

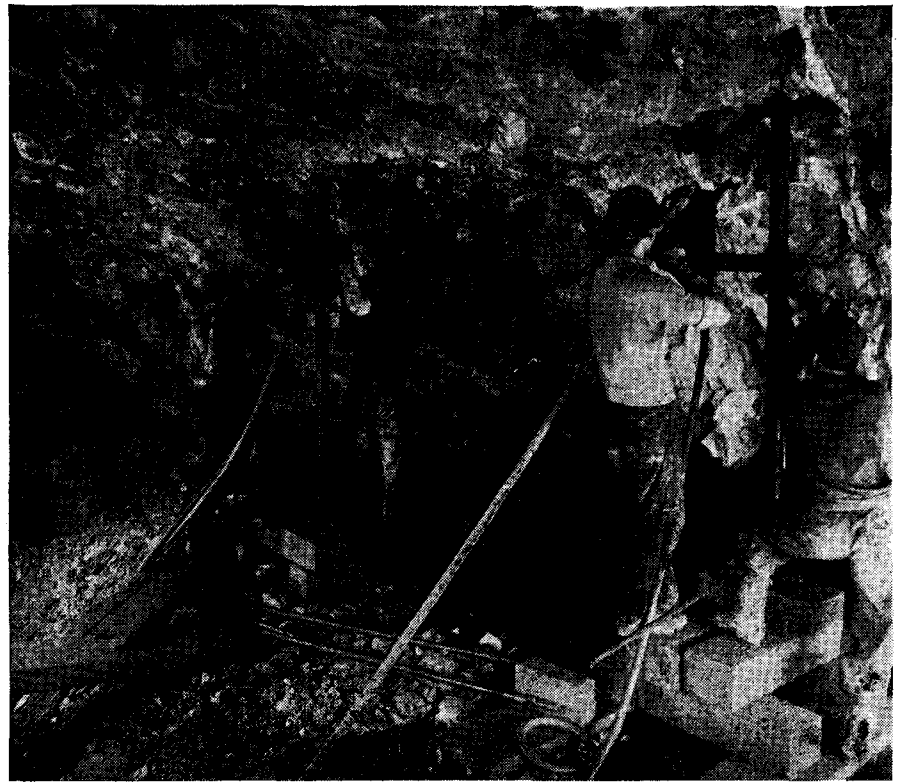
# Can We Hold the Richest Land on Earth?

By W. B. Courtney

If we held and developed the Philippine Islands, we could become the only self-sufficient nation in a hungry world. Is it realistic policy to toss into the international grab bag a possession whose fabulous wealth has barely been surveyed?



Manila hemp rope from the Philippines is the finest made and the islands have a monopoly on this product, which is used throughout the world



Mining has barely begun to tap the Philippines' gold fields. In addition, there are vast deposits of iron, manganese, chromite and other minerals

DAVE is a young American businessman, and he lives as you wish you could live. I am envious of Dave, and so will you be when you hear about him.

Often you dream of a fair and easy land, where all days are pleasant and the women are beautiful; where you and your friends are youthful in spirit, and gay; when your life is of your own free will and making. Yes, you know all about this building up a nest-egg stuff, but you wish you could have it all—now.

Dave has it now, and he has just turned thirty-three.

Dave is one of those fellows who have come upon the substance of romantic books you read as a boy. But Dave's paradise is up to date, with electrical refrigeration, airplanes and a private bartender who mixes the best gimlet you ever tasted. If you had a Magic Carpet, an Aladdin's Lamp and a fairy wand you could not fix yourself up in better style than the Philippine Islands have fixed up Dave.

Dave is so rich he can buy anything he wants, work or loaf or play, pick up and go to Europe or New York in the best suite on the best steamer, without counting the cost. His office and plantation managers are well paid to do the counting and the worrying. His private airplane and pilot are ready whenever he wants to tour his far-lying enterprises; or go up to his mountain home in the pines of Baguio, to escape Manila's heat. His wealth is based on substantial, progressive business activities. Besides more money than he knows what to do with, Dave has several children who will go to the best colleges, and a beautiful wife. She is part of the opulence that never would have happened to him at home.

She is a cosmopolitan, Dresden born, who speaks five languages, all with a charmingly bad accent, has degrees from several European universities, and is the gracious blond queen of Dave's abundant table.

Dave's parties have made history in Manila, where parties are wetter and held oftener; are bigger, showier, more lavish, and last longer, than in any other place in the world. Durability is required of guests, as well as wit and charm.

Dave's affairs usually start with cock-

tails at an exclusive club, drift to dinner at his town house, gain momentum and members at a wee-hour hot spot, breakfast at his luxurious country estate, lounge all day beside a private swimming pool that would make Cecil B. De Mille's gaudiest screen one seem like a tenement-hall bathtub. By that second evening the party begins to follow individual bents—on yachts, sailboats, in cars. It may be a week before the last traces of it fizzle away.

Dave's parties are not exceptional in this affluent land. Neither is Dave. He wasn't born either rich or lucky. There is no reason why you shouldn't do as well. If Dave had stayed at his little country-town job in Maryland he would still have been drawing \$27.50 a week.

## Dave Is No Exception

No, the answer to Dave's life of ease and wealth does not lie in a secret business genius. He has the qualities that are the common American heritage: good sense, a little foresight, a reasonable amount of industriousness, humor, politeness, fairness.

When he first came to Manila he got a job at his trade. "It was like a guy with a 1939 knowledge of automobiles turning back the clock and getting a job in Detroit in 1900," Dave explains. Dave saved a little, borrowed a little more, went into his own business on a thin-dime margin. For the rest of his story, I can shorten that for you—real estate and mining.

Every old resident out here can match Dave's story with a dozen similar favorites of his own. There is the large family, numerous in the Spanish way of cousins, nephews and aunts, on one of the southern islands. Each member has his or her separate air-conditioned mansion and miniature estate, with food and wines you could not beat in the finest Parisian hotels; with radios and refrigerators and motorcars the best that America can produce. There is a scheduled air line that is supported by, and was founded merely for the convenience of, the family. Ultramodernity set down in jungle clearings on soil so lush, amid forests and mines so bounteous that the money pours in faster than a large and openhanded tribe can devise ways to spend it.

But men like Dave are stepsons of a



fortunate land. This ex-soldier, this ex-chemist, this ex-travel agent, this ex-brewery accountant, this ex-hotel clerk, got wedged in the horn of plenty, became rich in spite of themselves.

Dave had some luck, of course. All these men did. Nobody ever becomes rich or successful without it. Dave's chief luck was in being here in the Philippines. It is the richest country on earth. And competent observers declare that its riches are not yet really touched. It is a country lying fallow, waiting for people with the shrewdness and the gumption to take advantage of it.

The American flag flies over this rich land now. But it is going to be hauled down soon. The work of two generations of American businessmen and administrators and teachers, the developments paid for by American taxpayers, will be tossed into the international grab bag. That isn't the intention or the idea. But everyone in the Orient believes it will be the upshot.

When the United States took over the Philippines their riches were only suspected. Today, enough is known to drive mining engineers balmy with dreams. Enough is known to give pause

to world economists. Enough is known for responsible leaders to estimate that the natural resources of the Philippine Islands are adequate in all save one element—tin—to supply the whole needs of the United States in case of wars, long or short, independent of world raw-material markets.

#### For Men with Enterprise

"Enough is known," an official American government technical expert told me, "to furnish abundant proof that with the resources of the Philippines honestly exploited the United States could really become that enviable thing which every major power on earth longs to be and which not a single major power actually is—entirely self-sufficient."

He continued: "There is room for ten thousand like our friend Dave here. Yes, more—a hundred thousand success stories like his probably wouldn't exhaust the possibilities."

He doesn't mean—and I certainly don't mean in telling you about Dave—that everyone in the Philippines is rich. There is misery and failure here. Worse, there is virtual peonage, all the wretched

inequalities of a system that draws its heritage from both European medievalism and Oriental despotism.

In spite of the efforts of the United States, the humbler people of the islands are still more than forty per cent illiterate culturally; more than ninety per cent illiterate economically.

What is meant is this: that to men with initiative and enterprise the Philippines are uncommonly, incredibly bountiful. If the Philippines were a state of the Union they would stand fifth in land size. They are ten times bigger than Holland or Palestine; much larger than the British Isles; nearly twice as large as old Austria-Hungary. Yet they have a population of only fifteen million, barely exceeding that of New York State. Japan, slightly bigger, has a population of eighty million. Italy, almost the same size, has forty-five million.

In a world of striving nations, hungry for raw materials, the Philippines, alone of vast and fertile areas, remain virgin.

Their very physical appearance, their geography, their throat-choking beauty under all conditions of season and weather, seem to thrust forward a guarantee of wealth untold.

Your mouth will fall open, and your eyes mist, however you approach the islands, and whether you look upon them for your first or your hundredth visit. If you come by airplane your landfall is probably Catanduanes, a large island on the mid-eastern side.

By ship direct from America you will pass through Bashi Channel, between Japanese Formosa and Y'ami, northernmost of the Philippines. From the Malay Straits, or from Hong Kong, your first vision will be of the great hunched shoulders of Luzon cooling themselves in the perpetual cloud banks of the western coast. You will say proudly, "Good Lord, I didn't know we owned anything as wonderful as this!"

There are 7,083 of the Philippine Islands, and it is doubtful there is a man alive who has laid eyes on all of them. They hang like a rocky triangular brooch down the western chest of the Pacific, for more than a thousand miles.

Nearly 5,000 of the islands are unnamed; less than 500 have an area of one square mile or more. Yet, such is their infinite variety, that Luzon, the largest island, is a few miles bigger than Ohio; Mindanao, the second, is bigger than Indiana. Eleven of the Philippines are larger than Rhode Island plus the District of Columbia. The Philippines are on t'other side of the globe from the United States; under your feet as you read this, and it is already tomorrow here. Twelve noon in Manila, and it's still only ten o'clock last night in Chicago.

The impression of a land of boundless natural wealth increases, rather than diminishes, when you get nearer, more intimate, views. The tao in his nipa shack really seems a fellow to envy. There is lushness on every hand; tangled slopes, rushing overhung jungle rivers, single plantations that unroll from your toes to as far as vision can reach. Dense forests, the most valuable known to mankind, with more than 1,000 species of trees and plants that have commercial uses (although less than a fifth are yet brought to market). Everywhere is the stately palisading of the coconut palms.

#### Consider the Coconut

The coconut is man's best friend in the forest. It is the only plant that provides him with the complete means of life: food, clothing, furniture, medicine, shelter, fuel, drink (hard and soft), lubricant, transportation, art, soap—and narcotics. It begins to bear in four years and may continue to do so for seventy-five years.

The Philippine Islands have the majority of the world's coconut supply. In Tayabas Province alone, a short drive from Manila, there is a census of 22,000,000 coconut trees. The coconut has a part in the deadly quarrels of men. Its oil has a high glycerin content, and is therefore essential in the manufacture of explosives. Its dried shells make charcoal, used in manufacture of gas masks.

You might think from all this that the munificent coconut is the most important single factor in the wealth of the Philippines. It is not, although thirty per cent of the population depends upon it for their living. Rice and sugar exceed it in crop values; it stands fifth in area cultivated. But it forms a point from which you can judge, backward and forward, the scope of the resources of the Philippines.

Your money, as an American taxpayer, helped to bring these resources out of rumor into reality. Your money and efforts paid for roads and communications and education that made them available.

You ought to know just what we are giving up when we give up the Philippines. (Continued on page 54)



Manila has its aristocracy of wealth founded on Philippine enterprises. Above, a visiting Australian team at the exclusive Los Tamaros Polo Club



# Cashing In on Sin

By Katharine Roberts

**In which that lovely lady, Miss Claire Trevor, makes good by going to the bad**

UNTIL Claire Trevor played in *Dead End*, she had followed the ways of cinematic virtue for four years and twenty-three roles, and she was still in B-grade pictures and had no private life. You couldn't have the latter or get out of the former while you were making pictures that fast.

Then one bright morning she awakened with an intense desire to be a villainess. But no one else seemed to take the matter much to heart. Twentieth Century-Fox, to which she was under contract, didn't have that kind of a role on hand for her anyhow. That in no way deterred the young lady, who is a very definite-minded person.

When the Goldwyn office suggested borrowing her for *Dead End*, she went hopefully and found she'd been called for the part of Kay, the well-kept demoiselle of the penthouse—undoubtedly a step on the right road to the bad. But as she was leaving, she turned and said wistfully, "Who is playing Francey?"

"That part isn't cast yet," answered Director William Wyler, and then he suddenly realized what she meant. "Yes," he said, thinking of her low contralto voice, which somehow didn't be-



long in a small blonde unless it meant emotion, "you'd be good for her." And Claire strode proudly home with the part of the toughest dame that had been seen on the screen in a month of blue moons—Francey, the hard but pathetic. It was also the smallest of the three major feminine roles. All in all, everybody earnestly advised her against it.

"And so I knew I was right," she explains, "because I always get farthest when I refuse to take advice." Francey's one meteoric appearance, which lasted about four minutes on the screen, did more for la Trevor than the whole preceding four years of virtue. That was the beginning of her triumph in the ways of film shame.

Once again she was borrowed—this time by Warners—for the gal gangster in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*. Her own studio made a tentative attempt to help her on her unrighteous way by giving her an unsympathetic part in *To Mary With Love* and then started to put her back in a B picture chiefly be-

cause they needed a blonde for it. That roused her to rebellion. She begged to be released from her contract—against advice, of course.

Her next lady with a past was in *Valley of the Giants*, wherein she was led back to the simple life in technicolor by the charms of Wayne Morris. She reveled in her new-found freedom. She took time out to read books, she joined a radio program and she got married.

And out of her new-found domesticity, Miss Trevor was plucked by Walter Wanger for the leading role in *Stagecoach*, which definitely established her as a top-flight A-picture actress.

The picture was almost a cinch to be successful. For one thing, John Ford was directing. For another, it was based on Stage to Lordsburg, by Ernest Haycox, which appeared in *Collier's* a couple of springs ago and was a rip-roaring success itself.

Some years before her sortie on the primrose path, she was born on Long Island. The family moved to New York City, and then, when Claire was thirteen, they moved up

to Larchmont. By the time she finished high school, the depression was doing its bit to relieve a lot of young girls of the tedium of going to college. Her father, being a Fifth Avenue tailor with the kind of customers who paid their bills twice a year—if that—found at this time that they didn't pay them even once a year and, since they were the sort of men whose credit had always been excellent, you couldn't insult them by asking for cash.

So Claire gave up college with no reluctance whatever and enrolled in dramatic school. But when they got to the second semester and the school began doing plays, she decided actual experience in the professional theater would be better. Thereupon, she concocted as beautiful a theatrical history for herself as anyone could ask, using the names of recent plays some of which she had seen and some she hadn't. Then, as she and her friend, Martha Sleeper, were driving into New York City to look for jobs, the slightly more experienced Miss

(Continued on page 33)