



Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo Broadcasting From the Front Lines on Leyte on the Progress of the Liberating Forces.

The Filipinos: Their Aims, Aspirations, Accomplishments

SEE THE PHILIPPINES RISE. By Carlos P. Romulo. 273 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. \$2.75.

By GEN. JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT

TO me the book "I See the Philippines Rise" is an unusually moving story. It is not a novel. It is a stirring, straightforward account which is a sequel to Romulo's first book, "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines." I say that the story is unusually moving to me because of the fact that I know the author; I know the setting of which he writes, and I know the people of the Philippines.

Romulo, in this most recent book, is telling his own story of his life in the United States after the fall of Bataan, of his return to Hollandia, of his voyage from Hollandia to Leyte, where MacArthur's overwhelming forces first struck at the bewildered

and unprepared Japanese forces in the Philippines. He tells of his own sorrows, his own problems and his own fears—particularly of his own fears, because he had been separated from his family since that memorable Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1941, when he had gone with MacArthur to Corregidor. Throughout the story runs this thread of personal fear that he would never again be reunited with his own loved ones.

But, although the story is written as a personal narrative, it is more of a plea for the people of the United States to recognize the aims, aspirations and military accomplishments of their brown brothers of the Philippines. Romulo feels that, after more than forty years of American control, the people of the Philippines have much the same ideals and ambitions as the people of the United States. He stresses the fact that it is the

only Christian country in the Far East as well as the sole representative, in that vast area, of democracy.

HE has placed considerable emphasis in his book upon the activities of the guerrillas who continued to operate against the Japanese forces following the fall of Bataan and Corregidor. I knew of the activities of these guerrilla troops. Many of them had been organized before Corregidor fell on May 6, 1942. I knew that thousands of Filipinos had refused to surrender on Bataan and had fled into the neighboring mountains, where they remained hidden from the Japanese oppressors. I did not know of the activities and the coordinating influences behind these forces until I was released from a Japanese prison camp in August of 1945.

In writing of these events, Romulo is writing as a Filipino and pleading for proper recognition of his own countrymen. I know from personal experience that what he says of the Filipinos as fighters is true. Prior to the World War I was in command of the Philippine Scout Division and was closely associated with Filipinos for a long period of time. It is my opinion that there is no better fighting man in the world than a Filipino. He is easily disciplined, quiet, unobtrusive and anxious to carry out orders to the letter. But, as Romulo indicates in his book, he is also very proud. To strike a Filipino or to humiliate him is to make him your enemy. This fact the Japanese did not know, or they ignored it.

Romulo writes freely of the atrocities committed in the Philippine Islands and mentions the fact that these brutalities only served to intensify the hatred of the Filipinos toward their oppressors. Filipinos who were inclined to be obedient and submissive were driven into the ranks of the guerrillas by the bestialities of the Japanese. As

time went on the guerrilla forces grew in strength and became more and more of a menace to the Japanese forces. When MacArthur finally returned with his troops on Leyte the guerrillas, not only on that island but throughout the Philippines, were organized thoroughly and prepared to assist the American armed forces from the rear. All of these facts are clearly brought out in this stirring account. He mentions different guerrilla leaders by name and tells of their activities in various parts of the Philippines.

A PARTICULARLY appealing story in one chapter of the book concerns a Filipino girl named "Yay." Yay had been a feature writer on one of Romulo's newspapers in Manila before the Japanese occupied that city. I happened to be with Carlos Romulo one evening when we received a broadcast from a radio station which the Japanese had installed in the city. Suddenly, through the ether and the loudspeaker, came a feminine voice reciting rather a strange litany of words. I looked at Romulo in some perplexity, and he looked at me. The voice was speaking in English—good English. Suddenly Romulo exclaimed, "That is Yay!" Then he told me Yay's story. Her story is also told in his book.

At that time he was unable to understand why Yay was broadcasting over a Japanese station, but as time went on and we listened to her every evening, we understood better. Ostensibly, she was broadcasting propaganda for the Japanese, but her talks were so cleverly worded that almost everything she said had a double meaning. It was some time before the Japanese became aware of the fact that they were the victims of Yay's cleverness and, before they realized it, she had disappeared and had joined the guerrillas. Some of this and more of Yay's story appear in Romulo's new book.

Romulo, as always, writes with much feeling. Perhaps I felt this more deeply than the average American because of the fact that I have been so closely and intimately associated with the Filipino people. Romulo is pleading for recognition of the fact that throughout the war the Filipinos never ceased to fight for the cause of freedom and for democracy. These fine people had almost realized their cherished ambition for a free and independent nation when the world about them was shattered by the Japanese attack on Dec. 7, 1941. During all that period Romulo tells of the struggles of the Filipinos in their efforts to live and to defeat the aims and objectives of their enemies until such time as American forces liberated them once more.

I DID not need to read the books to be convinced of the loyalty of the Filipino people. I knew of their loyalty because we fought together on Bataan, because of the help they gave my officers and men on the "Death March" from Bataan to Camp O'Donnell, because of the help they were giving to suffering and starving prisoners in Cabanatuan, Bilibid, Santo Tomas and other Japanese camps and because of the activities of the guerrilla troops, which were operating effectively even as early as July of 1942. But, to the people of the United States in general, many of these things are not known. To those people Romulo's book should be not only entertaining but very instructive as well. It is a chapter in history which few people have had an opportunity to read. It is also the stirring account of the life of this courageous and brilliant officer and gentleman, during that period when he was hoping and praying that his people might be liberated and that, upon his return to Manila, he would once again be reunited with his own family.