



FILIPINO GUERRILLAS CELEBRATE ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICANS BY PARADING IN THE STREETS WITH AMERICAN AND FILIPINO FLAGS HIDDEN DURING JAPANESE OCCUPATION

# U. S. WINS HEART OF THE PHILIPPINES

When U. S. troops landed on Luzon in January, they began a battle for the strategic key to all the Philippines. When they entered Manila 26 days later they were taking possession of the key to Luzon.

The taking of Manila was more than a strategic fact. It was revenge, fulfillment, liberation and great joy. For the Filipinos it was the end of a conqueror's corrosive greed. For the soldiers who entered the city it was the focus of three years of preparation and campaigning. For more than 5,000 American internees and prisoners of war it was freedom.

Although Manila was emotionally in American hands last week, the Japanese still fought hard in parts of the city. Japanese mortar shells crashed in Santo Tomás University and the old Bilibid Prison,

where most of the American captives had been kept. Even after U. S. troops had pushed through the northern half of the city to reach the Pasig River, which runs through the middle of Manila, Japanese soldiers were still setting fire to the northern city's modern business district. Across the river the Americans could hear thudding demolitions in the dock area and in the ancient walled city, also fired by the Japanese. Rain dampened the fires but an oppressive cloud of smoke hung over Manila.

General MacArthur's Army was coming to the end of a campaign against an eccentric and unpredictable enemy. After the bounding amphibious advance in New Guinea, it had fought a full-dress battle with the Japanese on Leyte. But in successive jumps the

battle never came off. On the islands of Samar, Mindoro and Marinduque, the Japanese resistance was spotty or nonexistent. On Luzon the Japanese gave easily before the main U. S. drive to Manila but fought desperately to keep U. S. forces from the northern part of the island. The Japanese gave up airfields, harbors and cities, keeping the mountains and the less populated northern valley.

With the men who had fought into Manila was LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans. With a U. S. motorized column, Mydans accompanied a daring dash into Manila to rescue the 3,500 Americans interned at Santo Tomás, where Mydans himself had been interned after the fall of Manila in 1942. His account of the liberation of Santo Tomás begins on next page.



# "MY GOD! IT'S CARL MYDANS"

Thus Santo Tomás greeted LIFE photographer when he returned with American rescuers to Manila prison camp

by CARL MYDANS

*For some soldiers and a few civilians who went back to Manila with General MacArthur, the event had an emotional meaning above patriotism or pride in American accomplishment. One of these civilians was LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans, who had been captured in Manila in 1942 by the Japanese and interned, with his wife Shelley, at Santo Tomás camp for more than nine months before leaving the Philippines for ultimate repatriation to the U.S. Back once again in Manila, the sound of gunfire still crackling in his ears, Mydans sat down last week and wrote this simple report of an American's return.*

We were 700 strong, headed by tanks and followed by jeeps, weapon carriers, command cars, trucks and engineering and service outfits, with more tanks bringing up the rear. Our task was to slash through 60 miles of Jap-held terri-

tory to liberate and secure 3,700 American men, women and children who had been interned by the Japanese at camp Santo Tomás in Manila for more than three years. We started on Feb. 1 from a sugar-cane field 60 miles from Manila.

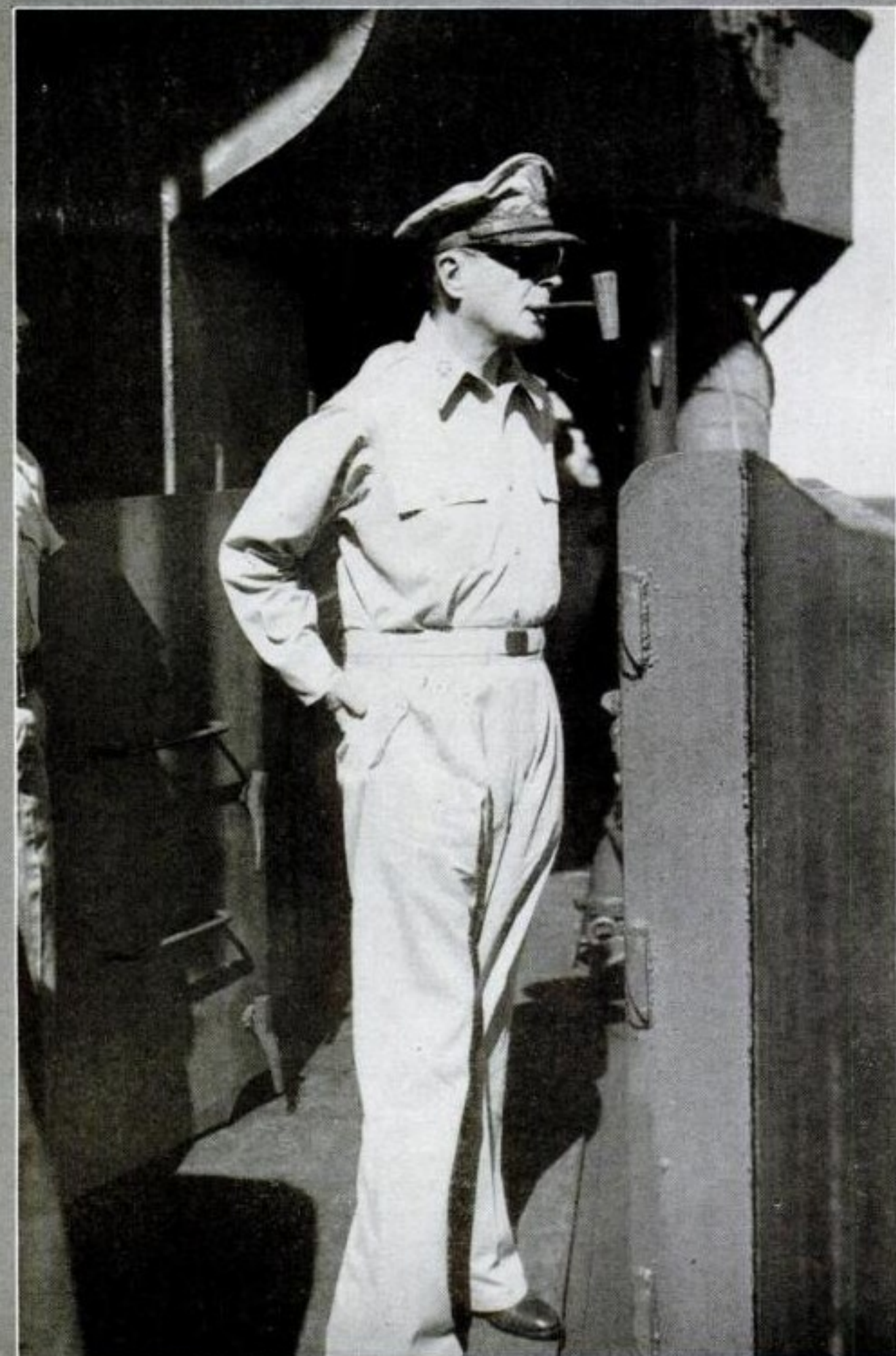
Our outfit, the 2nd Squadron of the 8th Cavalry Regiment of the 1st Cavalry Division, was commanded by Lieut. Colonel Haskett Conner, who gave his final orders to the men in a Luzon sugar-cane field, speaking in a quiet voice to the undertones of tank engines spitting and growling.

The trucks and jeeps were loaded with men and bulged with heavy and light machine guns and 20- and 40-mm. cannon. This was the modern version of a mounted cavalry unit, designed to use mobility and firepower to blast through the Japs, killing those ahead of us, pushing off flank at-

tacks and letting the enemy then flow in behind us after we had passed. It was a proud outfit and it did itself proud.

Late on Feb. 2 we reached Bigaa, 18 miles from Manila. Sometimes we rode on highways, more frequently on carabao paths. In places we cut our way through areas where roads had not been before. We had to ford most of the rivers because the Japs had blown out the bridges. Constantly we ran into pockets of the enemy. But we moved so fast that we met only those surprised along the route. We shot them up with racketing fire of everything from everyone in our train, firing both sides of the road, and kept moving.

We were to break into Manila and enter camp Santo Tomás on Feb. 3. We started from Bigaa in full moonlight precisely at midnight and by dawn we were at the tiny village of Santa Maria where



AT LUZON, HE WALKS ASHORE IN LINGAYEN GULF TO MAKE THE INVASION OFFICIAL



THE HISTORIC MOMENT OVER, THE GENERAL GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS IN A JEEP



the bridge was out and Japs were contesting our river crossing. But we had been through this kind of thing before. Reconnaissance was sent out to find a ford. Our mortars ripped across the river and Jap fire ceased. Then church bells in the village began to toll and that was the old signal the Japs had fled and the village was liberated. A tired lieutenant sprawled at the base of a tree said, "There goes the bell. Another town's been liberated—for a day or two."

### We roll through an ambush

At 10 o'clock we were assembling to push on when a radioman rushed up to Colonel Conner and reported, "Our recon has been ambushed. They're calling for help and mortar fire." In a moment we were all on the move forward, priority being given to those units which were needed at the fight first. Again tanks and mortars did their job and we rolled through burning Jap trucks, houses and Jap bodies. There was no time to examine the battlefield. There were Japs around, so we pushed through and kept going. Every man and every vehicle in the squadron had a fixed position, but there was frequent debate as to whether it was safest at the head or tail of the column.

We would pass through barrio after barrio,

where every man, woman and child would be out waving, shouting victory, handing us flowers, eggs, asking for cigarets, and there could be no doubt of where their warm and deep convictions lay. I was more moved by these people welcoming us than by the victory marches I have been on as we liberated southern France.

Then we would pass into country with barrio after barrio emptied of all its people, pigs and chickens. Here we sat with our guns at the ready, for this was an inevitable sign that Japs were near. "It's almost impossible to prevent ambush when we move troops through the countryside in this manner," Colonel Conner said, looking sharply into the trees on both sides of the road as we passed. "It's about the same thing as following a trail in the jungle. The first men get knocked off."

We rode on into the afternoon and the colonel showed his first impatience. "We ought to have been in Manila by now," he said, and sent a messenger forward with an order to speed up and not stop and fight unless Jap fire was heavy.

The Jap fire became heavier and heavier as we cut down the miles to Manila. Now it was raining and we were wet and the lead tanks were squashing the dirt road into a slippery mess. At Vicente, Jap fire stopped us for an hour. It's an exciting sight to watch well-trained troops run

suddenly into the enemy, halt in a split second, dismount and take cover, move on into the fight. No football team moved with more coordination and cooperation than the 2nd Squadron did that day. In the midst of the fight and with pinging bullets all around, I found myself watching, fascinated at the squadron's fighting skill.

When the last enemy shot was fired, the signal was passed. Every man leaped into his vehicle as he would onto a horse and we were off again, guns blasting from both sides of the road to cover us.

My position was four jeeps back of the two leading tanks and the rattle of their 50s and of intermittent 75s, filled my ears every time we passed a wood or house or knoll that could harbor a Jap. I have not yet got this sound out of my ears and I hear it even now as the typewriters rattle beside me.

### The colonel keeps hurrying

Colonel Conner was pressing his squadron and, as the lead tankman in his turret looked back, we were sure to see the colonel's fisted hand jerking up and down, the signal to speed up. We were now moving into the area where the Japs had not yet blown bridges, and as we roared into Novaliches, eight miles from Manila, it was after 5

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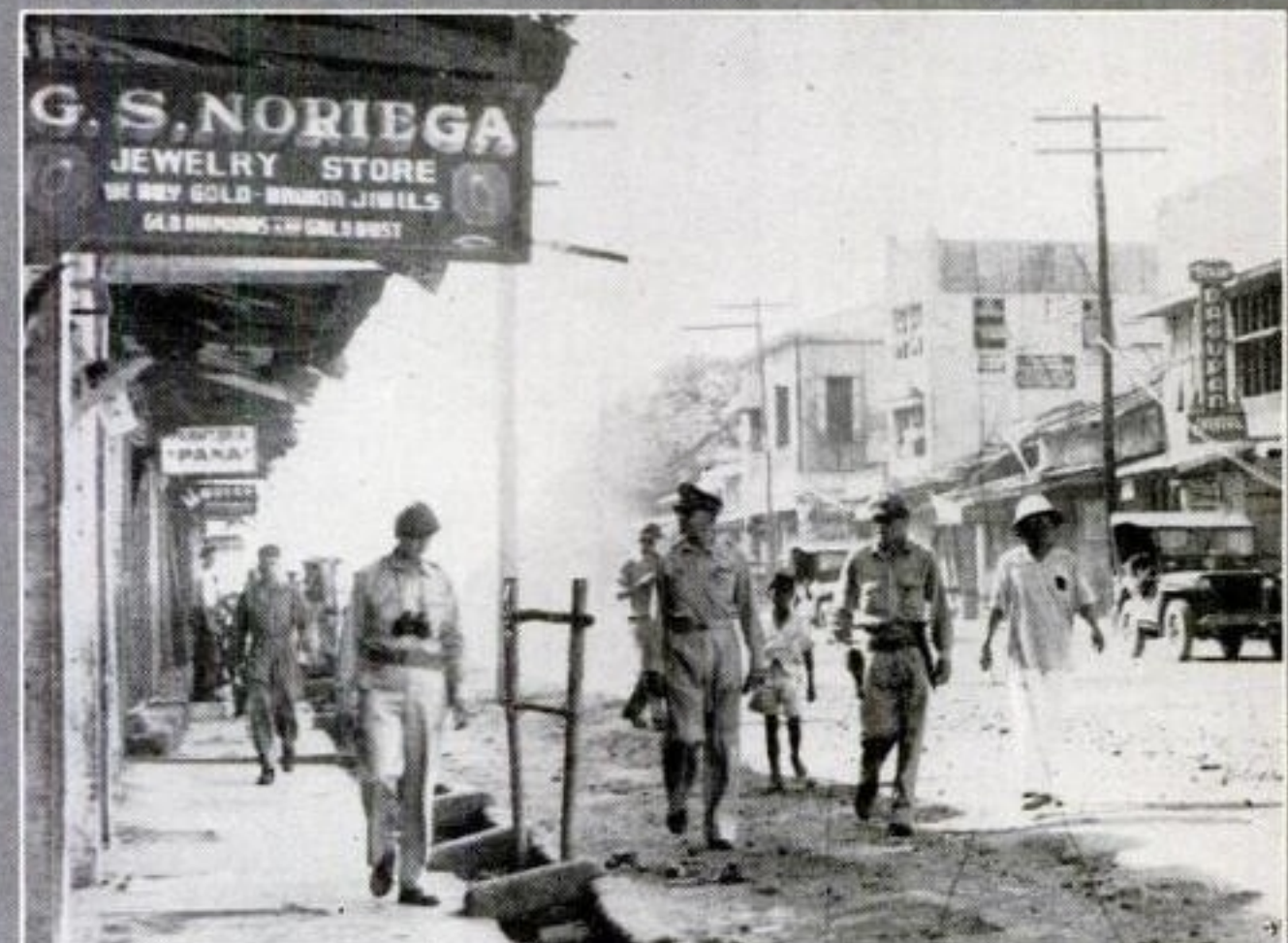
FLANKED BY AIDE AND BODYGUARD, HE STRIDES UP TO THE GENTLY SLOPING BEACH



HIS PARTY REACHES DRY LAND FOLLOWED BY A CROWD OF CURIOUS BEACHHEAD WORKERS



FARTHER INLAND, THE GENERAL'S JEEP CROSSES A TEMPORARY BRIDGE OVER A STREAM



HE LOOKS OVER THE DAMAGE IN DAGUPAN, WHERE HIS MEN FOUGHT THE JAPANESE IN 1941



o'clock. Tanks were just making the turn onto the bridge over the river which headed them due south for Manila when all hell opened up from both sides of the road. Brakes ground to an instant stop and tank hatches closed. We all hit the sides of the road and, behind jeeps and trucks, each column faced outward, covering its side of the road. For a few moments there was heavy firing from the Japs but overpowering concentration from our column cut the enemy's fire down moment by moment. The tanks were now concentrating on a two-story house and, after raking it with machine guns, they burst a 75 into it. Foot soldiers were now combing both sides of the road, shooting small groups of Japs here and there. Major James C. Gerhart, executive officer of the squadron, rushed up and asked Lieut. James P. Sutton of the Navy's Mobile Explosion Investigating Unit, who was attached to us, to "come over here quick, the bridge is mined and the fuse is burning." Sutton, who had been firing steadily beside me from cover of the road, jumped up and, ignoring all cover, followed Gerhart to the bridge. The fuse had about 14 minutes to go. It would have set off over 400 pounds of TNT and 3,000 pounds of picric acid if Sutton had not come up to stop it.

### The major shoots from the waist

Again the colonel's clenched fist jerked up and down and we were on our last leg to Manila. The train was already under way when Gerhart, running to toss himself into his jeep, spotted a Jap running 75 yards away. Without slowing his pace and shooting with his carbine stock at his belly, he drilled the Jap sentry through the back and swung himself on his jeep.

Later, when I commended him on his shooting, he said, "Hell, I've been teaching my boys to shoot from the waist for three years. I sure had to show them I could do it myself." Gerhart comes from Santa Fé, N.M. and is the organizer of the "Revenge Bataan Unit" for New Mexico boys from Carlsbad who were anti-aircraft gunners at Clark Field on Dec. 8 when the war started, and who did such a brilliant job on Bataan. Sgt. Joe Smith, whose story appeared in LIFE (Dec. 22, 1941), is one of their idols.

The sun was setting now in a huge red globe and tenseness in the column increased as we approached the city's outskirts. We had just run through a small group of waving, cheering Filipinos and had a moment to relieve the pain in our backs, shoulders and necks which comes from constant and unconscious stooping to keep low when expecting enemy fire at any second. But now we were again in a deserted area and we were passing a column of loaded Japanese military trucks which had been abandoned by the road. They were intact and loaded with Japanese supplies and we knew they had just been abandoned and Japs were close by in the houses and fields we were passing through.

The men about me looked tired now and word was constantly passed, "Be alert," and there was not a rifle or machine gun in the column which was not pointing outward, trigger fingered.

Suddenly a Chinese boy came up out of a ditch, flagged down our jeep and shouted, "Japanese in cemetery," and pointed to a small hilly cemetery right alongside of us. The men in the jeeps on either side of us had already dismounted and, kneeling or in prone position, were covering when two Japanese jumped up and rushed for the knoll of the cemetery. The cavalry boys, quick on the trigger, fired. The Japs made it over the knoll, right into the 50s of jeeps on the other side of the hill and were cut down. The Chinese boy shouted, "Good, good," and then something waved from behind a gravestone and Gerhart was on it in a flash but the Chinese boy shouted, "No, no. Filipino." We waited until he came out for fear the following cars, with men trained to shoot first and investigate later, would cut him down.

When we got to Grace Park airfield at the edge of Manila the hangars were burning briskly and had obviously just been set. It was getting dark and speed was everything. We passed a street with Japs a hundred yards away, hurriedly getting into trucks, but we let them be. As we entered the north end of Manila itself hysterical Filipinos greeted us.

Suddenly we swung into the area down Rizal Avenue where Filipinos had deserted their shops and homes. I saw someone down the street and waved frantically for him to come up. He would not move. A soldier threatened him with a carbine and he came, slowly, reluctantly. He was Chinese and very nervous. He told us that there were many Japs on the other side of the barricade and that the barricade

**MYDANS STORY CONTINUES ON PAGE 96. STARTING PAGE 24 IS A PICTURE HISTORY OF THE PHILIPPINES**



Rescued American prisoners, sad-eyed and gaunt after three years in Japanese camps, file into an evacuation hospital. These men were rescued by a Ranger raid at Cabanatuan camp.



Exhausted by hike from Cabanatuan, one of the rescued men sleeps crumpled on his side. Some of the prisoners were survivors of "death march" from Bataan to Camp O'Donnell.



Resting happily, another prisoner stretches out on clean blankets and a soft pillow. Many other military and civilian prisoners were released later when Americans entered Manila.





**Filipinos cheer** a single American soldier in Manila. When soldiers came the people swarmed in the streets, shouting, "Vecktory! Mabuhay!" (Tagalog for "Long live!")

## CARL MYDANS AT THE LIBERATION OF SANTO TOMÁS

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was mined. Then he backed off and fled, shouting, "I am afraid. The Japanese will come back. They will kill me."

We pushed on down a side street, returning on Rizal. A quarter mile from the great China University we were brought under fire. It was dark now and we hit the pavement again. Tanks swept the area with guns and then we broke up into two columns. One went straight down Rizal to run into heavy Jap ambush in the university. When it got under windows, Japs opened from every one with light and heavy machine guns and tossed TNT bundles into the three leading trucks. Casualties were heavy before the column was able to gather its wounded and back off.

But my route turned left with Colonel Conner rather than into the ambush and in a few moments the black, swale covered fence of my old prison camp of Santo Tomás was flanking us. For just a moment I felt a flush of illness. This was the moment I'd been living for for three years. But then I was caught in the scramble of dismounted infantry now crouching at the ready as they moved in black silhouetted columns on either side of the vehicles. Fires were burning over much of the city and the red-lighted sky and stealth of the scene and pitch of emotion had me shaking so that my camera bag pounded against me. Behind me was Frank Hewlett of United Press, no less gripped with emotion than I was. We had come all the way together and he had come for his wife Virginia, who got caught in Manila and put in Santo Tomás while Frank went through Bataan and Corregidor and got out to Australia.

### **I go into Santo Tomás**

Half the front gate was open, the inside was black. We shouted and got no answer. Two tanks rumbled up facing the gate and turned on powerful lights. I cut a hole through the fence and looked in but could see nothing. Then we threw up flares. A swale fence had been constructed across the front since my days there, cutting off the view of the building. There was some delay and Frank lay beside me alongside the fence. Then impatience got me and I turned to Frank and said, "The gate's half open and I'm sure the Japs have gone. Let's slip in." Frank followed. As we reached the guardhouse at the gate entrance and approached the grass-covered bunker a Jap jumped from the other side four feet away, shrieked and fired point-blank at us. The blue flame blinded us for a moment as we hit the ground. The bullet had gone neatly between our heads. We lay there for a moment, then dragged ourselves on our stomachs along the side of the fence, breathing hard. Frank said simply, "There are Japs in there."

Then, like many such scenes in war, I never did know the sequence for as I moved over toward Colonel Conner, who was directing the operation on foot by the edge of the road, someone shouted



"grenade!" and I hit the ground with my face in the gutter. Several men were wounded near by.

Then Colonel Conner shouted to the leading tank: "Run that tank in through the fence," and behind him to several men huddled together, "Keep the flares going up as she goes in."

The "Battling Basic" medium tank got straightened away and walked through the concrete fence as if it were corrugated paper. The area was bright now for flares were hanging overhead. There was shooting behind us and on the other side of the camp. Jeeps with headlights on followed in and then the infantry, which spread out at once. Frank and I walked up to the second fence and I could see the building as I had once seen it before. There was the "big house" I had lived in so long. I walked farther in and shouted, "Any Americans in there?" There was no answer. Later we learned they had answered me with a chorus of "Yes, yes" but we did not hear them. Then tank lights caught three Japs with rifles in the beam and we took cover.

### **"It's been so long"**

A moment later a long-coated American appeared from nowhere. He was an internee. He said simply, "You Americans?" A few voices answered tiredly, "Yes."

"Good," he said, "I'll lead you in."

Two tanks were just ahead and foot soldiers moved forward over the driveway outside of the main building where my wife Shelley and I had paced back and forth for so long. Frank and I were right behind the tank. Then our guide said suddenly, "There's a Jap machine-gun nest on the left side of the building," and as the tanks and soldiers turned left, I shouted to Frank, "I'm going in across the lawn," and I made my last dash with Frank behind me. I tripped once, recovered myself and pushed into an hysterical mob of internees waving, shouting, screaming, some weeping. The feeble, shadowy light from several candles only partly lighted the large lobby. I could not say anything, the din was so terrific. Hands just felt me, pressed me, and voices cried, "Thank God you are here." "It's been so long."

Crowds pressed in on me so closely that I could not move and then suddenly the crowd picked me up, 40-pound camera kit and all, and passed me from hand to hand overhead.

I was helpless, nor was I able to talk above the din. Then I was put down and a stern voice rang above all the others. "You are an American soldier? Put the light on yourself so we can see." I turned the flashlight on myself and said, "I'm Carl Mydans."

For a moment no one said anything. Then a woman's voice came, "Carl Mydans. My God! It's Carl Mydans," and Betty Wilborne broke through the crowd and threw her arms around my neck and cried.

I was pushed through the crowds to the stairs in the main lobby with shouts of "speech" and for a moment I was unable to talk. I mumbled something about I never knew how good it could feel to be back here in Santo Tomás. Then I made my way out of the building, everyone feeling me, holding on to me as I struggled through the crowd. I brushed past a woman holding a weeping child. "No, darling, no," she was saying, "he's an American. He's an American soldier. They have come for us, darling. Don't be afraid."

Outside I found a sight I had dreamed about many times. In the brilliant light beside the Battling Basic stood three Japanese in officers' uniforms, ringed by soldiers pointing rifles at them. The Japanese were part of the administrative staff of this and other prison camps on Luzon. But they were strangers to me. The staff I knew had left some time ago.

Now I was aware of the crowds in the windows above, cheering and cheering. They had been there during my dash across the lawn but I was unaware of them. "God bless America." "Oh what a sight for sore eyes you are." "Oh how long we've waited," were some of the things they shouted at us.

### **The Japs hold hostages**

Suddenly there was firing in the Education Building to the right of the main building. There were 65 Jap officers and men in there with 221 American internees. The Japs were on the second floor, Americans on the third. The Education Building was the newest in the compound and was of steel reinforced concrete. All night we attempted to break into the building but the Japs had an overwhelming advantage. They went up to the third floor with the Americans so that our shooting into the second was useless.



Intermittently during Feb. 4 there were short exchanges of fire between our men surrounding the building under cover and the Japs inside, and we suffered some light casualties as the day wore on. Many women in the main building had husbands in the structure under siege and the strain was growing throughout the camp. So that night Lieut. Colonel Charles E. Brady walked into the Japanese lair and discussed a compromise with the Japanese commanding officer, Colonel Hayashi. Japanese demands were clear and short: safe conduct into the area of Manila where they would have a fair chance of fighting their way out; each man carrying side arms, rifles, ammunition and rations. His alternative was clear, too: the lives of the 221 Americans who were his hostages within the building. Hayashi strutted back and forth, suddenly reached both hands over his hips where hung two pistols and, glaring at Colonel Brady, flipped the pistols back and forth into their holsters.

Brady is a dapper officer with a waxed mustache who hails from West Orange, N. J. Later in reporting this meeting to General Chase he said, "My right hand twitched so I had to twirl my mustache."

That night the decision was made. The first job was to save the lives of the American internees. Jap demands were agreed to.

### **The enemy is escorted out**

In the predawn darkness of the next morning one of the strangest dramas of the war took place. Colonel Brady addressed the troops lined up before the Education Building in the area which, for a few hours, was no man's land. "Men, there are 65 Japs in that building and we're going to give them safe conduct out. They will have side arms and rifles but no machine guns or grenades. We shall march in a column of two with columns of Japanese between us. I want each man to carry his rifle with a cartridge in the chamber and with the rifle off his shoulder. Each man is to cover a Jap. At a certain point agreed between the Japs and me, we will halt and they will continue. Under no condition is any man to be trigger happy. We hope to get away with it without anyone being hurt. But if they shoot first, get them."

Headed by their officers, the Japanese came out. As they appeared our men tensed up and fingers played with triggers. These Americans had seen many Japs before but they had always shot at them or were shot at. There was nervousness all around.

Brady gave the command, headed the column and started off. There was firing in the city as we marched down side streets. Colonel Brady warned the Filipinos who were rushing out at this strange sight to be silent and stay back.

There were many stops and conferences between Brady and Hayashi as to where they would go and how far, the Japanese urging us to conduct them farther and farther. But at Legarda and Aviles Streets Brady called a halt and told Hayashi, "This is as far as we go. This is the front line. You are on your own." Hayashi now showed nervousness for the first time. He talked with two of his officers, then sent them forward a block. They came back and Hayashi again asked for further safe conduct, but Brady shook his head. "This is where we leave you."

Then Hayashi called a command, turned to Brady and saluted smartly. Brady returned it as the Japanese fell in step and began to move forward. As they passed out of our column, each officer and each man either saluted or bowed to Brady.

Ahead of the Japs down Legarda was massed a large troop of Filipinos and, as the Jap column approached them, several Filipinos near us broke out of line. Brady shouted, "Stand back and keep quiet." At this advice one of the Filipinos yelled loudly in Tagalog to the mass across the street. They broke and ran, madly stumbling into each other. The Japs with their backs to us now could see only the Filipinos. They broke ranks, falling and tripping over each other, taking cover in doorways. Only their officers forward held ranks.

Then Hayashi rushed back and pushed and shoved his men back into formation and they disappeared up the street. The last little act of disorder and utter fear on the part of the Japs had ruined their whole carefully planned show.

### **I walk the old walks**

The situation in Santo Tomás had changed much since I left there Sept. 12, 1942. All access to outside supplementary foodstuffs had been discontinued by the Japanese. There is not one of the 3,700 people in Santo Tomás who isn't suffering from malnutrition, and most of them are so thin that I did not recognize them.

I walked the same walks Shelley and I had been over so many



times, stood in the same food line where we had stood so long, washed at the same troughs and saw the same lines of people standing patiently to get to the shabby toilets. There were the same old hats and the same old clothes the people wore when I was there. But they were mended and remended. And there was the same docility on the part of the internees toward us that the Japs had so indoctrinated into us. Even with husky welcoming Americans on the main gate the internees would not venture past the swale fence which marked the out-of-bounds area. Three years of Jap militarism left its mark on our people and many of them, like withered plants, will not begin to perk their heads up again until nourishment restores the vitality which humans must have to live.

This does not mean that our people are a broken people. They are anything but that. There is not one of them who has not kept faith these long three years. There is not one of them but knew we were coming back. Their only comment has been, "It's been a long time."

Sunday morning we raised the American flag over Santo Tomás. The internees stood by breathlessly as the colors were carried to the front of the building. They shouted and cheered when they were raised. Then someone started singing *God Bless America* and the entire camp picked it up. I have never heard it sung as it was sung that day. I have never heard people singing *God Bless America* and weeping openly. And they have never seen soldiers—hard-bitten youngsters such as make up the 1st Cavalry—stand unashamed and weep with them.

### The children understand

Apart from liberation and the food that came with it, nothing had meant more to the internees. And to the internees today the GIs are the epitome of everything that is great and good. They talk about them endlessly. They are amazed at the quiet way they speak to each other. "Perhaps it's because they've lived in the jungle so long," one internee explained. They are struck by the politeness they have toward one another, and by their cooperation and generosity. They are amused at their "duckhunting caps and duckhunting pockets." Many were moved to tears when, several days later, they learned that the soldiers who spearheaded in there with streamlined rations gave everything they had to the internees the first few hours in camp and went several days without any themselves until additional supplies arrived. But mostly they are thrilled by the kind of army we've now got. When they last saw us, we were different. They stand in little groups admiring the tanks, sitting in jeeps, taking helmet liners from helmets. They beg for little bits of Army clothing—hats, insignia, canteen covers, anything that they can have or wear that makes them feel a part of us again. My hat went in the first few hours and no appeal could bring it back.

The youngsters are playing soldiers now, too. They say things the youngsters back home have never thought to say. "I am a soldier. I am an American soldier." The children here are worldly-wise. Perhaps nobody understands the Japanese better than they. Sgt. Homer Brown of Tucson was confused when, marching away with the group of Japanese civilian administrators of the camp, he was met with a chorus of tiny voices shouting, "Make them bow. Make them bow."



**President Osmeña's family**, who hid in the hills during part of Japanese occupation, walked 50 miles to join U. S. forces. From left: Ramon, Victor, Mrs. Osmeña, Rosie.





THE MEDICS BRING OUT INFANTRYMEN WHO WERE WOUNDED  
WHEN JAPANESE ARTILLERY SHELLED THEM IN THE HILLS



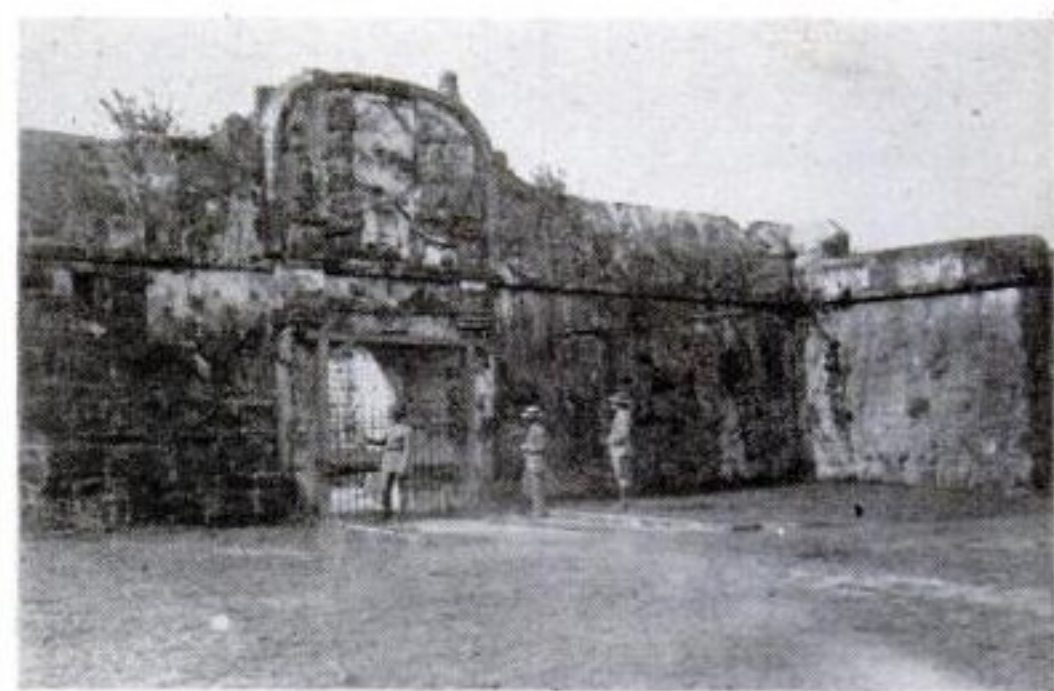
# THE RECAPTURE OF MANILA IS THE LATEST CHAPTER IN MODERN PHILIPPINE HISTORY



**1—Magellan's landing** in 1521 opened the Philippines to the Western world. He landed on Cebu, a month later was slashed to death by bamboo spears invading island of Mactan, hostile to his Cebu friends.



**2—Spanish rule** began in 1565 with Conquistador Legazpi. Vestiges like Manila's Santiago gate (*above*) remain.



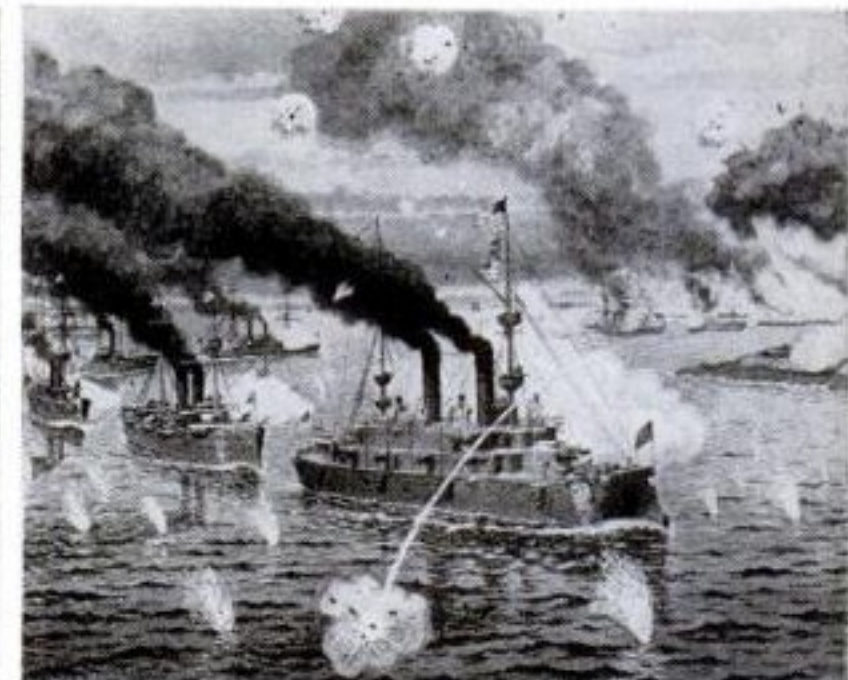
**3—British landed** in 1762 at Fort San Antonio de Abad near Manila, chief interruption to Spanish rule. They left in 1764. The Spaniards taught the Filipinos Christianity and Spanish but at cost of gold and continual levies.



**4—José Rizal**, greatest Philippine patriot, was the first to criticize Spanish rule as people grew restive. Though he advocated peaceful reforms, the Spaniards executed him during 1896 rebellion. His birthday is still celebrated (*above*) before his many monuments.



**5—Emilio Aguinaldo**, fiery insurgent commander, led armed revolt that was sparked by gentle Rizal's death.



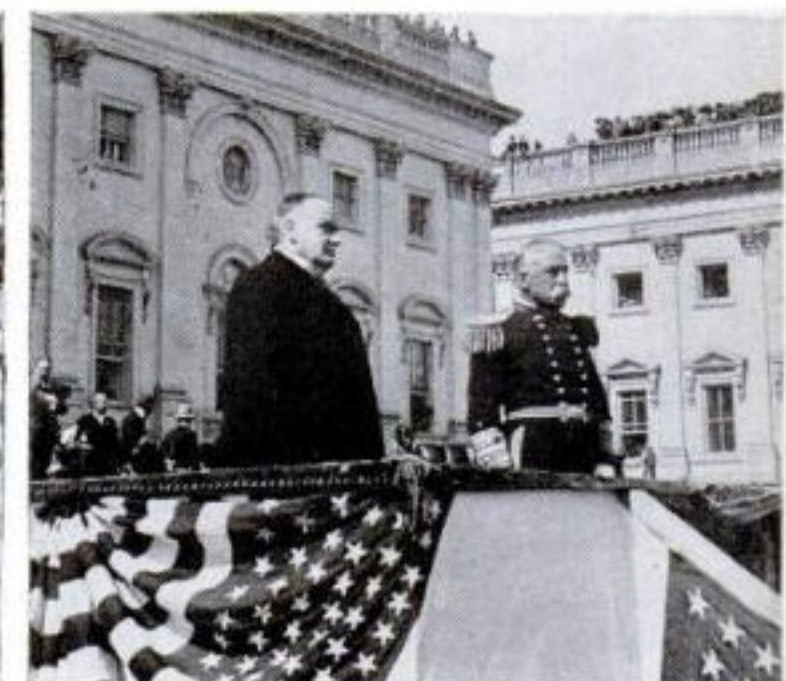
**6—In Battle of Manila Bay** on May 1, 1898 Commodore George Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet and helped decide Spanish-American War. Peace treaty gave U. S. the islands.



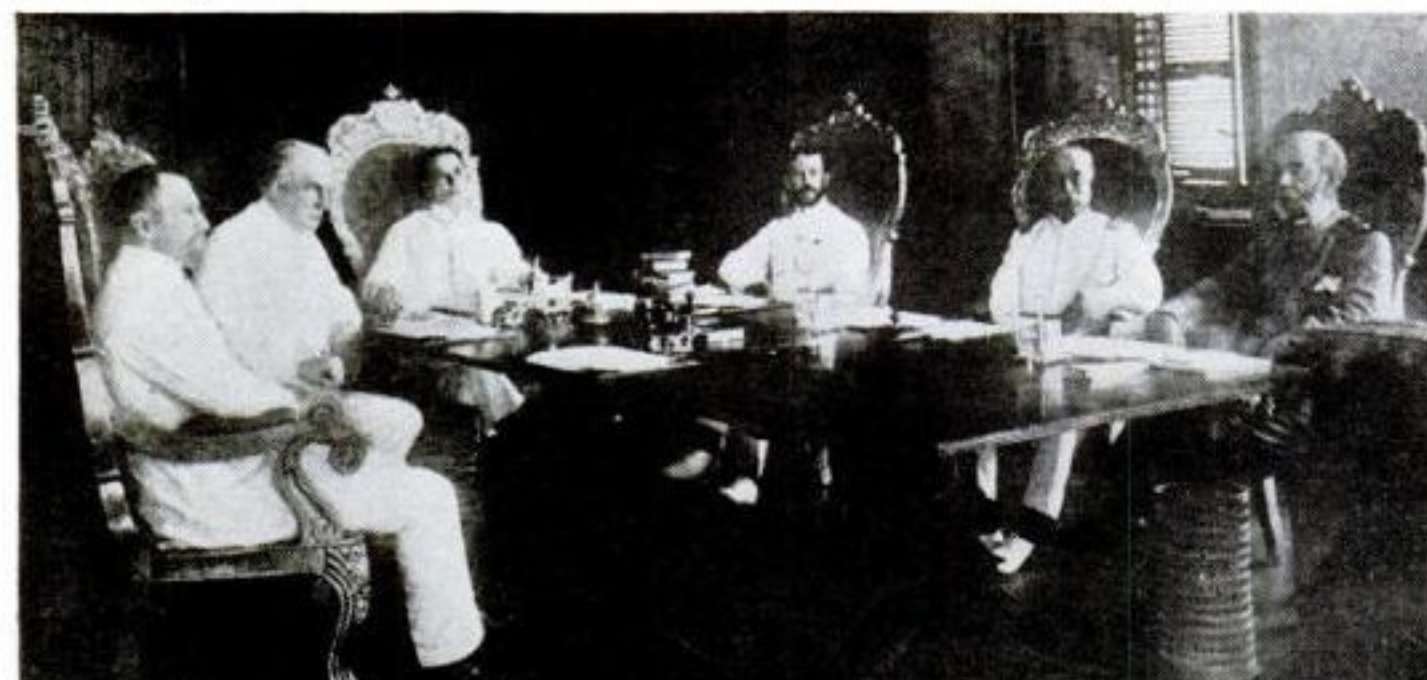
**7—American flag rose** over Philippine strongholds after U. S. had put down Filipino insurrection led by Aguinaldo who had thought a U.S. victory would mean immediate freedom for the islands.



**8—Many Filipino prisoners** were taken by U. S. in insurrection that largely ended in 1901 with Aguinaldo's capture. Aguinaldo swore allegiance to U. S. In 1941, then 72, he turned Jap quisling.



**9—President McKinley**, who set policy of sympathy with and aid for Filipinos, gave Dewey a reception and ornate sword when "Hero of Manila Bay" came home.



**10—First Philippine Commission**, appointed by McKinley, included Dewey (*second from right*). To study conditions, it visited the islands while insurrectionist fighting was going on, reported the U. S. "cannot withdraw . . . duty binds us to remain . . . Filipinos are wholly unprepared for independence."



**11—John J. Pershing** (*second from left*), standing with staff officers, saw service as a major in Philippine campaign and fought Moros in Mindanao. Philippine campaigns also gave training to other World War I Generals, including Bliss, Liggett, Bullard.



# WHICH BEGAN WHEN MAGELLAN LANDED DURING MAN'S FIRST TRIP AROUND THE WORLD



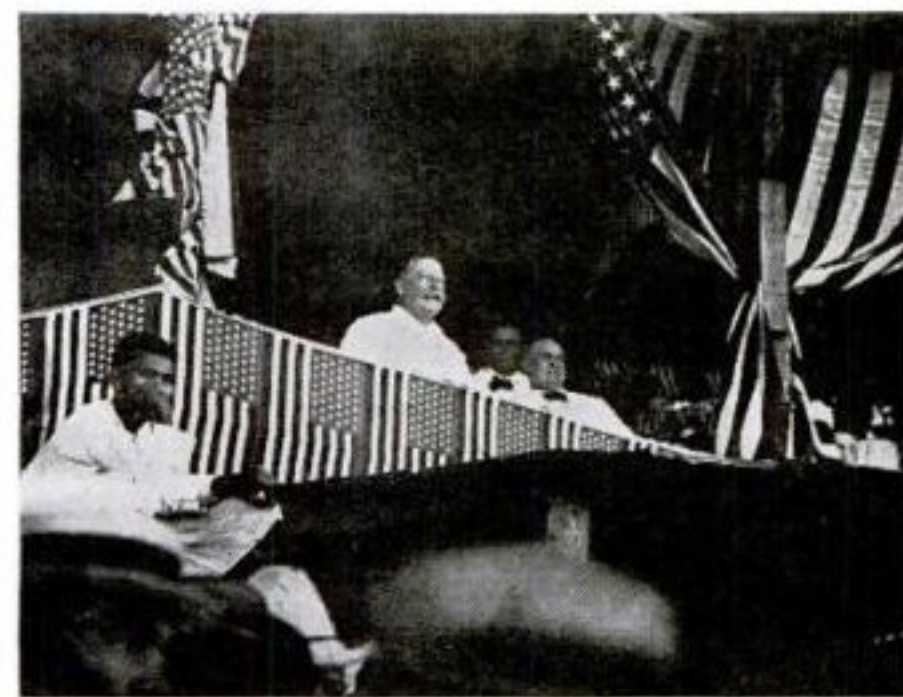
**12—General Arthur MacArthur**, Douglas' father, accepted insurgent Manuel Quezon's surrender, was first military governor.



**13—Elihu Root**, then Secretary of War, drafted the form of Philippine government designed to fit needs of Filipinos.



**14—Manuel Quezon**, after insurrection failed, turned skill to winning freedom peacefully.



**15—William Howard Taft**, shown at a Manila baseball game, became first U. S. governor general in 1901. He advocated increasing self-government for Filipinos: "Philippines for the Filipinos."



**16—The first Philippine assembly**, elected in 1907, included Manuel Quezon as floor leader, and Sergio Osmeña as speaker. The islands had the status of an unincorporated territory. The assembly had some legislative power and gave the people a direct voice in their own lawmaking. It was the first representative body of the islands.



**17—W. Cameron Forbes**, governor-general from 1909 to 1913, built a fine highway system, many schools.



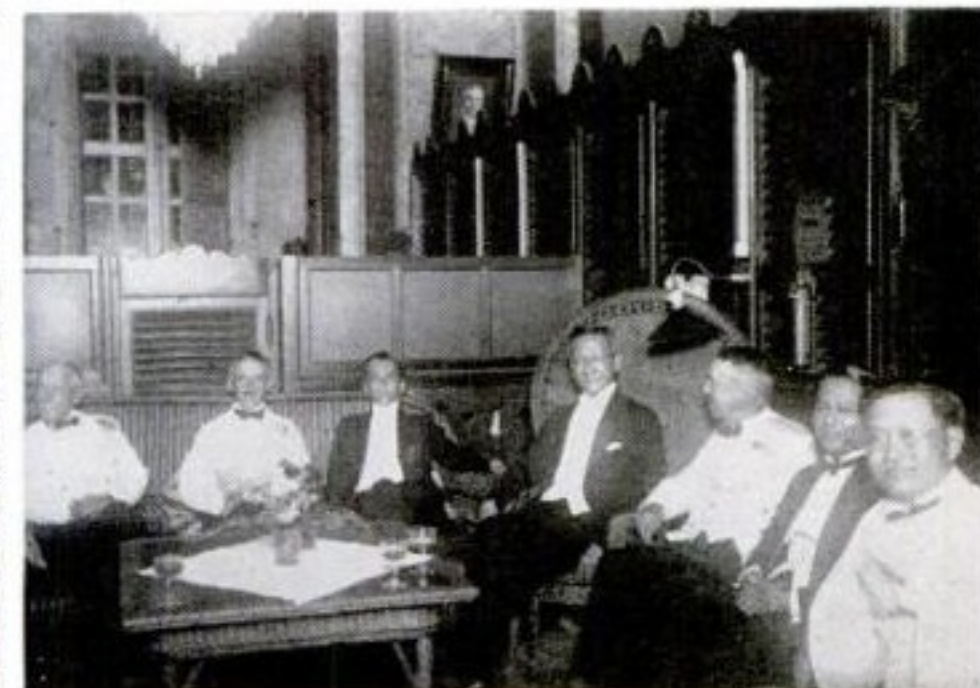
**18—Francis B. Harrison**, governor-general from 1913 to 1921, replaced many U. S. officials with Filipinos.



**19—General Leonard Wood** (uniform), succeeding Harrison, found island's finances tangled, currency depreciated. He replaced many of Harrison's Filipino appointees with Americans, became unpopular.



**20—Quarter century of independence** was celebrated in 1923 with Wood (speaking) and Aguinaldo (seated second left) reliving battles.



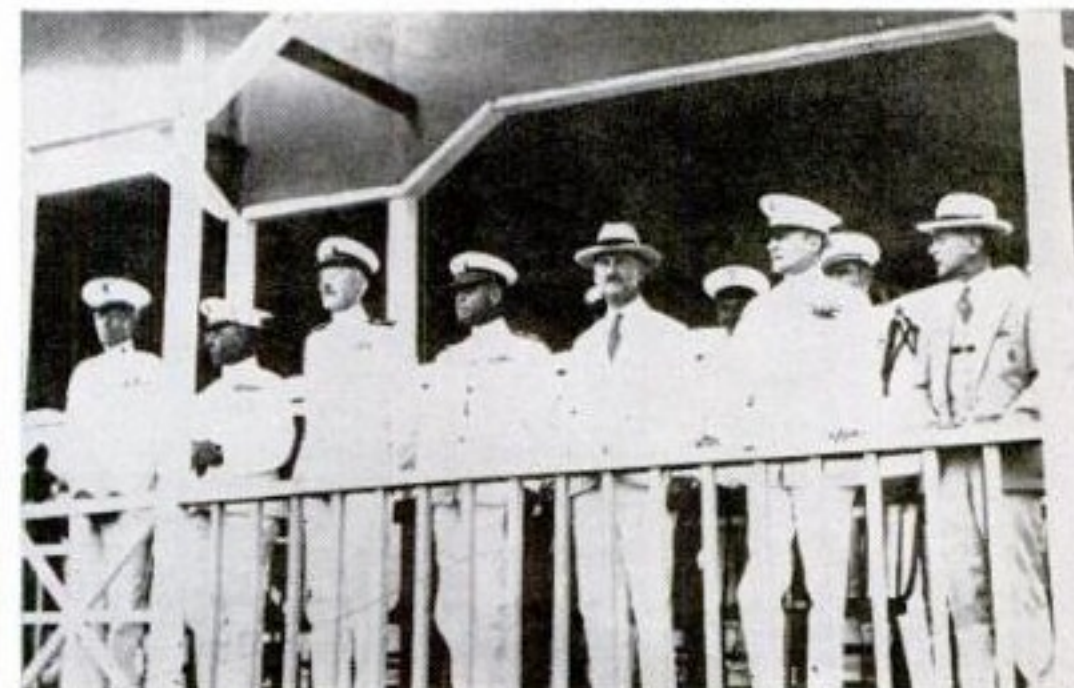
**21—Henry L. Stimson** (second from the left) was a popular governor general in 1928-29 and was tendered a state dinner by Quezon (at his left with Osmeña). Quezon was now president of the Philippine senate.



**22—Election demonstration**, by Filipinos opposing autonomy, occurred just before a vote to decide whether independence should be delayed. Stimson counseled delay and in balloting delay won overwhelmingly.



**23—Deep-sea fishing** occupied a part of Stimson's time during an inspection tour of the Philippines.



**24—General Douglas MacArthur** stood (second from right) next to Stimson during a troop review before Stimson left to become Secretary of State under President Hoover. MacArthur was then commander of U. S. Philippine forces.



# THE PHILIPPINES' STEADY PROGRESS TOWARD A RICHER, MORE SELF-GOVERNED LIFE



**25—Dwight F. Davis** (left, during official reception) became governor general in 1929. He had previously been Coolidge's Secretary of War, was more famous as donor of Davis Cup for tennis.



**26—"Mona Lisa smile"** of Davis became famous. He visited 42 of 49 provinces in his first year, a record.



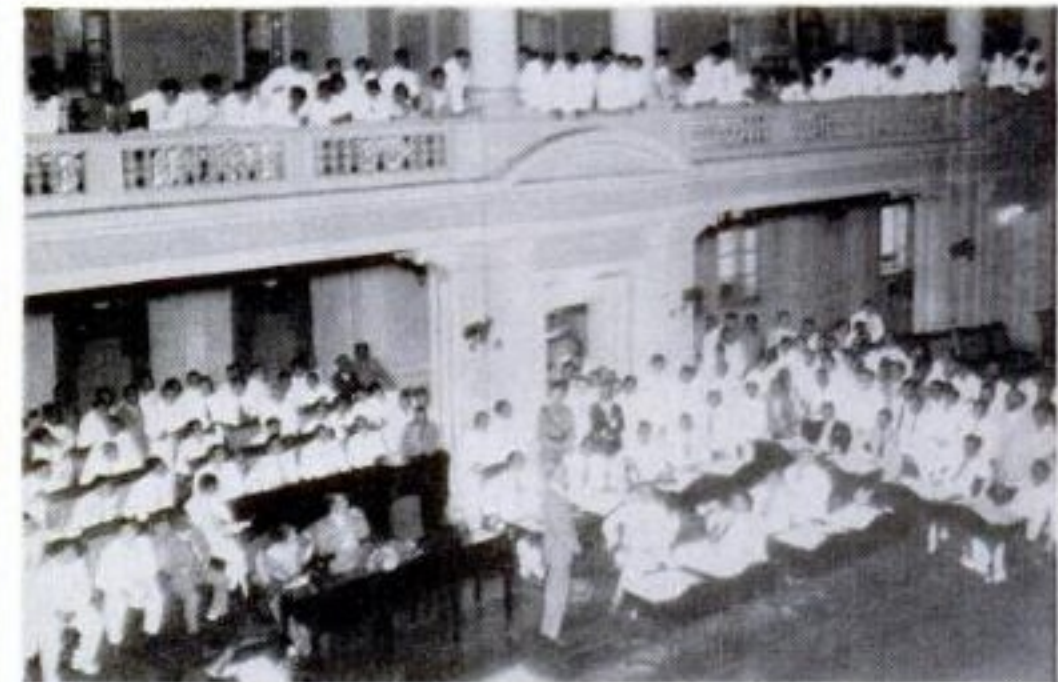
**27—First ball**, opening the Manila league's 1929 season, is thrown by Davis. The Filipinos embraced American sports, culture and slang. Children learned English in school and more Filipinos spoke English than Spanish. Most used native dialects.



**28—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr.** arrived at Manila to succeed Davis in 1932. Very energetic, he spent his first 14 hours there shaking hands. He proved to have a lively sympathy for the "little man."



**29—Philippine flag** is given Roosevelt after his term. The flag now hangs in Roosevelt's home in Oyster Bay, L. I.



**30—Philippine legislature**, modeled on the U.S. Senate-and-House plan, had been established in 1916. In 1933 U.S. Congress voted Philippine independence but legislature refused it, fearing U.S. tariff walls against islands.



**31—Frank Murphy**, now a Supreme Court Justice, was first Catholic since 1909 to become chief executive of the predominantly Catholic Philippines. Above, he attends a Manila mass.



**32—MacArthur** in 1935 was the U.S. Army chief of staff, warned Philippine defenses were perilously antiquated.



**33—An inspection tour** of islands was made by Murphy nine months after his arrival. Under Philippine Commonwealth, established in 1935 as step to full independence, Murphy was given the less authoritative post of U.S. high commissioner.



**34—President Roosevelt** signed approval of the Philippine-drawn constitution on March 23, 1935. It gave the Commonwealth self-government although U.S. retained direction of finances and foreign affairs.



**35—First president** of new Commonwealth was Quezon, who took oath on Nov. 15, 1935 outside the Philippine Legislative building.



**36—Paul V. McNutt**, at upper right in mess jacket drinking a toast at a formal dinner, succeeded Murphy as commissioner and got into dispute by issuing orders that he was to be toasted before Quezon.



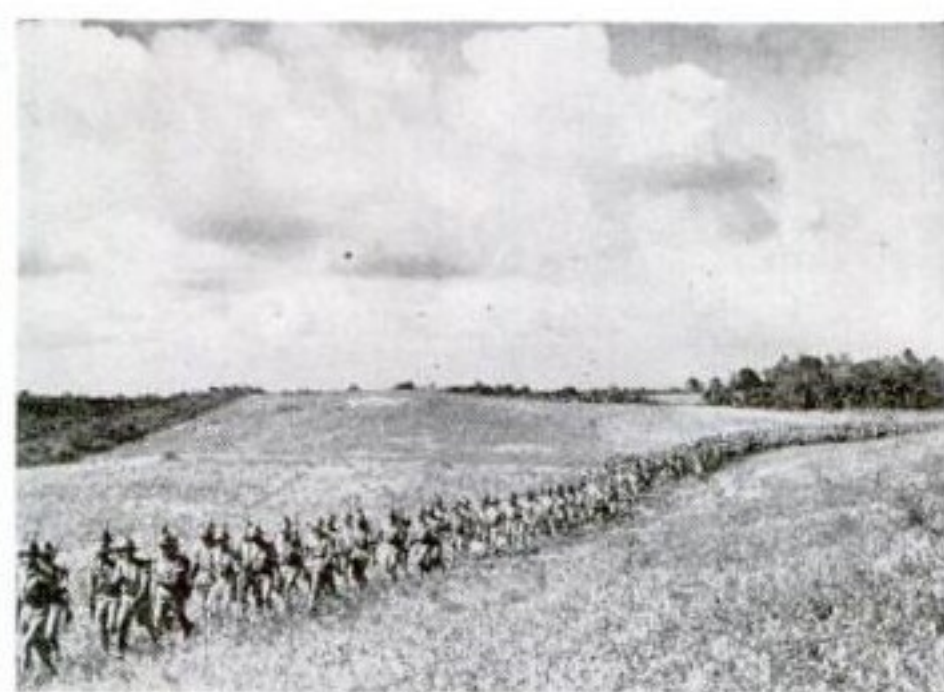
# WAS BROUGHT TO A SUDDEN BUT TEMPORARY END WHEN THE JAPANESE SEIZED THEM



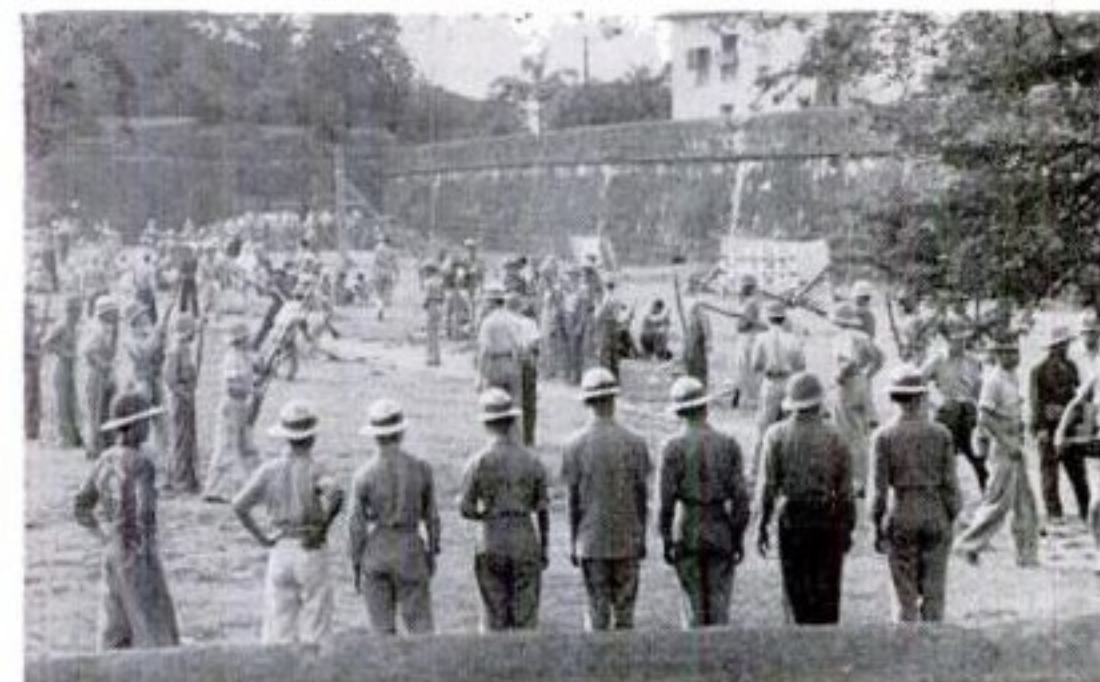
**37—Admiral Nomura, Jap navy chief (white hat and suit), visited the Philippines in 1940—to check on Jap colonists' health, he said. Colonists, who grew hemp on Davao, boldly mapped the island's terrain.**



**38—MacArthur and Quezon worked together to strengthen island defenses after general became field marshal of Philippines in 1936.**



**39—As war loomed Philippine troops, American-trained and armed, intensified their preparations for island defense. They were fervently loyal to the nation that treated them as "little brown brothers."**



**40—Recruiting of Filipino civilians for possible emergency military service began months before Pearl Harbor. They responded and drilled enthusiastically but little equipment was available until shortly before the war's outbreak.**



**41—Week before war began Manila's traffic rolled as usual. But tension gripped the city, air-raid drills and trial evacuations were held.**



**42—After Jap Invasion, the Filipinos fought valiantly, surrendered only to superior Japanese force. Their courage and persistence won the genuine admiration of U. S. soldiers.**



**43—Corregidor's garrison surrendered after defending last American stronghold 28 days. Acting on orders, MacArthur escaped to Australia.**



**44—Town of Mariveles on Bataan looked like this after savage Jap bombing leveled a number of its buildings. Many Filipinos took to the hills and, sometimes commanded by escaped Americans, continued to harry the Japanese by guerrilla warfare for three years.**



**45—Jap flag was raised over Manila on Jan. 2, 1942. The Japs promised the Filipinos independence but meanwhile abused and robbed them.**



**46—Aged and ailing Quezon, with his cabinet, administered the government-in-exile from a Washington hotel while U. S. fought its way back. Here gray-haired Osmeña sits at his right. Quezon died Aug. 1, 1944, 11 weeks before Americans made first Philippine landing on Leyte.**



**47—Back to the islands at last came the Philippine Commonwealth government in October 1944 and the new President, Sergio Osmeña (third from right) began administering Philippine affairs on Leyte. Osmeña made a quick trip back to U. S., is now reported to be in Manila.**



# RETURN TO THE PHILIPPINES

NOW WE HAVE AN ALLY INSTEAD OF AN EMPIRE—BUT NO LESS RESPONSIBILITY

"I shall return," said General Douglas MacArthur, fleeing Bataan in 1942. "I have returned," he said at Leyte Gulf, and last week he entered flaming, weeping Manila. When MacArthur hurls the cape of history over his shoulder, he often conceals as much drama as he makes. More than 40 years of American Far Eastern adventure lay behind that entrance; adventure more real to no American than to Douglas MacArthur himself.

His father, Arthur MacArthur, was a general in the U. S. Army that first occupied Manila in August 1898. His father saw Aguinaldo captured; as military governor he gave the first organized training to Filipino troops. To Douglas MacArthur, Manila is a home. There, ten years ago, he buried his mother; there he courted his wife. And there, his U. S. military career seemingly over, he took an old man's job in 1936 as field marshal for the new Philippine Commonwealth, creating an army for his good friend Manuel Quezon.

When he was restored to active service in the U. S. Army in July 1941, he had six months to merge the U. S. and Philippine forces into one force for defense against the Jap. One force they were, all the way down Bataan. One force they remained during the dark three years of occupation, linked by jungle radios and an occasional submarine or plane. In the seams of their clothing the Filipino guerrillas treasured U. S. news leaflets with Douglas MacArthur's picture on them. For the Filipinos revere MacArthur and even credit him with superhuman powers. Who else could have diverted the expected typhoon before the landing on Leyte or reduced the surf at Lingayen Gulf to its lowest ebb in native memory? He brought Tommy guns of new designs; the Filipinos, never more than a few months behind Chicago in U. S. slang, dubbed them "Flash Gordons."

MacArthur's career spans all of U. S.-Philippine history. To Filipinos he owes the chance that has proved him a truly great general. And he is himself the culmination of an old island tradition: that Americans are supermen, the half-divine protectors and deliverers of William Howard Taft's "little brown brother."

## Ghosts of Malacañan

What will happen to that tradition now? What will happen to the Philippines and to the U. S. Far Eastern policy which, however halfheartedly, was mainly forged around them? One key to the future of that policy is an appreciation of its past.

The imperialists—Teddy Roosevelt, Mahan, Lodge, Beveridge and the rest—sold America the Philippines as a door to vast trade with China. It never developed. So the

islands became a moral responsibility instead, and the favorite subject of every high-school debating society. The affirmative and negative of that debate, like the two parts of a Greek chorus, were for 40 years the whole tedious rhythm of life for the Filipinos.

Taft, our first proconsul, at once imported a whole boatload of American schoolteachers, one thousand strong, to prepare the natives for democracy. Arthur MacArthur's soldiers, still chasing insurrectors, sang "He may be a brother of William H. Taft, but he ain't no friend of mine." The American business colony in Manila also differed with their fellow Republican. Bill Taft believed in racial assimilation, and to assert his belief he led a ball at Malacañan, his beautiful governor's palace, with a young Filipino's white bride. But the American Chamber of Commerce in Manila was still drawing the color line when Clark Field was bombed. U. S. capital, discouraged by schizophrenic government policy, never went eagerly to Manila nor sent its best types of men there. Nor did an American Kipling arise to sing the Philippines. To write *The Sultan of Sulu* George Ade never left Indiana.

But William Cameron Forbes covered Luzon with roads, and after him Wilson's appointee, F. Burton Harrison, launched the modern era. Announcing that his every step would be taken in preparation for ultimate independence, he fired Americans from government jobs by the score, replacing them with natives. He even acknowledged that he owed his own job to a native, young Manuel Quezon, who had started politicking in Washington (as resident commissioner) shortly before. Even in fiscal matters Harrison gave the Filipinos their head; so much so that when the Republicans came back, Proconsul Leonard Wood's assignment was generally described as "an Augean task."

## An Admiral's Prediction

No nonsense under Leonard Wood! (Considerable progress, however.) When Henry Stimson succeeded him, the fun-loving Filipinos wept with grateful relief because Mrs. Stimson adopted native dress and restored to Malacañan a native dance, the *rigodon de honor*. Dwight Davis, T. R. Jr., Frank Murphy—by their time the proconsulship was just our most iridescent political plum. None of them failed to clear every important decision with Quezon. In 1935 Quezon moved into Malacañan itself, for he was now president of a Commonwealth by virtue of the Tydings-McDuffie Act; and Murphy, the last proconsul, took rented quarters to signify his demotion to high commissioner.

But Commissioner Paul McNutt aligned himself with the "re-examinationists," second-thinkers about the complete independence which, under the terms of Tydings-Mc-

Duffie Act, was to engulf the Philippines in 1946. Among these second-thinkers, in his candid moments, was the late Manuel Quezon. For, as independence approached, everybody began to remember what Admiral Dewey had predicted. In 40 to 50 years, he said, these islands would be seized by Japan, just as he had seized them.

Arthur MacArthur's soldiers used to sing,  
*Damn, damn, damn the Filipino*  
*Pockmarked khakiac ladrone. . . .*

But he isn't pockmarked any more. He is five inches taller than he was 40 years ago; he is no longer prey to cholera and bubonic plague; his population has more than doubled (to 18,000,000). These, and the 50% literacy, are direct fruits of U. S. rule.

Another and bitterer fruit is that whereas the islands did less than 20% of their trade with the U. S. in 1900, they were doing more than 75% when the Jap came. The Philippine economy was distorted to fit the gold, sugar, coconut oil and fiber markets of America. And it was the American competitors of these products—the beet and Cuban sugar producers, the dairy and cottonseed oil producers—who really gave the Philippines their independence. For the Tydings-McDuffie Act gradually excludes Philippine products from U. S. free trade. From the consequences of this hypocrisy, only the Jap has saved us—and only temporarily.

## Our Eastern Ally

Today the Philippines are a member, in excellent standing, of the United Nations. They have won their freedom by fighting as the MacArthurs taught them to fight; they have also seen ex-supermen tortured and humiliated by our common enemy; and their loyalty, in Claude Buss's words, is "no longer to us but with us to common ideals." Ideals which they first heard only 40 years ago, from Bill Taft's thousand teachers.

On our part, these ideals mean that the more genuinely independent are the Philippines, the more binding is our duty not to desert them or to cut them adrift in the political typhoons of the Far East. We are indebted to the Filipino for a great lesson: that trade is not the only motive or test of foreign policy. It seems we had to play at empire in order to discover that we have a major role in the Far East. We have recovered the empire to find that it has become an ally instead. Since that is so; since we do not seek dominion; since our Philippine adventure (as such adventures go) has worked out surprisingly well; and since Paul McNutt was not far wrong when he called the Philippines a "happy spot in an unhappy Orient"—then why has not democracy a wider application in Asia and we a right and duty to promote it? Allies linked by common ideals and memories are the best kind a nation can have.