrilla leader, and his men. Her reports were written on the march. They were unpolished, but dramatic with raw fact. She described a guerrilla camp. She wrote of sickness and danger and torture and death. She quoted the words of guerrilla songs even though they could never be sung except in a hidden camp.

She was saying some of the things he had tried to say in America, and to have her do so, somehow reassured him. She said, "Bataan never fell. It spread. The Jap hordes crushed it, then scattered the fragments, and like seeds blown from afar, Bataan spread through Luzon, new crops in new earth. Wherever a loyal heart waits, there is Bataan, there is Corregidor. . . ." [1] This was what he had known and what he had tried to say. It was what America was counting on as the American and Filipino boys pushed ahead together.

He read on still searching for some word of his family. Then he saw that such word was there in the lines he was reading. Yay did not give the names of people or places but said that letters to families could be relayed through her. They must be without address or signature, recognizable only by the handwriting. She warned that no one must expose himself to danger; that friends must not try to make

contact with those behind the barriers; that news was received only when the rules were followed. Then she added that news had been received and all was well.

From this he felt sure that Virginia and the boys were safe, though he could guess nothing at all of how they were having to live. For their sake he must wait, but the waiting was easier now, and his heart was lighter than it had been for three years.

In five days he was back at the Shoreham Hotel preparing the speech to Congress which had been his reason for coming. On December the seventh, three years after that disastrous day of Pearl Harbor, he stood on the floor of Congress. His words were carried all over the world by press and radio, and later made into the text of a newsreel.

He told of the unity of the American and Filipino peoples in the fight for the liberation of the Philippines. He paid tribute to the loyalty of those who had fought on after the withdrawal of friendly forces. He was speaking to Yay and all like her when he said, "How I wanted the American people and all people everywhere to know that a captive nation had united under bondage to fight in support of the Americans who once had been their conquerors! No longer can we look at the Philippines and say: 'This is Philippine earth, or this American.' It is Fil-American; it is the new world. . . . I saw Bataan again on Leyte. . . . This is democracy as we saw it on Bataan. It is on Leyte, set like a torch between East and West. . . . This is democracy's story written by your sons and mine, a story for all the world. I have returned temporarily from the fighting front to bring it to you and to bring you renewed assurance of the pledged gratitude and loyalty of the people of the Philippines." [1]

The American people received this speech with the same enthusiasm they had shown for his speeches a few months earlier. Now with the American-Philippine forces surging forward they welcomed this fresh report from the front by one they knew.

The very day he spoke before Congress, word came that Admiral Nimitz had directed the attack which sank the last of the Japanese aircraft carriers that had taken part in the attack on Pearl Harbor. A week later the advancing forces landed on Mindoro, again outwitting the Japanese by surprise tactics. They had made a distance of six hundred miles. They were leaping forward toward Manila.

Romulo, rushing from engagement to engagement and duty to duty as Resident Commissioner, read and listened to the wonderful news. But meanwhile, from secret sources, he learned of conditions inside Manila. The Japanese were subjecting the people to every horror of military occupation. Romulo in his distress wrote an article for the *New York Times,* a statement of hate and repayment. The certainty of what lay ahead for the citizens of Manila as the invading forces advanced haunted him, for the best Japanese forces were on Luzon and here they would make their last stand. General MacArthur estimated that they numbered between 100,000 and 200,000. Romulo did not know whether his family was in the city. They were behind Japanese lines, in any case, and Japanese in defeat could only be worse than Japanese in victory.

Christmas came and went. So many other Christmases had been happy ones with the children at home on Vermont Street.

The year 1945 came in. President Osmena and his staff

returned to the United States to await the advance on Manila. Romulo realized that the liberating forces would be touching Luzon soon, attacking Lingayen Gulf, just north of his home town of Camiling. As far as he knew, his mother was still there. His only word from her during all the years of the war had been that short message of pride in what he was doing, received on Corregidor.

Events began to press him and bring a feeling of urgent waiting. His speech to Congress about Leyte was used as the script for a Pathé film, which he saw in Washington. He spoke at a Book and Author Luncheon in New York. In the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel he hurried to the newsstand and grabbed a paper. He read:

YANKS LAND ON LUZON

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND LANDED BY VAST CONVOY FLEET OF ONE THOUSAND SHIPS ONE HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF MANILA.

MACARTHUR LEADS TROOPS ASHORE AT LINGAYEN GULF.

MacArthur had done again what he had done at Leyte and Mindoro!

Where were the Japanese? Everyone was asking this question. They must be inland. They must have learned at Leyte a lesson about fighting on the beaches. The great stand would be made on the plain near Manila.

Romulo spent his birthday, January the fourteenth, with President Osmena in Jacksonville, Florida, where the President had gone for a physical check-up before returning to the Philippines. He had had important conferences with President Roosevelt during his stay in the United States. No

birthday could be better celebrated for Romulo. Manila was being softened up for the final attack. Troops were pressing toward Camiling. Luzon was slowly coming into the hands of the American-Philippine Army. But again the American people remembered Romulo. Hundreds of telegrams and greetings, gifts, and prayers for his family reassured him that America remembered.

And again General MacArthur sent a cable. It told of the taking of Camiling the day before and it told that he had seen Romulo's mother. She was safe and joined in sending greetings. Romulo was so delighted that he went to find President Osmena to share his good news with him. The President had just received a pack of letters for Romulo. One was marked, *From Marking's Guerrillas.*

Here were the letters from his family for which he had waited for three years! He opened them and read page after page, passing each on to the President for him to read, too. There were letters from the three oldest boys. The smallest had not written, and Yay had not been able to reach Virginia in time to get a letter from her for the packet. But she was well, Romulo read, with tears of relief streaming down his cheeks.

The children had been separated to make them safer. The two older boys had fought. Carlos was with Yay now, fighting with Marking's Guerrillas. Romulo read how the boy had passed to her bits from those letters of hers which he had quoted in his speech before Congress, and how she had wept when she recognized them. The boy believed that the liberation forces would be in Manila by March. Was he right or wrong? The boy had had a lonely Christmas away from the rest of the family, and he was wondering what the

true meaning of Christmas could be when the world was as it was. He was twenty now and nothing had worked out for him as it had been planned. He mentioned his mother as a heroine, as the most beautiful mother on earth.

The second boy, Gregorio, wrote a cautious letter saying that they were all right and that he would wait to talk about everything when they were together again—it would be more delightful to tell it in person! Ricardo, a boy of ten, wrote one sentence. He was obviously waiting to talk!

Romulo read the letters over and over. A few days later he learned how the liberating troops had entered Camiling. The story was reported by Frank Hewlett of the United Press. There had been a great welcome, feasting and a general celebration. Then came precious words:

> I met Romulo's mother, a sweet old lady of seventy-six [Romulo commented, "Whether Mama or Frank is in error about this discrepancy in years—for she was eighty-four—I do not know"] and delicate as silk. She was dressed in an immaculate white dress with butterfly shoulders and represented my idea of how a Spanish queen should look. When I related exploits of her famous son, her eyes sparkled just like the General's when he learns of another Jap setback.
>
> She told me how the Japs arrested her son Gilberto and her son-in-law and made them stand in prison for four days while questioning them in an effort to locate General Romulo.[1]

Even though Romulo wanted to rush out and tell his friends about the wonderful news of his family, he could only speak of his mother and the one son, Carlos, who were safe behind American lines. He must still say that he knew nothing of the others in order to protect them.

General MacArthur's birthday came on January the twenty-fifth. Romulo made a congratulatory statement for him in Congress. It was a dramatic speech and Romulo poured his admiration and love for the leader into what he said. His speech was broadcast and carried to the Philippines over the Voice of Freedom.

That speech seemed a prophecy for the remaining days of January. Victory followed victory. Clark Field was retaken, a new American army landed on Luzon, Bataan was captured, Manila was pounded by bombs, Rosario was entered successfully. Then came news of the rescue of the prison camp at Cabu, Cabanatuan. Ten thousand starved and dying prisoners were released and helped to safety and relief. All along the way the Filipinos gathered to give what gifts they had—the food they had grown as best they could.

The rescue of Cabanatuan was carried through by a commando force made up of United States Rangers and Filipino guerrillas. Twenty-one Filipinos and one American were killed in the assignment. "The Filipino road block held off the Japanese reinforcements until the last Ranger and the last prisoners were safe. Our Fighters for Freedom took, and were proud to take, the fire." [1] The American who lost his life was Captain James Canfield Fisher of the Medical Corps.

It now seemed that the liberation of Manila would come soon. President Osmena and Romulo hastened to make plans to return to the Philippines. On January the thirtieth, the very day of the news of the rescue of Cabanatuan, they set out by plane to catch up with the liberation forces as they marched toward Manila.

# XXVII

ON FEBRUARY THIRD one hundred thousand soldiers approached the city of Manila across the Luzon plain. They had been on the march for three days and three nights. Now as they came within earshot of the city, they were drunk with victory. Their helmets were decked with hibiscus flowers, and the people ran along beside them barraging them with more flowers. Everyone laughed and shouted and joked in a frenzy of happiness. The jeep in which General MacArthur rode down a main highway was so covered with flowers that it was like a chariot in some festival parade.

These victorious boys were not those of Bataan and Corregidor. Three years had passed and these were a younger generation of soldiers, who although they had seen battle, had not experienced those bitter days.

The sound of bombs falling on Manila, Cavite and Corregidor met them in a muffled roar, and towers of heavy smoke rising from the city meant that the Japanese were destroying all they could before the conquerors arrived.

They could have pushed on to Manila at once, but General MacArthur made them wait for the supporting heavy arms which they must have before they entered.

After darkness fell the troops went in. The University of Santo Tomàs, now an internment camp, Malacanan Palace,

and the government buildings, as well as Grace Park air field, were retaken. The prisoners of Santo Tomàs were rescued. There were four thousand of them and they were sick and starved and tortured. Among them were sixty-eight of the nurses of Bataan and Corregidor. The rest had escaped. These who were rescued began caring for the sick and wounded all around, at once.

A second internment camp was in Bilibid Prison. Another eight hundred prisoners were freed from there.

On February sixth General MacArthur announced the formal fall of Manila. But fighting still went on throughout February. Snipers all through the city, and Japanese entrenched in the Intramuros, the old city, were making a last stand. Many Filipinos were still being shot or caught and tortured even after victory was announced.

Romulo and President Osmena approached Manila from the north by jeep, passing through Tarlac province and the town of Camiling because Romulo wanted to see his mother.

Camiling was almost untouched. As the jeep drew near his old home, Romulo was encouraged because the conditions were no worse. His mother was on the porch reading. He jumped from the jeep and without warning called, "Mama!"

She turned and looked and then began to laugh and weep at the same time. He had never before seen her lose her poise and calmness, but now he had to support her. She said over and over, "My son, my son!" He noticed that she could not stand alone and wondered whether she had been badly treated when she was questioned about him. But she said nothing about that and they left her, a small, frail, dignified and very old lady, as they went on to Manila.

He did not enter Manila surrounded by victorious shout-

ing or accompanied by throngs. He was too late for that part of the liberation celebration. Rather, now that he was back, it was his business to go through the streets collecting information and evidence of the violation of the city. . . . The beautiful city, once so modern and gay, stretched beside the glistening Bay and flanked by green hills, was now a smoldering mass, reeking with rotting flesh.

This general impression was nothing compared with the details he had to look for and record. He found some of his friends. They had been bayoneted, their hands tied together behind their backs. Others were lying in the heaps of dead along the streets. He found priests butchered in their churches and nuns murdered in their convents. The Japanese seemed to have taken special trouble to befoul and ruin every sign of Christianity.

Once he put his hand through the iron grill of a room to touch a hand still clinging to the iron work. It crumbled and fell away in ashes.

He went to the garden of Senator Quirino, his friend. He found no living soul there. Instead, the bodies of the family were lying where they had fallen, mowed down by machine gun fire as they had tried to escape.

He went to the Manila Hotel with General MacArthur and then up to the penthouse where the General had lived. General Homma had used the penthouse. Nothing was left but ruin and ashes.

He went to his own house on Vermont Street. It was partly burned and the garden was trampled so that it no longer resembled a garden. The garage was gone, but lying on its floor was the bayoneted body of his next-door neighbor.

Other neighbors told him how the Japanese had come to

his house. They told how the beautiful old furniture had been taken away or broken; how Virginia's dresses had been worn by the prostitutes housed there. He turned away.

No record could tell what he saw during the weeks he searched the streets and houses of Manila. It was a story beyond words.

Shooting went on in the Intramuros. The Japanese were making their last stand. Many Filipinos were trapped there. The American-Philippine armies poured on fire power to hasten the fall of the old city and to save as many lives as possible. Destroyers on the Pasig River and assault boats nearer at hand beneath the Wall, joined in the attack, until at a certain moment, the barrage stopped. Troops poured from the ships and stormed into Old Manila.

The Japanese garrison was stilled and three thousand civilians were rescued. The terror of defeat was clearly seen here. Behind the forty-foot-thick wall of ancient Manila the Japanese had more than lost a war, because of what they had done to the people there. Romulo's record showed him that the Japanese people harbored some illness of the heart which made such behavior possible. Other countries had in the same way sometimes turned to savagery. The nations together must dedicate themselves to curing an illness such as this.

Fighting was still going on in scattered parts of the greater city on February the twenty-seventh. But General MacArthur felt that the time had come to return the government of the liberated areas to the Philippine Commonwealth.

Malacanan Palace, scarred and looted though it was, today looked bright because every official wore his regalia. General MacArthur had a Filipino guard of honor, and

around him stood men who had been with him on Bataan and Corregidor. Ministers of the Philippine cabinet and members of Congress also were present.

It was a great moment—but many were thinking of Corregidor and Bataan, and of Manuel Quezon. In those days General MacArthur had promised the Philippine leader, "I'll put you back in Malacanan . . ." [1] Instead, Quezon lay in Arlington Cemetery.

General MacArthur spoke impressively. He told of the hope of keeping Manila whole by declaring it an open city. He spoke of the destruction which had been necessary when the liberation began—and as he spoke he broke down and wept. In all the desperate times which they had shared, Romulo had never before seen MacArthur weep. The destruction of the city where he had lived so long, where he had worked and rejoiced in its glory, was too much for him. . . . In a moment he was going on again, his voice strong and proud. America's promise had been kept.

President Osmena accepted the restoration of the power of government to the Commonwealth. He called for unity among the people of the Philippines, co-operation with the United States, and dedication to the work of rebuilding the devastated Islands.

Hard work lay ahead and much help was needed. Fighting was still going on and would go on for many months. The guerrillas were holding an unseen line of battle. No one could measure what they had done to bring this day about. No one could estimate the suffering and bravery of the Fighters for Freedom.

# XXVIII

SOMEWHERE the Romulo family was still hiding and waiting. Reprisals could only grow worse as the desperate embattled Japanese pockets held out against the guerrillas. General MacArthur had given the order for Brigadier General Courtney Whitney to plan a rescue of the Romulo family. Major George Miller was with Marking's Guerrillas and Carlos, Junior, was under his command. The guerrilla group was in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

Carlos, Junior, sent a telegram saying that he wanted to go to the rescue of the family, and asked permission to do so. Romulo had grave misgivings but he agreed to have the attempt made.

They waited for a week and then another message came from Carlos, saying that they would need four Cub Planes to land on Mount Cristobal. After this followed more days of waiting.

The Japanese still held Corregidor. Paratroopers were landed for a final attack and followed by infantry. The Japanese had to be hunted out from hiding places among rocks and deep in crannies. Malinta Tunnel was at last sealed by falling bombs.

When the American flag was raised on the Rock, four thousand Japanese dead lay on the blasted island. It was a bare and pitted spot. Across the channel, Bataan had already

begun to cover its wounds with new foliage while in the distance Manila did not look so unlike its old self, except that its brilliant color was gone and it was now a deathlike gray.

Romulo walked over Corregidor after the ceremony of raising the flag. One could not but think of the four long months of waiting and hoping and trying to make the boys in the fox holes believe hope was worth while—of the broadcasts of the Voice of Freedom—of the frail form of Manuel Quezon in his wheelchair in the sunshine outside the entrance to the tunnel—of the nurses hurrying about, too bright, too cheerful—of Ah Fu ladling out unpalatable food.

General MacArthur stood beside him and surveyed the devastation, then raised his eyes to the fluttering flag. He said simply, "This is atonement." [1] Romulo shared his triumph and his sadness.

As they returned to Manila by boat after the flag-raising on Corregidor, General Whitney remarked that perhaps some news of the Romulo family might be awaiting them when they landed. They were rushed by jeep to General Griswold's tent near the air field. The flaps were open, and before the jeep stopped, Romulo saw Virginia, the children beside her!

They were familiar and yet unfamiliar, after more than three years. Virginia was wearing slacks with peasant clogs tied to her feet. Bobby, who was a child in rompers when he had last seen him, was now a boy of six. He kissed them, Bobby resenting the liberty taken with his mother. He scowled and pulled at her, asking who the strange man was. Romulo embraced Dick, now eleven, and looked anxiously at him. This *was* Dick, of course, but he looked like Carlos. Where was Carlos and where was Gregorio? The two eldest

sons were not here. But nothing could happen to them now!

"They are following us," [1] Virginia said quietly.

Romulo learned then how the rescue had been carried out. A small secret air field had been cleared on the top of Mount Cristobal, a triangle that could be lit by bonfires. Horses had been prepared to carry the rescue party down the mountain.

Carlos, Junior, had gone on foot through Japanese-held towns to the village where Virginia was hiding, using her maiden name. Here he at last succeeded in getting in touch with her to tell her the plan. They were to ride through the jungle to the mountain top where the Cubs would drop to the air field to pick them up. When all the plans had been carefully laid and the time set, Gregorio fell ill with malaria and had to be left behind with Carlos to care for him.

The first Cub had taken Bobby, the youngest. The second had taken Virginia. Dick and his uncle, who had helped them through these hard years, followed in the last two planes.

After they had talked over it all for hours, and the evening drew on, Virginia said with a sigh, "Well, shall we go home?" [1]

Romulo looked at her with suddenly stinging eyes and tightened throat. Friends took them in that night, for not even a relative had a place left.

A few days later the two older boys reached Manila by horse and boat, helped along their way by the guerrillas. Now all of them were together at last.

Romulo looked at his family to see how they really were. Only Bobby seemed to be unchanged by what he had gone through. Virginia was painfully thin. She had kept the family fed by preparing cassava flour which Gregorio had taken to

Manila to sell. They had hidden in Virginia's old home town, seventy miles from Manila. Gregorio had sold the flour under the very eyes of the Japanese, and meanwhile had collected information for the guerrillas. As it grew more and more dangerous for the Romulo family, the guerrillas had watched them day and night. The family had to move constantly to keep ahead of the Japanese. Bobby scarcely knew what it was like to get up in the same place where he went to bed.

The two older boys were the ones at whom Romulo looked most anxiously. The war had come to them during the years while they were becoming men. Here was Carlos, a second lieutenant in the guerrilla forces. He had sent messages out to the American forces from a transmitter hidden in a hut right next to the Japanese headquarters. He had not been detected because their sending set was so strong that it covered his.

Romulo listened to the boys as they talked, brutal and harsh talk. But what could he expect of boys who for three years had lived a life that was safe only because of these qualities? His family had paid a heavy price, but they were alive and safe, and each in his own way had played an important part in the great liberation.

He was amazed to learn that they knew everything that had happened to him. He could tell them nothing at all of what he had done! They had even listened to his speeches, for they had picked up all the news on their secret receiving sets. Thus, while he had lived through the years of uncertainty and anxiety, they had been in close touch with him.

He had but one wish for his family now. It was to take

them to the United States where they might again have a home and medical care.

It was March, 1945. The war was still not over, but Japan had been defeated in the Philippines.

The Philippines, so nearly ready for the day of independence, lay in ruins. Japan had hated America and had shown that hatred in the Islands which had loved America. The price which the Filipinos had paid for their loyalty was ruin and death.

Romulo must go to tell the Americans about it. He must ask America, again, not to fail them. As the blood of the two brother nations lay mingled forever on Bataan and Corregidor, so must their joint love of freedom rise again in the long struggle to rebuild a battlefield into a place to live in.

# XXIX

WHEN ROMULO RETURNED to the United States that spring of 1945, he brought his family with him. His work would be as much there as anywhere, now. He would be flying back and forth to the Philippines, but the family must put down its roots again. He settled them in a house in Washington.

His task was to report the condition of the Philippines to Congress. He spoke on the same day that General MacArthur's published report was released.

He described the atmosphere of ruined Manila, and interpreted it as a tribute to his country's three-hundred-year fight for freedom. He showed how Manila had died as a demonstration of loyalty between two nations of different race, of different heritage, but one in their love of democracy.

He presented the records he had made in the terrible streets as he went about on his assignment. He had photographs, confidential reports taken from the bodies of Japanese officers, and quotations from diaries.

"Mr. Speaker, before you in the form of officially collected affidavits and photographs is proof of the complete destruction of Manila and the premeditated, systematic massacre of the civilian population under the orders of the Japanese Supreme Command. . . . The Filipinos had continued to fight for America in the Philippines, they had shielded

Americans trapped there, they had collaborated with the American headquarters and laid the groundwork from within that led to the successful invasion. To the Japanese this was final proof that the Filipinos had always distrusted then feared them, and before you in incontestible evidence lies the terrifying result of the Japanese need for revenge. The death warrant of Manila and its inhabitants was planned as vengeance against the brown democracy in the Orient that was part and share of America." [1]

He was that little boy who had been taught to hate Americans. He was the child who had heard stories of his grandfather and father. He was the student who had struggled to understand America's delay in freeing his country, and who had argued with his high school principal. He was the young man who saw Manuel Quezon return in triumph with the passage of the Jones Act. He was the orator speaking in a crowded assembly on the theme, "My Faith in America." He was the graduate student at Columbia, beloved by Americans, not understanding American treatment of colored people in their country. He was spokesman for President Quezon whose strong, burning words had flowed out to the world in contest for the strengthening of his country's government. He was the scout for democracy against colonialism in the Far East, with fear eating at his heart. He was a prophet whose prophecies had come true as country after country had yielded to the promises of Oriental leadership. He was a soldier who had seen fighting at its worst and had known the nausea of hope deferred indeed "making the heart sick." He was the whip for freedom, rushing about America telling the Americans what war was, and what the loss of freedom was like.

He was the chronicler, standing before those who had promised freedom to his people, and reporting how dear that freedom was. He was a small brown man, and those before him were white, and it was his task to make them see that blood, whether brown or white, still shone red on the sands of battle. The road through the past was long and straight, and it had led to this. Manuel Quezon was dead, and Manila was in ruins. *His* must be the voice calling the challenge out of the Far East.

The Philippines would have been freed only to die, unless America helped them now. They were like those released from Cabanatuan or Santo Tomàs prison camps. They were weak and ruined by what they had gone through, and must be helped even as those internees had to be fed and hospitalized until they gained strength. This must be the burden of his message for the Philippines in the months, and perhaps years, to come.

This was also the burden upon President Osmena. On April the fifth he called upon President Roosevelt in Warm Springs, Georgia. A week later President Roosevelt died and the newspapers carried the story of that conference along with the report of his death. It became known then that President Roosevelt had called in reporters at the end of the conference with Osmena and told them of it, but asked that it not be released until after he returned to Washington. The report of the conference said,

> At this last conference before his death, President Roosevelt expressed the hope that he would be able to proclaim complete independence for the Philippines by autumn. . . . While favoring independence in advance of the originally proclaimed date, he also advocated this country helping the

islands get back on their feet economically and providing them with relief and technical assistance. . . .

President Osmena had hoped that the date of independence might be moved up. The death of President Roosevelt, however, brought such changes in the United States Administration, and the conditions in the Philippines were so confused because of the war, that it was more important to help them than to work for legislation to change the date set by the Tydings-McDuffie Act.

Meanwhile, the month of April, 1945, held other momentous events. The election of the first president of the Philippine Republic, to take office the ensuing year, was held. The two chief candidates were Sergio Osmena and Brigadier General Manuel Roxas. General Roxas was the victor.

At Dumbarton Oaks and at Bretton Woods plans had been made for a United Nations Conference on International Organization to be held in San Francisco in May. The purpose of the assembly was to draw up a charter for the United Nations Organization. Now details for the important gathering were complete.

Robert Sherwood called on President Roosevelt about two weeks before his death, and they talked about the San Francisco Conference. President Roosevelt was to deliver the opening speech. He laughed that day and said, "You know Steve [Early] doesn't think I ought to open that conference—just in case it should fail. He thinks I ought to wait and see how it goes and then, if it is a success, I can go out and make the closing address, taking all the credit for it. But I am going to be there at the start and the finish, too.

All those people from all over the world are paying this country a great honor by coming here and I want to tell them how much I appreciate it." [2]

But when the San Francisco Conference convened, it was Harry S. Truman, for only thirteen days President of the United States, who made an opening statement to the Conference by radio. He would fly to San Francisco for the closing session.

The Russian Molotov presided at the opening session. Romulo, leading his delegation, spoke eloquently and movingly. He laid before the representatives of fifty nations of the world the burden of the colonial peoples. When a struggle developed over the use of the word "independence" in the preamble of the Charter, he pointed out that this affected fourteen million mandated islanders as well as six hundred million colonial peoples.

"I was not advocating that brown colonies be given their freedom at once. They are no more prepared for the responsibility of freedom than we were fifty years ago in the Philippines. I advocated instead that their goal be freedom and that the vested powers begin the instituting of an understanding of that freedom." [3]

He went on to say out of his own experience and that of his country:

"Words and ideas are more powerful than guns in the defense of human dignity. Treaties are stronger than armamented boundaries. The only impregnable line is that of human understanding." [4]

What he had said moved those who listened. Molotov from his presiding chair on the rostrum cried, *"Aksalant!"* and leaned over to grasp Romulo's hand. One of the rare

incidents of humor followed. He misjudged Romulo's shortness, missed Romulo's hand and all but lost his own balance. His interpreter saved the day by clutching his coattails and pulling him back to safety. Some who saw what had happened felt that perhaps this small accident pointed to a deeper meaning for the days ahead. Perhaps Russia recognized in the man from the Philippines a voice for freedom that would not easily be stilled. Perhaps the failure of the hands to meet implied a failure in meeting of minds.[5]

The San Francisco Conference was an opportunity and a responsibility. Romulo spoke there in every way he knew to emphasize the real values. He was no longer only a spokesman for his own country. He was the spokesman for all colonial peoples and all colored peoples. At San Francisco he proved himself a world figure, fighting for justice and human rights for all.

> Peace can be made possible only by men or nations who meet on equal terms. Economic security is not enough. Only the spiritual securities can hold us within the circle of communal safety. You may say this is not sound economics, and not of the stuff on which sound International treaties are based. I ask, upon what else can we base economy, if not on human understanding? What economic waste has been devised greater than war? . . . .
>
> It cannot be stressed too greatly that the next war will spring from resentments planted by racial antagonism. There is no more fertile ground for such a contest than Asia. . . .
>
> What I voice is the cry of the Oriental under alien domination. That domination may not always mean exploitation. But the colonist of Asia has in mind a creed that came to him from revolutionary America by way of the Americanized Philippines: "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

There is no adequate representation for any colony that exists under a crown. . . .[6]

In retrospect, it is seen that at San Francisco Romulo was possessed by a prophetic insight into the future. Together with the Australian statesman, Dr. Herbert Evatt, who was to precede him by a year as President of the UN General Assembly, Romulo waged a spirited fight against the veto. His dire warnings against the possible abuse of this power of life-and-death over UN decisions lodged in the Big Five were to echo and re-echo over the years as the world organization became one of the major battlegrounds of the cold war and Soviet representatives, beginning with Gromyko, frequently used the veto as a weapon to nullify the wishes of a vast majority of the member nations and to further Soviet ambitions.

It was as the "voice of the voiceless peoples of Asia and Africa" that Romulo excelled himself at San Francisco. His prediction that these peoples could not be long denied their freedom and their right to human dignity was to be borne out in a few years in a wave of nationalism in these two vast continents. Romulo led the fight for the establishment of the UN Trusteeship System against a formidable array of colonial powers, spearheaded by the seasoned and astute Lord Cranborne, of the United Kingdom, with whom he had a spirited debate in the trusteeship committee. After this debate, Ex-Governor Harold Stassen, representing the American delegates in the committee, wrote a note to Romulo saying: "We are proud of you." Recalling that fight, President Hamilton Holt of Rollins College, adviser to President Wilson at the Versailles peace conference, said later, in con-

ferring an honorary degree of doctor of literature upon Romulo: "I heard you at San Francisco last spring speak with unmatched eloquence for the 600,000,000 inarticulate and dependent peoples of the world. I saw you . . . stand before the delegates of fifty sovereign nations as the chief champion of liberty and freedom of the world. I witnessed your statesmanship force into the final draft of the Charter the adoption of the statement that the backward peoples of the world 'held as a sacred trust of civilization,' had the right to aspire to full 'independence,' while the American Delegation (shades of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence) went slavishly along with the Empires on this issue until you turned the tide. You emerged from the conference with a moral grandeur which your imperialist opponents could not fail to recognize."

The San Francisco Conference went on to draw up a blueprint of a world effort for peace. The steps were slow and tedious, but Romulo was not discouraged. When the Conference was over, he felt certain that it had "stepped up by a thousand years human understanding and the spirit of fair play."

# XXX

GERMANY HAD COLLAPSED and mightier forces were turned against Japan. During that summer of 1945 a terrific air offensive blasted Japan's navy and destroyed its cities. Industrial centers were blown to pieces. On August sixth the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. On August eighth Russia declared war on Japan and sent her troops into Manchuria. On August fifteenth came the surrender and on the twenty-sixth, American forces of occupation landed in Japan. On September second the formal terms of surrender were signed aboard the *U.S.S. Missouri.*

A few days later General Wainright was welcomed back to Washington. He had been in a Japanese prison camp for three years. He had been beaten and bayoneted and humiliated in every way. He had stood beside General MacArthur aboard the *Missouri* when the surrender terms were signed. Now he stood beneath the Washington Monument, a symbol of the price of victory. He was gaunt and hollow-eyed, and his face, always serious, now held the look of one who had seen unforgettable things and who had known a life he can never share with another. Survivors of Bataan and Corregidor surrounded him. Some could manage to get about with canes. Some were in wheelchairs. All were smiling bravely. But many were not there at all. They lay under the sands where they had fallen.

Romulo had last seen General Wainright on the night when he had left Corregidor. That night the General's brusqueness had suddenly melted into kindness. His own throat had been tight and his lips wordless because of his mingled wish to leave, and shame that he could so wish.

Now General Wainright and Romulo came together when the speeches were over. General Wainright threw his arm around Romulo's shoulder and said, "Thank God, I got you out of that hell, Romulo. Now, together, we've got to get the Philippines out of this hole." [1]

The words touched the core of Romulo's worry. He must press on from the past to the future. He signed the Bretton Woods Agreement on behalf of the Philippines. Its purpose was to improve the economic conditions of the world by creating an international bank.

But this still did not fill the need of his country. He must work for special help for reconstruction in the Philippines and for rules of trade that would make it possible for the Islands to recover as quickly as possible. Independence was coming in a matter of months and much of the careful planning of the whole past generation had been swept away or altered by war. While Romulo took his full share in the international organizations which were to look after the needs of the world as a whole, he must direct particular attention to the Philippines.

Meanwhile he had been writing as he could. Following his books *I Saw The Fall of The Philippines* and *Mother America,* he had written *My Brother Americans*. All were best-sellers. Now he wrote of the liberation, *I See The Philippines Rise.*

He realized, as the war closed, that the lesson of colonial-

ism as opposed to democracy had still not been learned. The peoples of Asia were restless. The empires, or what was left of them, still did not actually believe what he had thought had been plainly proven by the war. The atomic bomb was only the beginning of what mankind might learn to do against enemies, and Asia might again become an even more terrible battlefield.

There were still tensions between different nations. The division of Germany into several occupational zones, and the bisection of Korea which had come about as the result of the terms of surrender for Japanese troops north and south of the 38th parallel, both promised to make trouble. But Romulo went on believing that peace could be won.

The First Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations took place in London during January and February of 1946. Romulo headed the Philippine Delegation there and at succeeding Sessions.

The permanent home for the United Nations was uncertain for some time, a number of places being considered before New York City became the choice. Speaking of this search and the decision, Romulo said what he felt about the international organization:

> In a sense the United Nations is like its permanent home, as it now stands. The blueprint for the whole edifice has been drawn. The foundations have been laid. But only part of the structure has been built so far. A great deal more remains to be done. . . . We know, for example, that the United Nations unaided cannot make peace: that is the privilege and responsibility of the Powers. . . . But the United Nations can help reconcile differences. . . . The United Nations is not endowed with miraculous power to move or level mountains—the mountains of misunderstanding, suspicion and rivalry that

divide nations and bar the way to world peace. But it can build passable roads of reconciliation to the other side.[2]

On July the fourth, 1946, the Republic of the Philippines, as a sovereign nation, raised its flag while that of the United States was lowered. A generation had grown from babyhood to mature manhood since the Americans came to the Philippines. Romulo's life had been lived during the years of the American occupation. He had seen what had happened in his country, and as a friend of the United States and a champion of Manuel Quezon had worked for this moment. True, the terrible war had taken away some of the joy and glory from this great event, and it was not such a day as Quezon or Aguinaldo or Rizal had dreamed of. But the fact remained that the Philippines were now a free and independent country, for which the people had fought and worked for nearly four centuries.

The Filipino people gathered in a great assembly and they shouted and sang and wept as their flag rose against the sunlit sky. They fully shared the meaning of their president's words, as he said, "The American flag has been lowered from the flagstaff of this land not in defeat, not in surrender, not by compulsion, but by the voluntary act of the United States." [3]

The United States helped the new nation by the passage of two acts that same year. The Philippine Rehabilitation Act, in whose passage Romulo was instrumental, provided money and technical assistance to restore roads and bridges, port facilities, public buildings, air navigation and inter-island commerce as well as some of the industries. The Philippine Trade Act, which he helped hammer out at great

pains, was intended to stabilize currency and to control tariffs in such a way as to help trade between the United States and the Philippines for the next eight years. The fact that the islands had been so severely damaged by war weakened the provisions of the Act, but even so, it was useful.

In 1947 Romulo was elected President of the Conference on Freedom of Information, held in Geneva as an important development of the United Nations. The basic import of this conference was already felt in a world where tensions were growing, and as a man who had dealt in the handling of news and was sensitive to all that it could do destructively as well as constructively, his contribution was great. His awareness of what was at stake and his native ability and energy made the Conference outstanding.

The United Nations struggled on with world conditions. Romulo spoke often as a champion of freedom and of peace. He was elected chairman of the Ad Hoc Political and Security Committee during the third session of the Assembly. He referred to this third session as the Human Rights Assembly because of the great moves taken at that time to assert the dignity of all peoples.

More and more he was recognized for what he had done and was trying to do. He took part in many special conferences and was awarded many degrees and citations for achievement. He enjoyed both the responsibilities and the praise which were given him.

He poured his enthusiasm into the vast effort to draw the world together, oil its parts, and make them work. Where there was creaking, he had a suggestion for smoothing the roughness or easing the pressure. Where there was coordinated motion, he was the first to hail it and praise it.

He seemed to be everywhere. Described by Russian Foreign Minister Vishinsky, during a debate, as "the little man with the big, big voice who spreads noise wherever he goes," Carlos Romulo replied: "Yes, we are the little Davids here who must fling our pebbles of truth between the eyes of the blustering Goliaths and make them behave." There was much to make noise for or against, and he had never been restrained. All his life he had been trying to express, to say, to tell, to shout what he saw to be the truth. So now whatever committee he was on, whatever assembly he was in, he said what he believed, was endlessly jovial, and for the sake of his interviewers "gave out" freely. The prize of victory had been won. The prize yet to be won, was peace.

# XXXI

ROMULO WAS ELECTED President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations by a fifty-three to five vote. No one was surprised, because he had become a more and more important world leader. He was genial and determined and friendly and the Assembly needed just these qualities. Now, in the words of *Newsweek,* he "rushed at the Assembly President's job like a Philippine typhoon . . . outlawed the more blatant oratorical insults as 'not making for a climate of conciliation or peace.' Off the rostrum he turned on his easy charm—even to kidding about his five foot four height. He literally kept a 'Welcome' mat outside his office in the Empire State building. He was as gracious at breakfast tête-à-têtes as in toasting his colleagues." [1]

He knew the job ahead of him. It had two major parts. The first was that of checking the swift spiral toward fresh war, hastened by atomic developments; the second was the slow process of killing the existing cold war and replacing it with co-operation. He set about both tasks with everything he had. Putting it in broad terms he said on the day of his election, September 20, 1949:

> I am deeply grateful for the honor which the General Assembly has today conferred upon me and my country. Our task is to carry forward the work of the United Na-

tions. The Charter defines our goal, which is to make it possible for men to live better lives in larger freedom under a reign of peace founded on justice and universal respect for law.

We should not hope to achieve in four years the goal of many centuries of human effort. With good will we can bring it a little nearer to realization. Our labors in this Assembly shall not have been in vain if we can help mankind advance, by so much as one step, toward permanent peace.[2]

The more he attacked the problems before the Assembly, the more aware he was of urgency. He felt those tensions and conflicts increasingly.

Nothing useful will be served by attempts to increase tensions and conflicts that have already brought us to the brink of a third world war. It is only by conciliation, mutual concessions and amicable adjustments—the working tools of the United Nations—that we can hope to build an enduring structure of international peace and security.[2]

He did his best to thaw out unfriendliness. He took Foreign Minister Vladimir Clementis of Czechoslovakia and other eastern Europeans to see *South Pacific,* where they laughed in spite of themselves. He personally escorted Russia's Foreign Minister Andrei Vyshinsky to his diamond-horseshoe box at the Metropolitan Opera House to hear *Manon Lescaut.* He managed to have news photographers take pictures in small intimate groups of those who found it hardest to make friends.

Even though he was not sure that he was making any progress politically, he was certain of some progress in personal friendships. Wherever he went he was surrounded by those who wanted his autograph, his sympathy, or his

advice. Though he was too short to be seen above those around him, one could spot where he was in the various lobbies by the density of the crowd at that point. He drew people as a magnet attracts steel particles.

In spite of his duties at the Assembly, he could not turn down invitations to speak elsewhere. There were many of these because of his new position, and he enjoyed them.

The Correspondents' Association of the United Nations gave a special luncheon in his honor on October the twelfth. He was especially at home here. He said, with a warm glow of pleasure:

> Without being invidious, I doubt that anything excels the profession of journalism in those disciplines of the heart and mind that are essential to the pursuit of world peace and the conduct of international organization. The long view, the broad and liberal outlook, the free-ranging mind, the foresight brought into focus by hindsight, the faith in people, the desire to find out—these are the basic attributes which the profession demands of its members, and they are the selfsame qualities that are required for service in the United Nations. . . . You are, as it were, the press attachés for the people of the world, holding positions of grave trust and responsibility. By this analogy your principal allegiance is to your public.[3]

At a luncheon in his honor given by Mr. Thomas H. Watson, President of International Business Machines, Incorporated, he did one of the things of which he was especially fond. It was to publicly thank those whose services were not widely known. The system of simultaneous interpretation begun at this time cut the time used in the Assembly meeting in half, a miracle of usefulness. Romulo said, "The language barrier ceases to exist. The speaker is

endowed with pentecostal eloquence: it is as though he were talking in all the tongues of men. He is understood thoroughly and instantaneously." [3]

Prime Minister Nehru of India visited the United Nations while he was in the United States that autumn. His message was like Romulo's because he also said that Asia was willing and eager to co-operate with other nations on free and equal terms. Romulo said of Nehru, "His is a faith that the testing ground of power on which we now stand embattled must be converted to a middle-ground of conciliation in order that our pursuit of peace might prosper. I need not say how badly we need this reminder at the present time." [3]

Romulo spoke at the Chopin Centenary Concert. He spoke at the laying of the cornerstone of the building which was to house the United Nations. Running through all that he said on many varied occasions and at the often tedious meetings of the Assembly, was his fear that time was short. He had hoped that this Assembly might go down on the record as the Peace Assembly. His hope dimmed.

The Ford Motor Company bore the cost of televising the Assembly programs and other activities. Romulo was enthusiastic about this new development. It would help understanding if thousands, even millions, of people could see what was happening at the United Nations, and come to recognize the faces of those who spoke there.

He missed no opportunity to make his own people better understood. During the intermission of a performance of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, he broadcast an interview with the host, Mr. James Fassett, who asked, "Are your countrymen a musical people?"

Romulo answered, "The Filipino people are passionate lovers of music. . . . . Music and heroism are intermingled in the Filipino soul. During the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, many members of the Manila Symphony Orchestra buried their instruments rather than play for the tyrants; some went to the hills; others worked in the underground resistance units in the towns and cities. Just before the American forces under General MacArthur returned in triumph to liberate the Philippines, the concert master of the orchestra and members of his family were massacred by the Japanese. . . . After the liberation, Manila was in ruins. But our people had to have music. The survivors . . . dug up their instruments, got together and started rehearsing. They gave their first postwar performance in the ruins of the Santa Cruz Church, in the heart of the ravaged city. A vast throng, many of them in mourning over the death of friends or relatives, attended the open air concert. It was a moving demonstration of a nation's undying and unconquerable love of music." [4]

The conflicts and tensions within the Assembly at its Fourth Session grew stronger rather than weaker. Romulo continued to work for his double goal. He believed in mediation; he wanted to use conciliation—but atomic warfare threatened. He did not believe in pacifism. Human nature was as it was. He had seen what warped human nature could do.

The West seemed scarcely aware of the possibilities in the Far East. The future of the world lay there, and the Far East was on the brink of revolution for freedom. Until both its needs were met—independence and better conditions of living—the world would be torn and bleeding.

When President Truman proposed a bold, new program for sharing industrial and scientific abilities with underdeveloped areas, the "Point Four Program," Romulo hailed it as a great forward step. He was careful to repeat the very words used by President Truman because these made clear that he had in mind only the betterment of the people. The Far East wanted no more of anything that resembled colonialism, but it needed help and was ready to learn.

The Economic and Social Council of the United Nations took up Point Four. A plan of technical assistance for member nations grew gradually and was unanimously approved by the Council and the Assembly. This was one of the successes of the Fourth Assembly. But such help could never be given if time ran out.

# XXXII

GROWING TENSION between the nations of the East and the West was the real problem which the United Nations Assembly had to face. President Romulo worked harder and faster. Control of atomic energy was especially urgent. He said: "If we could secure even a short-term agreement on the control of atomic energy and the prohibition of atomic weapons, it would be like turning on one shining light in the surrounding darkness so that men all over the world would take heart again for the other pressing tasks that await to be done." [1]

A few days later, before the American Association of the United Nations meeting in Chicago, he said:

> The two camps into which the world is now divided must agree on the principle of co-existence. They must accept the hard fact that this planet has become too small for two embattled powers which are both armed with atomic bombs and biological weapons of mass destruction.
>
> One must refuse to believe that the ideological differences which now divide the East and the West must inevitably lead to armed conflict. One must reject also the equally dangerous assumption that either or both sides are recklessly determined to achieve complete and unchallenged domination of the world. Though the sense of power can be as inebriating as wine, there is no evidence that the sense of reality has deserted the leaders of either side. (November 7, 1949)

The next day he addressed a letter to the Atomic Energy Commission, appealing to its members to try to find some plan agreeable to all six members, and warning of the need for haste. He outlined four definite lines of possible action and insisted that there was hope.

Discouraged as he often was, though he tried to hide it, his faith in the United Nations was strong. He saw many places where the world organization was making real progress. "There is hardly a region on earth, from Berlin to Korea, from Palestine to Kashmir, where the moderating influence of the United Nations has not been put to effective use in settling international disputes which, taken altogether, have involved more than five hundred million men, women and children, about one fourth of mankind. . . . In the case of Indonesia, we have all seen how the United Nations, given the opportunity and the proper response, can help to bring about peace and extend the frontiers of freedom in the world. A United Nations Commission was instrumental in facilitating the cessation of hostilities between the Netherlands and the Republic of Indonesia." [2] He could list other accomplishments such as the approval of the Declaration of Human Rights, and the extension of technical aid to underdeveloped areas. He still hoped that this Assembly might become the Peace Assembly.

Time hurried on toward the closing session. There had been sixty-eight items on the agenda when the Assembly convened. Romulo had been determined to get action on them. He had done the best he could.

On the last day of the Fourth Assembly, he made his closing speech as President. The Assembly had voted self-

determination for Italy's African colonies; Libya was to be independent by 1952; Italian Somaliland was to be independent in ten years and in the meantime to be an Italian trusteeship; Eritrea was to be studied by a five-nation commission. The technical assistance program of $25,000,000 for underdeveloped countries had been approved. The Atomic Energy Commission had been entrusted with exploring every means of control. Leadership on questions such as that of Indonesia had been given. Throughout the whole session, in addition to specific actions taken, techniques of co-operation had grown.

In his summing up he said:

> We note the steady and persistent pressure which world opinion through the General Assembly has exerted upon the Great Powers to settle their disputes by peaceful means and to reach agreement on pending political problems through conciliation and accommodation. . . . No startling results have been achieved so far and nothing of the sort should be expected, for as I once said, and now wish to say again, conciliation is a workman's tool and not a magician's wand. It will grow more efficient with use, provided we use it at every opportunity in preference to the weapon of challenge and defiance, of denunciation and propaganda. . . . Each year the pressure of this opinion grows, and in seizing upon it during this session I have done no more than dramatize the anxiety of mankind and the fateful responsibility that rests upon the Great Powers and upon the United Nations.[3]

The United Nations Secretariat presented the retiring President with a silver-mounted gavel. At 1:22 P.M. on December the tenth he pounded the Fourth Assembly to adjournment. A correspondent called upon him in his office soon after and asked whether he thought this Assembly had

earned its nickname of the Peace Assembly. Romulo struck the deck with his fist and stirred in his chair.

"While it has not been exactly a Peace Assembly, it has been a Progress Toward Peace Assembly. . . . While no miracles occurred, none were expected." [4]

The Assembly was over but his work was not. He stayed in New York to prod the Atomic Energy Commission and to continue work with various committees. That day he had five other appointments ending with a black-tie dinner with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. It was typical of the friendliness he inspired that when the Soviet Foreign Minister departed for Moscow branding the Fourth Assembly as unsatisfactory, he presented Romulo with four boxes of caviar and four bottles of vodka and sent Mrs. Romulo a large bunch of roses.

In the days that followed, Romulo reviewed the session with an appraising mind. He had long ago learned that nothing important could be done in a short while and the United Nations had only begun. The roots of the trouble in the world situation had to be dug out and more than ever he was going to seek these roots, for his own country lay between East and West in her way of life and in her ways of thinking. The Philippines would be in the center of strain, and would be a place for experimentation.

The societies of the world were confused. Some were rich in goods but poor in judging human values. Others were in great poverty but were strong in their philosophies of life. Some lay midway between, as did his own. "Thus we find two contradictory tendencies at work in international relations. On the one hand, the imperative need for economic give-and-take and the mortal peril implicit in atomic and

other weapons of mass destruction are driving the nations closer together. On the other hand, political rivalry and a profound ideological conflict are pulling them further and further apart," he said at a luncheon.

He had predicted years ago that the next conflict would arise among colonial peoples who felt hostility against them because of race. His own people had been a brown, colonial people. But they had passed beyond the boundary line that held back the others because they had died for America, and because they were free. Others, their neighbors, had no such notions. What of these other peoples of Asia?

Romulo kept up the pace of work habitual to him. He was in and out, near and far. But he was able now to turn more often to his new home in Washington. His sons were growing up around him, and Virginia was gaining back the strength she had lost during the war. Even while he listened to music in his home, or wandered in the garden, his thoughts were as likely as not, busy over Asia.

# XXXIII

WHEN THE FAMILY began to live in Washington, the Romulo boys went out to get acquainted with the neighbor children. The Americans stood around, uncertain what to do or say. Should they suggest baseball, or bicycling, or what? These brown-skinned fellows were slightly built, almost thin, and their words, though perfectly American—and somehow out of place coming from their dark faces—still had a touch of something unlike the talk everyone here was used to.

One of the American boys ventured a question. "Are you Chinese?" He may have been thinking they looked like his laundryman.

"Filipino!" The answer came instantly.

On the ball field and at other sports these Filipino boys proved themselves. Though they were light and small, it did not do to bully them. And the American boys found that they practically worshiped America and could tell about the war and about what American and Filipino soldiers had done, and how the guerrillas had helped to win the war. Strange names and places that had seemed so far away that they did not matter suddenly became real to the American boys.

Of course the Romulo boys had to go to school. It was easier for Roberto, or Bobby, because when they reached

America he was just about school age and it was all new to him. But the others had had a three-year vacation. It had come at a time when the older two were at an age when school seems an especially useless institution. They had had an exciting time during the war and the responsibilities put upon them had made them much older than their years. They had grown up in the war. Carlos and Gregorio had fought with the guerrillas. Gregorio had sold cassava flour in Manila and collected information for the underground, a dangerous thing to do. These experiences scarcely prepared them for studying out of books in automatically heated, air-conditioned classrooms where the teachers often asked stupid questions. All America seemed wonderful the first few weeks —and then deadly dull and boring. Everything was safe, certain, monotonous. Here people took things like ice cream sodas for granted—if they could know what it was like to long for a few drops of cold water! They grumbled over the slightest thing! If they could guess what it was like not to know whether one was going to be alive the next minute!

Bobby sat at the piano on a spring morning. His American teacher sat nearby while he carefully played through his piece a second time. His eyes lifted restlessly and glanced about the room; then he pulled himself together for another try. He was now a boy of eleven, beginning to grow lanky. One saw it in the bony structure of the shoulders, and the long fingers.

Above him hung a portrait of Virginia, his mother. On the opposite wall hung one of his father. The portrait of Madame Romulo was so like her that one instantly recognized her when she came into the drawing room. She had the gentle complacency typical of Filipinos, and every motion was one

of natural grace. She was beautiful, too beautiful to be described easily. One had the inclination to glance at her portrait to compare it with herself.

A quick, soft step came down the stair. A brisk handshake, a word of welcome, then General Romulo was leading the way back upstairs to his private study. It was a large enclosed upstairs porch at the rear of the house. The way led past bedrooms, neat, well-furnished and attractive. In one of them a crucifix caught the eye.

General Romulo was wearing a soft jacket and comfortable-looking house shoes. His desk was almost clear but for one or two objects and a sheet of white paper on which a few words were traced. All around on the shelves and cabinets were medals, ribbons, awards and mementos of every variety, laid out with care. Dominant among them was a bust of General MacArthur. One lived in a niche of history, here. The past, especially the past of Bataan and Corregidor, was all around.

General Romulo leaned back in his easy chair and began to talk. One had the feeling that he was voicing convictions long held and never to be given up.

The Philippines were a symbol of the meeting of East and West. Americans are likely to put all Oriental peoples together in one group, one difficult to understand. Although of Oriental origin, the Filipinos have caught the truly American point of view. "East and West" is a frame of mind rather than a reality, and the Philippines prove that that frame of mind can be dispelled. On this point he spoke strongly.

He quoted Emerson: "I hate that man—because I do not know him." Romulo put it another way. "A stranger is a friend I have not yet met."

The preparation of the Philippines for the coming of the Americans was unlike that of other colonial countries. The Spanish, although their occupation cost 300,000 Filipino lives, Christianized the people. Such Christianization took place in no other occupied colonial country. Although Spain sent to the faraway colonies her cast-off men, rather than her best, still the process of religious invasion went on.

When the Americans came they found a people who had a basic appreciation of Western culture. Art, music, literature, were all expressions of this culture and the Filipinos used them easily. Beautiful homes, convents, and churches housed a culture which had by now become native even though it originated in Europe.

America sent her best men and women to the Philippines in her determination to prepare the islands for self rule. William Howard Taft's famous statement, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," was a slogan of the people. They loved it and believed it and helped to bring the day when it could be in effect.

It was the coming of the teachers that really turned the tide of feeling toward America. The Orient had seen white men who lived in segregated compounds and expected the service of yellow and brown men. It had seen white men fall into the ways of dominating overlords. But the teachers were not of this kind. They came in large numbers, one hundred thousand strong, and went into the little towns and villages, lived among the people, often with the parents of their pupils. They shared the problems of the Filipinos and soon became the haven for those who were in trouble, and the spokesmen for those who needed someone to present their problems before the courts.

General Romulo remembered the Americans who had lived in his home; his teachers; the major who had taught him to swim; his hatred for the school supervisor's son and then their quick reconciliation. He remembered his father's acceptance of the Americans, and how the Americans had helped to get him elected for the mayorship. The lives of Americans and Filipinos had become interwoven. The story of the struggle of the American colonists for independence became the touch-stone of mutual effort to bring about independence for the Filipino colonists.

The Americans are a hodge-podge of different peoples. They have no single origin. The Filipinos, too, are made up of many origins. Here, again, was a reason why the two peoples should understand each other.

General Romulo rose quickly from his chair and took the sheet of paper from his desk. He pointed out the significance of the words written there. They represented a plan of organization for a great Asian conference to be held in the summer capital of the Philippines. One could tell that the plan was dear to his heart. . . . He interrupted himself at this point to rush to the telephone. Over the wire he talked about the Southeast Asia Union Conference, about having various delegates met, arrangements for having the ladies taken on shopping tours in Manila, presented with appropriate flowers and suitably entertained. Beyond the main importance of the conference, it was clear that small matters were going to be handled with Filipino grace.

He came back to his seat again. He began to describe the idea back of the Conference. It was to be similar to the New Delhi Conference held the previous year, when Romulo had represented his people. That conference, known as the New

Delhi Conference in Indonesia, had been attended by two hundred and fifty delegates and about ten thousand visitors. Called together by Prime Minister Nehru of India, one of the chief purposes had been to consider what could be done about the struggle for independence in Indonesia. Romulo saw the problem in much broader scope. He was determined to bring about the setting up of some kind of permanent machinery for common action as the need for it arose.

This intention was in line with his whole concern about the Far East. He had been working in every way he could to draw the Far Eastern peoples together and unite them with the broader family of nations. He recognized their particular problems and their peculiar difficulties arising out of colonialism. Against this background he devoted his every effort during the conference to the setting up of a co-ordinating machinery among the nations represented. He failed, but out of that failure the idea of another conference was born. He left New Delhi planning for another time.

He did not count on all the difficulties that would arise. The proposal for a Pacific Pact aroused suspicions on the part of some nations. Plans for strengthening of the Commonwealth idea discussed in Sidney made the countries within that grouping draw back from anything which might jostle whatever stability they had achieved.

However, after traveling through many countries to talk up the plan, after almost superhuman efforts to sell the idea of a conference where Asian unity might be initiated and machinery be established, he had succeeded. The date of the Conference was set for May 26, in Baguio. But his efforts to bring this about were needed not only abroad. In New York he had had to convince representatives of the United

Nations. Even yet many were skeptical. With the date set, he realized that the burden of bringing the Conference into being and making it produce lay on his own shoulders.

He was working in accord with the instructions put upon him as Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Philippines. Appointed to this position by President Quirino, who succeeded President Roxas, his letter of instruction had specifically stated that "the forging of a close union among the peoples of Southeast Asia" was to be one of his first responsibilities.

Today his eyes shone as he talked and his restless hands fluttered the paper which they held. He had had to be a salesman all his life, beginning in high school when he set out to sell his own acceptance of the American policy. Now he needed to be a supersalesman of Asian unity, as he had been a salesman of peace at the Fourth Assembly of the United Nations.

He was to fly to the Philippines in a few days and one felt the atmosphere tense with his planning. . . . There were many things to show the delegates from six Southeast Asian countries and Australia when they came together. Rehabilitation had been going forward in great strides; he had had much to do with getting the needed funds. Buildings and bridges and installations bearing the names of groups of American donors—groups tapped by Romulo—were evidence of American friendship and faith.

Some people had doubted that the second Asian conference would take place at all because the difficulties in its way were great. Romulo knew that the conference was safe. One felt his sense of achievement, and knew that to a large degree it was a personal achievement. That it was to take

place was a tribute to "the pertinacity of the Filipino diplomat-author-public-relations man extraordinary." [1]

. . . Piano notes came faintly from downstairs—American music, played this time by an accomplished hand. . . . A secretary came to the door and handed the General a slip of paper reminding him of an appointment. The medals and souvenirs, the busts and flags, gave out bright colors in the morning sunshine which crept into the room. . . . The small brown man smiled warmly, rose, held out his hand. He was the boy from Camiling, President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations. He was the Voice of Freedom, still sounding in a world more confused, threatened again by war, longing still for freedom and peace.

# Notes

*Works referred to in the Acknowledgments on the copyright page of this book are cited below by title only.*

CHAPTER II

1. *Mother America.*
2. *My Brother Americans.*

CHAPTER III

1. Letters from Norbert Lyons to the author, January 25, 1951.

CHAPTER VI

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
2. As quoted in *The Philippines,* by Joseph Ralston Hayden. The Macmillan Company, 1947.

CHAPTER VII

1. As related in *The Riddle of MacArthur,* by John Gunther. Harper & Brothers, 1951.
2. *Mother America.*
3. "Carlos Romulo," by Serge Fliegers. The American Mercury, December, 1949.
4. The Living Age, June 1941. Reprinted from Philippines Herald, "The Philippines in World War II," by Carlos P. Romulo.
5. *Mother America.*
6. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER VIII

1. *Men on Bataan.*
2. Description from *They Call It Pacific.*
3. *They Call It Pacific.*

CHAPTER IX

1. *They Call It Pacific.*
2. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
3. *They Call It Pacific.*
4. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

5. *They Were Expendable.*
6. *They Call It Pacific.*
7. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER X

1. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
2. *They Call It Pacific.*
3. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XI

1. *They Call It Pacific.*
2. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XII

1. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XIII

1. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
2. *They Were Expendable.*
3. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
4. *Men on Bataan.*
5. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XIV

1. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
2. *Men on Bataan.*
3. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
4. *Men on Bataan.*
5. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XV

1. As quoted in *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
2. Song by Raul S. Manglapus of General Romulo's Press Section as quoted in *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
3. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XVI

1. *Mother America.*
2. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
3. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
4. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XVII

1. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

2. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
3. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*

CHAPTER XVIII

1. *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
2. Statement signed by General MacArthur which appears on jacket flap of *I Saw the Fall of the Philippines.*
3. *My Brother Americans.*

CHAPTER XIX

1. *My Brother Americans.*

CHAPTER XX

1. *My Brother Americans.*
2. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
3. United Nations Department of Public Information, Press and Publications Bureau, November 10, 1949.
4. *My Brother Americans.*

CHAPTER XXI

1. *My Brother Americans.*

CHAPTER XXII

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXIII

1. *My Brother Americans.*
2. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXIV

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXV

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
2. *The Philippines,* by Don V. Hart and Howard E. Wilson. The American Book Company, 1946.
3. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
4. *The Philippines: A Study of National Developments,* by Joseph R. Hayden. The Macmillan Company, 1942, 1945, 1947.

CHAPTER XXVI

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXVII

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXVIII

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXIX

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
2. *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* by Robert E. Sherwood. Harper & Brothers, 1948.
3. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
4. "Carlos Romulo," by Serge Fliegers. The American Mercury, December, 1949.
5. Story told in the above article.
6. *I See the Philippines Rise.*

CHAPTER XXX

1. *I See the Philippines Rise.*
2. United Nations Department of Public Information, Press and Publications Bureau. Address by Carlos P. Romulo at the dinner given by Mayor O'Dwyer honoring delegates of the Fourth U. N. Session.
3. "The Philippines Face the Future." Senior Scholastic, February 17, 1947.

CHAPTER XXXI

1. Newsweek, December 19, 1949.
2. United Nations Department of Public Information, Press and Publications Bureau, Lake Success and Flushing Meadow, September 20, 29, 1949.
3. United Nations Department of Public Information, Press and Publications Bureau, October 12, 15, 19, 1949.
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CHAPTER XXXII

1. English Speaking Union, Indianapolis, Indiana, November 5, 1949.
2. New York State Chamber of Commerce, New York City, November 17, 1949.
3. United Nations Department of Public Information, Press and Publications Bureau, December 10, 1949.
4. Newsweek, December 19, 1949.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1. Harold R. Isaacs in the New York Herald Tribune, June 19, 1950.