

Dr. RUFINO N. MACAÇBA SR.

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INTRODUCTION

My son, Dr. Rufino L. Macagba, Jr., requested a writer to write my biography for what reason I do not know except perhaps to let his children learn from my life that poverty is not a hindrance in obtaining an education, to teach them the dignity of manual labor, and, more importantly, that Jesus is ever ready to help those who go to ~. But less than an hour session with the writer who had not known me before except during the few months since she came to my town, is, of course, not sufficient to write a factual biography. But, deeply touched by my son's manifestation of love and respect by putting in print my life's history, I was inspired to do the writing myself.

An autobiography usually talks about the successes and good things about the author. That is not so in this book. You will read in its pages how naughty I had been, and the fact that I had been a houseboy and performed the most menial tasks, such as washing dirty and greasy pots and pans and pans in cafeterias.

I am very grateful to my wife, Dr. Crispina Lorenzana-Macagba for her inspiration and valuable suggestions, to Stanley Kurtz for correcting the manuscript, and to his wife Rhea for typing it in its final form. My thanks also goes to my nieces, Modesta Paguirigan and Mrs. Reynalda Rullan, my cousin Manuela Domingo of Davao, and my friend, Alice Jones Netsch of Omaha for the old pictures reproduced here.

Dr. Rufmo N. Macagba, Sr.

Aug. 17, 1978

FOREWORD

In 1948, I graduated from the Gabaldon Elementary School in San Fernando, La Union, Philippines. The guest speaker at our commencement exercises was Dr. Rufino N. Macagba, Sr., a prominent surgeon and nationally known Christian lay leader. He spoke about the importance of education, the dignity of labor, and the necessity of a faith in God.

Our graduation speaker became my father-in-law in 1961 when I married one of his lovely daughters. I did not realize when he gave the fatherly advice to our graduating class that the words he spoke were the foundation on which he built his life. His words in 1948 became real to me when I began to know him better as a father-in-law.

At the twilight of his life, my father-in-law has been deeply concerned about a lasting legacy which he can give his grandchildren. It dawned on him that the best bequest he can leave them is the example of his dynamic and noble life. He began to write his autobiography in 1975.

The patriarch of the Macagba clan need not worry about one grandchild. One evening, Lem Jay, my oldest son, who was then five years old, sat on my lap, lovingly placed his arm around my neck, and engaged me in reflective conversation.

"You know what I want to be when I grow up, Dad?" he commenced our father-and-son chat.

"What!" I asked.

Lem Jay proudly exclaimed, "I want to be like Lolo when I grow up!"

I did not know exactly what Lem Jay had in mind at that time, but I hope he meant the life of faith and hard work which his grandfather has lived. If my son lives a life of faith and hard work like his Lolo, what greater legacy can my father-in-law pass on to the many Macagba generations to come?

Poverty did not prevent my father-in-law from obtaining an education. Poor physical health did not hinder him from succeeding in life. He came to the United States and obtained his high school, college, and medical education by working his way through school. He returned to the Philippines to serve his people.

Together with his equally talented, religious and hard-working wife, he built a "kingdom" where the sick in body, mind, and spirit, found refuge and healing.

My father-in-law tells his story simply. The simplicity of his words breathe with his love for people, his children and grandchildren, and his great zest for life and unswerving devotion to God.

In 1948, I was a recipient of his dynamic words. Today, my family and I are recipients of a life of faith and hard work which is Dr. Rufino N. Macagba, Sr.

Lemuel F. Ignacio
San Jose, California
August 9, 1977

A HISTORICAL BACKDROP

At the time of my birth, the Philippines, then still a colony of Spain, was in a state of unrest. The people could no longer endure the colonial yoke. In Madrid and Barcelona, the Propaganda Movement was at its height. a valiant movement for reforms was spearheaded by Mareclo H. del Pilar, who earlier, had founded the *Diariong Tagalog*, in Manila, and Graciano Lopez Jaena, who founded the *La Solidaridad*, in Barcelona. These propagandists stressed the fact that unless the Mother Country began instituting reforms, the people would rise up in arms. Jose Rizal's famous novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*, appeared during this critical period, fanning the fires of revolution.

But Spain was not willing to grant any concessions to the propagandists. Separation from Spain seemed the only solution. The foremost separatist was Andres Bonifacio who believed in an armed struggle against Spain. Sceptical about what Rizal could accomplish, he founded the *Katipunan*, a secret society which aimed to overthrow Spanish rule in the country on July 17, 1892, the same day that Rizal was deported to Dapitan, a lonely outpost in Mindanao, which is now the capital of Zamboanga del Norte. The Katipunan held secret meetings in many places, one of them, the caves of Montalban, now called Pamintuan Cavern, in Luzon. Here, far from the long arm of the law, they wrote on the wall with a piece of charcoal the first cry of rebellion: "Long live Philippine Independence!"

On the 26th of August, 1896, nine days after I was born, the Philippine Revolution finally broke out. Three days earlier, Bonifacio and all the members of the Katipunan gathered at Balintawak Hills, now part of Caloocan City. Emilio Jacinto, the so called "Brains" of the secret society, which was no longer a secret to the Spanish authorities, was present. Each Katipunero tore *his cedula personal* to shreds and today, Filipinos remember this event as "The, Cry of Balintawak."

As the flames of the revolution -swept through the Philippines that fateful year, La Union, the province of my birth, joined the armed struggle. La Union province was formed by the union of the northern portion of Pangasinan and the southern portion of Ilocos Sur. Very far from Manila, San Fernando, its capital, could only be reached by train to Dagupan, where the railroad ended, and then by sailboat. Another recourse was to board one of the Tabacalera ships that called on the port of San Fernando to load tobacco leaves that had been cured and baled at one of the big warehouses of the Tabacalera, in Carlatan, the barrio where I was born.

At the time, not a single bridge spanned the many rivers of La Union. The only means of transportation was by bull cart with solid, wooden wheels lubricated with soap and water. To cross the rivers, one had to ride on bamboo rafts of which there were two types: a big one usually made of two or three layers of bamboo poles and which could load as many as four bull carts at a time, and a smaller one made of eight or ten bamboo poles which transported people.

The province was poor and primitive. There was not a single medical doctor to be found, and pregnant women gave birth with the help of *hilots* (local midwives) while the sick were treated by *herbolarios* (local medicine men), who used the leaves, fruits and roots of various medicinal plants. The only toilets were sheds connected to the kitchen or built above the ground in the backyard. Those who had no toilets defecated in the backyard, away from the house, or behind a tree, using bamboo sticks for toilet paper. Usually, human manure and all kinds of garbage were eaten by roaming pigs. Drinking water was drawn from an open well dug near the house.

Because of the very insanitary living conditions and the ignorance of the people, dysentery and typhoid fever were common. Almost all the people had intestinal parasites. Cholera and small pox epidemics were very frequent. The cholera epidemics of 1903 and 1905 killed hundreds of people daily. The people who knew nothing about germs prayed and sang to San Roque, thinking that the patron saint could send away the evil spirits which they believed were responsible for the epidemic. I still remember that one night, during the epidemic of 1905, when the barrio folk of Carlatan held a procession in honor of San Roque, chanting a hymn along the way. Ironically, scores of people who attended the procession died the next day. Thanks to the Lord, I was one of those spared. Because of His mercy, I survived not only two cholera epidemics but also two armed struggles -- the Philippine Revolution and the Filipino-American War.

I CHILDHOOD YEARS

MY PARENTAGE

My father was Eugenio Macagba y Ochoco. He had a younger sister, Catalina, who died when she gave birth to her first baby. She was attended by a *hilot* and was in labor for several days and died without delivering her baby. She must have died due to a ruptured uterus. I remember the event because that day I almost drowned in the river at the back of her house.

My father married twice. By his first marriage, he had two daughters, Maura and Maria. When he became a widower, he married my mother who bore him five sons -- Gregorio, another boy who died at birth, Hilarion, Tito, and me, Rufino, the youngest.

I do not know anything about my father because he died when I was barely a year old. People referred to him as *Don* Eugenio. I do not know why he was called a *don*. Recalling our two granaries of *palay* (rice) when I was a little boy, our big house on a plot of more than four hectares, and the *calesa* (horse-driven carriage) stored under our house which was the vehicle of families of means, I presume that he

earned the title of a *don* because he was a *Cabeza de Barangay* (barangay captain or village head) and was a man of means.

My mother was Obdulia Nisperos y Mayo. She was an only daughter. Since my father's older daughter by his first marriage was about the same age as my mother, she doubtless was much younger than my father. Throughout her life, the older people addressed her as *Dona Dulia*. I remember the many times that I was asked by women whom I met for the first time when I was a boy, "*Sica ti anac ni Dona Dulia, anacco?*" (Are you the son of Dona Dulia, my child?)

My mother was a very devout Roman Catholic. I still remember the many wooden saints we had in our house. In later years after her conversion to the Protestant faith, my brothers and I played with them like they were dolls. I remember also the wooden life-size *Nazareno*, together with the cross he was carrying, that was stored under our house. Its head and hands were detachable and kept in a trunk in our bedroom. The *Nazareno* was used in the procession during Holy Week.

Being a very devout Catholic and believing that one's soul would go to purgatory after one died and that it could only be delivered from there through the intercession of a priest, Mother used to send my brother, Tito, who took me along with him, to give the weekly payment of one or two pesos to the parish priest to say mass for the redemption of her husband's soul from purgatory.

I was nine years old when we went to Manaoag, Pangasinan, to give an offering of cash to the *Nuestra Senora de Manaoag*, a female saint, for sparing us from the cholera epidemic of 1905. Many people believed that this *milagrosa* had the power to heal the sick. When one was sick or during an epidemic, people would vow to make a pilgrimage to her church.

My mother sold her *calesa* to finance the trip. She took us, her four sons, with her. We rode in a bull cart and travelled only at night to avoid the heat of the sun during the day. It took us several weeks to reach the place.

It was midnight when we arrived in Manaoag. The church was full of people who spoke different dialects. We milled our way to the *milagrosa* and Mother was praying when all of a sudden she called our attention and said, "Look, she is moving her lips and eyes," referring to the *milagrosa*. It seemed to me also that the *milagrosa's* lips and eyelids were moving. Whether it was due to the power of suggestion or some kind of device that made its lips and eyelids move, I do not know.

I remember how Mother would put me to sleep at siesta time by singing the hymn, *Mayarigtay ti bituen ti agsapa, Lumgac ti init awan lawagna, aramidtayto lat rnalagipda*. (We are -like the star in the morning that, when the sun rises, loses its light, only our deeds they remember.) I must have been more than 12 years old at that time because she was converted to Protestantism when I was that age. She always had

me sleep with her in the same mat on the floor even when I was already in the elementary grades, showing how dearly she loved me.

Years later, she told me that during the Philippine Revolution, which was followed by the Philippine-American War, she had to carry me as she ran from one place to another to avoid the danger of battle. Then when Tito and I were going to school, she would wake up early in the morning to cook breakfast so that we would not be late for school.

Twice when I went to Bagnio to work during the summer vacation, and once, when I worked in Corregidor, she gave me her ring with three diamond stones to sell just 'in case I needed money. During meals, she would give us children the slivers of fish in our viand (a dish with meat or fish and vegetables), while she ate only the vegetables. If we had only one egg for breakfast, she divided that between Tito and me.

When I was in Manila in 1917 to study at the telegraph school, she joined me so she could take care of me. I will never forget all those manifestations of her love and care for me. While it is true that my wife and I took good care of her in her later years at Lorma Hospital until she died at the age of 95, we could never equal her sacrifices and love. As a manifestation of a son's gratitude, I built the Dona Obdulia Memorial Chapel in her memory at Lorma Compound, in a piece of land she had owned.

GROWING UP IN CARLATAN

Carlatan, my birthplace, is a barrio of San Fernando, La Union, two Kilometers north of the town proper along the national road to the Ilocos region. It was formerly called Bulala b was changed to Carlatan, the name of the huge watchdog of the Spanish chief of the Tabacalera, a Spanish tobacco monopoly company which had three big warehouses by the seashore. It is a little village bounded by a river in the south and east, by the barrio Lingsat in the north, and by the sea in the west.

When I was a boy, the Carlatan river bed was subdivided into small bamboo compartments for oyster culture. But when San Miguel Corporation put up its Coca-Cola bottling plant in the barrio a few hundred yards north of the mouth of the river, the oyster industry was wiped out. It is possible that the tide carried the chemical-laden cleaning solution used to wash the bottles in the plant into the river and killed the oysters. In fact, also shrimps and fish were "led by the pollution of the river.

As late as 1928,, after I came back from the United States, there were many big *palomaria* trees in the southern portion of the barrio, mostly in our property. Such big trees, whose ~s were five to six feet in diameter,' rendered the barrio very dark at night, and even during moonlit evenings. I remember our neighbor, a young man named Dalmacio, who used to scare people with branches of the tree at night.

One night, Dalmacio climbed a *palomaria* tree whose branches arched over the road. He had a string of *culat* leaves tied to his two arms. The *culat* grows on dead wood, and is a very luminous plant in the dark. When three bull carts were passing by, Dalmacio shook the branches of the palomaria tree and raised his arms up and down. Seeing the branches shaking and a luminous figure moving up and down, the drivers whipped their bulls to make them run as fast as they could because they thought that what they saw was a ghost.

On another evening, a good number of the barrio folk, including small children, went to a rehearsal of a *moro-moro*, a play based on the writings of the Spanish writer Cervantes in which the Christians are

always victorious at the end. Dalmacio asked me to help frighten passersby. I agreed. It was very dark that night. Before the end of the practice, Dalmacio and I had tied strings of culat which we had formed into a cross, to our bodies. Dalmacio had a lighted cigar in his mouth as we stood beside the trunk of a huge mango tree along the road, near where the rehearsal was held. When the people passed by on their way home and saw the motionless, luminous figures, one with fire in his mouth, they shouted, "*Pugot! Pugot!* " (ghosts, ghosts), and ran as fast as they could.

Later, when I was in the elementary grades, we, boys in Carlatan, used to play the customary pranks during the *todos de los santos* (All Saints' Day), or Halloween night. At one time we divided ourselves into three groups. One group was headed by Pancracio Alviar, the second by Felipe de Guzman, and the third, by me. Without our knowing what the other groups would do, Pancracio's group picked the fruits of our pomelo trees. Felipe's group picked coconuts from Pancracio's trees, and my group gathered sugar cane from Felipe's field. At about midnight, we brought what we had "stolen" to the *sari- sari* store of Anita Garde. A sari-sari store is a small retail shops selling all sorts of things, from salt to cooking oil to school paper pads. Anita was a *mestiza*, a daughter of Spanish-Filipino parentage, and was the fairest girl in the barrio. Then some of the boys went across the road to steal two bunches of bananas. As they were returning to rejoin us, the idea occurred to them to bring along with them the, portable bamboo ladder at the back porch of the owner's house. Both the bananas and ladder were brought to the store where we stayed until daybreak.

The owner of the bananas customarily got up early and went to the backyard through the back porch. Not knowing what we had done the night before, he stepped on the top rung of the non-existent ladder and promptly fell to the ground below. Fortunately, the porch was only three feet from the ground, so he was not badly hurt. But you can well imagine how angry he became when he discovered that his two bunches of bananas were also missing. As he walked back to his house, he caught sight of the ladder and bananas at the sari-sari store.

The man found out later in the day that Pancracio, Felipe and I were the leaders. of the boys responsible for the mischief. He reported us to Don Leon Lacsamana, the *Teniente del Barrio* or barrio captain of Carlatan; he was responsible for the peace and order in the barrio. Don Leon summoned us to his house and gave us a stern warning that if we repeated what we had done, he would have us locked up in the town's jailhouse.

But we were not always mischievous, though. Pancracio died due to an infected tooth and Felipe did not continue schooling. So I had another group of friends in high school. Under the leadership of Guillermo Dacumos, Bernardo Calip and myself, the Timbarear was formed as an organization among the young people of Carlatan for literary, musical and social programs. (Timbwew is the acronym for TIMpuyog ti BARrio ti CARlatan, which literally means "cooperation of barrio Carlatan. ") Guillermo, who became a very close friend of mine, saw me off in Manila when I was leaving for the United States, and met me at the

pier when I came home; he is now a retired Judge of the Court of First Instance. On the other hand, Bemardo is now a retired Court of First instance stenographer.

In 1929, I built my house out of the lumber from one palomaria tree, which had been hand-sawed, in Carlatan. By adding more rooms, I converted it into a hospital, and in 1934, after I got married to a woman doctor, Crispina Lorenzana, it was inaugurated as Lorma Hospital, a 15-bed general hospital which my wife and I operated. From its small beginning, the hospital developed into a medical center, and in 1970, the Lorma School of Nursing (now -a-college), was founded, using the Lorma Medical Center as its base hospital. After the Pacific - American War, Tabacalera sold a portion of its property to San Miguel Corporation, which put up a Coca-Cola bottling plant on it. Later on. the Catholic Church built St. Louis College in Carlatan, now the biggest institution of learning in the whole province. The Philippine Constabulary moved its headquarters from the town. to Carlatan. Car-Rille Terrace, a beach resort, is also in our barrio. In addition to the above- mentioned institutions, Carlatan now has three churches -- those of the Roman Catholic Church, the Iglesia ni Cristo, and the Mssionary Alliance, which presently uses the Dona Obdulia Chapel of Lorma Hospital for its religious services.



***Macagaba Brothers
1918***

*Standing : Tito, Gregorio, Rufino
Sitting : Hilarion*



*Seated: My mother, Dona Obdulia Nisperos Macagba
celebrating 94th birthday*

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

I was born in a wooden house in Carlatan; it was built by my father just after his marriage to my mother. It was on a more than four hectares of land, among big *palomaria* trees. Its posts were of selected hardwood, called *sagat and obien*. The house, floor, walls, windows, doors and the frame of the roof were all of palomaria lumber. Its wooden stairs were about six feet wide with a *descanso* (landing), which turned left to a door that opened into a wide corridor, which in turn led to the living room on the left and to the dining room on the right. It had two bedrooms on the left side of the living room. Along the corridor on the opposite side of the main door was the *despensa* or store room which opened into the dining room. Adjacent to it was a spacious kitchen also made of palomaria lumber, but it had a separate roof so that the black smoke from the firewood used in our stove would not blacken the main house. From the kitchen was a passage that led to the toilet and bathhouse. The main house had a ceiling made of narrow closely woven bamboo strips. Its roof was of cogon grass tied into bundles of about two inches in diameter, and laid side by side over two strips of bamboo. Another two strips of bamboo were placed on top. The two pieces of bamboo under and those over the bundles of cogon were fastened together tightly by bamboo ties (strips of bamboo flexible enough to serve as binding material) to make layers of cogon roofing. The length of each layer of cogon roofing depended upon the size of the roof frame. Each layer was tied to the trusses, one on top of the other, from the bottom to the top. This kind of roofing made the house cool.

The windowpanes of the living room, on the street side, were made of capis shells. There were six of them in a single grove and when opened, three on each side, they could be slid side by side behind the wall on either side of the window. This made the living room bright and airy. Below each window of the bedrooms were wooden panes that could be pushed open to the side at night, and because ballustrades were under each window, there was security and fresh air even when the windows were closed.

When I returned home from the United States in 1928, this house was still standing but it was no longer liveable because the roof had turned leaky, and the parts of the posts buried in the ground were eaten up by the soil, except the two *obien* posts. I used the two *obien* posts in the kitchen of my house which I built in 1930. When the house was converted into a hospital and the kitchen was enlarged, I removed one of the *obien* posts, leaving one which is still at the center of the hospital kitchen to this very day.

Obien is a very remarkable wood. It is not affected by the elements, the soil, or wood pests, such as *anay and bukbok*, which are very common in the tropics. The old people say that the older the *obien* the harder it is. In fact, the *obien* post that was removed from the kitchen of the hospital was lying on the ground for many years without rotting or being eaten by *anay*. My mother had told me that these two particular *obien* posts were taken from the long since non-existent house of my father's grandfather.

IN PRIMARY SCHOOL

My father's death left my mother to take care of four little sons by herself. Her only means of livelihood was the sale of her extra palay and the seeds of the *palomaria* trees which abounded in her property in Carlatan, and of betel nuts, which she had planted on the southern portion of her house. With the leaf of a plant called *gawed* on which a little lime is spread, people chew the betel nut like people chew chicklets today. Some people even add a little piece of tobacco leaf to the combination of betel nut and *gawed*. As years went by, the cost of sending my two older brothers to a private tutor, and the weekly

payments to the parish priest for a special mass for her late husband led my mother to sell her properties, one after the other. She could have gone to work at the Tabacalera to earn money, as most of the women in Carlatan did, but she was supposed to be a *doña* and should not work for a living.

By the time I was I, Mother was too poor to buy me decent clothes to wear to the public school, which was being built by the government. I learned, however, in the Sunday school class to which my brother Hilarion took me along that whatever we asked of God, He would give it to us. In my great desire to go to the public school, I asked God that I would be able to go to school. Shortly after, I was accepted to work at the Tabacalera during the tobacco season in 1906. My salary was P4 a month. By June 1907, I earned enough money to buy new clothes. I bought my first pair of khaki pants and a *camisa de chino* (cotton shirt), but I went to school barefooted.

There was only one public school in the whole municipality of San Fernando. It was located in the town, on the lot where the Mariano Marcos building now stands.

During the first three vacations of my primary grade schooling, I worked in the Tabacalera to earn money. On Saturdays and Sundays, during the school year, I went to barrio Lo-oc and Ilocanos Norte to help pull fish nets from the sea or climb bamboo poles to insert a rope through a pulley on which the fishing nets were hung out to dry. We were given a share of the catch. Many times I went fishing at sea, using a bamboo pole with a hook and line, sometimes as far as Pagudpud and Poro.

I also used to catch shrimps at the river near our house, after coming home from school, using *darak* or rice husk, as bait. Because *darak floats* when placed in the water, I mixed it with mud, then spread the mixture about two meters from the edge of the water and about five meters apart. To tell where the bait was spread, I stuck a stick about a meter from the bait. About 30 minutes later, I went to catch the shrimps by tossing a circular net about one meter in diameter, over the baited area. The net had small pieces of lead around the edge, as sinkers. To toss the net to cover the baited area needed a technique of which I was (and still am) an expert. When it grew dark, and I was still catching shrimps, my mother was always there, sitting under a palomaria tree, keeping watch over me. Thus, at an early age, I tried to help my mother by providing food for our table. It must have been our extreme poverty that impelled me to do these things, because many a time our meal was just rice and vegetable, cooked with *bagoong* or fermented shrimp, or just plain rice and salt and brown sugar.

MY FIRST TRIP TO BAGUIO

After graduating from primary school, I went with two friends to Baguio to look for a job. Naguilian road was not yet built. We walked all day to Burgos, La Union, about 30 kilometers away, and spent the night at the foot of the mountains. Very early the following morning, we started to climb the mountains along the trail. My shoes were made of canvas, with an abaca fiber sole. They were light and had a good grip on the ground. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we saw the Baguio observatory, a landmark that showed that we were nearing the city.

We camped with people who were cutting down pine trees and sawing them into lumber for building houses. It was very cold in Baguio at that time. There were many pine trees and very few houses. We built a fire and near it placed the sawed lumber side by side to serve as our mat. With my Ilocano blanket and my friend's blankets, we lay down close together to keep warm and slept like logs all night.

Water was not a problem in Baguio then. People drew water from shallow wells dug beside the many creeks between the mountains. The camp of laborers with whom we stayed was by one of these creeks. I took a bath the next morning in the ice-cold, crystal clear water.

I found a job at Camp John Hay as a cabin boy for an American army officer and his wife. They lived in a tent with wooden flooring and we cabin boys lived together in another tent. We were given woollen blankets and folding canvas beds. My salary was P30 a month. To earn extra money, I picked up balls at the tennis court, for which I was given tips.

MUNOZ AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

Merchandise from the lowlands, - mostly from Pangasinan, was brought to Baguio in bull carts over the zigzag road, or the Kennon road, which Howard W. Taft, later the President of the United States, built in 1905 while he was the Governor General of the Philippine Islands. (In fact, later when he came to speak at York College, York, Nebraska, in 1919, where I was studying, he asked me about the condition of that road.) These bull carts usually travelled in caravans and were empty when they went down the dangerous zigzag road. They were provided with a special braking device and travelled very slowly down the winding road.

I learned from the other cabin boys in the camp that there was an agricultural school in Muñoz, Nueva Ecija, that gave free board and lodging to students. With three others who were also working as cabin boys at the camp, we decided to go to Muiloz. However, our particular bull cart did not go beyond Urdaneta, Pangasinan, from where it had come. We walked the rest of the way to Muñoz. I do not remember how long it took!

We lived in a dormitory while at the agricultural school, now called Muñoz Agricultural College. The area then was a thick forest with big trees. I was given a carabao, an axe, a bolo, a saw, a crowbar, a

shovel a fork and a rake as were the rest of the students, and assigned to a certain area to clear it of trees, build my shack and plant rice and vegetables. But the work was a little too hard for me. So I quit and took the train from San Jose, Nueva Ecija to Paniqui, Tarlac, where I transferred to a train going to Manila. My brother, Hilarion, was then a ministry student at the Union Theological Seminary, located in Caloocan, Rizal. He and his family lived on Misericordia Street and he went to school by street car. I took a caromata from Tutuban Station to his house on Misericordia Street. My fare was *one peseta* or 20 centavos.

AT THE LA UNION TRADE SCHOOL

I attended the Philippine School of Arts and Trade, just east of the Botanical Garden, between the present Manila City Hall and the Post Office. But for some reason which I do not remember, I returned home to continue my studies at the La Union Trade School. It was actually an elementary school at that time, and the principal was a Russian who, perhaps had migrated to the United States. His name was Mr. Allen but we called him Aran or giant, because he was a big man.

During the rest of the school year, I was the houseboy of an American superintendent of schools, whose cook was Eusebio Sipin from Carlatan. My work was to wait at tables and clean the house. At the end of the school year, I again went to Baguio to look for a job. My classmate and friend, Andres Flores, went with me. Like the year before, we hiked. We found a job as waiters at the Teachers' Camp.

The tents where the teachers lived had wooden floors like those at Camp John Hay. Practically all the vacationers were American teachers except two: Camilo Osias, then a supervising teacher, and Honorio Poblador, another Filipino educator.

One of the American teachers seated at the table next to that of Mr. Osias and Mr. Poblador was very cranky and continually scolded his waiter, using unprintable words. Mr. Osias was an Ilocano and a nationalist. He was angered to see his countrymen being treated shabbily. Seeing how Andres, the waiter, was being treated by this American, he said in Ilocano, "*Danugenyo man dayta a tao,*" which meant, "punch

that man." Before the next meal. Andres broke one of the hind legs of the American's chair then carefully put it back. When he sat down to eat, the American went down with a thud to the floor, to the amusement of the diners, particularly Mr. Osias and us Filipino waiters.

One night after coming from the city, I could not sleep because the boy below me,, in a double-decked bed, was snoring very loudly. I went to the kitchen,, took an ice cube from the refrigerator and put it in his dirty sock, which I tied above his head. As the ice started to melt, drops of cold water fell on his face. This woke him up. He was very, very angry and cursed everybody. He never knew who the prankster was. Had he known he would have beaten me up.

We hiked back home when the camp was closed after the summer vacation. It was then that I found out that it was harder to go down a mountain than to climb it. I developed blisters on my toes by the time we arrived in Burgos, La Union.

I went back to school as a sixth grade pupil at the La Union Trade School. It was located in the same compound as the provincial high school, each facing the other, at the southern part of San Fernando and west of a hill. Acacia trees were planted on both sides of the street starting from the gate of the compound. These trees gave shade to students as they ate their snack of native cakes bought from vendors squatting outside the gate, at one centavo a piece.

The La Union Trade School and the Provincial High School were made of bricks and mortar. South of these two buildings was a rice field which the students of both schools gradually filled with soil dug from the west side of the hill and carried in boxes, each borne by two pupils. Eventually the rice field was converted into an athletic field.

During my first year at the La Union Trade School, all of us students learned mechanical drawing with the use of a drawing board, T-square and triangle, and how to use the hand tools of a carpenter. I was required to plane a piece of wood so that all its sides were at right angles and checked by moving a square along its surface. To be sure those two surfaces are at right angles, the square should touch both sides evenly.

During the third year, we were taught to make furniture and to construct buildings. Camp Wallace at Poro, a barrio of San Fernando, was being vacated by the United States Army. Poro is a small peninsula, which the Americans converted into a military camp after the Filipino-American War. The officers' houses were built along the western side, which was a cliff. They were built mostly of pine and assorted lumber from the United States. We students from the La Union Trade School dismantled these houses and carried the lumber to our compound, and from that lumber the first grandstand in the athletic field was built.

In the meantime, as I mentioned above the rice field was being filled by the students of both schools. Before the year was over, we had completed the athletic field where the first annual provincial athletic meet was held. The best athletes were chosen from the first district of La Union, which included San Fernando and the towns to the north; the second district comprising all the towns from Bauang and southward; the La Union Provincial High School; and the La Union Trade School. The meet was held during the Christmas break. It included track and field events such as dashes, hurdles and distance runs. High and broad jumps, relays, shot put and discus throw. Other field games included baseball, volleyball, softball and basketball.

Basketball, the most popular national sport of the Philippines today, was then played exclusively by girls. It was new and was not yet as refined as it is today. The girls played it very roughly and sometimes they pulled each other's hair to take possession of the ball.

I learned a lot about construction that year. Such experience helped me in building the station hospitals of the guerrillas during the Japanese occupation and all the structures I built for my family: the Lorma Hospital compound, the Plaza Hotel and Restaurant, our house in Quezon City, and the beach house. Thus, I saved hundreds of pesos on architect's and contractor's fees.

It was at this time that I started working Saturdays, at five centavos per hour, at the Evangel Press, publisher of a weekly Ilocano paper, called the *Naimbag a Danag* ("The Good News"). It was edited by an American missionary whose assistant was an Ilocano editor. The nature of my work was to help run the press, which took two men to operate; fold the printed paper and wrap it with about a four-inch-wide band of paper, on which the names of the subscribers were pasted.

At that time, there was no Filipino physician yet in the whole province. Typhoid fever, dysentery, malaria, intestinal parasites and skin diseases were very common. People suffering from various diseases would come to seek the help of the American missionaries.

The Evangel Press was on the ground floor of the missionary's Residence. There was a space for consultation and a store where school supplies and simple medicines were sold. My work included assisting the missionary during consultation and selling medicine to the people. It was at one of these consultations that the late Rev. Sanford B. Kurtz, the United Brethren missionary assigned to the Evangel Press, said to **me**, "Rufino, you should study medicine."

During the **first** year, I worked only on Saturdays, but later, after I bought a bicycle for P30 from my earnings in Baguio, I could work daily from 30 minutes to one hour between classes during the week. Thus, I increased my weekly earnings.

A former *presidents* of the town of San Fernando, Francisco Flores, was recruiting laborers to work in Corregidor, an island at the mouth of Manila

Bay. I was told by his son, a classmate of mine, that the pay was P4 a day. I applied to go and soon after the closing of classes I went to Corregidor with the other recruited men.

Corregidor was being developed by the U. S. Army as a military base. Buildings and roads were being constructed and I was given a job as one of the road construction laborers. Seeing that the work was too heavy for me, the foreman took pity on me and gave me a different job as the houseboy of an army captain and his wife. I was very much relieved. I was to wait on tables and clean the house. I worked all summer for this military officer. As I had free board and room, I saved all my salary which was P120 a month.

The army officer had a Chinese cook with whom I had a very unforgettable experience. One day, as he was cleaning the kitchen sink, he opened a little can containing crystalline powder. He told me that it was sweet and asked me to taste it. Not knowing what it was, I did as I was told, and instantly my tongue got burned. As he laughed at me, I boxed him. Knowing that it was his fault, he did not fight back but ran away. Do you know what it was? It was a can of lye! I worked all summer in Corregidor as the houseboy of this military officer.

Afterwards, I went home and continued both my schooling at the La Union Trade School and my work at the Evangel Press. This was my third year in the trade school and as it was in the elementary level, I graduated at the end of the school year. Arithmetic was my favorite subject, so much so that my last three monthly gradings were 100, and I got 100 in the final examination, I graduated as the class valedictorian and gave the valedictory address written by the teacher, Dionisio de Leon, during the 1914 commencement exercises. In later years, Mr. de Leon studied law and eventually became a Justice of the Court of Appeals.

My oldest brother, Gregorio, had a franchise for the sole right to catch *bangus* (milkfish) fry in the Maragayap River, in Bacnotan, La Union. He sent me to oversee the catching of the very small newly hatched fishes, which were caught with the use of a *sinamay* cloth, at the mouth of the river, and along the shore of the sea. We could distinguish the *bangus* fry by their tiny, black eyes, and small colorless, threadlike bodies. We separated them from the numerous other small fishes and placed them in earthen jars of water, and sold them by the jar. Each jar contained around 5,000 fries.

About a week after we started catching the *bangus* fry, a well-dressed man with two companions came bringing with them a fattened goat. He introduced himself as a *Don* from Luna, La Union. He ordered his men to butcher the goat and prepare *pinapaitan*, a dish made of goat's meat, bile and intestinal juice and vinegar, which is a great favorite among the Ilocanos. After lunch, he told us that he wanted to buy all our *bangus* fry at whatever price we wanted. We had only five jars of the fry because the daily catch was not yet plenteous. In gratitude for his generosity by giving us a goat for lunch, we sold him all of our catch at a price lower than the prevailing prices in other places in La Union, where fry were also sold.

"I forgot to bring money with me and I'll come back tomorrow to pay you," he said, before leaving. Of course, we could not refuse his request because we had just eaten the goat, which he had generously

offered to us. We waited for him the next day and the next, until two weeks had passed, but he never came. With an older man, I went to Luna to collect payment for the fries. Seeing us coming, he came to meet us. When we told him our purpose, he took us to the living room of his house and showed us his picture, hanging on the wall.

"That," he said, pointing to his picture, "was my picture, taken when I was the *presidents* of Luna."
"

Then he took us outside the house. Pointing his finger to a big rice field, he boasted,, "This is my land," and, in- an angry voice, added, "For only the sum of P75 you come to my house to collect?"

We were dumbfounded. In spite of our pleas that we needed the money very badly, he didn't pay us a single centavo, then or ever.

After that summer vacation, I entered high school. There were only first, second and third years in the La Union Provincial High School at that time. I continued to work at the Evangel Press on Saturdays, and, at times, before the afternoon classes began.

I recall an incident in school that later almost prevented my marriage to my wife from taking place. I had forgotten about it until her pastor tried to dissuade her from marrying me because of it. I was in class and the boy in front of me was wearing a *camisa de chino*. I tied one end of a string to a corner of his *camisa de chino* and the other end to his chair. When he stood up to recite, his *camisa de chino* was torn. That made him very mad. After class, he fought me like a mad dog. Being smaller than me, he got the worst of the fight.

My wife's pastor who had been my classmate in high school, but who belonged to another section, had seen the fight. Years later when he learned that I was going to marry Crispina Lorenzana, he told her about the incident. (But we shall talk more about this affair later in connection with my courtship) After my first year in high school, I worked full time at the Evangel Press during vacation.

During my second year, I became involved in the activities of the United Brethren Church. The church had a very active Christian Endeavor Society and a very large Sunday school class called the "Willing Workers Class," which was composed of high school boys. The members of the Christian Endeavor Society were also high school students, and the girls who were studying to become deaconesses in the Bible Training School, were boarding in the Otterbein Dormitory. Every Sunday afternoon, we, members of the Society, divided ourselves into four groups and went out to the barrios to preach the gospel. I usually joined the group that went to Poro. I would ride my bicycle to church at 3 o'clock to join my group and we would walk to Poro and back to town, after "preaching the Word." Then I would ride my bicycle home for supper, and go back to church for the 7 o'clock Society meeting. Each group would make a report. Such a meeting was led by a student and we would discuss the topic which had been assigned two or three weeks earlier.

On many occasions, we were followed by boys sent by the Catholic priest to argue with us at these *barrio* evangelistic meetings. Arguing about religion was an activity in which neither side would admit defeat. So many a time we had hand-to-hand fights.

Our Christian Endeavor Society was very active and we had many members. One Sunday of the month was set aside for a literary and musical program, and another for socials. It was during these meetings that we learned how to lead a meeting and to pray in public. Many of the lay leaders of our church in later years were converted during this "golden age of our church." Such leaders of our church were Bishop Enrique Sobrepena, Dr. Marcelino T. Viduya of Bethany Hospital, Provincial Governor Juan Rivera, Sesenio Rivera of the Social Welfare, General Florencio Selga of the Philippine Constabulary, Ambassador Mauro Baradi, Prof. Gerardo Florendo of the College of Law of the University of the Philippines, and many others. All were former members of the Christian Endeavor Society and the "Willing Workers Class."

It was during this time that I started getting interested in girls. There was one from San Fabian, Pangasinan, whom I courted. Her name was Juanita, not her real name, by the way, although everything else is true. By the end of the school year, she was so in love with me that she wanted me to marry her. But how could I support a wife? I had only finished the second year of high school. Juanita lived in barrio Angio, of that town, about three kilometers from the town proper. Upon intercepting my letter to her one day, her father became very angry and forbade her to go to town. She wrote me about this and begged me to go to her place to marry her. So I went to San Fabian and asked Pacing, her very close friend who lived in town, to accompany me to her house in the *barrio*. Pacing went back to town soon after conducting me to Juanita's house, leaving me to spend the night with her family.

That night, during supper, I sat at one end of the dining table. Next to me, on my left, was her father, then her mother, and Juanita, the fourth seat from where I sat. Her other sisters sat on the side to my right. We ate our supper in silence. Juanita and I conversed alone after supper and agreed that we would marry after I found a job. Later that evening, she spread a mat on the floor in the middle of the living room for my bed. Her father and mother and their small baby also slept in a mat at a right angle to me. Her father's head was about an arm's length from my neck. Before the lamp was turned off, he took a long bolo and put it under his pillow. Juanita and her two sisters slept in the bedroom. As soon as the light was turned off, I placed my two pillows over my head, neck, chest and abdomen to shield me, in case the bolo landed on me after the light was turned off.

Fortunately, nothing happened that night. Juanita's father may have placed the bolo under his pillow every night, ready to use it in case somebody tried to rob him, as he kept plenty of money in the house that he earned from buying and selling tobacco leaves. When I woke up the next morning, he had already gone to buy tobacco leaves. He came back for breakfast at about 8 O'clock. The seating arrangement around the dining table was the same as that of the night before. Again we all ate in silence.

After breakfast while Juanita and I were talking in the living room, her father came to us, trembling with anger, and said to me, "*Apay babaim daytoy anacco?*" (Is my daughter your concubine?) He could hardly speak Ilocano and I am sure that he did not intend to imply the true meaning of the word *babaim*, when he asked me the question. *Babairn* means "concubine."

"No," I answered in Ilocano. "She is not my concubine but we love each other. "

"*Saan ca nga aglibac,*" (do not tell a lie!) he shouted at me, and left us, still seething with anger. Juanita wanted to come home with me, but I was able to convince her that it was not the right thing for us to do, and I went home alone.

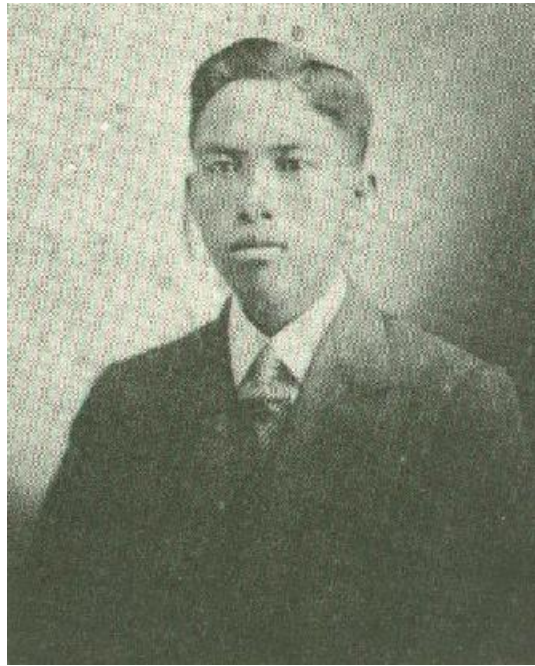
In order to marry her as soon as possible, I applied to study telegraphy at the Bureau of Posts in Manila. It would have taken only about three to six months to learn telegraphy after which I expected to be assigned to the province as a telegraph operator, at a starting salary of P60 a month. Then I would marry her. I was admitted and given a P30 monthly allowance by the government. My mother went with me to Manila and we stayed at the Otterbein Dormitory. For about two months, while in the telegraph school, Juanita and I wrote regularly to each other. Then her letters stopped coming. I learned later from a mutual friend, that she was going to marry a teacher from her hometown.

When I went home for a weekend vacation,- I met her on the train. She had boarded at Dagupan. I tried to talk to her but she would not even answer me. She behaved as if she had never met me before. Needless to say, I was broken hearted. She was my first love.

I was about to be assigned as a telegraph operator to the province when a certain Atty. Barba, from Bacnotan, returned from the United States. He stayed in our dormitory. He told me how he had worked and gone to school at the same time. I was challenged by his story. "If this little man worked his way through college and became a lawyer, there is no reason why I could not do the same," I told myself. So I left the telegraph school and went home. Of course, the big obstacle to my going to the States was money. I told my mother of my desire and that I needed some money to pay for my transportation and to buy me woollen clothes.



R.N. Macagba Sr. 1914



Bachelor of Science Graduate 1918

PART II
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

OFF TO THE UNITED STATES

My mother had set aside a piece of rice land for me and my brother, Tito. She mortgaged this property for five hundred pesos and gave me the money. When Reverend Kurtz learned that I was going to the United States, he gave me two of his woollen suits and an overcoat, and a letter addressed to Dr. M. O. McLaughlin D.D., the President of York College, York, Nebraska. The suits were a little too big for me but with a little alteration, they fitted me well. Also, I had a blue woollen suit with a vest made for me, costing thirty pesos.

The Philippine Islands, as the Philippines was then called, was a territory of the United States. As such, Filipinos were not restricted from going to America, and my passport was given by the United States government. But because ships bound for the United States had to stop at Hong Kong, Shanghai, Kobe, Nagasaki and Yokohama, I had to have visas from the British, Chinese and Japanese governments. I bought a steerage ticket for \$60 or P120, for San Francisco, California, and sailed from Manila on the *Tenyo Maru*, a Japanese passenger ship in April, 1918.

To my surprise, I met the Chinese cook who had once asked me to taste a can of lye in Corregidor a few years earlier. He was on the steerage class also and was on his way to China. We had a very pleasant conversation about our working together for the American officer in Corregidor years before. Hong Kong was the first stop of my voyage. I was seasick the first day, but enjoyed the rest of the voyage until I arrived in San Francisco on May 4, 1918.

There were many Ilocano laborers on our ship who were going to Hawaii to work in the sugar plantations. Almost all of them could not speak English. At every port we docked, the Filipino laborers were lined up for instruction. I acted as interpreter. For my services, I was given better food than that given to the other passengers in the steerage class. I was met at the San Francisco pier by the son of the Spanish jefe *de la Tabacalera* in Carlatan who was a friend of my brother, Gregorio. He took me to his rooming place where I stayed for some time.

I at once looked for a job. Because of my previous experience as a waiter, I was hired to wait on the American waiters and waitresses of the Alexander Hamilton Hotel. That was the practice among the waiters and waitresses before they waited on the general public. (In 195 I, when my wife and I were coming home from the eastern part of the United States, we stayed in the same hotel in San Francisco for several days.) My salary was \$120 a month. Proudly, I wrote my mother that my salary was higher than that of the provincial governor of the province, which was only P1 00 a month at that time. In the meantime, I had sent the letter of Reverend Kurtz to President M. O. McLaughlin of York College in Nebraska. This was a United Brethren Church College, of which denomination Rev. Kurtz was a missionary to the Philippines. After a few weeks, I received an answer from him, with a fifty- dollar bill enclosed, telling me to proceed to York.

HIGH SCHOOL AT YORK COLLEGE ACADEMY

I went to York by train via Denver, Colorado. On the train, I met an elderly couple from Greely, Colorado, who later sent me a Bible dictionary and a Bible concordance, both of which were of great help to me in my Bible subjects at York College, and in studying my Sunday School lessons.

To my happy surprise, I was met at the railroad station by Rosendo Lubian, a relative. I did not even know that he was in that city. He was the cook of Nfiss Matilda Weber, the American missionary who started the Bible Training School in San Fernando in 1910. When Mrs. Weber went home for her furlough in 1915, she had brought him with her and sent him to York to study at York College. The fifty dollars enclosed in the letter had come from Rosendo.

Rosendo took me to the YMCA where we roomed together. Mrs. Miller, the owner of the Miller cafeteria where Rosendo was the cook, took me in as a pot and pans washer at \$5 a week. The cafeteria had an iron stove and used coal for fuel. The place where the pots and pans were being washed was near the stove. It was summer and the kitchen was very hot. Working in such a place was really hard on me, so I quit and went to work in a farm during the rest of the summer.

My work with the other hired men was to load the scattered bundles of wheat in the field into a wagon. We used a hay fork to load the bundled wheat. While the others loaded one bundle at a time, I loaded two or three bundles at a time into the wagon. After my first day at work, I took a bath in the very cold water pumped from a deep well. The next morning, I could hardly move. My whole body ached so much that I could not work that day.

While on the farm, I watched a little boy milk a cow one morning. It looked very easy to extract the milk from the nipples of the udder but when I tried I could not get a drop of milk, in spite of the boy's trying to teach me the technique.

After summer of 1918, I went back to town in the fall and enrolled as a third-year high school student at York College Academy. Mrs. Miller was kind enough to take me back to work in her cafeteria and allowed me to go to school working only on Saturdays and Sundays, and at night. She paid me \$3 a week with free meals. One day, while Mrs. Miller and the rest of us employees were eating our lunch in the dining room, a man who looked very familiar stopped in front of the cafeteria, took out a sack from the baggage compartment of his car and carried it to the grocery store, adjacent to the cafeteria. This store was also owned by Mrs. Miller. To my surprise, the man was no other than the president of the college where I was a third year high school student. I was surprised to see **him** carrying the sack.

"What is that he is carrying?" I asked Mrs. Miller,

"That is a sack of potatoes he gathered from his garden. He is selling them to the grocery store." she answered.

"If he is the president of the college, why is he not ashamed to carry a sack of potatoes in public?" I asked.

"**Rufino**," she answered, " in the United States, no matter how high their education is, people are not ashamed to work."

The president of the college was a highly educated man with a "string of degrees," including a doctor of philosophy and a doctor of divinity. The following year, he was elected to the United States Congress. This incident inspired me to work harder, so much so that after a few days, I was promoted to washing dishes in another room, away from the hot stove.

Before the year 1918 was over, I transferred to Dever Cafe, a short-order restaurant in front of the YMCA, where I was rooming. My work was the same as a dishwasher and so were my working hours. However, I was offered a higher salary of \$5 a week, with free meals. Shortly after I transferred, the second cook resigned. I tried to help the cook during rush hours and later I was appointed second cook. My salary was increased to \$7 a week, with the same working hours. Then later, it was increased to \$10 a week.

By summer of 1919, my salary was increased to \$25 a week, while I was going to school at the same time. Such a sudden increase in my salary was due to the fact that I was such an expert in baking pies that I could bake 50 to 60 pies a day before going to school in the morning at seven o'clock. To bake such a number of pies, I had to go to work at four o'clock in the morning. Another reason my salary was increased was because I could cook the orders of four waitresses, which usually were from two to four each, in the order they were given to me. I was given the same salary the following school year.

I had a classmate that summer, a Marie Jeffers, from Aurora, Nebraska, who was very nice to me although I was brown. I invited her to a movie and she was kind enough to accept my invitation. (I mention this fact because at that time there was race prejudice in America. Colored people could not eat in restaurants where the whites ate, nor go to barbershops or movie houses that were patronized by whites. In Washington D.C., as late as 1928, when I went to that city, Negroes had a separate compartment from that of the whites in the street car). She was my first American date. Although I did not see her again during the ten years I was in school in the United States, our friendship lasted throughout the years to these days. (Some more about Marie later.)

In my senior year at York College Academy and the following summer, I took some college subjects besides those for the senior year of high school. I was credited with 16 college units when I enrolled at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln. I graduated salutatorian from the high school and during the graduation exercises our principal, Ms. Ruth Calendar, commanded me by announcing that it was remarkable for me to get the second place, I, being a foreigner and also a working student.

After the graduation exercises, I went **up** to the third floor of the college building and while there, alone, I prayed to God to tell me what to study in order to be of service to my people. While still on my knees, I recalled the time, I was working in the Evangel Press in my hometown, selling medicine to the sick people who came to Reverend Kurtz for consultation, and remembered that he had said, "Rufino, you should

study to become a doctor." After graduation, I worked full time at the Dever Cafe. My salary was increased to \$50 a week. That was a big amount of money then because one could buy a second hand Model T Ford for that much. I was the highest paid employee of the cafe. Because I wanted to continue my studies at the University of Nebraska, I left York before school opened, in the fall of 1920.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

I went to Lincoln and found a job as a night cook at the Lincoln Hotel, the best in that city at the time. My salary was \$120 a month. I worked from seven at night until seven in the morning, seven days a week and went to school during the day. Evidently, there was no law governing the number of days a week, or number of hours a day one had to work at that time. As this was too hard for me, I looked for another job during the second semester. Mrs. May Field, the widow of a Lincoln judge, took me in as a houseboy and cook, but with the privilege to go to school at a salary of \$7 a week. I was given a good room and could use their bathroom. Her son Alien, an attorney, and daughter Kate, a secretary at the YMCA, were living with her. I cleaned the house and served a simple breakfast of toast and coffee before going to school. I ate my lunch at the university cafeteria and sometimes at the Italian restaurant, where I could buy a bowl of *chili con carne*, with plenty of **crackers**, for only ten cents. After coming home from school, I cooked a simple supper for the family.

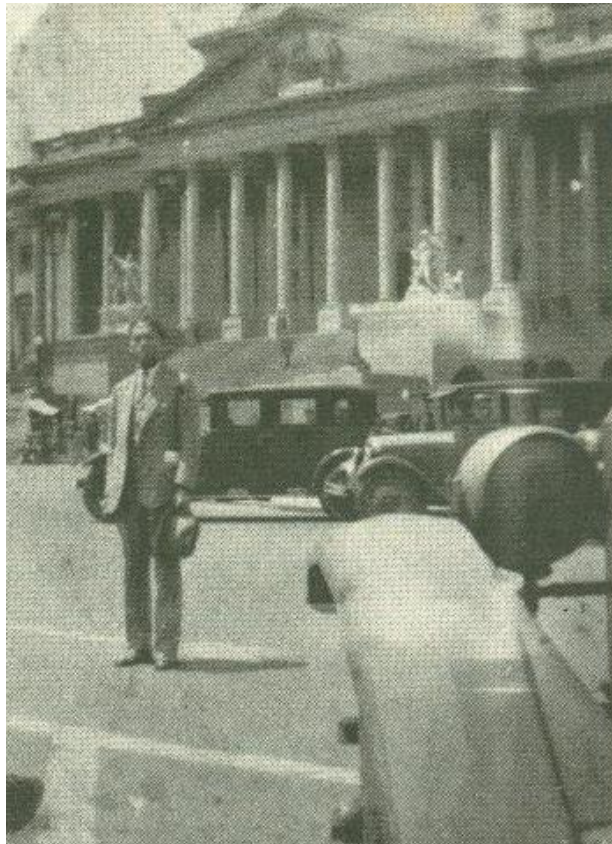
During Saturdays, I did general cleaning of the house. On Sundays, another of Mrs. Field's daughter and her husband, Dr. Upson, the dean of the chemistry department of the university, with their son, John, always came for late Sunday dinner, usually at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Their usual Sunday menu was fried chicken with mashed potatoes and string beans and lettuce salad with thousand island dressing or fresh tomatoes from the garden at the backyard which I had planted, hot biscuits, and pie for dessert.

I would plan my cooking in such a way that I had enough time to attend Sunday school and morning worship service at my church. After washing the dishes, I was free during the rest of the day. I usually

spent the afternoon and night either with M-r. and Mrs. Mapes, their two daughters, Eleonor and Marjory, and their son Blis, with whom I would go to the evening young people's meeting in their Baptist Church, or at the house of Mrs. Layton, the American "mother" of the Filipino students at the university.

Manuel Carreon, who was with the Bureau of Education and Bemardino Guerrero of the Bureau of Public Works, both of whom were Filipino *pensionados*, were constant visitors in the homes of the Mapes and Laytons. This was my routine during the three years I was at the University of Nebraska, except during the summer vacation, at which time I would look for another job by which to earn more money.

After my first year at the university, I worked as a salesman of a one- volume book, "Book of Knowledge," during the summer. Before I was sent out to sell, I was



**At the University of Nebraska
1923-27**



University of Nebraska 1984

called to Iowa City by the company for ten weeks of training along with other salesmen. We memorized sales talks and the technique of
9I getting into a house."

There were many salesmen of varying kinds of merchandise who went from house to house during the summer months. They were resented by housewives because they had been so well trained to sell that many a time the housewives would buy and later realize that they did not really need the merchandise they had bought.

After training, I was sent back to Lincoln, my home city, to sell. This was to my advantage because I could both work for Mrs. Field and go out to sell.

In this connection I would like to mention two experiences I had that summer. One day, while I was in the suburbs of Lincoln, I saw a big house with a beautiful garden. I asked the lady standing in front of the garden who lived in that beautiful house.

"Dr. and Mrs. Orr," she said. "Mrs. Orr is the one in the garden."

"Do they have children?" I asked

"Yes," she said. "They have a girl. Mary is in the fourth grade."

From there, I went straight into the garden and greeted the lady, "Good morning Mrs. Orr. "

"Good morning," she answered with a surprised expression. (How does this man, an Oriental, happen to know my name, she might have asked herself)

"Are you a salesman?" she asked.

I brought out my prospectus which was in a bag, hanging on my shoulders but hidden by my coat, and said, "Yes, Ma'am. "

Seeing the prospect-us, she said that she did not need any book. "I have a room full of books for my daughter," she added.

"But Mrs. Orr, this book is different," I insisted, then I added, "Suppose Mary's teacher would ask her to make a report on the lengths of different rivers and the heights of different mountains? Of course, she has her geography, but the maps in her geography are drawn on different scales, and in many different pages, and it would take Mary much time to prepare the report. But if she has this book," I opened the pages to the maps which showed the comparative lengths of rivers and heights of mountains, "you will see that the Missouri- Mississippi is the longest, Amazon the widest, and Mt. Everest the highest. Thus, it would take Mary only a few minutes to prepare her report."

She must have been impressed for she took the prospectus and looked over a page. Then she asked, "How much does it cost?"

We were taught in our training that when the "psychological moment" came, even though you had more memorized "sales talks," you should immediately clinch the sale. There were three kinds and qualities of bindings and because our commission was 40% of the selling price we, of course, tried to sell the more expensive one.

Mrs. Brandeis ordered the book bound in leather, and so did M-rs. So and 80 named two or three prominent women of the city before I gave the price.

"It is only \$16.50," I said, emphasizing the word "only." We were told not to mention the cheaper ones unless the buyer complained of the price. She ordered the leather bound cover and my commission was \$6.60 or 40% of the selling price,, for only about **five** minutes of sales talk.

The second incident was when I was picked up by two men when I was selling the book of knowledge. After knocking at the door of a house, a woman opened the door then banged it close. As I was walking along the sidewalk of the next block, a car, with two men, stopped. One of them came up to me and asked, "Were you the man who was at that house?" pointing at the one I had just left.

"Yes," I said

"Come along," I was commanded. I entered their car and they drove me to the house. It was only then that I realized that they were police officers.

One of the men took me out of the car and conducted me to the house. He knocked on the door and the same woman who had banged the door in my face came out. "Is this the man you reported to the police station," the policeman in civilian clothes asked.

"Yes," she said.

I identified myself as a book salesman and a student in the university, and staying with Mrs. Field. Mrs. Field was well known by the police because her husband had been a judge of the city until he died about a year and a half earlier.

The woman apologized to me and said that somebody had broken into her cellar the night before. She thought I might be a burglar looking for a way into the house.

In spite of the fact that I had been denied entrance to many a house, I made good in selling the "Book of Knowledge" that summer, so much so that I was appointed supervisor in Lincoln County the next summer with a commission of 5 per cent of the sales of all salesmen assigned in the county. However, I did not accept the offer. Instead, I accepted a job as a cook in the YMCA Boys Camp at Camp Strader at Crete, Nebraska, about 25 miles from Lincoln.

The YMCA Boys Camp at Crete provided for boys to go camping in groups of 50 during the summer vacation under the supervision of the Lincoln YMCA. The purpose was to teach them how to get along with other city boys, besides giving them a chance to live outdoors, in the country. The activities were mostly singing, outings, athletic games, canoeing and swimming. The director of the camp was "Andy" O.B. Anderson, who, for many years until he died, corresponded with me.

In the morning of my first day in the camp as I was running for exercise, I saw a rope tied to a tree. I noticed that the other end ran through a pulley into the water below the dam. Out of curiosity, I pulled the rope out of the water.

To my surprise, it was tied to a poultry netting about six feet in diameter which was full of big fish. I tied the rope to the trunk of the tree to keep the fish net suspended above the water. I ran to get a canoe about 50 meters away, carried it to the dam, put all the fish in it, and carried it to the kitchen. It was so heavy that after about 20 meters, I could no longer carry it. When I tried to carry the canoe back to where I got it, I could not carry it by myself.

There was another incident at the camp which I still remember. One of the campers was a **rich** man's son who insisted on having his own way. One night, a group of boys pulled him out of bed and

pumped cold water from a deep well all over him. From that time on, the boy showed more respect for the other boys.

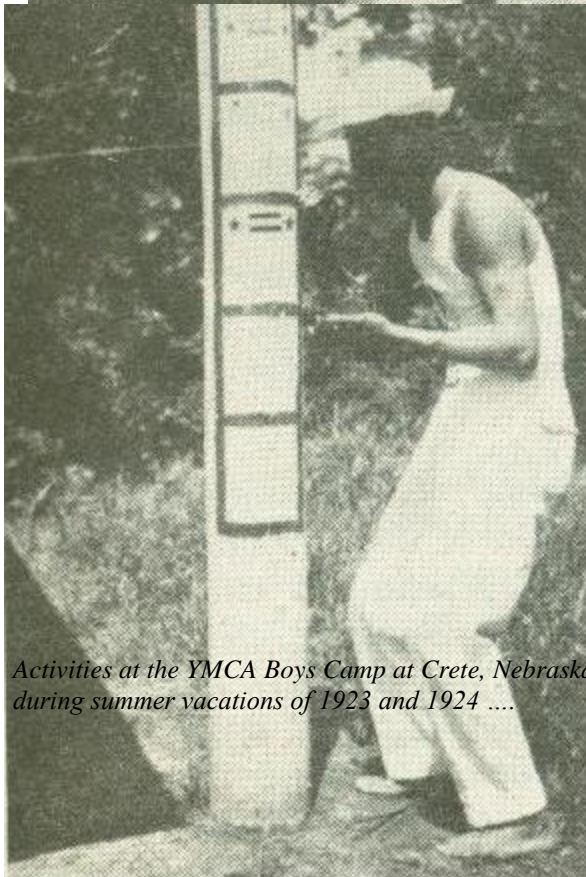
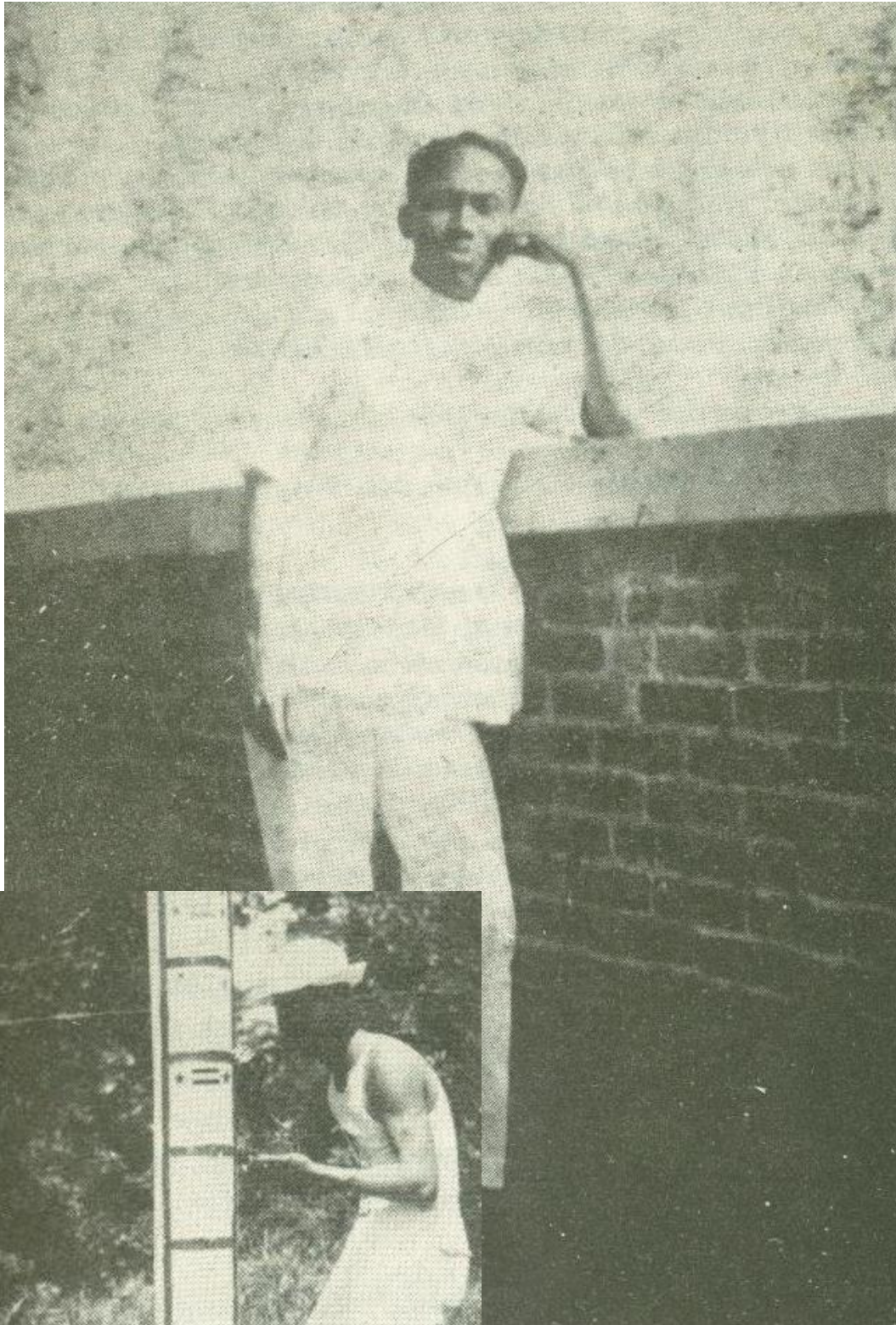
There was another incident, one which I have regretted. After a program one night around a bonfire, during which we told ghost stories, Andy, the superintendent of the camp, and I pretended to have an argument within hearing distance of the boys in their bunks. Andy painted his shirt with mercurochrome and I, carrying a big kitchen knife, ran after him. He ran in front of the boys' cabin so that the boys could see him by the electric lights in their cabins. He kept shouting, "Don't kill me Mac! Don't kill me!" Seeing his shirt awash with what looked like **blood**,- some boys ran out of the cabin and into the woods. At midnight, when we checked on the boys, one was missing. Everybody went out with flashlights to search for him. After about 30 minutes, we found him at the top of a tree, about 50 yards away from his bunk, trembling with fear. From that time, we never did such a stunt again.

One summer when I was in the college of medicine proper, I cooked not only for the YMCA Boys Camp, for which I was paid \$350, but also for the Omaha High School Cadet Camp for ten days for which I was paid \$120, and the Nebraska Fair Boys Camp for seven days, just before the opening of the school⁵, for which I was paid \$75. These amounts would be almost enough for me to pay for my room in the college dormitory and for my meals in the restaurant during the school year. Our schedule in the medical college would be so heavy that I would not have time to work while studying.

Going back to my second year in the Liberal Arts College of the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, I remember that after the first semester, I was in the top 5 of our chemistry class of more than 100. I was called to the office of the dean who encouraged me to take up chemistry as my life's career. I thought that I was so good that during the second semester I did not study as hard as the first semester and as a result, I almost flunked.

During my third year in the university, the live question of the day was the Theory of Evolution. It was then that a teacher in Tennessee was accused of teaching the theory and was brought to court; this would be known as the "Scopes Trial" held in Dayton, Tennessee, in the 1920s. He was defended by the famous criminal lawyer Clarence Darrow of Chicago, and the prosecuting attorney was assisted by the also famous orator William Jennings Bryan, an anti-evolutionist. Whenever our professor saw a similarity between an organ of two mammals of different species, she would always conclude that the higher specie was once of the lower specie.

A good characteristic of American universities was that their students could contradict their professors. I remember that at one time, I objected to my professor's conclusion and asked, "If you take a piece of a piano and examine it under a microscope, you will find that it is made of wood. If you take a piece from a table and examine it under a microscope, you will find that it, too, is made of wood. If you also take part of a chair and examine it also under a microscope, you will find that it, too, is of wood. Following your argument, Ma'am, would you conclude that once upon a time the piano



of Nebraska

Activities at the YMCA Boys Camp at Crete, Nebraska during summer vacations of 1923 and 1924

was a table and the table was a chair?" The students laughed. After I had asked the question, I was afraid she



was going to flunk me. Instead, she gave me a very high grade.

I remember another incident that brought laughter to the students. Our professor in applied psychology was explaining that the reality of a thing is not the same as we saw it.

"As, for example," he said, "take an orange. Its 'orange' color is the interpretation in our brain of the stimulus of light received by the retina of our eyes and transmitted to it. The 'orange' is firm and hard if we touch it with our hands because the nerve endings in our hands send the sensation of touch to our brain. Likewise, its sweetness or sourness, its smell and its roundness are all the interpretations in our brain of our different sense organs. So the reality of the orange is different from our concept of which is the sum total of our brains' interpretation of various stimuli from our sense organs. To one who is color blind, the color of an orange is not orange."

A student from the back seat said in a loud voice, "Sir, if you bump your head against the wall, you know that the wall is real." Everybody laughed.



Shortly after the end of the school year, I had developed a fever and cough. After being treated for many days without improvement, I was taken by my doctor to a hospital. He told me that I had pulmonary tuberculosis and that I should not continue going to school. My treatment consisted of daily exposure to an ultraviolet lamp and a teaspoonful of cod liver oil, taken three times a day after meals.

A week before the opening of the school year, there was a knock at the door of my hospital room.

"Come in," I said. An American entered and said, "I am Rev. Samuel Ziegler of Dayton, Ohio, the general secretary of the United Brethren Board of Foreign Missions. I just came from Denver and stopped in Lincoln to change trains for Dayton. Your pastor came to meet me at the station and **told** me you are sick so I came to visit you." Then after a while he asked, "What are your plans?"

"Pastor" I said, "I would like to study medicine, but I have spent all my savings on medicines and physicians."

"Hurry" up and get well and I assure you that the Foreign Mission Board will pay for your tuition in the college," he assured me.

AT THE NEBRASKA MEDICAL COLLEGE

I was so much encouraged that the following day I left the hospital and proceeded immediately to Omaha to enroll at the medical college of the University of Nebraska. I was still not very well but I managed to go. The medical college is in Omaha, it being a bigger city than Lincoln, the capital of the state, where all the other colleges are.

Shortly after the opening of school, I met a Mrs. Lillian Harford in church. She was an elderly lady and the first president of the Women's Missionary Association of the United Brethren Church. She had already retired. She was well known by all the presidents of the United Brethren Women's Societies all over the country. During the four years that I was in the medical college, whenever I ran out of money, I went to her. She would write to a president of a Women's Missionary Society in the east (particularly in Pennsylvania and Maryland) asking for money for my support and they always sent it to me.

Through the recommendation of the superintendent of the Nebraska Conference of the United Brethren Church, the Christian Endeavor Societies of the churches in Nebraska set aside one Sunday during the year for a special collection from the members of the young people's societies for my support. This was done during my last two years in college. Thus, I was helped not only by the United Brethren Foreign Mission Board but also by the Women's Missionary Societies of the United Brethren Church of Pennsylvania and of Maryland and the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Nebraska Conference.

It was Mrs. Harford who told me that during a board meeting of the Women's Missionary Association of the United Brethren Church, held in Ohio in 1902, they received news that the two missionaries whom they had sent to the Philippines at the turn of the century had resigned and joined the American YMCA to work among the American soldiers. It was just after the Filipino- American War and there were many American soldiers in the Philippines who needed Christian ministrations. Mrs. Harford was the president of the Women's Missionary Association then. The consensus of the Board and the recommendation of the committee to which the problem of the Philippine missionary work was referred was to discontinue missionary work in the Islands. When they were about to vote on the matter, a young man from the back seat, just fresh out of college in Kansas, stood up and said, "You have not tried me yet. Send me." He was none other than the late Dr. H.W. Widdoes who, for most of his life, served as a missionary to the Philippines and was responsible for the acquisition of all the United Brethren Church properties in the country. In fact, he was imprisoned by the Japanese during the occupation until he was liberated by the Americans when Manila was recaptured.

In remembrance of Mrs. Lillian Harford, I named my first born daughter, Lillian, after her. I also convinced the council of our church in San Fernando to name its social hall "H.W. Widdoes Hall" in the missionary's memory. Had it not been for Dr. Widdoes there might not have been a United Brethren Mission in the Philippines.

On Dec. 30, 1926, an American girl classmate and I went to Lincoln, Nebraska to attend the Rizal Day Celebration program given by the Cosmopolitan Club. That was during my senior year at the medical college. During the dance, which was always a part of the yearly celebration of Rizal Day, she introduced me to Ruth, her sister, who was then studying at the teachers college of the university. That started a courtship which finally grew into mutual love, with the understanding that we would marry before my return to the Philippines. More about her later.

AFTER GRADUATION FROM MEDICAL COLLEGE

After graduation from medical college and passing the Nebraska Board Examinations for Physicians, I went to Des Moines, Iowa and worked as an intern in the Iowa Lutheran Hospital. Very early in the morning, following my first night in the hospital, the night duty interns woke me up. Together with the night duty nurses and the other interns, we ate pancakes which they had cooked from materials taken from the ward kitchen. They did this because of the very scanty food served to us interns and nurses.

I was assigned to the surgical service. I enjoyed assisting the surgeons and learned so fast that A the private surgeons wanted me to be their assistant. One of them, however , was very cranky and would throw his surgical instruments on the floor whenever he got angry. So the other interns avoided assisting him. One day he asked me to assist him in putting a plaster cast on a patient who had a fractured femur. He told me to hold the fractured leg in a certain position and to pull it at the same time while he was putting on the plaster cast. My hands became tired holding the heavy leg and doing the traction at the same time and I could not keep the position of the heavy leg as steady as he wanted. He shouted at me, "Can't you keep the leg steady and in position?"

That angered me. I dropped the leg and said, "I dare you to hold your hands in a horizontal position even without carrying anything and see if you can keep them steady for as long as I have been holding that heavy leg. I resign," I said and left him.

At once I went to the superintendent of the hospital and verbally submitted my resignation. He and the other private surgeons begged me to stay but I told them I could not work with that surgeon anymore and that it would be better for me to leave.

From Iowa Lutheran Hospital I went to Binghamton City Hospital in Binghamton, New York. I told them that I had already three months' experience in the surgical services at the Iowa Lutheran Hospital

in Des Moines, Iowa. The chief of hospital service, a surgeon assigned me to surgical service, where I stayed for a year.

Dr. Aleban, the only orthopedic surgeon in the city, liked me very much. He always wanted me to assist him in all his operations. In his weekly visits to his clinic in Syracuse and Ithaca he always took me along. In fact, he offered me a very good salary to be his assistant, with the privilege of having my own practice when I finished my residency.

One day, an orthopedic surgeon came from New York City to purposely operate on patients suffering from tuberculosis of the spine. Such patients could not sit -up. An operation was scheduled at 7 o'clock in the morning. The night before the operation, we resident doctors had a "penny- ante" game of black jack. It lasted until about 3 o'clock in the morning. In order not to be bothered by a call, I took the receiver off my telephone so that it would not ring.

According to the people in the operating room they had been trying to call me since 6:30 that morning but my telephone would not ring. Dr. Aleban and the New York surgeon had already arrived before 7. At 7:15, Dr. Aleban sent someone to call me. I was awakened by a knock on my door and I hurriedly went to the operating room. I was not scolded. Dr. Aleban and I scrubbed together in silence. The surgeon from New York City operated on the first patient, with Dr. Aleban assisting and me, the second assistant. During the entire procedure, Dr. Aleban never spoke to me.

Dr. Aleban, with me assisting, operated on the second patient while the surgeon from New York City looked on. After the second operation, Dr. Aleban spoke to me for the first time that morning. He said, "You did very well. You operate on the third patient and I will assist."

All three operations were successful and after a month, all of the patients were able to sit up and walk. We were featured in the local newspapers because those were the first operations on patients with tuberculosis of the spine in that city.

While I was at the Iowa Lutheran Hospital in Des Moines, I never had a chance to perform an operation. I was always the first assistant in the many operations in which I took part. It was not so at Binghamton City Hospital where I was given many cases to operate on. It has been said that "doing is more effective in learning than watching." This really is true. After assisting many surgeons performing an appendectomy, I was given a chance to operate. I made an incision but it was not deep enough to completely penetrate the skin so I had to incise again but it did not follow the line of the first one I made. My chief was very understanding and said, "Don't worry. If you will just remove the skin between the two incisions, you will have only one scar. II

On my first tonsillectomy, the uvula came out with the tonsil when I snared it. The specialist, instead of scolding me, said, "Don't be scared. You have not done any damage. I have done that several times myself" Such kindness and understanding on the part of the doctors at Binghamton City Hospital made me relax every time I was given a case to operate on with them assisting me. Thus, I learned a lot in surgery during my one year of residency there.

The Mission Hospital in San Fernando was already finished when Dr. Ziegler, D.D., the Secretary of Foreign Missions of the United Brethren Church, wrote me to return to the Philippines to be the resident doctor of the newly-built 50-bed medical institution. Although there were no conditions attached to the payment of my tuition by the Foreign Mission Board during my four years at medical school, I felt it was but proper for me to accept the offer in spite of another offer, that of Dr. Aleban to be his assistant with a monthly salary of \$200 plus a private practice. Dr. Ziegler made an itinerary for me to speak in the churches of Pennsylvania and Maryland -- the churches which had helped me while I was in medical college. An offering was taken up for me after each of my talks to help pay for my passage back to the Philippines.

I still owned a Model T-Ford Coupe that I had bought for \$70 in Omaha while I was in my senior year in medical college. I had driven it first to Des Moines, Iowa, where I had worked for three months, and then to Binghamton, New York, where I had worked for a year. I used the same car going through Pennsylvania and Maryland to speak in the different churches. Although it had a top speed of 35 miles an hour, it was very convenient for me to follow my itinerary.

On my way to the West after my speaking itinerary, I drove all morning over the Allegheny Mountains. Going down the western slope, I used my brakes so much that, by the time I arrived in Altoona, Pennsylvania, they were worn out. As I parked my car in front of a restaurant, I could not stop it in spite of pressing the brake pedal very hard. My car went over the curb and hit a telephone pole. The radiator was totally damaged. I had to have a new one installed.

Rev. and Mrs. H.W. Widdoes were on their furlough and living in Westerville, Ohio, where their children were attending Otterbein College, a United Brethren Church institution. I went to visit them. While Reverend Widdoes and I were driving to Dayton, Ohio to see Dr. Ziegler at the headquarters of the United Brethren Church, I told him of my intention to marry an American teacher in Nebraska and to take her home with me.

"You have been away from home so long," he said. "You do not know the present conditions there. Would it not be better for you to go home alone and prepare a home for her?" he advised. After about ten minutes of silence, he continued, "There is a girl very active in the church who is now studying medicine at the University of the Philippines. She is the niece of Pastor Lorenzana whom you know. Her name is Crispina Lorenzana. I hope you will meet her." I did not know his reason for telling me about this girl. I thought it was just a part of our conversation to help pass the time while we were driving.

Ruth, my fiancée, met me in Lincoln, Nebraska. We stayed in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spangler, very active members of our church. She was like a mother to me and visited me regularly in the hospital

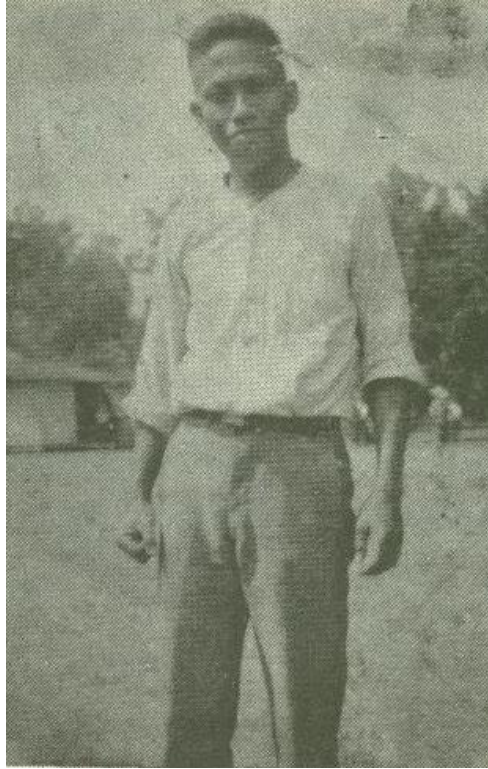
when I was sick, before I went to the medical college in Omaha. I explained to Ruth the advantage of Dr. Widdoes' advice. "I do not really know the conditions of the Philippines today," I said. "You know the Philippines is an underdeveloped country. We do not have the modern conveniences that you have in your country. In fact, we do not have even a house and I am sure that it would be very hard for you. So let me go home and prepare a home for us then you will come and join me." She agreed and I came home alone. I sold my Ford Coupe in Lincoln at a higher price than when I bought it two years earlier. I took the train from Lincoln to Seattle, Washington. Ruth and Mr. and Mrs. Spangler saw me off at the railroad station.

From Seattle, I took a small boat to Vancouver where I boarded the *Empress of Canada*, a British passenger ship bound for Manila. Unlike my trip to the United States ten years earlier on a third class or steerage ticket, this time I returned to the Philippines on a first class ticket!

There was another returning Filipino student also in first class who dined at my table in the dining room. Unlike the very simple meal served in the steerage class, there were more than 80 kinds of dishes on the menu to select from, but all written in French, which neither of us could read. For our first meal, we ordered "number one," which was clear soup. Next we ordered "number ten" and it was thick soup. When we ordered "number seventy-six," the waiter brought us a dessert. After this experience, we asked our waiter to explain to us which numbers were for soups, which ones for the main dishes, and which for the salads and desserts. We were told that the first 15 were soups, and many numbers were fish and meat dishes and so on.

When we docked at Yokohama, the other Filipino and I ate at a restaurant. As was customary in the United States, I left some money on the table as a tip before we left. To our surprise, the waitress came running out into the street to give us back the money I had left. We were told on the ship that tipping was not a practice in Japan.

In Shanghai, with several returning Chinese students, we went to eat in a Chinese restaurant on the roof of a multi-story building. It was my first "lauriat" dinner. It consisted of about 20 dishes and dinner lasted for almost two hours. After dinner, we were given perfumed, hot, wet face towels with which to wipe our face and hands.



The young Rufino



Dr. R.N. Macagba in America

The University of Nebraska

MEDICAL CENTER
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

THIS DIPLOMA MAKES KNOWN THAT THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE FACULTY AND BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATUTES OF THE STATE HAS BY ITS OFFICERS SPECIALLY AUTHORIZED HERETO CONFERRED THE DEGREE

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE

UPON

RUFINO NISPEROS MACAGBA

WHO IS ENTITLED TO ENJOY ALL THE RIGHTS, HONORS AND PRIVILEGES PERTAINING TO THAT DEGREE

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF WE HAVE HEREUNTO SIGNED OUR NAMES AND CAUSED THE SEAL OF THE SAID BOARD TO BE AFFIXED AT LINCOLN THIS FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY SEVEN



ATTEST

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PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD

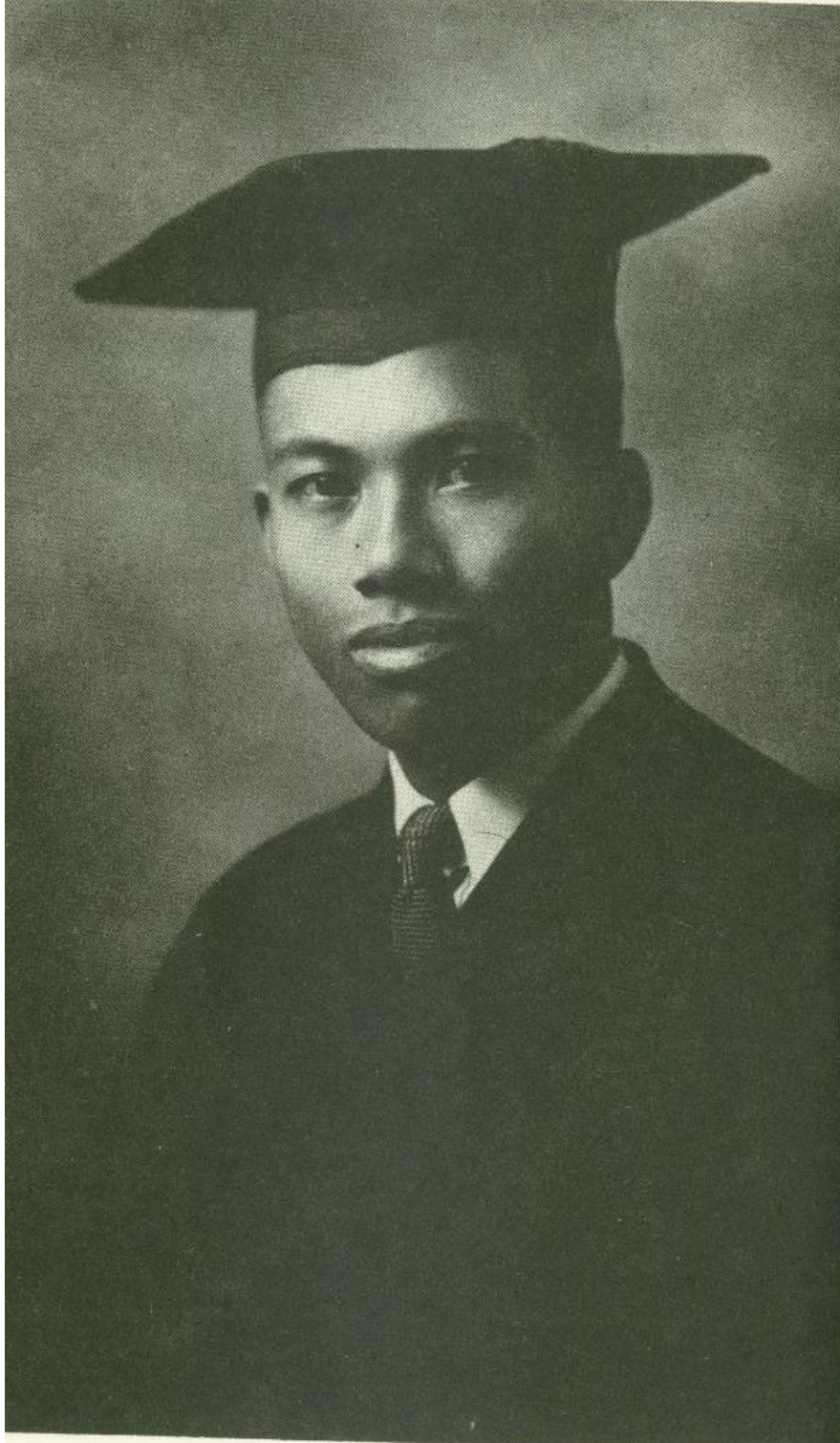
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Original diploma (1927) was burned during
the Japanese occupation, 1941-45



Doctor of Medicine Graduate 1927

PART III
BACK IN THE PHILIPPINES

HOME AGAIN

I do not remember the month and date of my arrival in Manila from the United States except that it was only a few days before the Medical Board Examination for Physicians in 1928. I was met at the pier by my eldest niece, Maria, the daughter of my eldest brother, Gregorio, and her husband, Norberto Paa, who was then working his way through the college of law in one of the universities. Shortly after arriving at their house, I discovered that several gold coins were missing from my suitcases. They were gold coins in ten and twenty dollar denominations given to me for Christmas by Mrs. May Field and her children for whom I had worked during the three years I was in the University of Nebraska in Lincoln. They might have been stolen by the student boarders of my niece or by the Chinese cabin man who cleaned my room in the ship.

I went to San Fernando by train. The end of the railroad was then on the southern side of the Bauang river. Ten years earlier, when I went to the United States, the northern terminal of the Manila Railroad was on the southern side of the Aringay river, about 18 kilometers south. It took another ten years before the railroad finally reached my town which was only ten kilometers further north, and which is now its northern terminal. There were passenger buses then but the Bauang river did not yet have a bridge.

Our big house was then not livable although it was still standing. Its roof was leaking and the parts of its posts buried in the ground were eaten up by termites, except the two *obien* posts. Two of my brothers had left home. Tito was living in Pidigan, Abra with his family and Hilarion was a missionary in Kabayan, Mt. Province. Only my eldest brother, Gregorio, and his family, with whom my mother was living, were left in Carlatan. They were living in a small house. I had no place to go except to the house of my half sister, Maura. (This reminds me of the Biblical scripture, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay his head.")

I remained only two days in San Fernando because I had to go to Manila to take the medical board examination. As I had not had any time to review, I wanted to take the examination just to find out what types of questions were asked, but without any hope of passing.

I stayed in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Roberts, United Brethren missionaries, on Pennsylvania Street during the three days required for the exam. The house was next to that of Crispina Lorenzana, the girl whom Reverend Widdoes had spoken of while we were driving from Columbus to Dayton a few weeks before. Although we were so near each other, Crispina and I had, as yet, not met.

I was very much irritated during the exam to see how other doctors would refer to what they had written on the inside of their coats and on the sleeves of their shirts. They even asked me to help them answer questions. In all the years that I was in school, in the Philippines and **in** the United States, I never cheated during an examination. To me, giving and asking for help from another examinee was cheating. It was always my practice, however, before looking at the exam questions, to silently pray to God for help. This practice of *g* before looking at the questions of an exam stayed with me during all the years of my practice as a doctor. Before starting a surgical operation, I always prayed to God with my assistants and the patient, thus: "We thank Thee Oh Lord, for having the privilege to help this patient. May Thou guide our hands that we do what is right. Bless the patient that he/she may have sufficient strength to undergo the o

oration and may Thou prevent any complication and infection. In the name of our Lord, Jesus I pray. Amen." As a result of praying before an operation, I never had a Patient who died on the operating table.

Whenever we had a seriously ill patient, I always prayed beside his bed or at home with my wife, to ask God to help him recover, for we believe that the greatest physician is GOD.

After the medical board examination, I returned to San Fernando and lived for a while in the house of Dr. Roman Resurreccion who was married to my second cousin, Beatriz Agbulos. Later on, I rented a small house in town. Besides my mother, and my two nieces, Modesta, the daughter of my brother Gregorio, and Ester, daughter of my brother Hilarion, came to live with me. When I started working at the Mission Hospital, which is now the Bethany Hospital, we moved to the old Bible Training School in the mission compound. The new three-story Mission Hospital had just been inaugurated that year. Ms. Lottie Spessard, an American missionary nurse and a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, was the supervisor.

When I arrived in San Fernando, Dr. Resurreccion was the only private practitioner in La Union. He was from Luna, but he practiced in San Fernando. The other doctors were all government health officers. Dr. Diaz of Aringay was the health officer of Rosario, Sto. Tomas, Tubao and Aringay; Dr. Lino Estepa of Naguilian, La Union, the health officer of Caba, Bauang, Naguilian and Burgos; Dr. Antonio Querol of Vigan, the health officer of San Fernando, San Juan, Baenotan and San Gabriel; and Dr. Javier of Bangar, the health officer of Sudipen, Bangar, Balaoan and Luna. The provincial health officer was a Tagalog, Dr. Garcia. None of them was a surgeon. So I have the distinction of being the first surgeon in the whole province of La Union and the first doctor from my own hometown, San Fernando. I was also the first Fellow of the Philippine College of Surgeons from the province. Dr. Antonio Querol was the only doctor in the province who brought patients to the Mission Hospital.

A few days after I reported for duty as a resident doctor of the Bethany Mission Hospital, a boy from Naguilian was brought in. He had been gored in the abdomen by a carabao. His intestines were outside the abdominal cavity, wrapped in a piece of dirty cloth. Upon removing the cloth, I found out that his omentum and intestines were covered with carabao manure. I asked why they applied the manure on the wound and his father said that it was to stop the bleeding. As there were no anesthesiologists in the whole province at that time, I put the boy to sleep under ether. When he was at the fourth stage of the anesthesia and the abdominal muscles were relaxed, I carefully washed the dirty intestines and omentum with salt solution; then I enlarged the wound so as to put the intestines and omentum back into the abdominal cavity. Upon examination of the other abdominal organs, I found that the anterior part of the stomach had been lacerated but not penetrated. After suturing the lacerated stomach with catgut, I closed the wound, leaving a cigarette rubber drain for the blood to pass. That was my first patient in the Philippines. There were no sulfa drugs or antibiotic yet at that time. I was afraid that if the boy died, I might find myself in trouble because I was not yet licensed to practice medicine. The results of the medical board examination which I had taken were not out yet. Fortunately, the patient lived and that started my reputation as a doctor.

When the exam results were published in the newspapers, to my happy surprise, I was one of those who had successfully passed.

Patients began to be brought to the hospital. One of them was Feliza Flores, from Carlatan, complaining of severe abdominal pain. By physical examination alone, I could tell it was a case of acute appendicitis. To corroborate my diagnosis, I took her blood for a white cell count. In those days, there were no medical technologists, so I did the laboratory examination myself. The white blood cell count was very high, which meant that the patient needed an immediate appendectomy. I had to put Feliza to sleep under ether as I did the boy gored by a carabao before I could perform the appendectomy. This was the first appendectomy in the hospital.

In the hospitals where I was trained in the United States, no members of the family of a patient were allowed to watch an operation. In this case, however, it being the first appendectomy in the whole province, I allowed not only the members of her family but also all those who accompanied her to watch. Because I was both the anesthesiologist and the surgeon, I had to work fast so the patient would not awaken before the operation was finished. In ten minutes, the appendectomy was finished and with only about a four centimeter incision. An appendectomy at that time was a major operation. The patient was allowed to get up only after seven days and had to be hospitalized at least ten days before he/she could go home.

The patient got well. The report of the very short time that I had taken to perform the operation and the small incision made spread like wildfire in San Fernando. That further established my reputation as a good surgeon not only in La Union but also in Ilocos Sur and the Mountain Province. Throughout my medical practice, both in the Mission and Lorma Hospitals and up to the day I retired in 1962, I had many patients coming from those provinces.

While establishing my reputation as a doctor I observed two American girls, both married to Filipinos, who were living in San Fernando. Whenever they took a walk together along the street, people would stare at them. It was the first time for the people to see American-Filipino couples. I felt so aware that if I were to marry my American fiancée, people would be staring at us like objects of curiosity. My mother and two nieces were living with me and I was sure that if I were to marry an American, she would not allow them to live with us because that is against their custom. So, finally, I wrote to Ruth: "The happiness of a married couple does not depend entirely on the two contracting parties. We have to take into consideration the attitude of the people with whom we live. If we were to get married and live in the United States, your people would probably be prejudiced against me because I am brown. If we were to live in my country, I am sure you would not be happy because we Filipinos are very clannish. I have my mother and two nieces living with me and I am sure that you would not want them to live with us. In fairness to both of us, it would be better if we were to marry one of our own people."

After two months, I received a letter from Ruth in which she, too, after a few days reflection, agreed with me. She married an American and became a widow in 1966. When Crispina and I were in the States in 1967, we phoned her in Washington DC from New Park, Pennsylvania. Carol, my granddaughter, and I had dinner with her at Seatac Motor Inn in 1972.

I was then over 33 years old. If I waited longer to get married, I would be too old to be able to educate my children. So, I started looking for a wife. I went to picnics with the nurses of the hospital but I was not interested in any one of them. I went to dances. One was at Luna, La Union. I was introduced to a beautiful girl from Agoo, La Union. While dancing with her, I whispered in her ear, "I hope this is the beginning of our friendship." The next day, I went to visit her in her hometown.

After my first visit, she was the one coming to San Fernando to visit me to such an extent that, to avoid her I had to go up the roof of the Mission Hospital to hide whenever I saw her coming to my house. One night, at - about 7 o'clock, a boy came to call me to see a patient. Upon entering the patient's room, to my surprise, it was she, lying in bed, pretending to be sick.

"I tried several times to see you in your house, but you were always out, so I had to send a boy to call you," she told me.

I also went to dances held in the provincial capitol and in the high school where I met lady teachers and other prominent ladies in town. Those whom I thought suitable to be a wife were all very devout Catholics. Being an Evangelical Christian, I thought that I would not be happy being married to one of them.

FIRST MEETING

One day, my brother, Hilarion, came for a vacation from Kabayan, Mountain Province, where he was a missionary. I consulted with him as to who among the girls in La Union might be a good wife for me. He told me that, his fellow minister at the church, Rev. Cirilo Lorenzana, had a niece.

"She is a very nice girl," he said, "and she is studying medicine at the University of the Philippines. Her name is Crispina Lorenzana, she is from Tagudin."

Immediately I remembered that she was the same girl Reverend Widdoes had told me about while we were driving to Dayton about a year earlier. "Do you know anyone who could introduce me to her?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Mr. Maximino Nebres, a member of the same church where she goes in Manila. I'll write to him to introduce you to her."

I drove to Manila the following Saturday and the next day attended Mr. Nebres' church. I arrived rather early for the Sunday morning worship service. Sunday school was still ongoing. As I sat in the back seat, I saw a young lady dressed in the native dress, saya and tapis, teaching a Sunday school class. She seemed rather young to be teaching an adult class but looked mature because of her dress. I was curious and asked the person who sat beside me, "Who is that young girl, teaching Sunday School class?"

"Miss Crispina Lorenzana," he said.

I had known Mr. Nebres since 1917 when I was studying telegraphy at the Bureau of Posts. We attended the same church in Almanza, which was on the ground floor of the Otterbein Dormitory, where my mother and I had stayed when I was in the telegraph school.

After the morning service, Mr. Nebres immediately recognized me and came to greet me. He told me that he had received a letter from my brother, Hilarion. "Would you come and have lunch with us?" he asked. "I shall take you to her house this afternoon." Of course, I readily accepted the invitation.

After lunch, I asked Mr. Nebres to please telephone Miss Lorenzana for an appointment with her. "She might be taking a siesta when we reach her place or she might be going out," I said.

We drove to her house in Ermita in my car. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Her house was next to that of Rev. Roberts, where I had stayed when I was taking the medical board examination. She was in the living room waiting for us when we arrived. Shortly after introducing me, Mr. Nebres asked to be excused to go home.

"Wait for me and I'll drive you back home," I said. "You stay. I'll just take the streetcar," he said and left.

Crispina told me, after we were married, that on the night before my first visit, she had dreamed that there appeared a "handsome man, dark and tall," carrying a bridal bouquet of white lilies. He gave the bouquet to their maid, who met him at the door, saying, "This is for Miss Lorenzana." To her surprise, it was me whom she had seen in her dream. We had never met before Mr. Nebres introduced me to her that afternoon. Her teaching a Sunday School class that morning, our very pleasant visit, together with her cordiality and friendliness, impressed me very much. I immediately fell in love with her. That was the beginning of a "blitzkrieg" courtship.

THE BLITZKRIEG COURTSHIP

Besides writing almost daily a love letter to Crispina, I drove to Manila from San Fernando every Saturday to be with her on Sunday. After a few months, I won her heart. It was then about the end of 1929.

I remember an incident that happened to me on one of my weekly visits to Manila. I had had several surgical operations that Saturday, and could not leave for Manila until late in the afternoon. I was so tired and sleepy that I had to stop at a hotel in Tarlac to rest awhile and planned to drive early to Manila the next morning. Shortly after turning off the light, started to itch all over my body; this kept me awake. I thought that I had eaten something to which I was allergic. I turned on the light to see what caused the

itching and, to my surprise, the bed and the mosquito net were swarming with bed bugs. I dressed immediately and continued driving toward Manila. After about 15 minutes of driving, I fell asleep behind the wheel and awoke when my car hit the dike of a rice field. It was east of the main road between Capas and Bamban, Tarlac. Later this area became Hukbalahap (acronym for Hukbong Bayan Laban sa Hapon or National Movement Against the Japanese) territory during the 1950s, and where no motorist dared to drive after dark. The Huk movement started during the Japanese occupation. It was very safe and peaceful to drive anytime of the day and night through this region before the Japanese-American War. I slept in my car until dawn then proceeded to Manila.

Crispina had two other suitors. Both were prominent lawyers. One was a professor of law at the University of the Philippines, and the other, the lawyer for her father's business. Both were determined to win her heart too -especially when they heard that I too was courting her as shown by my weekly attendance at their church.

The lawyer of her father's business was so intimately close to the family that he often ate dinner with them. One day, Crispina told me later, he went to visit her, his hand wrapped in bandage. As he gave her an envelope, he said, "This is my letter to you written in my own blood, to attest to the sincerity of my love."

The other lawyer bought a Dodge Coupe, a better car than my Ford Raunabout. He drove his car to visit her after his classes in the afternoon. Once, according to Crispina, after we were already engaged, she saw his car parked in front of her house as she was coming home from school. She entered through the back door and proceeded to her room without his seeing her. Her sister, Minang, kept him company at the living room until supper, then he went home without seeing her.

The nurses at the hospital, who were perhaps interested in me, and her town mate, who was teaching at the Bible Training School, usually stopped at her house whenever they went to Manila. They told her that I was going out with other girls. Because of this unfavorable news about me and knowing how the other suitors had tried to win her heart, I asked her to marry me at the end of the school year. She was still in the third year of her medical course.

"One doctor in the family is enough," I told her. She was convinced and we planned to get married after the end of the school year, 1929-1930.

A few days later, I made the greatest mistake in my life which almost broke our engagement. During the Christmas vacation, in 1929, I wrote a letter to her father, Don Felipe, asking his permission for me to marry Crispina. That was contrary to the Filipino custom. He was very angry because to him it was an insult to receive a letter asking his permission to marry his daughter. Crispina was vacationing in Tagudin at that time.

It is the Filipino custom for the parents of the suitor or someone called albasia to go personally to the parents of the girl to ask for her hand in marriage. An albasia is an

intermediary, usually not a member of the boy's family, who goes to the father of the girl to intercede for the boy to marry his daughter.

After reading my letter, he called Crispina and angrily asked, "What kind of a man is this doctor? Is it because he is a doctor and came from the United States that he simply writes a letter asking my permission to marry you? Who knows whether he has a wife in the States?" Then he gave her a stern warning, saying, "I do not want you to see him again. Do you understand?"

When two people are really in love, they can always find a way by which they can meet. Fortunately, all of Crispina's sisters, brothers and relatives were in sympathy with us. That Christmas vacation and during the following summer vacation when she went home to Tagudin, every Sunday after lunch, Crispina and Minang, her younger sister, would go to the house of their aunt, Ambrosia, where we would meet. While we were visiting, Tatang Quilino, the husband of her aunt, would stay under their house by the street to keep watch just in case her father came by. Her parents lived in Tagudin while Crispina and her older brothers and sisters stayed in

Manila during school days. Her father was the mayor of the town and her mother was managing their store. So, I continued visiting her in Manila when her parents were not there.

One day, while riding the train from Manila, I met her pastor, my former classmate at the La Union High School. I confided to him that Crispina and I were engaged to be married. The pastor was a very good friend of one of the two attorney suitors. After learning that we were going to get married, he and his wife invited Crispina to the Luneta one evening.

"Is it true that you are going to marry Dr. Macagba?" the pastor asked. Frankly, she said, "Yes."

"You will not be happy if you marry him," her pastor told her. "He is very cruel. One day I saw him in a fight when we were in high school. Cacaasi a dinanogdanogna daydi kinaa, pana. " (He really gave the other fellow a severe beating).

He will not be cruel to me if I'll be loving to him," she answered.

Crispina's father and mother used to go to Manila to buy merchandise for their store in Tagudin and to visit their children. One night they went to Luneta with Crispina's younger sister, Lolita.

"Um-umay bumisbisita ni Dr. Macagba adiaay balmy?" (Is Dr. Macagba visiting at the house?) her father asked.

"Saan tatang, " (No, Daddy) she answered.

Just in case her father might learn that she had told him a reaching their house, Lolita ran to Crispina, and said, "Father as Wd me if Dr. Macagba has been coming to our house and I told him a lie and answered him 'No'." Then she advised her older sister, "No salsaludsudenna kenka, 'saan' cunam ah. " (If ever he asks you, you say No',ah,). Lolita was still very young.

One night, a dance was held at the high school in San Fernando. Tuxedos were the formal attire of men at that time. It consisted of black pants, a pair of black, shiny shoes called charol, stiff shirt and collar, black bow tie and white coat. While I was dancing, someone told me that a man outside urgently wanted to talk to me. He was no other than Tatang Quilino, the

husband of Crispina's aunt, the one who many a time stood guard while Crispina and I were visiting in his house.

"Don Felipe's very sick," he told me. "He is suffering from severe pain in his joints. He asked me to call a doctor so I came to call you."

Immediately, I went home to get my medicine bag. Without even changing clothes, I went with him to Tagudin in a gravel truck. Just imagine someone in a tuxedo riding in a gravel truck! It was good that it was nighttime and nobody noticed me. As I entered his room, I heard him moaning. "How do you feel, Sir?" I asked in Ilocano,

"Napalalo ti sakit dagiti susuopco, Doctor," (I have severe pain in my joints, Doctor.) he answered in a low voice. His joints were swollen and felt hot. It was acute rheumatism. Shortly after giving him an injection of morphine, the pain subsided. As it was already past midnight, he gave an order to their servants to prepare a room for me to sleep in. Politely, I declined his offer. After leaving him some analgesic medicines, I went back to San Fernando in the same truck. After that night, I was able to visit Crispina in their house again.

Crispina and I later decided to get married after the end of school year 1930-1931. She was then in her fourth year of medical studies. She still had a year of internship before she could graduate. During the Christmas holidays in 1930, when Crispina was vacationing in Tagudin, Don Pio Ancheta, then the governor of La Union and a close relative of mine, Tia Mauricia Bejar, my aunt, and my mother went to Tagudin to ask Don Felipe's consent for me to marry his daughter. Tata Pio, as I usually addressed Don Pio, told me later about his technique in winning his consent. He was the albasia of the group.

"I started," he said, "praising his many accomplishments as mayor of Tagudin. Then I stopped talking to give him a chance to ask us our purpose. "

"Ania ngay ti gagarayo? " (What is your mission?) Don Felipe asked after a while. Then Tata Pio proceeded to tell him about the purpose of their visit. Don Felipe reluctantly consented; the date of the wedding, however, was to be decided after consultation with his wife and Crispina.

Before the end of the Christmas vacation. Crispina called me to go to Tagudin to talk to her parents regarding our wedding. They told me that her mother wanted it to be held in Tagudin on March 21, 1931, after the closing of classes.

"I am the incumbent mayor," her father reminded me, "and I am running for re-election. Crispina is my first daughter to be married, so I expect to have a grand wedding celebration to which I will invite the whole town. "

In contrast to the American custom where the bride's family pays for the wedding, in the Philippines, it is the groom who shoulders everything. In my case,- I bought the wedding dress, the dresses of all the bridesmaids and the maid of honor, the ring bearer and the flower girl. I had to prepare the dance hall and decorate the church. I bought the food and prepared for the feast that lasted two days and two nights. I hired the best orchestra and provided the transportation of prominent visitors from Vigan, Ilocos Sur and San Fernando, La Union.

THE WEDDING

Right after the wedding date was set, I began the preparation for the feast. I asked Crispina's uncle, Rev. Cecilio Lorenzana, to buy ten cows from Cervantes, Ilocos Sur. I asked Tatang Quilino, the husband of Crispina's aunt, to buy 20 pigs, hundreds of chickens and thousands of eggs for the leche flan, an egg pudding made of egg yolk, milk

and sugar. Two days before the wedding, I sent the best cook in San Fernando to Tagudin with scores of helpers. They took with them 10 canastros (large baskets) of fish.

The public plaza in front of the Lorenzana house was converted into a big dance hall and lavishly decorated. A special orchestra from Villasis, Pangasinan was hired to play at the dance the night before and the night after the wedding. There was a program rendered by the public school teachers on the night before the wedding. Crispina told me that very early in the morning of the wedding day, the town band went all around the streets of Tagudin

playing. This is what they called *diana*. There were also fireworks during the two nights of celebration.

I was so busy attending to patients in the hospital that I did not go to Tagudin until after lunch on the day of the wedding. I did not attend the dance the night before nor did I see the special program given by the public school teachers.

Before breakfast on the day of the wedding, Crispina's family gathered in the living room of their house for their morning devotion. They all knelt down during the prayer led by her father. With sincerity and emotion, her father prayed, "Oh, God, if this man who is going to marry my daughter is not fit for her, please, Lord, do something miraculous to stop it." Then he cried like a baby, with tears running down his cheeks.

The wedding ceremony was held in a small, humble chapel in Tagudin and was witnessed by thousands of people who packed the chapel and stood outside it. Our sponsors were Gov. and Mrs. Pio Ancheta of La Union, and Gov. and Mrs. Alejandro Quirolgico of Ilocos Sur. The officiating ministers were Rev. Cecilio Lorenzana, Crispina's uncle, Rev. Hilarion N. Macagba, my brother, and Rev. Carl Eschbach, a United Brethren missionary who sang, "Oh, Promise Me," accompanied by his wife on the organ.

The Norlutan, a passenger bus company of which I was the physician, sent two buses to Vigan in which our guests from that town rode to and from the wedding. There were also two buses for our guests from San Fernando. To feed such a great number of people, all the available space.. on the second floor of the Lorenzana home and the bedrooms were converted into dining rooms. In the yard and along the street in front of their house were tables made of light bamboo for the common people.

The following day after the wedding, George Stewart, a successful Negro businessman from Bauang, La Union and a friend of mine, sent his President Sedan to take us to Baguio for our honeymoon. With it was a letter saying, "I am sending my President Sedan to take you to Baguio. While there, you can call the Royal Garage for a car to take you anywhere you want to go without any obligations except my good wishes

for you to have a good time." The Royal Garage in Baguio also belonged to him. We stayed at the former Pines Hotel for only about a week. Our honeymoon was cut short

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*1931
Wedding Day*



1956

Silver Anniversary



The year passed rapidly. Crispina would come home on weekends or I would go to Manila to see her. I noticed that at her graduation, her father was not very happy because she graduated not as a Lorenzana but as a Macagba. Our home in Carlatan, which I had started to build before we were married, was not yet completed when she finished her internship. So she came home to the old Bible Training School building where we lived with my mother and two nieces, Modesta and Ester. We stayed there for a few months before we moved to our house in Carlatan.

During the first few months after her internship, Crispina was just a housewife. However, after the results of the Medical Board Examination showed that she had passed the examination, we started to work together as a physician and surgeon team, a relationship that lasted throughout the years until our retirement in 1962.

LORMA HOSPITAL

For a valid reason that I need not reveal because it pertained which I having been educated in the United States, considered I resigned from the Mission Hospital about April, 1933. I was a surgeon and I could not practice surgery because there was no other hospital the Mission Hospital in La Union to which patients are brought.. Realizing that a salary of P100 per month which the Norlutran paid me as its physician was inadequate, my wife asked her father to give her bagoong (saled aged fish) to sell. Her commission was only 20 centavos per five gallon can. So I built a bodega (warehouse) by the road in front of our house. I remember that many a time she emptied dried bagoong due to a leak in the can into a big earthen jar, added boiled water to which the proper amount of salt had been added, and stirred the mixture with her own hands. If she could sell ten cans a day, she would earn two pesos which was enough for her daily marketing.

My father-in-law wanted us to go to Cagayan to manage his lumber concession in Claveria. So my brother-in-law, Solomon, and I went to Aparri, Cagayan to determine the possibility of my practicing there and at the same time looking after the lands and business of my father-in-law. We took the Norlutran bus to Bangui, Ilocos Norte where we slept that night.

The next morning, we rode in a small car to Banwa, the end of the road, and arrived there at noon. There was no place to eat lunch, so we proceeded on foot. There were no houses along the way. At about 8 o'clock that night, we saw a light through a window of a house. We stopped and requested permission to spend the night. The owner, a Spaniard by the name of Eduardo Ortega, was kind enough to let us in and we were allowed to sleep by the main door. The following morning, while talking with Mr. Ortega, he ordered coffee for us.

"How hospitable he is to serve coffee before breakfast!" I thought to myself. We waited for breakfast. But the sun was already up and there was as yet no breakfast.

"Let us go before the sun gets hot," I told Solomon and we bade Mr. Ortega goodbye.

We had neither lunch nor supper the day before and had drunk only a cup of coffee for breakfast.

There were no houses along the way where we could have asked for food. As we were resting under a tree, Solomon said that money was useless without anything to buy. He had P2,000 tucked around his waist with which to buy rice in Aparri for his father's business. At noon, we arrived at the border of Cagayan and Ilocos Norte as the engineers and laborers building the road were eating.

"Excuse us gentlemen," I said, "Please share with us your food because we have eaten neither lunch nor supper yesterday nor breakfast this morning. " They were kind enough to share their lunch with us.



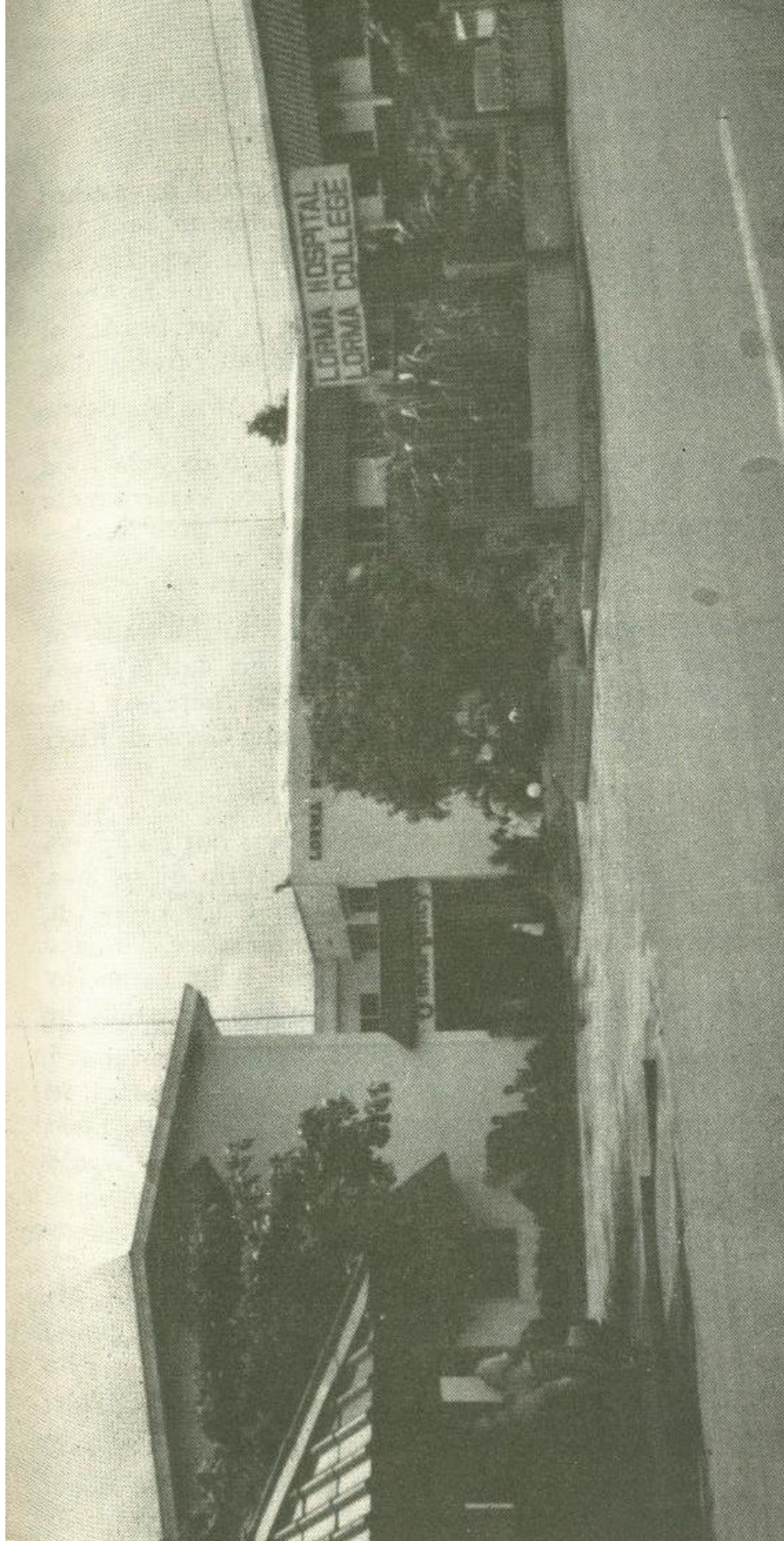
1934



1940



1950



We took a bus to Biduang, Pamplona and slept in the house of Don Vicente Quirolgico, a very good friend of my father-in-law and overseer of his lands there. From there , we continued to Aparri by bus the following day, then crossed Cagayan River on a raft.

There was only one doctor in Aparri and he was not a surgeon. People in need of surgery had to go to Manila by ship or by bus which took two or three days. Being a surgeon, I thought Aparri would be a good place to start a practice . I looked for a house to rent and found one that was being built, owned by a certain Atty. de Leon. By moving there we would be near the lands and lumber concession of my father-in-law and I was sure he would be glad to have us move there. In fact, just to make sure that we would have a house there, I paid Atty. de Leon P35 advance for a month's rent and told him that I was going home to fetch my family.

Solomon and I went to Manila by bus along Cagayan Valley. Crispina and Junior, our first born, were waiting for me there. My father-in-law was glad that we had decided to go to Aparri. Junior was only about four months old then. One day, when he wet his diaper, I tried to be of help to Crispina by changing his diaper with a dry one. As I inserted the safety pin to keep the diaper in place, he started crying. I thought that the diaper was too thick because the safety pin could not go through easily so I applied more pressure. Junior cried louder so I examined how the diaper was placed and to my surprise and sorrow, I found that the safety pin had gone through his skin.

We returned to San Fernando to pack our household belongings which would be loaded on the Tabacalera ship that regularly stopped in Carlatan on its way to Aparri. While we were waiting for the ship to arrive, patients started coming to our house. We used our dining room and two of our bedrooms to accommodate them. In the meantime, my mother and Mr. Minnick, manager of the Norlutan, begged us not to leave.

"I shall have all the patients from the company brought to you instead of the Mission Hospital," Mr. Minnick assured me. By the time the ship came, we had several patients whom we could not leave. Finally, we decided to stay.

We built a six-room building which was connected to our house through our office clinic. We used the lumber that Crispina had obtained from her father. One room, screened and with a concrete floor, was our operating room and the other five were for patients. After it was finished, we borrowed P2,000 from our friend, Mr. Stewart and bought hospital equipment such as beds, an operating table, surgical instruments and other items. For a sterilizer, I had a two-compartment boiler made of copper sheeting. On May 12, 1934, Lorma Hospital was inaugurated with a religious service. The word "Lorma" came from the first syllable of my wife's maiden name, LOReznana, and the first syllable of my family name, MACagba.

Our son, Rufino Jr., who was born at the Mission Hospital three months before I resigned, became sick with a very severe type of dysentery. After about a month, he was

just "skin and bones." Our good friend, Mr. Stewart, was a patient at the hospital at that time. When I told him of our need for an isolation pavilion, and seeing the condition of my son, he offered to pay for all the materials needed to build an annex. This was the first annex of Lorma Hospital. On the first floor was an isolation section with four screened rooms and a kitchen, and on the second floor were two big wards, one for males and the other for females.

In the meantime, the director of the Bureau of Health inspected our hospital. He was very much impressed by our screened isolation rooms with a separate kitchen complete with silverware, glassware and plates. Our hospital had another kitchen for personnel and non-contagious patients.

In the Hospital Issue of the *American Medical Journal* in 1937, all the hospitals in the United States and her territories were listed. Lorma Hospital was one of them, a hospital with a 20-bed capacity.

In 1938, we had many patients coming from the Mountain province. A native Igorot by the name of Ducayag told me that he would finance the construction of a hospital on his lot in Tuding. Accordingly, I built a 50-bed hospital there. I asked Dr. Alfonso de Leon to be the resident doctor of Lorma Hospital and Dr. Ernesto Abellera, the resident of the Tuding hospital. (Dr. de Leon is now a retired director of the La Union Provincial Hospital and Dr. Abellera is a very successful businessman of Baguio.) We resided in Baguio and commuted between the two hospitals. Unfortunately, Tuding Hospital burned down so we had to come back to San Fernando.

After our return from the United States in 1951, we cemented the wooden flooring of the first story and enlarged its kitchen, leaving unchanged one of the two obien posts from the house where I was born. This post is still in the middle of the kitchen to this day, 1978.

Except for Rufino Jr., our eldest child who was born at the Mission Hospital on Feb. 3, 1933, and Emma, at the Emmanuel Hospital in Manila on Nov. 4, 1942, all our children were born at Lorma. Lillian was born on July 29, 1934; Florence on March 8, 1936; Josephine on Sept. 12, 1937; and Gena on July 10, 1939. I was present in all the deliveries of our children except that of Emma, who was delivered by an American missionary lady physician, Dr. Darby, who was executed by the Japanese in 1945.

The first concrete annex built in 1967 was connected to the west end of the southern wing. The ground floor was the out-patient department with individual offices for the doctors while the second floor had private rooms and suites. After the completion of this annex, another was built at the opposite end with two operating rooms, a delivery room and a supply room on the second floor and patient's rooms on the first floor. The old operating and delivery rooms were converted into an obstetrical ward and nursery. The rooms along the corridor leading to the new operating rooms served as dressing

rooms for doctors with a "labor" room on one side. On the other side were the recovery and intensive care units. Another extension was added to the east of the northern wing for pediatrics on the second floor and a conference room, physical therapy room and a storeroom on the first floor.

In 1974, a three-story annex was built north of the northern wing and separate from the main building. On the first floor, the north side of the corridor included the business offices, office of the chief nurse, the personal office and two conference rooms, one small and the other twice as large. The conference rooms were separated by a large folding partition that could be slid aside to create two conference rooms. On the south side were the business manager's office, a medical library, an emergency room with five beds and a chaplain's office. (The former conference room in the main building is now a part of the physical therapy department.) The second floor had private rooms and the third housed the pediatrics department and an infirmary. (The pediatrics department, formerly in the main building, was converted into the new orthopedic department.) In 1976, a contagious disease pavilion was built at the east end of the southern wing.

From the beginning, Lorma Hospital was built for service to the people and as such all patients, irrespective of religion or status in life, were and are given "personalized" service. No patient has ever been denied the best medical care available for his particular ailment simply because he was too poor to pay for it. Nor was a poor patient ever denied even the most difficult operation for the same reason. From the beginning, we always asked God's help in our ministry of healing. Never was any operation performed without a prayer asking Him for help both for me as a surgeon and for the patient. For a serious patient, either my wife or I would pray for him, standing at his bedside when we made the rounds. If a patient was in a very critical condition, my wife would go to the hospital to pray for his recovery. Many seriously ill patients lived not because of medical care alone but also because of the power of prayer. There were too many of them to enumerate.

Rooms were also remodeled to conform with modern trends in hospital services, and new equipment was gradually brought in. In 1970, Lorma Hospital was judged by the Philippine Hospital Association and the Philippine Nurses Association as the Most Outstanding Hospital in the Philippines for community service in the "100-bed and under" category. They awarded us with a trophy which is now on display near the entrance of the hospital. It was received by me in a ceremony held at the Ospital ng Maynila on May 12 of that year.

The rapid growth of Lorma Hospital, not only in bed capacity but also in the improvement of its services and equipment, started when our son, Dr. Rufino Macagba, Jr., a surgeon, and his wife, Dr. Victoria Reyes-Macagba, an anesthesiologist, took over management duties when my wife and I retired in 1962.

Jun, as I fondly called my son, or Rufi, as he wanted to be called by his friends, attended the evangelistic meeting of Billy Graham in Singapore in

1971. When he returned home, - he was an entirely new man. He said that one night in his hotel room while reading his Bible, the Holy Spirit entered his life. Shortly after coming home he came to me and said:

"Papa, 90 per cent of our people do not earn more than P500 a year and most of them live in the barrios. Unless they are very, very sick, they do not go to town to seek the help of a doctor and very often if they do it is already too late. Instead of them coming to town to seek medical aid, why don't we go to them instead?" That was how the Lorma Outreach Program came into being.

Jun organized a medical team composed of a doctor, nurses and medical technologists from our hospital staff to go to the different barrios in the province in a big van which he bought from Clark Air Base, equipped with an operating table for examination and minor surgery, a small pharmacy and a laboratory for the examination of blood, urine and feces. Patients were treated for free and given laboratory examinations and medicines at cost or free to those who could not afford to pay. Besides consultation and treatment, doctor and nurses gave lectures on first aid, nutrition, sanitation, immunization and family planning.

Dr. Macagba, Jr. also initiated a daily program in two radio stations in San Fernando. These broadcasts were in the Ilocano dialect and in English and were entirely about general health care, both preventive and therapeutic.

Jun is now the Secretary for Health Delivery Care of World Vision Inc., whose office is at Monrovia, California. He makes a trip at least four times a year to South America, South East Asia and Africa to help developing and underdeveloped countries set up their health program patterned after Lorma Hospital and its Outreach Program.

JAPANESE OCCUPATION

(1941-1945)

A few weeks before the start of the Pacific War, Mr. Shinje, the Japanese manager of the Mountain Bazaar in San Fernando, and his wife were our guests for supper. Crispina asked Mr. Shinje if there was going to be a war.

"Yes, yes. There will be war very soon. I am sending my family back to Japan," he said.

On Dec. 6, 1941, a Saturday, Dr. Idneo Bringas from Abra, a classmate of mine at the University of Nebraska, came to our home that night. He was then in the army and was bivouacked in San Fabian, Pangasinan.

"Is there to be a war, Doctor?" Crispina asked.

"Yes," he answered. "This is the reason why I came to meet my wife from Bangued. I have to bring her with me."

The next day, during the morning service in church, Crispina brought along a little notebook and pen. Instead of listening to the sermon, she was writing in the notebook.

"What are you writing?" asked Mrs. Isabel Viduya who was sitting beside her.

Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States over the radio condemning the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor and rallying the American people to go to war against Japan.

When I heard that Japanese soldiers had already landed in Vigan, I went to Colonel Green, the commanding officer of the Philippine Constabulary, and offered the services of Lorma Hospital.

"Thank you for your offer, Doctor," he said, "but it is too late now." He continued, "My advice to you is to go back, destroy all your equipment and burn your hospital. Then go south."

What a drastic and cruel advice this was! The hospital and all its equipment were the only property we had. They were the sum total of all our earnings during the entire 13 years of our practice of medicine and surgery.

I went home very much worried. I told my wife about the advice of the Commanding Officer of the P.C.

"No, we shall not do that," Crispina said. "We shall not leave the place. We shall not go south because that is where all the government officials will go and I am sure the Japanese will follow them."

In the meantime, Major Noble of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East (USAFFE) arrived with some Filipino volunteers and American and Filipino soldiers. They encamped in an area between

Baroro Bridge in Bacnotan and Tabuc Bridge in San Juan where they awaited the advancing Japanese Army coming from the north. We sent all our patients home in our ambulance. Major Noble came to Lorma and ordered me to prepare our hospital for casualties. He commandeered our ambulance. Shortly before noon on December 18, a lone Japanese plane flew over Carlatan and machine-gunned the Tabacalera warehouses. Hurriedly, we evacuated to the nearest hill east of Carlatan, taking with us cooked food and all the other things we could carry. All our personnel went with us.

We rented a house. During the day, we stayed in the house but at night we took our beddings and slept in the woods because there were reports that the Japanese soldiers abused women. One day during our family devotion,

Josephine, then four years old, prayed, in Ilocano, "Protect us, Lord, from these cruel Japanese."

The Japanese arrived in San Fernando about Dec. 22 or 23, 1941. One day, I received a letter from Bonifacio Tadiar a close friend who had evacuated his family to a barrio near us, inviting me to go with him to meet the officers of the religious section of the Japanese Imperial Army. He told me that he had heard that the Protestant group of the religious section had celebrated Christmas in our church.

Reluctantly because of fear, I went with him to town. The religious section of the Japanese Imperial Army was housed in the Catholic Convent. (The convent had 4-ft. thick walls of masonry and was razed by shelling when the Americans came back in 1945.) They were very cordial to us. One of them, a Japanese Protestant minister educated in Canada, gave me his calling card written in Japanese characters. This card helped me many a time during the Japanese Occupation.

One of the earliest casualties during the war was a Filipino woman who had been hit on her foot by shrapnel while the Tabacalera warehouses were being machine-gunned. She came to me at our evacuation place. Her foot was already so gangrenous that amputation had to be performed. But we were not prepared to perform such an operation because we had no surgical instruments. We had left them hidden in the ceiling of the hospital when we hurriedly ran to the mountains while the Tabacalera warehouses were being strafed and machine-gunned a few days previous. I told the woman's companion that I could not perform the operation unless I had surgical instruments.

"They are wrapped in linen and hidden in the ceiling above the operating room," I said.

"I'll get them tonight," volunteered a man.

The next morning he brought our surgical instruments and reported, "There is not a single furniture left and things are scattered all over the place."

I operated on the woman under a tamarind tree using a mosquito net to keep away the flies and a carpenter's saw to amputate the foot. She is living to this day.

My wife and I and three of our maids and our houseboy, Delfin, went to the hospital to see what we could salvage. There were Japanese soldiers going around the barrio catching chickens and taking whatever food they could find. As the girls were cleaning the surroundings of the hospital, Crispina and one of the girls cooked our lunch. Delfin caught some fish from our fishpond for viand and also picked some coconuts. A Japanese soldier with a bayonet in his rifle suddenly entered our kitchen.

"Give me coconut," the Japanese soldier demanded of Crispina.

"Climb the coconut," Crispina answered him.

"Kill you," shouted the Japanese.

"Kill the coconut," she answered, not paying attention to him but attending to her cooking. She did not show any sign of fear but Delfin and the girls were very much afraid. The Japanese soldier went near the stove, took a spoon and tasted the boiling broth.

"Very good, very good," he said and left.

I was talking to the rest of the soldiers nearby. As I wanted to know where the chairs and the beds of the hospital had been taken, I pretended that I had not eaten for several days, hoping that they would take me to their barracks in the Tabacalera compound.

"Me hungry," I told them. "Not eaten several days. See?" I tightened my belt. Evidently, they understood me.

"Come, come" one of them said.

I followed them to the Tabacalera compound. Its gate was only about 200 meters from the hospital. As I saw many Japanese soldiers within the compound, many of them without shirts, I felt a chill run up and down my spine. If something happened to me, nobody would have known. They took me to the part of the barracks farthest from the gate and there I saw our hospital beds, chairs and other beds, chairs and tables perhaps taken from other houses. They called one of them who could speak English. I told him I was hungry and had not eaten for three days. They spoke in Japanese and then some of them went out with axes. I heard them cutting down a tree but I didn't know it was a coconut tree until they brought me a coconut, already opened, and told me to eat it.

"Oh, I was just kidding," I said.

"What?" the Japanese who spoke English asked. "Kidding."

"Kidding," he repeated as he searched for the meaning of the word "kidding" in his little dictionary. Evidently, he did not understand the meaning of the word. When he found the meaning, he explained it to the others. They laughed and playfully pushed me around.

Their kitchen was on the way out of the compound near the gate. As I passed by, I tried to hide my fear by sampling some of the chicken fried in deep fat. An armed Japanese sitting nearby looked at me very sharply as I ate. I opened my wallet and took out the calling card of the Japanese Protestant minister and

showed it to him. He stood up and saluted. Seeing two 1-peso bills in my wallet, he gave me a 20-peso bill and took the two 1-peso bills in exchange. After I put my wallet back into my pocket, I explained to him by the use of signs using my fingers that the one piece he gave me was worth 20 pesos and the two pieces he took were only worth 2 pesos. Instantly, he forced his hand into my pocket and took out my wallet, removed the 20-peso bill and put back the two 1-peso bills inside and gave it back to me.

We did not know how long the war would last, so we planned to go to our farm in Mabanengbeng, a barrio of Bacnotan, 15 kilometers north of San Fernando, where we were assured of having enough rice to live on. It was just after the harvest. So about the end of December, 1941, Delfin and I walked to our farm. We passed through Baroro where the first battle between the Japanese and the USAFFE was fought several days before. I saw many dead Filipino soldiers on the ground. Some of the bodies were being eaten by dogs and pigs.

Elias, one of our tenants, took us back to San Fernando in a *carretela* (a horse-driven rig). On his way back he loaded it with barrels of assorted nails left by the defeated USAFFE soldiers in Baroro. Later, I bought the same nails from him when I built our house and hospital in our farm. I used lumber taken from the lumberyard of my father-in-law in Darigayos not far from the farm.

Before leaving for our farm in Mabanengbeng, I had been going to the town of San Fernando every now and then. Japanese guards were placed at strategic points where Filipinos came in and out of town, taking with them assorted merchandise from the stores opened to the people by the Japanese. One day, as I passed through one of these checkpoints, a soldier stopped me. I opened my wallet and showed him the calling card of the Japanese minister. Admiring my wallet, he removed the contents and gave them back to me but kept my wallet. I would not let him have it because I had hidden two 50-peso bills in a secret pocket. Upon hearing our argument, his superior officer came from across the street and inquired what was the matter. Seeing the Japanese pastor's card in my hand together with the other contents, he reprimanded the soldier. He took the wallet from him and gave it back to me. In appreciation, I gave him the two 1-peso bills which the soldier at the Tabacalera compound had wanted in exchange for his 20-peso bill a few days before. Then I walked away.

There was a great assortment of merchandise piled in the guardhouse. They were things that the soldiers did not want the Filipinos to take out. After walking about 50 yards from the guardhouse, the thought came to my mind that the Japanese officer had gotten my 2 pesos without giving me something in return. So I went back and pointed to my worn-out shoes to show that I needed a new pair. He understood what I meant and told me to look for a pair that suited me in a pile of boxes of shoes. After finding one, I pointed to a bale of printed material on a pile of clothes; he gave that to me also. These were more than enough exchange for the two pesos. So I left afterwards.

Shortly after New Year's Day of 1942, when *carretelas* could travel the roads freely, I took my family and the entire hospital staff to Mabanengbeng. With what was left of my father-in-law's lumber which had been looted, I built our combination house and hospital. It had three levels -- the lower one was for a hospital, the second for a kitchen and dining room, and the third, for our sleeping quarters.

We treated several patients and even performed major surgical operations in this Lorma Hospital in Mabanengbeng. Mrs. Winnie Wellborn Luzon, who later became my chief nurse at the USAFIP-NL (United States Armed Forces in the Philippines, North Luzon) Base Hospital of which I was chief of surgical services and later the commanding officer during the war of liberation, delivered her twin babies there. She retired from the army a few years earlier as a colonel. On July 4, 1942, when there was no more organized resistance and both Bataan and Corregidor had surrendered to the Japanese, we transferred back to Carlatan and re-opened Lorma Hospital. We had to re-furnish it completely.

About the end of 1942, the Japanese garrison in Aringay was attacked by Filipino *guerillas* (members of an independent unit fighting the Japanese). In retaliation, the Japanese rounded up 200 prominent men in Aringay, lined them up along the railroad bridge and machine-gunned them. One of the victims was an engineer and father-in-law of Mrs. Pulido, our chief nurse at Lorma Hospital. The Ilocos provinces were isolated by the Japanese from Manila. No Filipino was allowed to pass through Rosario, the southernmost town of our province. The end of the railroad rail for Filipino passenger was Dagupan.

There was a rumor that the Japanese would also execute 50 prominent Filipino residents of San Fernando. Because of this, I wanted to evacuate my family to Manila but Filipinos were not allowed to leave the province. I went to Mr. Shinje, the Japanese whom we entertained for supper before the outbreak of the war. He was our close friend. We asked him for help to get us out of San Fernando. He was the interpreter for the Kempetai, the Military Police of the Japanese Imperial Army. As he was a high ranking officer of the Japanese Army, he was in a position to help. The Kempetai office in San Fernando could not give us clearance. Baguio was the headquarters of the Kempetai in Northern Luzon. Mr. Shinje was very kind to us and very accommodating. He had a very long telephone conversation with the Kempetai office in Baguio. He must have told them that we were his friends before the war and that I was the attending physician of his wife when she gave birth. Finally, we were given permission to leave San Fernando for Manila.

It was October, 1942 when we all went to Manila. I was very much relieved when we finally boarded the train. The members of my family were the only Filipinos in the train. The rest were Japanese soldiers. Our children were still very young but they had learned Japanese songs already by that time. Soon after we boarded the train, they sang Japanese songs to the amusement of the soldiers.

We stayed with my father-in-law in Manila. He had two big houses on Oregon Street and all his children and their families lived there. (Both houses were razed to the ground when Manila was re-taken by the Americans in 1945).

Crispina was in the family way at that time. Early in the morning, of November 4, her "bag of water" ruptured. She wanted to be attended to by an American missionary lady physician, Dr. Darby, at Emmanuel Hospital located in Tondo, at the other end of the city from where we lived. So we took a calesa and reached the hospital after one hour. Emma, our youngest daughter, was born there. She was very small,

being premature. There was no incubator, milk or enough medicine. She was so small that she had to be fed with a medicine dropper. Fortunately, she lived, and we named her Emma, after, the name of the hospital, Emmanuel. After the lifting of the travel ban from Manila to the Ilocos provinces, we returned to San Fernando.

One morning, shortly after our return, a schoolteacher of Lingsat, Mr. Almazan, was shot on his way to school. He was brought to the hospital critically wounded, and died shortly after. Being the attending doctor, I was called by the Japanese army for investigation on suspicion that I was cooperating with the *guerillas*. Many people in Carlatan were being killed by the *guerillas* who, however, did not touch me. I was taken to the office of the Japanese doctor officer to whom I had loaned some medical books.

"Why did you kill the teacher?" asked the interrogator.

"I did not kill the teacher," I answered.

"You ordered the killing of the teacher," he insisted.

"No, I did not order the killing of the teacher," I answered.

"You know who shot him?" he asked.

"No, I do not know who shot him," I answered.

"Do you have enemies?" he asked.

"No, I do not have enemies," I answered. He instantly hit me hard on my leg with the ruler he was holding and shouted at me. "Therefore, those *guerillas* are your friends, if they are not your enemies."

"They have not done me any wrong, nor have do not count them as my enemies," I answered.

The Japanese doctor talked to him in Japanese. He must have reprimanded him for hitting me because the interrogator became more polite in subsequent questioning. After an hour, they served me ice cream. Then another officer arrived and I was taken to another room where he continued questioning me. The line of his interrogation was the same as that of the first investigator. I was questioned for another hour, after which they let me go.

When I was about 50 meters from the house where I had been interrogated, I heard my name being called. I looked back and saw the officers at the window and heard them saying, "Come back, come back, doctor." With fear, I went back. The Japanese doctor said, "Your life is in danger. I give you this firearm for

your protection, on condition that if you leave, you will deposit it in my office." I was given a fully loaded .45 caliber revolver.

A few weeks later, my wife and I wanted to go to Manila. In compliance with the order of the doctor, I went to his office to deposit the firearm.

"How long are you going to stay in Manila?" he asked.

"I do not know. It may be ten days or more, depending on my wife," I answered.

With a surprised look in his eyes, he asked, "What? Depending on your wife? No good, no good, doctor," he told me. "In Japan, when a husband tells anything to his wife, the wife always says 'yes' even if the heart says 'no'. In this way, there is no domestic trouble."

"It is not so in the Philippines. The husband and wife are the same. They are equal," I told him.

(After the war when I related this incident to an American -- that in Japan, the wife always obeys the husband, and in the Philippines, husband and wife are equal -- the American said, "You are lucky brother. In the States, whenever we say something to the wife and she says no, it stays no.")

In the meantime, a provisional government was formed by the Japanese Imperial Army. Dr. Jose P. Laurel was proclaimed president, and provincial governors and city and town mayors were appointed. A one-party government called *kalibape* was organized to elect the members of the National Assembly. Accordingly, a convention was called by the appointed governor, the late Bonifacio Tadiar, to elect a person to represent our province in the National Assembly in addition to the governor. The members of the convention were the appointed town mayors of La Union, with another person whom each mayor appointed.

Without campaigning, I was elected unanimously. Thus, I became an Assemblyman. Again, I took my family to Manila to attend the sessions of the National Assembly. Pidong, our houseboy at that time, brought our *tartanilla* to Manila which Crispina had bought in Laoag shortly after the Japanese Occupation. It took him four days to reach Manila. After taking me to Congress in the *tartanilla* (horse-driven cart), Pidong went out to carry passengers. His daily earnings were more than my salary as an Assemblyman.

All the while, different units of the guerillas were very active all over the Philippines. They attacked Japanese checkpoints and ambushed Japanese convoys. Our Japanese friend, Mr. Shinje, who had helped us leave La Union for Manila when no Filipinos were allowed to leave the province, died in such an ambush in Ilocos Sur. So, about the middle of 1944, the members of the National Assembly were sent to their respective provinces to participate in a pacification campaign. Bonifacio Tadiar, the governor of La Union, ordered the mayor of each municipality to call a public meeting at the town plaza at which the governor and I delivered addresses. We were always accompanied by Japanese soldiers assigned to us as bodyguards and, I was sure, to spy on us as well.

Many Filipinos were being killed, not only by the Japanese, but more often by the guerillas when they were suspected of being collaborators. Governors and assemblymen were particularly marked for execution. As a matter of fact, President Laurel was shot while playing golf at Wack-Wack Golf Club in Manila. Fortunately for me, I had been dispensing medicine to the guerillas and treating all those who came to the hospital and operated on some of them. Crispina was also a regular contributor of rice and money. In fact, they even rode in our *tartanilla* going to town.

Because there were so many unnecessary killings of Filipinos by their fellow Filipino guerillas, our campaign was not to ask the people to persuade them to come down from the mountains but to help each other by not killing one another. To drive home my point, I used an Ilocano word, *agbibinnadang*, which has a double meaning. If the accent is on the second to the last syllable, it means 'helping each other' but if the accent is on the last syllable, it would then mean 'boloing one another.' So I said, "*Masapul nga agbibinnadang tayo a saan ket nga agbibinnadang.*" The sentence thus meant: "We must help each other instead of boloing one another." We also encouraged the people to produce more food because we did not know how much longer the war would continue.

About the middle of 1944, I was closely watched by the Japanese. Almost daily, a Japanese soldier would come to the hospital to check our patients. Sometimes they even came in the middle of the night.

In October of 1944, the guerilla hospital in Lon-oy, San Gabriel was raided by Japanese soldiers. My nephew, Andres, a Philippine Scout surrenderee who accompanied them to Lon-oy came to me as soon as they arrived in town and told me that my name was on the list of those contributing to the hospital. Immediately, I burned all the letters I had received from the guerillas asking for help. The letters were addressed, "1896-8." This was to protect me in case a messenger was caught. "1896" was the year and "8" the month of my birth. Then I went to the Philippine Constabulary that same morning to ask the commanding officer for bodyguards.

"I know your color. You do not need any guard," the commanding officer told me.

I told him that the guerilla hospital in Lon-oy had been raided by the Japanese and that my name was on the list they had taken. I wanted to have guards to show that I was being guarded from the guerillas. He understood my predicament as he, too, had a "connection" with them; he granted my request. He gave me four P.C. soldiers. The Philippine Constabulary, organized by the Japanese Imperial Army, was composed of Filipino officers and men and its function was the same as under the P.C. before the war, which was to keep peace and order.

The next day, two Japanese officers came to the hospital to question me instead of calling me to their garrison as they had previously done after Mr. Almazan was shot. This was probably because I was now a member

of the Philippine Assembly created after we were given independence by the Japanese government.

One favorite method the Japanese used to extract confessions from people was to force gallons of water into the prisoner's mouth then step on his abdomen to force the water out through the mouth and even the nose and ears. One of the officers asked me, "Why are you giving aid to the enemies?"

Knowing their barbarous method of extracting the truth and that they already knew that I had been a contributor to the guerilla hospital in Lon-oy, I immediately admitted giving aid and said, "Yes, but that was before I was an Assemblyman. Now that I am an assemblyman and have these P.C. soldiers guarding me day and night, they do not come to me anymore." They were satisfied with my answer and left.

It was Sept. 22, 1944 when American planes bombed the seaplanes of the Japanese parked along the shore of San Fernando Bay from Carlatan to Poro. Some Japanese pilots even sought cover in our air raid shelter under the hospital below the operating room. All the Japanese planes parked along the shore of San Fernando Bay were destroyed in that raid.

Fearing that the Americans were coming back to bomb San Femando, many people evacuated to the barrios. The Japanese Command told the people to return to their houses. Failure to do so caused them to be executed and their houses burned. A few days later, another wave of American bombers came back and sank all the Japanese ships anchored in the harbor of San Fernando and those which were anchored outside, west of Poro Peninsula.

In the meantime, the official of the Mitsui in Poro told me that they were commandeering Lorma Hospital for their use. The Mitsui was mining the Lepanto copper property in Mankayan. The copper concentrates were brought to Poro then shipped to Japan. This is why there were so many ships in the San Fernando harbor at that time.

I was glad to give the hospital to the company. That gave us a reason to leave San Femando. We were allowed to leave the hospital and so we went

back to our farm in Mabanengbeng where we had a house built when we evacuated there after the Japanese occupied San Fernando at the beginning of the war.

A few days later, Major Alipio Cubas, the Visayan executive officer of the 121st Infantry, came to a barrio nearby to supervise the landing of firearms and ammunition brought by submarine to Darigayos. Col. Lorenzo Camins and I went to meet him. I had heard so much about his having killed so many people suspected of being Japanese collaborators. Sol. Camins, a regular army officer who had surrendered after the fall of Bataan and Corregidor, went to report to him for duty. He was married to my sister-in-law, Antonia, and they had evacuated with us to our farm.

"I would like to join the army, too, Major," I said.

I volunteered to join the army because I did not like the way the guerilla soldiers whose garrison was near our house were taking advantage of us by making us provide all their needs and commanding me to go and treat them in their barracks even for a minor ailment.

"I heard that you are asthmatic, Doctor, so we did not call you," the executive officer told me.

"But I would still like to join although my wife does not allow me to do so because of my asthma," I said. "I cannot walk to the mountains, but if I were carried, I know that I would be of service because I am a surgeon. "

"Do you really want to join?" he asked.

"Yes, Major," I answered.

"I'll write you an order in such a way that Mrs. Macagba will let you come," he said.

A few days later, while I was in the neighboring barrio buying chicken and other foodstuff to feed more than 50 people in our house, my wife received a letter from the major, saying:

From : 121st Infantry Headquarters
To : Dr. Rufino N. Macagba

You are commanded to report to this

headquarters for duty. For failure to
obey, you will be arrested and punished accordingly.

(Signed) Maj. Alipio Cubas
Executive Officer

After receiving the letter, my wife immediately sent some of our tenants to look for me. It was already noon when they found me. When I arrived in the house, Crispina asked me to report to major Cubas right away because she was afraid I would be arrested and punished if I did not go. Knowing that the headquarters were quite far from our place, I told the men who came to get me to wait till morning. It rained very hard that night and the path was muddy. So I told them to come back as soon as the trail was dry and to bring a hammock in which to carry me.

About a year before, when the Japanese learned that there were guerillas in the mountains, they organized a guard system called "*bampi*" in each barrio headed by the barrio lieutenant. They built a guardhouse in each barrio, posting four guards at a time who stayed guard round the clock on 24-hour duty. They were instructed to send a runner to the "*bampi*" of the neighboring barrio, who in turn sent a runner to the next and so on until they arrived at the Japanese garrison to report the presence of guerillas, if any. Instead of guarding the Japanese from the guerillas, the "*bampi*" was very effective in notifying the guerillas of the presence of Japanese soldiers during their mopping-up operations. Before the Japanese could get to within five or six kilometers of their camp, the guerillas already knew of their arrival, having been notified by the runner from the "*bampi*" system. Thus, when Japanese soldiers reached the hospital in Lon-oy, they were unable to capture a single guerilla. The guerillas, however, left their barracks and the hospital hurriedly, forgetting to take their records with them. Thus, the list of hospital contributors, of which I was one, was found by the Japanese soldiers.

(The *bampi* was also used to carry our letters to and from our families in the lowlands. It took only a day for letters to reach me. Normally it would take a man about two days each way if he were to walk the whole distance.)

When the men came a few days later, they brought with them a hammock in which I was carried to the next barrio. Another set of men carried me to the next *bampi* and so on until we reached Camp 944-C, the headquarters of the 121st Infantry up in the mountainous area of San Gabriel, late that night. The next day, Nov. 16, 1944, I was commissioned as a 1st Lt. by Col. Barnett, the Commanding Officer, and assigned junior officer of the Lon-oy field hospital. Immediately, I proceeded to the hospital on a hammock and did not arrive at the hospital, which was atop a very steep mountain, until about 10 o'clock that night.

Nobody saw me arrive. When Dr. Arsenio Martinez and my former nurses Felicidad Mina, Ambrosia Manalang and Modesta Macagba heard about my arrival, they came to greet me. They were all surprised to see me and wondered how I had climbed the very steep mountain, knowing that I was asthmatic. They did not see me being carried in a hammock.

The C.O. was a regular army officer, Dr. Alejandro Dario of Candon. He was a captain in the Medical Corps.

The 121st Infantry is one of the five infantries of the USAFIP-NL guerrillas operating in Northern Luzon. It was operating in La Union, Ilocos Sur and Abra. The other four were operating in Ilocos Norte, Mountain Province and the Cagayan Valley. The USAFIP-NL guerilla was commanded by Col. Russel Volkmann, a regular US Army officer and its component infantries were headed by Americans and Filipinos who were not regular military men.

The following morning, I started a daily routine of exercising by gradually lengthening the distance I could climb. After a few days, my asthma disappeared and I could climb the steep mountain from the bottom to the top where the hospital was located.

I was ordered to build another hospital on a flat area near Lon-oy. Commandeering all the men there and others from surrounding barrios, it did not take me long to finish the main hospital, a mess hall, a house for the commanding officer and quarters for us doctors, nurses and other hospital personnel using light bamboo.

A few days later, I received another order from Colonel Volkmann to build a house for Sergio Osmena, Jr. and his family. Serging, as he is called by his friends, is the son of President Sergio Osmena, the President of the Philippines who had already landed in Leyte with the U. S. Army, led by Gen. MacArthur. I was told that Mrs. Osmena, Jr. was on the family way and that I was recommended by Col. Volkmann to attend to her delivery. They were evacuated from Baguio by the guerillas.

I had known Serging ever since I was an assemblyman. Japanese Navy officers had entertained him many times, together with some of us assemblymen. He was a scrap iron dealer. (After the Pacific War, the Philippine Tribunal tried him as a collaborator for having done business with the Japanese Navy.) I built his house by a small waterfall out of light bamboo. Each room had "running water," which was actually a series of bamboo pipes laid around the house to the bathroom which caught water from the waterfall. I had these pipes-connected in front of the windows in such a way that with the simple use of another bamboo, one could easily divert the water into a room. Thus, the house really had "running water" in every room.

In the meantime, Crispina and my children, Rufino, Jr. and Lilly, came to join me in the mountain, leaving our other small children under the care of my mother and my wife's mother in our evacuation place in Malmalanting. I transferred them from Mabanengbeng because our place there was too near the road.

Serging and Mrs. Osmena gave a Christmas dinner in 1944 at their house to which my family was invited. They served fruit cake given by the C.O. of the USAFIP-NL. We were told that the cake was brought in by an American submarine that had been supplying the guerilla with firearms and ammunition.

On Jan. 4, 1945, about 10 o'clock at night, my C.O., Capt. Alejandro Dario, a medical doctor, received a communication from the headquarters of the 121st Infantry, as follows:

From : 944-C Headquarters Date: January 4, 1945
To : Capt. A. Dario
C.O. Lon-oy Field Hospital

Send Lt. Macagba with enough personnel to

Padang immediately to build a hospital because tomorrow we will attack the enemy.

(Signed) Major Alipio Cubas
Adjutant

Upon receiving the order, Dr. Dario ordered me to select my personnel and proceed immediately to Padang. I took with me my trusted nurses, Modesta Macagba and Ambrosia Manalang, four nurses' aides and four enlisted men. (In a regular army, the engineering company is sent first to build a hospital followed by a supply officer and his men before the medical company is sent. It was not so with the USAFIP-NL guerilla.) It was about midnight when we left. We walked down the mountains along a trail with only the stars to light our way. Upon nearing Padang, we saw lights in the sea that extended from north to south, as far as our eyes could see. We knew that they were the lights from the American ships that had come to liberate us.

It was daybreak when we set foot at Padang. I immediately ordered my four enlisted men to gather all the men in the barrio and those in the surrounding areas to be brought to me. The first 100 who arrived were sent out to gather light bamboo poles which grew in abundance in the area. The next 100 were sent out to gather cogon and those who came later were assigned to build the hospital and make bamboo beds.

Later that same morning, I sent my four men in twos to go out again; two to gather cooking utensils and the other two to solicit rice and other food from the people. At 10 o'clock 20 WAS (Women's Auxiliary Service) reported to me for duty. These were the women who used to entertain and -serve the guerilla soldiers. I sent them back to their homes to gather all the mats, blankets and pillows that they could find and bring them to the hospital as soon as possible. At about 4 that afternoon, 13 casualties were brought in and we were ready to attend to them.

In about a week, we had more than 200 patients, both soldiers and civilians. Then I was called back to Lon-oy to attend to the delivery of Mrs. Osmena, Jr. My wife, who was still there, and I delivered the Osmenas' baby girl. She was named "Mini," after Longfellow's "Minihaha" because of the waterfalls by their house where she was born. After that, I went back to Padang, taking my wife, Junior and Lilly with me this time.

At one time there were seven Japanese soldiers who were brought in by the bolo men. They were captured in a sweet potato field. The bolo men had cut their Achilles tendons to prevent any chance of escape.

A favorite officer of Colonel Barnett came to the hospital accompanied by his bodyguards. He was wearing white gloves. He said that he was sick and had come for treatment. Shortly afterwards, he went to the house where I had placed the Japanese prisoners and, with a bamboo stick, whipped them until they

could hardly move. Being the C.O. of the hospital, those Japanese were my responsibility. After hearing of this incident, I summoned the officer and told him, "You are not sick. You are just malingering. Get out!"

On Jan. 30, 1945, I was ordered to go to Sapilang, Bacnotan to start another hospital there. This was nearer the main road than Padang. I stopped at the 121st Infantry headquarters on my way to Sapilang and met with Colonel Barnett.

"What were you trying to do to Lt. Flores, kill him?" he asked, referring to the officer who whipped the Japanese prisoners. "He collapsed upon arriving here." (Lt. Flores was not his real name).

"He was not sick, Sir," I said. "He was only malingering. If he were really sick, he could not have walked from Padang to here." The distance was about 15 kilometers. (Many years after the war, I was told by Lt. Flores' younger brother that Colonel Barnett would have executed his brother for malingering, had it not been for his intercession).

When the battleground was in Carlatan where Japanese soldiers were entrenched in the big Tabacalera warehouses, I requested Colonel Barnett to please spare Lorma Hospital as much as possible because all my surgical instruments which we needed so badly were buried under our air raid shelter. When Carlatan was taken by our soldiers, the Japanese retreated to Bacsil, a barrio in the mountains east of San Fernando. The colonel granted me permission to go with him to Lorma, it being the command post of his soldiers, so I could get the much needed instruments.

There was not a single house left standing in Carlatan except for Tabacalera and Lorma. Later on, however, the warehouses, too, were destroyed together with all the other buildings in town by American shelling from the sea. Miraculously, Lorma was spared.

Upon arriving there, I went to the **air** raid shelter and dug up the earthen jar in which I had hidden the instruments. While digging, I accidentally broke one of the glass jars in which I kept some silver coins. One of the bolo-men working in the command post saw the scattered coins. I asked him to please not tell anyone about it because I had other jars buried there. Before we left, I went back to the shelter just to check. There were about ten **holo-nien** digging everywhere. What they did not know was that there really weren't any more jars left.

Our soldiers retrieved a lot of war materials from Tabacalera after the Japanese retreated. I was given one of the mosquito nets they found which was big enough for 50 people and I used it to-sere-en the operating room of our Sapilang field hospital.

We had many patients brought in from Bacsil, where the Japanese retreated to. Now the enemy was on higher ground than our troops. In spite of heavy casualties, Colonel Barnett ordered the men to advance. We must have lost about -half of our soldiers in the battle of Bacsil. A marker was erected there after the war.

The colonel was not a regular army man. He placed a regular officer of the army, Lieutenant Oredujos, a veteran of Bataan, in command of the troops for that particular battle. Instead of placing the heavy batteries with the infantry as had been ordered by Colonel Barnett, he put them behind for support of the foot soldiers. For this, the colonel had him executed without the benefit of court martial for having disobeyed his order.

From Sapilang, on March 2, 1945, I was ordered to go Padang, Bacnotan, a barrio by the sea, as the C.O. of Barilla Hospital, a recuperation hospital. The patients were kept in houses and slept on folding canvas cots supplied by the United States Army, which by then had already occupied Pangasinan, as far as San Fabian. As in Lon-oy, patients in Padang and Sapilang lay in bamboo beds. The Japanese at that time were retreating to

One day, after the surrender of General-Yamashita, I went to Camp Spencer and, while eating at the officers' mess, Colonel Montilla, the G-5, said to me, "You're lucky, Doctor, that you are with us. Otherwise, you would have been with the other assemblymen and governors during the occupation in the stockade." All the other assemblymen and governors of Northern Luzon had been arrested by the Army and put in the stockade at Camp Spencer.

"I do not know if I am lucky or not," I answered.

"Why? Do you want to be in the stockade also?" he asked.

"I think it would be quite an honor to be with them. Castillejos, Caram, Brillantes, Paredes and other Ilocano leaders are all there. I think it would be an honor to be with them," I answered. All of the officers eating with us laughed.

When transportation between Manila and Ilocos was restored and knowing that my brother-in-law, Solomon, had a truck making regular trips between Manila and Tagudin, a beautiful girl from a prominent Tagudin family came to me and asked, "Doctor, do you want to buy gasoline?" There was no commercial gasoline for sale at that time.

"How much a gallon," I asked.

"I do not sell by the gallon," she answered.

"How much a barrel?"

"I do not sell by the barrel," she said.

I was surprised and asked, "How do you sell it then?"

"I sell it by the truckload," she answered.

Evidently, the gasoline she was selling was in 50-gallon barrels, transported by trucks from San Fernando to the different American Army units along the Ilocos shores. These trucks were driven by American soldiers, mostly colored. She obviously had a connection with some of these drivers.

Baguio along the Naguilian road and there was already free communication between the American Army in Pangasinan and our USAFIP-NL guerilla.

On March 9, 1945, I was promoted to the rank of captain and was transferred to the Base Hospital at Camp Spencer, the headquarters of the USAFIP-NL in Darigayos. I was appointed chief of the surgical service. The C.O. was the chief surgeon of the USA-FIP-NL, Dr. Bienvenido Nebms, a regular army officer. As the only surgeon in the base hospital, I was kept busy day and night attending to many casualties from the different battlefields. Working so hard and lacking sleep, I fell ill and was taken to the Station Hospital of the American Army in San Fabian, Pangasinan. A U.S. Army captain shared my tent.

Seeing that he wasn't really sick, I asked, "Why are you here, Captain? You're not really sick, are you?"

"Doctor," he answered, "I would rather be a living coward than a dead hero."

After a week, I returned to the base hospital at Camp Spencer. More and more casualties were brought in, mostly from Bessang Pass. I was ordered to relocate the base hospital to Tagudin, which was nearer the battleground than Darigayos was. Tagudin was the hometown of my wife. I was glad to relocate there because I could take her and my family there with me. The town was then under a mayor appointed by the USAFIP-NL. I went with him and we toured the town to see which buildings and houses we could use. I decided to take the *Presidencia* for our offices, the public market for our operating room, the Catholic school and the lower part of the convent for patients, and all the private houses around the area for housing the doctors, nurses and other personnel. The second floor of the convent was the residence of the Belgian sisters but I wanted to use the ground floor for patients. I was later told by Col. Deovardo Montilla, the G-5, that the mayor of Tagudin and the Belgian priest of the town went to Camp Spencer and complained to him about my having commandeered those buildings and houses.

The next day, I took Capt. Jose Bunuan with me to go to Tagudin. He was a resident of the town and well known by the people there. I gave him a "blood plasma," his favorite drink, a combination of fruit juice and pure alcohol. Then we called the Belgian priest and sisters for a conference.

The captain, loaded with "blood plasma," took out a map which he

spread over the table.

"Father," he said, pointing a finger at the location of Bessang Pass, "here is where the fight is going on." Pointing to the location of Tagudin, he continued, "Tagudin is here, the most strategic place for a hospital." Then he asked, "Which would you prefer to give, your school or the lower floor of the convent of your church?" Hearing such words from an army man during wartime gave one not much of a choice.

Then I requested the C.O. of the Military Police to accompany me to call on the mayor. This C.O. of the MP was known to have executed many men from Tagudin who had been suspected of collaborating with the Japanese.

In his presence, I said, "Mayor, I was told that you reported me to G-5. It seems as though you do not want to cooperate with the Army. "

Seeing the man beside me, he replied, "Oh yes, Doctor, I am glad to cooperate. "

"Do you really mean what you said?" I asked.

"Yes, Doctor," he answered.

"Let us seal our agreement by having a *pulutan*, " I said. (A *pulutan* is a meat or fish dish eaten with an alcoholic drink.) "You provide the goat and I will provide the drinks." With Captain Bunuan, the C.O. of the MP, the mayor, his chief of police and others, we had a lively *pulutan* at the mayor's residence the next day. For that special occasion, the Mayor prepared *pinapaitan*, and I, the "blood plasma."

By April 17, 1945, we had relocated the base hospital to Tagudin. I took my family to live with me in my mother-in-law's house. My father-in-law had died two years previously. There were many casualties at Besang Pass, where we had fought with the bulk of the Japanese Army led by General Yamashita. Before long, the town plaza was filled with tents for patients and before the surrender of General Yamashita at Bessang Pass on June 12, 1945 which ended Japanese occupation in the Philippines, we had more than 2,000 patients.

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On Dec. 10, 1945, the base hospital was transferred to another hospital built and vacated by American soldiers in Bacnotan. I was appointed C.O.

One day, a First Lieutenant civilian doctor, who later was discharged from the army, sold me several tubes of morphine. After three days, he reported for duty sporting a white oak leaf on the collar of his uniform. I stood up and saluted.

"*Saan met a compañero,* " (Oh no, my partner) he said. Just imagine a captain as the C.O. of a lieutenant colonel! As to how he got his rank, I do not know.

When Colonel Bañez, a regular army doctor, arrived to take my place as C.O. of the hospital, I reverted to civilian status on Dec. 17, 1945.

At the 40th anniversary of the Fall of Bessang Pass which was held at Malacañang on June 12, 1985 by the remaining members of the USAFIP-NL, I was conferred the Philippine Legion of Honor by no other than President Ferdinand E. Marcos. The medal was placed around my neck by the First Lady, Mrs. Imelda R. Marcos, and the President. The ceremony was attended by my daughters, Emma M. Kaiser and Dr. Florence M. Tadiar.

WAR PERIOD

Soon after the surrender of General Yamashita which ended the organized resistance of the Japanese Army in the Philippines, the Americans started to develop La Union as their Base M, their stepping stone to their invasion of the mainland of Japan. Poro Peninsula was their general headquarters, and all along the coast of La Union, from San Fernando towards the north, were American units and hospitals. In fact, it was one of their hospitals in Bacnotan where I transferred patients from our base hospital in Tagudin on Dec. 10, 1945.

The American Red Cross, which occupied Lorma Hospital, where many a time I, then still in the army, stopped for a cup of coffee and doughnuts, had already vacated. So after my discharge, I brought my family from Tagudin to San Fernando and reopened the hospital to the public, using folding cots and woolen blankets given by the U.C. Army. The officer-in-charge of the Medical depot of the American Army told me to take whatever I needed from their depot, which was at the Tabacalera compound, - only 200 yards away from Lorma. Our ambulance, which I bought earlier from them, made several trips, carrying medicine, bandages, plaster casts and other items, including one trunkful of novacain crystals which lasted me several years. I used it for local and spinal anesthesia. People came to sell me bandage scissors, towel clips and surgical instruments which probably came from the depot which the officer-in-charge opened to the public.

The deserted American barracks and hospitals were dismantled by the people. The barracks were made of 3/4" plywood flooring, steel plate sidings and other good building materials. There were also many pine logs left floating in the sea. Since they were no longer needed by the U-S. Army, the people gathered them freely. I purchased some of these logs and other salvaged building materials and with them, built our first house in the town.

I was kept very busy at the hospital. Many a time the staff carried me to the operating room and sat me on a stool just -so I could -operate patients on account of my asthma, which was very bad during those years.

In 1948, I built a three-story house north of our first house in town. The Philippine National Bank leased the first house so we moved to our newer one

Just after the war, Rev. C.C. Witmer, a former missionary to the Philippines who was on furlough when the Pacific War broke out, was sent by the United Brethren Church to assess damages on mission properties. The Mission Hospital, Otterbein Hall and our church were badly damaged. He had the church repaired, using black iron -for its roof and canvas for its windows.

He met with our church council and told us that if we built a new church he would give us P2,000 but if we decided to just repair the old one he would give us only P6,000. The council decided to build a

new church and elected me chairman of the building committee and Crispina, chairman of the fund raising committee. By May of 1950, we had only P20,000 including the P2,000 from the mission.

One day Crispina looked out of the southern window on the third floor of our house and saw how ugly the church was with the black iron roofing and canvas windows. At mealtime, she said to me, "It is a shame to be living in a beautiful house while the House of God (our church) looks so ugly. Go and see how ugly it looks from the southern window on the third floor. We have only P20,000 including the P12,000 from the mission, which means that we have only raised P8,000 from the members. At this rate, we shall never be able to build a new one. Let us go to the States to raise money so that we shall be able to build one soon. "

In the meantime she and her cousin, Mrs. Avelina Osias (widow of Sen. Camilo Osias of Cebu of whom I spoke about earlier), had decided to build a church in Tagudin in memory of their departed parents. The father of Avelina, Bishop Cecilio Lorenzana, and Crispina's father were brothers. An architect in Manila was asked to draw the plans. I was given a perspective of the proposed church in San Fernando which I took with me to the States when we went in July, 1951.

We took the train for Manila. The church members came to see us off at the railroad station. Emma, our youngest daughter, was only eight-and-a-half years old. The late Catalino Calica remarked, "*Nagtured cay ket din a mangpanaw cadagiti babassit nga annakyo!*" (How brave you are to leave your small children!).

On the day before our flight, we went to the American Embassy to get our visas. We were told, however, that we had to wait one month because it was then the height of the Huk Movement and those going to the States were being carefully screened.

"But we are already scheduled to fly tomorrow night," I said.

"Do you know anybody in the government?" asked the American clerk at the Embassy.

"Yes, Vice-President Fernando Lopez," I said.

"Go and get a letter from him," he told us.

The Vice-President had been our guest of honor and speaker at the Charter Presentation Program of the La Union Lions Club of which I was elected president. It was held in December, 1950, only six months before. We went to his office and he was most accommodating. He wrote to the United States Embassy in his own handwriting. Upon presenting his letter, we were immediately granted our visas.

We owned a Dodge Coronet Sedan which we had wanted to sell before leaving. My wife requested her nephew, Isaias, to sell it for us. During the in seven days we

were in Manila, before our flight, -he had not been able to find a buyer. According to my wife, she prayed very earnestly the night before our departure that we would be able to sell it. Early the next morning, the day of our flight, a man came to buy our car for P10,000 which was P4,000 more than it had cost us three years previous. The increase in car prices was brought about by the imposition of an import control on cars that had come into effect the year before.

PART 1V

TRIPS AND OTHER EXPERIENCES

CRISPINA'S FIRST TRIP TO THE U.S

This was Crispina's first trip to the United States. Our niece Modesta, a nurse who had worked with us in Lorma and who was with me in the Army, went with us. We boarded a Pan-Am "Clipper." It was a plane with four propeller engines. We left Manila early evening and arrived in Guwn the next morning. We refueled, flew to Wake Island, where we stopped again to refuel, and reached midway late in the afternoon. We continued our flight to Honolulu, flying all night. Early in the morning before arriving in Honolulu, our plane became very shaky. Looking through the window, I saw that one of the engines was not running. I was scared and the only thing I could do was pray. Thank God we still managed to land safely in spite of having only three engines running.

We were met by Mrs. Angeles Mangaser-Avecilla, a very close friend of my wife in high school in San Fernando in the 1920's. She took us to the house of Mrs. Cayaban, a social worker and nurse. The members of the Church of the Cross Road gave us a reception and, in my remarks, I told them that the purpose of our trip was to raise funds to rebuild our church destroyed during the war. The Filipino Consul of Hawaii, a co-member of the Philippine Assembly during the Japanese Occupation, gave P35 in Philippine currency, instead of dollars, the legal tender of the island, when a collection was taken for us. Angeles accompanied us as we went around visiting barbershops, pool- rooms and restaurants where Filipinos usually congregated, asking for help to this worthy cause.

Before flying to the mainland, I wrote to Dr. Samuel Ziegler, the associate secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Evangelical United Brethren Church asking permission to campaign in the E.U.B. churches for funds to rebuild our church in San Fernando. He denied my request because it would interfere with their program of raising funds for their own missionary work.

It was already dark when we reached Hotel Fontanelle in San Francisco where we spent the night. At first, the desk clerk told us that there were no vacancies. Sensing that he did so out of prejudice against our being Asians, or perhaps he thought we were Japanese, I told him that I was the president of a Lions Club chapter in the Philippines, and that we were en route to Atlantic City to attend the International Convention there. It was only then that we were given a room.



1954 A. St., Lincoln
My Home from 1920-1923



Re-visited York College in 1976

The next day, we flew to Los Angeles. We were met by Mt. and Mrs. Mariano Ibay at the airport and taken to their home. (Mrs. Ibay was Crispina's assistant in her clinic in town before she married Mariano, who fought in Europe with the Americans during the war. Mariano came to visit his parents in Balaoan and perhaps to look for a Filipina wife because shortly after they got married they came to the United States.) They hosted a reception for us to which some of our province mates were invited.

We left Modesta in Los Angeles and flew to New York City where we would take the train to Atlantic City to attend the International Convention of the Lions Club. At the La Guardia Airport in New York City, a "red cap" advised us to take a taxi because it would come out cheaper. "You are two and if you take a bus, each one of you will pay a dollar and then you can take a taxi to your hotel," he told us.

"Where to, Ma'am?" asked the driver as we boarded his taxi. My wife gave him the number of the house and the number of the avenue but failed to say "avenue."

"Street or avenue?" asked the driver.

"I don't know!" she said.

Although I corrected her right away, saying it was "avenue," he got the hint that we were strangers in that big city. He drove us north along the Hudson River, crossed the Washington Bridge and drove as far as Stony Point. Before long, we were driving south on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, passing under it, through the Lincoln Tunnel, before finally reaching the house to which we were going. We drove almost the whole morning, from 7 to 10:30, and the taximeter showed more than eleven dollars. We were told later by friends that it should have taken only seven to eight minutes from the airport to the house.

We took the train from New York to Atlantic City. As all the medium- priced hotels were full of Lions from all over the world, we were forced to take lodgings at the Hudson Hall Hotel, one of the more expensive hotels, at \$37 a day.

One morning, before taking breakfast in one of the restaurants along the boardwalk, we had our beads bowed in prayer, as was our usual practice before meals. An elderly couple, seated at the next table inquired about our religion and nationality. We told them that we were, Evangelical Christians and Filipinos.

"Do you know Bishop Valencia of the Methodist Church in the Philippines?" the man asked. "He has been to our home in Florida."

"Yes," said my wife. "As a matter of fact his wife is my first cousin."

They left shortly and when I went to pay our bill, the cashier, said, "Your breakfast is already paid for."

"By whom?" I asked.

"By the man who sat next to your table," she answered.

During one of the sessions, my wife waited for me outside the convention hall. Seeing her seated alone, an American woman approached her from the opposite side and introduced herself, saying, "I am Mrs. Grace Throne from New Park, Pennsylvania." As she extended her hand to shake my wife's, she asked, "What is your name and nationality?" and sat beside Crispina.

"I am Dr. Crispina Macagba from the Philippines," answered Crispina.

"I am really very glad to meet you," Mrs. Throne answered. "Will you come and visit me in my home? I shall be very, glad to have you stay with us before you go back to the Philippines."

"We are not going home yet. After the convention, my husband and I will go to Binghamton City Hospital in Binghamton, New York to observe before going back to the Philippines," Crispina answered.

I saw them intimately conversing as I came out of the convention hall after introductions, we parted ways.

About a month later, while we were still in Binghamton, we received a letter from Mrs. Thorne saying that she was waiting for us, and that if we wished, ' she would come in her car to get us.

Before we left the Philippines, I had written Binghamton City Hospital for permission to go there and observe and was allowed to do so. Before

proceeding there, however, we went to visit an American missionary friend of Crispina at the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Headquarters in New York City. This lady missionary, upon learning that we were on our way to Binghamton, introduced us to the Secretary of Missions of the Presbyterian Church. He was the former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Binghamton City and he, in turn, wrote a letter of introduction for us to Dr. Colman the pastor of that church.

It was Saturday afternoon when we arrived in Binghamton by train. We went directly to a hotel. The next day, we went to the First Presbyterian Church to attend the morning service but to our surprise, the service was already finished when we got there. So we sought out Dr. Colman and, armed with the letter, introduced our selves. We found out from him that church service during summer was moved an hour earlier.

"Is there another church where we could go?" asked Crispina. "We cannot let the day pass without attending worship."

"You may go to the Lutheran Church," said Dr. Colman, pointing to the church at the opposite corner, "but please do come back and have dinner with us after the service."

(During our stay in Binghamton, we attended both the Lutheran and Presbyterian Churches. We were even invited by their pastors for lunch whenever we attended. The Women's Missionary Society of the Lutheran Church even invited me to speak to them and gave me linen for our Lorma Hospital).

After dinner with Dr. Colman and his family that Sunday, he drove us to our hotel to get our baggage then conducted us to the Binghamton Hospital where we stayed for about six months. I was assigned to the surgical service while Crispina was assigned to the obstetrical department. We attended more services at the Presbyterian than at the Lutheran Church on Sundays. On the Sunday before we left Binghamton, I was requested to give a talk during the morning service, after which a collection was taken for our San Fernando church.

Dr. and Mrs. Colman were very kind to us and when Crispina was operated on for her bunions, both of them came to offer prayers not only on the night before the operation, but early the following morning as well, up until Crispina was taken to the operating room. The ladies of Dr. Colman's church even brought flowers everyday during her confinement.

Dr. Hobbs, the chief of clinics when I was still a resident doctor at Binghamton from 1927 to 1928, was still practising. One night, he and his wife invited us to dinner in their home. Dr. Aleban, the orthopedic surgeon who had requested me to be his assistant, was also still actively practicing. In fact, it was he who, upon my request, operated on my wife.

The day before the operation, I asked Dr. Aleban, "How much do you think will my wife's operation cost, Doctor? Please let me know so I can make arrangements back home for money to be sent."

"Why do you think about money in the Philippines? We don't," he said.

He and Dr. Carpenter, another orthopedic surgeon, operated on my wife's bunions. She was placed in a private room and hospitalized for a month, without being charged a single cent, either by the hospital or her doctors.

Before the end of our stay in Binghamton Hospital, we bought an Oldsmobile Super 88 which we drove west on our way back home. First, we went back to New York and stayed with Emilio Mina, a town mate and contemporary of Crispina in Tagudin. He gave a party in our honor and invited his town mates. A certain Mr. Lozano, who was of Spanish descent and, as it turned out, Crispina's first suitor when she was just a teenager, was one of the guests. Upon seeing her, he embraced her and said, "Oh, how I loved you when we were all in Tagudin, but my mother opposed my seeing you because you were a Protestant. She absolutely prohibited me from seeing you. And do you know what happened to her? She is now very poor and is living in Sta. Ana in Manila. I hope you will see her when you go back. I had my two sisters come here to the States a few years ago but I had to send them back because they were so lazy they did not even

want to wash their own stockings. And now your brothers and sisters whom my mother despised have all come to the United States."

The parents of Mr. Lozano were aristocratic Spaniards. The father was an agent of Tabacalera in Tagudin. When the war broke out and Tabacalera stopped buying the native tobacco leaves, he lost his job and so his son, Mr. Lozano, had to find work in the States.

From New York, we drove to New Park, Pennsylvania to visit Mrs. Thorne. That was the beginning of a very sincere friendship, so sincere that in subsequent years, all my children visited her in her home. She was very kind and she and her husband took us for a tour of Washington, D.C. They both made a trip to the Philippines, purposely to visit us. She also sent hundreds of books to our school of nursing library.

We continued our trip west in our Oldsmobile Sedan. We, went to the headquarters of the E.U.B. Church in Dayton, Ohio, and requested Drs. Heinmiller and Ziegler, secretary and associate secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, respectively, for aid-in building our church. I showed them the perspective of our proposed church which I had brought with me. Then I intensified my appeal by showing a list of members who had already made contributions. Pointing to one name, I said, "This is an invalid, a widow, and the wife of a former treasurer of the conference who has given- this, much," I moved my finger to the amount opposite her name. Pointing to another name, I continued, "This is a jobless, ex-guerilla officer. He, too, has given us an amount in three figures." I went on. "This is a teacher, the main support of her family; she has also given a big amount." Then I concluded, "We -have done our best, as you can see, but we have only been able to raise P20,000. " I seemed to have gotten through to them because both were visibly impressed and even asked how much we still needed. 'According to the architect, it will cost P50,000 to build a church like this," I replied.

"Will you please leave the drawing with me? I shall convene a meeting of the Philippine Mission Committee to present your request," said Dr. Heinmiller.

A few days later, while we were still in Omaha, Nebraska, Dr. Ziegler wired me that the Philippine Mission Committee had approved a gift of \$15,000 for the San Fernando church. (At that time, the exchange rate was two pesos to a dollar and the cost of labor and materials was cheap).

From Dayton, we drove to Chicago, where I left Crispina to observe in a children's hospital. I proceeded to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., to observe in the surgical department. Crispina joined me there after ten days.

Before leaving for Lincoln, Nebraska, I wired Kate Field, the daughter of Mrs. May Field, whom I worked for as a -houseboy -during the three years, I was in the University of Nebraska. I requested her to make hotel reservations

for us there. I had made up my mind that if there was any place in the United States for me to "show-off," it would be in the place where I was known as just a "mere house boy."

We stopped at Omaha to visit my alma mater, the medical college of the University of Nebraska. To my surprise, it had grown into a medical complex having many buildings, in contrast to only four buildings when I graduated in 1927. Dr. Latta, my professor in embryology, was the only one of my former professors who was still teaching.

We drove directly to Miss Field's house in Lincoln, the same house I where I had stayed in 37 years before. She was waiting for us. Then she accompanied us to a second-class hotel.

"Miss Field, we are tired, having driven all day. I wonder if there is a room at the Cornhusker Hotel?" I asked. The Cornhusker Hotel was the best hotel when I left Lincoln 28 years before.

"We will try," she said. So we drove to the Cornhusker Hotel which was in a better section of the city.

"May we have a room?" Miss Field requested the desk clerk.

"Single or double bed?" he asked.

"Do you have a suite?" I interrupted. Oh, how Miss Field's eyes opened wide with surprise! She had never thought that their former houseboy would some day request a suite in such a plush hotel.

That night, Miss Field invited us to dinner. She took us to a place where diners ate by candlelight. This was a sign that it was a "high class" restaurant.

The next day, representatives of three dailies came to interview us. They even took pictures of us. The following day, we had our pictures on the front page of all three dailies, with one headlined, "From Rags to Riches," and the others, all implying the same thing.

Continuing our trip west, we stopped at York and visited York College, where I first attended school from 1918 to 1920. Neither the Miller Cafeteria nor the Dever Cafe, where I had worked, was in operation. York College was

in ruins due to a fire that gutted it the previous winter. We were housed in the girls' dormitory as guests of the college. We were invited to dinner given by my former principal, Edith Calendar, and another one given by Dr. and Mrs. Morgan; Dr. Morgan was my professor in Spanish. I was requested to give a talk one Sunday night in the church where I used to attend during my stay at York, and a collection was taken after my talk to add to our church fund. Rev. Paul Porter, who knew me when I was at York College, came all the way from Grand Island, 43 miles away, just to hear me talk. He gave a check for \$25.

From York -we drove to Los Angeles through the deserts of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. We visited the Painted Desert, the Petrified Forest and the Grand Canyon. We boarded the passenger liner, *President Cleveland*, after Christmas in December of 1951, and headed home.

Except for a slight case of seasickness during the first 24 hours, we enjoyed our trip. We were given a prize for wearing the best costume during the Special Night Ball. We were in typical Filipino costume.

We had entrusted Lorma Hospital to a doctor friend in our absence. To my surprise, when we returned, our ambulance had been sold to pay for the salaries of the personnel. It was good the Philippine National Bank had leased our two-story house before we went abroad; the rent was enough to support our children during our absence. Being away for more than six months had adversely affected our hospital. Gradually, however, we rebuilt our practice.

BETWEEN 1951-1960

It was our son, Junior, who first went to Dumaguete City for his secondary schooling at Silliman University. Florence followed and after graduation, she transferred to the University of the Philippines to be

with her sister, Lilly. Junior continued his studies at Silliman. The following year, Josephine also went to the state university.

Supporting four children at the same time in the university, which was away from home, was a financial burden for us, so much so that I had to advise them to buy only what they really needed and not what they wanted. Our earnings in the hospital were not enough to support them but God is always ready to help those who come to him. A Chinese company leased the second and third floors of our three-story house in the town for its offices and residence, and the ground floor was rented out as a restaurant. So the rent we received from the Philippine National Bank for our first house added to the two leases of our three-story house was enough to support our children through college.

Junior finished his premedical course at Silliman but for some reason, he was not admitted to the medical college of the University of the Philippines, although he was one of the top students at Silliman. He had no choice but to spend a year at the UP so he could study at the UP Medical College.

When the school-year was over, Crispina, who was a graduate of the UP Medical College, went to see the head of the admissions committee to ask if our son had passed and could be admitted into the college.

"Of course he can," he said. "Did he not eat more vitamins than you?" he asked to assure her.

Junior was a very good student, so much so that in his third year, a drug company gave him a scholarship.

During his fourth year, he fell in love with a classmate, Victoria Reyes of Vigan, Ilocos Sur. He was so much in love that he asked us if he could marry her before their graduation.

"If you insist on marrying her before you graduate, you will be on your own. I will not support you anymore," I said. So they did not get married then.

Seeing that they were very much in love, Crispina and I went to Vigan shortly after their graduation to ask Vicky's parents permission for our son to marry their daughter. They gladly consented.

The wedding was held at the Central Student Church in Manila. The attending minister was Bishop Jose Valencia of the Methodist Church. Their sponsors were Sen. and Mrs. Camilo Osias and Sen. and Mrs. Sergio Osmenia, Jr. The reception was held at the Aristocrat Restaurant along Roxas Boulevard.

After their honeymoon, both of them took residency at the Philippine General Hospital; Junior was a resident in surgery and Vicky in anesthesiology.

In the meantime, Rev. and Mrs. Aquilino Guerrero of our church returned to the Philippines after a speaking tour of churches in the United States. They came to San Fernando and showed us some slides. When the picture of Rev. and Mrs. Philip Stone was shown, Rev. Guerrero said, "Rev. and Mrs. Stone are interested in having a Filipino student live with them while going to school." When our daughter, Gena, who was barely 15 years old, came home, we told her about the invitation of the Stones.

"I want to go," she told us.

She was very eager to go. But because she was so young and had not been away from us, we did not allow her.

"If you are really eager to go, we shall send you to Silliman University to study for a year and see if you can live away from your parents," I told her.

So she went to school at Silliman the following year. During the year, she corresponded with the Stones. When she came home after school was out, she told us that the couple was willing to take her.

Gena was only 16 when she went to the U. S. She flew alone to Terre Haute, Indiana, where Reverend Stone was the pastor of the church, changing planes in San Francisco and Chicago. It was amazing how a young girl like her could travel alone in a strange country without any adult companion, or without knowing anybody to help her in the cities where she changed planes.

Gena was a very good piano player. She took piano lessons while at Silliman. As that was her interest, we told her to study piano at Terre Haute. She also took organ lessons. After her first year, we received a wire from her, saying, "Please allow me to study nursing. " We wired our consent.

When she was finishing the nursing course at University of Indiana in 1961 y she wrote us, "Your presence at my graduation is the best gift you can give me. "

In the same year Gena left for the States, our daughter Lillian also went to study pharmacy at the Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio. Both of them worked part-time for money for their support. Gena helped Mrs. Stone with housework and in taking care of her youngest son, John. She was treated like one of the Stones' children.

Lillian worked in a pharmaceutical house part-time, while going to school. Peter Toundjis, a Greek student in Dairy Science in the same university where Lillian was studying, wanted to marry her. Because we could not attend the wedding ceremony, we requested our friend, Rev. Carl Eschback of Dayton, Ohio, the same missionary who sang at our wedding in Tagudin, Ilocos Sur in 1931, to perform the wedding ceremony. Mrs. Eschbach kindly gave a reception attended by our friends in Dayton, including Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Ziegler.

THE U. S. THE SECOND TIME AROUND

Remembering what had happened to our hospital in 1951 when Crispina and I left it under the care of another doctor to attend Gena's graduation, we, at first, decided against going again to the United States. Fortunately, our son Junior, who was finishing his residency program in surgery at the Philippine General Hospital, and his wife, Vicky, agreed to come and run the hospital in our absence. Vicky had already finished her residency in anesthesiology two years earlier. For the first time, we had an anesthesiologist at Lorma.

Josephine, who had taken the Board Examination for Certified Public Accountants, also wanted to go and take her master's degree at Ohio State University. The results of the examination had not yet been released by the time we left for the U. S.

On our way to the States, we stopped in Tokyo for a few days. Crispina's cousin, Phoebe, insisted that we stay with Miss Soriano, an aunt of Phoebe's husband in Tokyo

. "She has a house in Tokyo, *Manang*, and I am sure she will be glad to have you stay with her," she implored. (*Manang* is how older women are respectfully addressed by younger women.) So we stayed with Miss Soriano for the few days we were there sightseeing. We went to the farms and saw how industrious the Japanese people were. We saw how the women thoroughly mixed the rotten weeds with their feet before planting the rice seedlings. The farmers tilled their land without machinery or animals as we do in the Philippines. We went to the top of Tokyo Tower, the tallest building in the world at the time and ate lunch in one of its many restaurants. From there, one had a panoramic view of the city, the most populous in the world, with more -than ten million people.

We attended a Cosmopolitan Evangelical Church worship service on Sunday. To our happy surprise, we met Mr. and Mrs. Tiburcio Baja, very close friends of Crispina. Mr. Baja was the Consul General of the Philippines. They invited us to lunch that noon and we had a very pleasant conversation, recollecting the activities of the young people's society of the church in Manila of which the three were members when they were students.

From Tokyo, we flew to Los Angeles. As in our trip in 1951, we stayed at the house of Mariano and Inding Ibay again. Mariano told us that if we were to take the train going east, we would pay only the fare of a husband and wife, and our daughter would be free. "Your unused plane fare will be refunded to you," he added.

So we took the train which took two days and two nights to reach Terre Haute, Indiana. It was a very long and tiring trip and we regretted having taken it. We were very happy to see Gena and Rev. and Mrs. Stone whom she had stayed with during her three years in school.

There were only 15 candidates for the Bachelor of Science in Nursing Degree, and the graduation program was very simple compared to commencement exercises in the Philippines.

Our other daughter, Lilly, who was studying at the Ohio State University in Columbus, was also present but her husband, Pete, whom she had married the year, before could not take a leave from work.

As a graduation gift to Gena, we took her on a trip East. With their mother, Josephine, Lilly and Gena, I drove Lilly's car. Driving a car with four backseat drivers was an experience that I will never forget. Whenever we met a car on the road, they would say in unison, "Be careful, Papa." When we came to a crossing, they'd say, "Turn right," "No, turn left," said another, and "Straight ahead, Papa," said the third.

After driving an hour or two, I said, "All right, Lilly, take the wheel." This relieved me of the tension of driving along American highways, especially with so many backseat drivers.

Even without previous notice, Mr. and Mrs. Throne of New Park, Pennsylvania were very glad to have us. They had a four-bedroom house with only the two of them living in it. They drove us to Washington, D.C. for sightseeing, then to Mt. Vernon, which was a tourist attraction, to see the home of

George Washington, the first President of the United States. We went inside the house and saw the original pieces of furniture and utensils. There was an open well adjacent to it which indicated that they did not have a water system back then. In another building, we saw the room where they kept the smoked meat, and another where the President's carriage was kept. There were also smaller buildings for the servants.

The next day, the Thrones took us to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and showed us the very place where Abraham Lincoln delivered his famous speech, commonly used by Filipino students in declamation contests. We saw the markings of the positions of the different regiments of the Union during the battle of Gettysburg, the turning point of the American Civil War.

From New Park, we went to New York City to visit Charing Osias, then Mrs. Marzan. She was the one who, very early in my medical career in La Union, was already comatose due to a very toxic, suppurative appendicitis and I had asked her father that she be taken home. Her father had remonstrated and asked that I do all I could to save her life. Fortunately, she lived. We had a standing invitation to visit her anytime we went to New York City. She was working at Edison Hotel so we went there to look for her. Needless to say, she was glad to see us. She told the hotel clerk to put us in two rooms and that she would pay for all our hotel bills.

The play, "My Fair Lady" was currently being shown on Broadway. Charing invited all of us to watch and I was surprised at the cost of the tickets which was \$7.50 each. This was a lot of money for her because she was just a linen girl at the hotel.

We stayed for two days and when she went to pay our bill, I heard the clerk say to her, "They must have done something very special for you, for you to pay the entire bill."

"I owe my life to the doctor," she answered. "I was given up for dead when my appendix ruptured but he saved my life."

From New York, we stopped at Binghamton to greet the family of Dr. Colman on our way to Niagara Falls. Dr. Colman, as you may recall, was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Binghamton when my wife and I were there in 1951. He was still pastor but some of his children were no longer living with them.

It was already dark when we arrived at Niagara Falls. We stayed at a Holiday Inn Hotel. The next day, we joined a guided tour and were amazed to see the tremendous amount of water going down the falls. According to the guide, millions of kilowatts were generated by the several generators which we passed.

After the tour, we drove to Cleveland, Ohio to meet Pete in the home of a rich farmer he used to work for during winter vacation, gathering maple sap to make into maple syrup. This farmer had a big farm

and used modern machinery. He had a big, refrigerated building where he kept vegetables he raised during summer, then sold them, still fresh, during the winter months when prices were higher.

Early the next evening, we went back to Columbus with Pete driving the car. He and Lilly lived in a humble apartment above a garage. It had only one bedroom, a living room and a kitchen and dining room combination. They were so kind to us that they gave their bedroom to Crispina, Josephine and me to sleep in while they slept in the small living room.

In the meantime, I asked Pete to look for a second-hand car for us to buy and bring home to the Philippines. When he found one, he and I went to see it. It was a Chrysler Windsor Deluxe, 4-door, 1955 model. It looked as good as new. The speedometer read only a little over 25,000 miles. I wanted to buy it but first we wanted to test drive it.

"May we drive it?" Pete asked.

"No," said the owner, who was a Chrysler mechanic.

In Ohio, mechanics were licensed as Chrysler mechanics or General Motor mechanics or Ford mechanics, and they were licensed as such and only allowed to work on the kind of cars for which they were trained and licensed.

The owner told us that he had bought the car brand new, about five years before, and had driven it once to Boston and back. He took the bus to work. He drove it only to church on Sundays with his wife.

"We would like to buy it but we would like to try it first," insisted Pete.

"You cannot drive it out because it is raining," the owner replied. It was not really raining hard; it was only a drizzle. We went back the next day and went around the block. We thought that it was a good buy because it cost only \$800.

When I drove it along the highway, to my disappointment, it would not run more than 50 miles per hour. I drove it back to the shop where the seller worked and complained, "I think I was fooled. Your car cannot even run beyond 50 miles per hour and I think this is the reason why you sold it."

He opened the hood and removed something. "This is the governor," he said, showing me what he had removed. "Now you can drive it as fast as 100 miles per hour or more."

In order to drive a car, I went to the police station to apply for a driver's license. I was given a written test and eye examination. Then, with a traffic officer at my side, I was asked to drive around the block, then told to park on the side of the street, between two poles, the space between which was just a little longer than my car. Fortunately, my car had power steering and it was very easy for me to park between the two poles. I was given a license and was told to buy insurance for the car, which I did.

We left Josephine with Lilly and Pete to continue her studies at Ohio State for her master's degree in business administration. She had already learned that she had passed the CPA exam which she had taken before she left the Philippines with us for the States.

We drove our car to Lafayette, Indiana where we met Dr. and Mrs. Quiambao. (Mrs. Quiambao is the daughter of the late Rev. Juan Abellera whom we knew very well). Dr. Quiambao was a resident in obstetrics and gynecology at St. Elizabeth Hospital which was run by Catholic Sisters. He introduced us to the administrator who was a nun. I asked for her permission to observe in their hospital and she gladly gave it. We also asked if we could rent one of their apartments which was reserved for their resident doctors. Again, she consented to our request. We occupied the one next to Dr. and Mrs. Quiambao and their two sons who were going to school. Mrs. Quiambao worked at the YMCA.

During the month, I was not only allowed to observe but also permitted to assist in surgery. Crispina cooked our meals and ironed our clothes and cleaned our apartment but I washed the dishes and scrubbed the floor. This was the first time Crispina ever did housework.

An anesthesiologist who was also a medical doctor told me that it was in a Lafayette garage where cars of the notorious Al Capone during the Prohibition Period were made with a double bottom to carry hidden bottles of whiskey. He told me that Capone's hideout was in Attica, about 25 miles southwest of Lafayette. The doctor took me to the very house of Al Capone in Attica, which had been converted into a hospital. Not surprisingly, on the floor of the operating room was an opening to an underground tunnel that led to a barn 100 yards away.

In the church where we attended religious services, we met a couple, both doctors. We became very good friends, even to this day. They were Drs. C.H. and Mary Ade, the former an eye, ear and nose specialist, and the latter an obstetrician. Dr. Mary was so in love with my wife that many a time, even late at night after her visits to her patients, she would stop in our apartment to visit Crispina until very late. (In December of 1976, they came purposely to visit us in the Philippines).

One day, we went together to Dayton, Ohio in their car. I sat beside Dr. C.H. in front and the ladies sat at the back seat. They must have been holding hands because I heard Mary say, "Oh, how soft your hands are! " Although they were both very busy doctors and were richer than the average physicians, Dr. Mary did all the housework such as cooking, cleaning the house and laundering. Thus, her palms were hard compared to those of Crispina who was not used to doing domestic work.

There were so many things in common between us, which I mentioned when I was asked one Sunday to give the morning message in their church.

"I am very glad to have met and become good friends with Drs. C.H. and Mary Ade," I said. "There are things in common between us. Both Dr. C.H. and I were born in August. Dr. Mary was born in

October and so was my wife; we were married in March and so were they; Dr. C.H. is the chairman of your church building committee and so was I when we built our new church; and another thing that he and I have in common is the fact that we always say the wrong thing at the wrong time whenever we go shopping with our wives." After a month in Lafayette, we proceeded to St. Louis, Missouri.

A few years before our trip to the U. S., I offered Lorma Hospital to the Lutheran Church to operate through their missionary, Rev. Alvarado Carino. He communicated my offer to their headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri. Later, I received a letter from the Secretary of Foreign Missions saying that they would be glad to take over the hospital provided all my children would sign the deed of donation to their church. The letter further said that they had a hospital in the south which a doctor had transferred to their church to operate, and after it had been equipped, the children of the doctor sued the church for its recovery and the church lost. Unless all my children were to sign the deed of donation, the Lutheran Church would not accept. I asked my children if they would sign but not one of them agreed.

Knowing that we were going to the States that year to attend Gena's graduation, and that we wanted to observe in some hospitals, Rev. Carino wrote their Secretary of Foreign Missions Board asking if we could be permitted to observe at the St. Louis Lutheran Hospital. The Secretary wrote us that we would be most welcome and that we could stay as long as we wanted. So from Lafayette, we drove to St. Louis directly to the Lutheran Hospital where we observed for a week.

After assisting an elderly doctor perform a very difficult surgical operation, we went to the doctors' lounge for a cup of coffee and doughnuts. This doctor asked me where I was from and what I was doing. I told him that I was a Filipino surgeon and that I had a hospital in the Philippines.

"My wife and I are travelling in the U.S. because we are going to retire," I said.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"I am 65 years old, Doctor," I answered

"You're foolish," pointing his finger at me, "retiring at 65. I am 82 years old."

I was so embarrassed that, to cover my embarrassment, I said, "Excuse me, Doctor. You misunderstood my Filipino English. If we say 'retire' in the Philippines, we mean to put on another tire. That is the reason why we are here visiting your famous hospital." He laughed.

One night, Crispina and I were invited for dinner by the Secretary of Foreign Missions Board. The other guests were missionaries to India who were on furlough. All the dishes served were Indian food, which

were very, very spicy for us who are not used to eating food with hot pepper and curry. Fortunately, they served some sweets which we were told to take just in case the food was too hot for us.

After a week's stay in St. Louis, we drove to Oklahoma City to visit the brother of Vicky, Cesar Reyes, an engineer. He was married to an American. We slept in their house that night. Late the following day, we continued on our way to the west and drove to Amarillo, New Mexico and spent the night in a motel. Very early the next morning, we left Amarillo, hoping to drive about 500 miles that day. It was snowing when we started and as we drove on, the snowfall became heavier.

We stopped in front of a restaurant in Tucumcari, New Mexico to eat breakfast. While eating, I saw a pickup truck through the window, trying to get out of the snow. The driver stepped on the accelerator, causing the rear wheel to spin fast in the snow but he still could not get out. All of a sudden, the wheel suddenly caught traction and the truck lunged forward in the direction where my car was parked. The driver hit the brakes but instead of stopping, the truck slid on the slippery snow and hit the back of my car so hard that the trunk was forced open and was so dented it could not be closed.

I ran out of the restaurant to assess the damage on my car. "I am sorry," the driver said. "Bring it to the gasoline station," pointing to where the truck was previously stuck, "and I will have it repaired." After backing my car just a foot to take it to the gas station which the man said was his, I stopped and went back to the restaurant to report the accident to the police.

A police car came shortly and, seeing the tire tracks on the snow, the police officer asked, "Why did you move the car?"

"Because the driver of the truck that hit me told me to take it to that gasoline station. After backing it only a foot, as you can see, I thought of reporting it to you, which I did."

"I am sorry but we cannot investigate because you have already moved the car," the police officer told me and left.

So I just tied the baggage compartment shut and continued driving west. The snowstorm was getting worse and upon arriving in Sta. Rosa, New Mexico, we were told that all the roads leading there were closed because of the heavy snowfall. We drove to a motel where we waited for the roads to open. While there, we were invited to a dinner given by a fellow Rotarian who was an Alcoholics Anonymous member. He told us how he had stopped drinking through the help of a fellow member. It was only then that I learned that there was such an organization in the United States.

When the snowstorm was over and the roads were cleared, we continued our trip west, through Albuquerque, New Mexico, Flagstaff, Arizona, and stopped to admire the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest and made a side trip to see the Grand Canyon as we did on our first trip to the States.

I recalled that in 1951, when we drove across the country for the first time, there were no communities between Needles and San Bernardino, California. It was all desert. Now there were already many communities along the way.

As soon as we arrived in Los Angeles, I reported the accident that happened to my car to the insurance company by which it was insured. It had branches all over the U.S. It sent a man to see the damage to my car. He told me to take it to any authorized Chrysler dealer and have it repaired and the company would pay all the cost, minus the deductible, which was \$50. In contrast, the car insurance companies in the Philippines make it very hard for car owners to collect the cost of repairs of cars that are damaged due to an accident, so much so that many a time, the car owner has to employ a lawyer just to be able to collect.

We brought this car home. It was submerged six feet under water in our Quezon City home in 1967 which destroyed the air conditioning and radio, but not the engine. As a matter of fact, it is now 1978, and the engine of the 23-year-old car is still working well. The upholstery has been changed and the body repainted, but it still runs perfectly and I drive it daily. I like driving it because it has power steering and power brakes and at my age of almost 82 years, I find it easier to drive than our later model cars.

We took a passenger ship, the *President Wilson*, from Los Angeles, across the Pacific Ocean. The ocean was rather rough after we left Honolulu and Crispina stayed in the cabin most of the time.

MY IMPRISONMENT IN JAPAN

As soon as we docked in Yokohama, I heard my name being paged and directed to go to the purser's office. As I arrived there, two Filipinos whom I had never met before were waiting for me. One of them introduced himself, saying, "I am the nephew of Miss Soriano in whose house you stayed when you stopped in Tokyo on your way to the U.S. a few months ago. She is now in Manila and has asked me to send something through you."

"Of course, we are glad to take it," I said.

"The package is still in Tokyo and we shall get it and bring it to you this afternoon," he said.

After getting a landing permit from the immigration officers who boarded the ship, Crispina and I left the ship to go shopping. We went back at around 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As I was lying down in our cabin resting, there was a knock on the door. I opened it and a Japanese in civilian clothes with the two Filipinos whom I had met at the purser's office that morning were standing outside the door. The Japanese said, "Come." So I followed. I was in my shirt sleeves and went out with them down the gangplank. The man told us to enter a waiting car and from a taxi parked nearby, the man took out two suitcases. It was

only then that I realized I was in trouble. We were taken to a building where I was led to an office and after being seated, the two suitcases were brought in. They were opened in front of me. They were full of transistor radios.

The man at the desk asked, "Do you know that it is against the law of Japan to take anything out of the country without customs clearance?"

"But these are not mine," I said.

"The two men outside said that they are yours, so we will investigate, he said. "Do you need anything from the ship?"

"Of course, I don't have anything with me and besides, I want to tell my wife, that I'm being detained," I said.

"No, you cannot talk to your wife, but we will tell her," she said

"Please tell her to send me my coat and overcoat and also my medicine bag and passport," I requested.

They drove me back to the pier, heavily guarded. A Japanese went up the gangplank and brought back my coat and overcoat, my bag which contained my medicine for asthma and my passport. I was then taken to a police station where they took everything I had except my medicine bag. They put my wallet, watch, ring, ballpoint pen and passport in a bag. Then I was taken to a prison cell.

It was about 8 o'clock in the evening of January 13, a Friday, 1961, and very cold when we arrived at the jailhouse. In fact, I had seen ice on the ground that morning when we went shopping. The jail was not heated. The guard sat near an iron heater using coal for fuel. I was given five woolen blankets and conducted to an 8'x 8' cell surrounded by iron mesh with no door, except for a 2'x 2' opening at the bottom. One had to crawl to enter. There were already four occupants lying side by side on the floor. As I did not have any place to lie down, except for a small space between their feet and the wall, I placed two blankets on the floor as a mat and used the other three to cover me up. At my feet in the corner was a pit for a toilet which smelled very bad. The cell was very cold and my whole body shivered and my teeth chattered. One of the Japanese lying in the middle took pity on me. He stood up and offered his place to me and covered me with his heavy overcoat. I was somewhat relieved but still could not sleep. In fact, I stayed awake the whole night. At about 10 o'clock the next morning, I was called out of my cell, handcuffed, and placed in a heavily guarded car and taken to the police station.

Tiburcio Baja, the Philippine consul general, was talking with the police captain when I arrived, then left without talking to me. The investigation lasted until 8 o'clock in the evening. What made it so long

was the fact that the investigator spoke in Japanese which was recorded then translated into English, and my answer in English was also translated into Japanese and recorded.

After my investigation, they telephoned Mr. Baja at the hotel to come to the police station. The captain told him that I would be allowed to get out of jail but could not leave the country until the other two Filipinos had been investigated. Mr. Baja assured the police captain, "The Philippine Government will guarantee that Dr. Macagba will not leave Japan until he has been cleared by the Japanese government."

As we left the police station, Mr. Baja told me that our wives were waiting for us in the hotel. "I tried to find you last night by going to all the police stations but nobody seemed to know where you were. So I just went to the hotel to get a little sleep and waited until the offices opened this morning. When I was told by the police captain that you were being detained in jail on suspicion of smuggling, I requested in the name of the Philippine government that you be investigated immediately. So I was there waiting for you when you arrived but was prohibited from talking to you. However, I requested that your investigation be finished today even if they have to work overtime."

Arriving at the hotel, I noticed that Crispina had not been able to sleep all night either. She said that when she was told by the Japanese who went to get my coat and my medicine bag that I was being detained for investigation, she wanted to leave the ship to stay with me but she was told that she could not. She had become hysterical and shouted, "My husband is sick. Please let me go down and stay with him."

Her shouting and screaming had attracted the ship officers. Evidently, the ship captain had conferred with immigration officials about allowing her to leave the ship. As it was almost past 6 o'clock at night, the departure time of the ship, he blew his whistle and the ship personnel hurriedly unloaded all of our cargo from the cabin. Our car and our bulky cargo kept below the deck were to be unloaded in Manila. Crispina did not know where to go. Fortunately, the agent of the American Lines was very kind to her and helped her gather all our things scattered on the pier and then took her to the Silk Hotel. Not one of our many pieces of luggage was lost.

It was already midnight when Crispina was taken to her room at the hotel. She thought of Mr. and Mrs. Baja and immediately telephoned them at the Philippine Embassy in Tokyo. Mrs. Baja answered the telephone. After relating what had happened to me and that she did not know where I was, she pleaded for them to come to Yokohama.

"It is already midnight, *Manang*," said Mrs. Baja, "Besides, our driver has already gone home."

"It is a matter of life and death," she said. "Please come and help me find him," Crispina pleaded.

It was snowing and cold but Mr. and Mrs. Baja and an interpreter came to Yokohama by midnight train.

The following morning, as per police instructions, I reported to the immigration office. I was finger-printed and ordered to remove my clothes from the waist up and photographed in three positions. When the immigration officer asked me for my permit to land, I told him that I had been taken by a Japanese officer from the ship. He called up the police station and had a long telephone conversation. I was later told by the police captain that the immigration officer had insisted that I should have been detained in the place, where people without a permit to land were held.

"I told him," said the police captain, "that you were arrested on the ship.

On the third day, I was taken to another office where I was again finger-printed and photographed in the same manner as in the immigration office.

Henry Hayakawa, a former Japanese resident of Baguio who knew me very well before the war and owner of Pines Pharmacy in Baguio, came to see me at the hotel. He and the Rotarians in Yokohama had tried to get me out of the country but could not do anything. Henry told me that what made it difficult for me to leave, until the two Filipinos told the truth, was the fact that on the day our arrest, 2 million yen had been found in their pockets, and it was against the law in Japan to carry such a huge amount of money.

In the meantime, knowing that Sergio Osmeña, Jr. was the president of the *Doña* passenger ships that sailed regularly between Manila and San Francisco via Hong Kong, Yokohama and Honolulu, I called him long distance in Manila and told him of my predicament and that I needed money.

"You go to my agent in Yokohama and ask him for any amount you need. I'll call him immediately," he answered. It was very kind of him to give us the money we needed to pay for our 10-day stay at the hotel and our plane tickets for Manila.

On the tenth day, Crispina went to the police station to inquire when we could leave the country. She told me that when she arrived there, she saw the two Filipinos being questioned. She sat down, bowed her head and prayed, "Oh Lord, please make them tell the truth. We have been detained very long already and our children are anxiously waiting for us at home."

Immediately, she overheard one of them say, "Dr. Macagba did not know what were in the suitcases." The police captain went to where she was seated and told her that we could leave as soon as the prosecuting attorney, dismissed the case against me.

The following morning, I went to the prosecuting attorney's office accompanied by Mr. Hayakawa. The interpreter, Mr. Hamada, who was born in Trinidad, Mountain Province and lived there until after the war, knew me. He told the prosecuting attorney that he knew me very well when he lived in the Philippines before the war and that I was a respectable and prominent doctor.

"I am sure," he said, "that Dr. Macagba is not a smuggler." I was not questioned anymore by the attorney.

The prosecuting attorney readily gave the clearance. Immediately, Crispina went to Japan Air Lines to buy our tickets for Manila and I went to the police station to ask permission to give money to the Japanese who had been kind to me by offering his place and covering me with his overcoat to keep me warm that very cold night when I was in jail.

"Those people in your cell are very rich and do not need money. They are smugglers," the interpreter told me. He further stated that the two Filipinos had finally confessed that they were smugglers. They were being shadowed by the police that Friday morning, Jan. 13, when they went to meet our ship. When they left the ship, they were followed all the way to Tokyo and arrested when they came back that afternoon. He further told me that the 2 million yen in their pockets were brought to Japan from Hong Kong where they exchanged their pesos into yen because the rate of exchange was higher in Hong Kong than in Japan.

The next morning, we went to the international airport to take the plane for home. To my surprise, the Philippine ambassador to Japan, Jose Adeva, a friend of Crispina, was there waiting for us. It was really a surprise because during the ten days that we were detained in Yokohama, he had never come to visit. He even took a small bag from me and carried it on board the plane to bid us goodbye. Boarding an international flight to bid a passenger farewell is a privilege given only to ambassadors of a country.

Shortly after we arrived, our son, Junior and his wife also left for a trip around the world to visit famous clinics in the States and in Europe, leaving their two little children, Carol and JJ with us. I again took charge of the hospital until their return on Dec. 25, 1962.

THIRD TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES

In 1967, Emma, our youngest daughter, was graduating as an interior designer from the Parsons School of Design in New York City. She invited us to attend her graduation as had Gena seven years earlier

when she graduated with a degree in nursing from the University of Indiana. We were both retired from the practice of medicine but we felt that Emma would feel bad if we did not go. Her sister Gena and her family were living in Scottsdale, Arizona and it would be very hard for them to go to New York to be with her on her graduation because Lem, Gena's husband, could not leave his work and besides, they had two little children to take care of. Such a journey would also provide us a chance to return home via Europe and to visit the Holy Land, New York being already halfway around the world.

Before going to the States, I thought of visiting Maric Jaffers in Aurora, Nebraska; she was my first American friend when I was a student in York College in York, Nebraska. We had been corresponding since we first met in 1919 until 1931. It was now 36 years since I last heard from her. To be sure that she was still living, I wrote the mayor of her hometown, Aurora, inquiring about her. He answered me that he knew her very well and that her name was Mrs. Marie Serf, that she had become a widow, and that he had given my letter to her.

Simultaneously, a letter from Marie arrived telling me that her name was Mrs Marie Jeffers Serf She invited me to visit her in Aurora.

When we were in New York and war in the Middle East between Israel and the Arab countries broke out, we thought that it might be very risky to come home via Europe. So we came home via the Pacific after Emma's graduation.

I wrote Marie that we were going to visit her on our way west. We flew to Baltimore, Maryland, where Mr. and Mrs. Throne came to meet us and took us to their home in New Park, Pennsylvania. While there, I was able to talk on the telephone with Ruth, the girl I was going to marry and take home with me back in 1928. She, too, was then a widow and living in Washington, D.C. We had been corresponding since about two years before when she had read about me in the *Nebraska Alumni News*. She, too, was an alumna of the University of Nebraska. Crispina also talked to her on the telephone.

From New Park, we flew to Lafayette, Indiana, to visit our friends Drs. C.H. and Mary Ade. While in a hotel in Lafayette, Crispina woke me up early one morning ecause she had had a very vivid dream that our son, Junior, was calling her, "Mama! Mama!"

"There must be something wrong at home. We better call them," she said.

We called Junior by telephone. The reception was very bad and we could not understand what he was saying. We complained to the telephone operator who connected us again. Junior said that they were all right, but that it was raining very hard. That must have been the reason for the very bad reception during our first call.

A few weeks later, when we were already in Scottsdale, Arizona, we received a letter from Lilly saying that at the same time that Crispina had the dream in the hotel at Lafayette, there was a big flood in Quezon City, and that our Chrysler was under 6 feet of water. She wrote: "We thought it was the end of the world. The water rose up nearly to the second floor of the house. We were going to put Daphne (her daughter) into a basin, then swim to the street; but first we went to your bedroom to pray. With Leo and Josie, we knelt down to pray and all of a sudden, we heard a crash and the water subsided very quickly. The next day, we saw that the high cement fence of the Commercial

"I am tired, Rufino, " she answered. "I would want to rest for a day."

"Could you come tomorrow?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"May I talk to my son?" I asked. After a moment, I heard Junior's voice.

"Hello, Papa," he said

"I cannot come home yet. Jun," I said. "She cannot come here to Manila by train because she is tired. Will you please drive her to Tarlac in the morning and I will meet you at Vilmar Restaurant at 9 o'clock?"

"Yes, Papa," he answered.

"Take good care of her," I advised.

The reason I wanted her to come to Manila that day was because there was to be a dinner party in honor of the delegates to the convention given by Emilio Abello, the governor of the Philippine Red Cross, at his residence. I wanted her to see the house of a rich Filipino.

The next day, I drove to Tarlac. We arrived almost at the same time at Vilmar Restaurant. I did not recognize her as the Marie I had met 48 years earlier. The Marie I knew was slim and young. Now she was old, had gray hair and was rather heavy. Of course, we were very happy to see each other again.

While eating breakfast, I asked her why she had never mentioned in her letters that she was coming and why she had not called when she arrived in Manila.

"I arrived five days ago," she said. "I wanted to surprise you. I went to the Manila Hotel and joined a sightseeing group the next day. We went as far as Tagaytay and had lunch there in a restaurant

overlooking Taal Volcano which is in a lake. The third day, I took an afternoon train to San Fernando. It was rather late in the evening when I arrived. As I did not want to disturb you that late,, I took a taxi and told the driver to take me to Cresta Ola Hotel. As we were driving, I noticed that we were going out of the town because we were driving away from the streetlights. I became scared. "Driver," I said, "I told Bank and Trust Company below us had given way. The water had rushed out, crushing the bank's iron gate and destroying a Kombi bus. The water rushed to the opposite fence, crushing it, too, and drowning a boy on the ground floor of the next house."

Our house in Quezon City is situated on a lot 12 feet lower than the street level. Between our lot and the bank is a vacant lot lower than ours. The bank is on a lot still lower than the one between us. The area between the street and the bank had been filled with water and the only drainage was a cement tube one meter in diameter. The drain had been so heavy and the drainage so inadequate that all the rainwater coming from the area beyond our lot had accumulated in the vacant lot, causing the water to reach the high fence of the bank which gave way. Anyone would have drowned if they attempted to swim to the street at the instant the fence collapsed.

We were going to visit Marie on our way West from Lafayette but on the day of our scheduled flight, there was a tornado in Nebraska. So we flew to St. Louis, Missouri where my former classmate, Dr. Judson Hughes, met us and brought us home in Columbia, Mo. After a few days, we flew to Phoenix. Another grandson was born to my daughter Gena while we were with them. Gena named him John, after the son of Rev. and Mrs. Stone of Terre Haute with whom she stayed for three years while studying nursing at the University of Indiana.

While Crispina and I were in Scottsdale, Ariz., and in Sierra Madre, California, and even after our return to the Philippines, Marie and I had been writing each other regularly and at close intervals, discussing the Vietnam War. I strongly opposed the United States' intervention while she was a rabid supporter of American war efforts in that country. Thus our letters to each other were long.

We were delayed for some time in California. We could not get seats on a plane going directly to the Philippines or via Japan because of the many American soldiers going to Vietnam. After several weeks of waiting, we were able to fly to Tokyo via Alaska. It was a very long flight from Los Angeles, with stops only at San Francisco and Anchorage. Contrary to my previous impression of Alaska being covered with snow all the time, Anchorage had green scenery. We were quite tired upon arriving in Tokyo and wanted to stay there longer; but the hotel where we stayed told us that the airline had made only a one-day reservation for us and our room had already been reserved for American soldiers going to Vietnam. So we had to fly back home the following day.

THE SUPRISE VISIT OF MARIE

Being the chairman of the La Union Chapter of the Philippine National Red Cross, I was a delegate to its biennial convention in Manila. While attending a meeting, I was called to answer a long distance telephone call. It was my son, Junior, calling me from San Fernando, saying that an American lady by the name of Mrs. Marie Jeffers Serf from Aurora, Nebraska was looking for me.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"She is here with me,- Papa," he answered.

"May I talk to her?" I requested.

After a moment, I heard a woman's voice saying, "Hello, Rufino. How are you?"

I could not recognize her voice but I knew it was an American voice. I had not talked with her since that summer of 1919 when we had gone to a movie together in York. She was attending summer

classes at York College in the city where I was also studying. Having just been told by Junior a moment before that she was here, I said, "Hello, Marie, where are you?" I could hardly believe that she was in the Philippines. We had been corresponding regularly and frequently but she had never mentioned coming to the Philippines.

"I ain at your house," she answered. "I arrived last night on the train and spent the night at a hotel."

"I cannot come home yet because I am attending a Red Cross convention. Can you come to Manila?" I asked. "There is a train that leaves at 2 o'clock in the afternoon from San Fernando. Take that train and I shall meet you at the railroad station this evening."

"I am tired, Rufino, " she answered. "I would want to rest for a day."

"Could you come tomorrow?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"May I talk to my son?" I asked. After a moment, I heard Junior's voice.

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After breakfast, we drove to Manila while Junior went back to San Fernando.

That being the last day of the convention, the Philippine National Red Cross gave a dinner at the Manila Hotel in honor of the delegates. Crispina, Marie and I attended. The next morning, we all went back to San Fernando by car. Marie stayed with us for a month. I was then completing the first concrete annex of our hospital. As I was showing her the building being constructed, I. mentioned that we had borrowed money from the Development Bank of the Philippines to finance its construction.

"Do you have enough funds to finish it?" she asked.

"Not yet, but we shall manage," I answered,

"I shall be glad to lend you \$ 1,000 without interest," she said. "I hope it will help you a little." Of course, I was glad for the offer.

She attended our Christmas program at Lorma at which time we played Santa Claus for the children of Carlatan. In addition to the usual program, there were testimonies from young boys who had gone camping with the chaplain of the hospital, Rev. Silvestre Cabral. One of them had been a member of the notorious Sigue-Sigue Gang of Tondo, Manila. (This was a teen-age gang in Manila widely known for robberies and killings.) He testified that he had found Jesus Christ while in the camp and that he had changed his life for good by following Him.

Before Marie left for Manila on her way back to the States, she said at mealtime, "Rufino, you are doing wonderful work here. You do not have to pay back the \$1,000 I loaned you. This is my contribution for what you are doing for your people."

Marie was not rich. She was living on her pension as a retired school teacher and yet she had donated such a big amount of money to Lorma. We were indeed very grateful to her. With the money, we furnished one of the two you to drive me to Cresta Ola Hotel. Why are you taking me outside the town?"

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Marie was not rich. She was living on her pension as a retired school teacher and yet she had donated such a big amount of money to Lorma. We were indeed very grateful to her. With the money, we furnished one of the two suites of the. hospital and placed a bronze plate at the door with the words: "FURNISHED BY MRS. MARIE JEFFERS SERF."

Crispina and I accompanied her to Manila. The day before she left, she requested that I go with her to visit Corregidor at the mouth of Manila Bay about which she had read so much in the papers during the Pacific War. It was the last bastion of the American forces before it fell to the Japanese. At that time, there were no regular tourist ships going there; so we rented a small plane.

We flew in the morning and landed on a clearing neither cemented nor asphalted as it is today. A truck took us to see such historical places as the tunnel that led to the underground headquarters of Gen.

Douglas, MacArthur before he evacuated to Australia on a submarine, taking with him Pres. Manuel L. Quezon, Vice-President Sergio Osmeña Sr., Gen. Carlos P. Romulo and other Filipino leaders, and the emplacements of big cannons all facing west which were of no use when the Japanese invaded Corregidor from Bataan on the north and landed in the east side of the island.

When Marie learned that we had founded a school of nursing in 1970 and that we needed books for the library, she sent us hundreds of volumes. So her name was also placed on the "Honor Roll of Donors," which was prominently displayed in the school library.

"VISIT AMERICA" TICKETS WITH CAROL

Carol Lynn, the eldest of my grandchildren, is the oldest daughter of my son, Junior, and his wife Vicky. She topped her class when she finished first grade. To encourage her to study, I told her, "If you will always be the first honor in your class until you finish the elementary school, I'll take you to the United States."

There used to be a seventh grade when I went to the elementary school. For some reason, the Philippine school authorities shortened the elementary school by eliminating the seventh grade. Thus, after finishing the sixth grade, one can go to high school.

Carol Lynn began her formal education in the Lingsat Elementary School. She was consistently at the top of her class until she graduated. Upon graduation, she was awarded a scholarship by the St. Louis College, High School Department, if she would go to school there. Lingsat Elementary School is adjacent to St. Louis College, the best private school in the La Union province.

"Do you remember, Lolo, that you promised to take me to the States if I maintained the first honor in my class throughout elementary school?" she reminded me. Of course,, I remembered. I had no choice but to take her to the U. S. She was not yet 12 years old when she graduated.

My wife, who had been with me to the States three times already, did not want to travel with us because of the hardship of travelling by plane and especially going through the customs and immigration offices of the different countries.

Having studied in the United States for ten years and having gone to many places by car on previous trips with my wife, I knew the places of special interest for Carol Lynn to visit. So we bought "Visit America" tickets, which cost much less than the regular fare. With this kind of ticket, one could visit any place one wanted in the States from west to east and north to south, and could fly via Hong Kong and Japan without extra cost.

Summer vacation in the Philippines begins in April. On the afternoon of the 26th of that month, we flew to Hong Kong via Philippine Air Lines, arriving there in two hours. That was Carol's first visit to the colony and she was very much excited to see very large buildings compacted into such a small place which extended up to the hills across the bay. We stayed in a hotel that evening. They had a dining room on the top floor from which one could have a panoramic view of the entire city.

We flew to Tokyo the following day and stayed at the Keio Plaza Hotel, a very tall building. I was told that this hotel had seven big dining rooms. While going up to our room after taking our breakfast at the ground floor - dining room the following day, the elevator stopped suddenly on its way up. We were the only ones in the elevator. I did not know what to do. It seemed that the elevator was airtight because I started to feel faint. Fortunately, I saw the emergency button on the switchboard. I pressed it and at once I heard a voice asking what the trouble was.

"The elevator has stopped and we can hardly breathe," I answered. The lady who had answered told us to press a certain button on the switchboard which I did, and immediately the elevator moved and air started coming in.

The next morning, we took a 747 plane to San Francisco. It was a huge plane with ten seats in each row and three different compartments beside the one for first class passengers. There was continuous music of different kinds which the passengers could enjoy all through the flight by simply plugging his earphones into one of several channels. A movie was also shown. It was a non-stop flight from Tokyo to San Francisco and we arrived at the latter airport one hour before we left Tokyo. This means that we had arrived at 7 o'clock in the morning, but had left Tokyo at 8 o'clock of the same day. This was due to the change in time zones when we crossed the International Date Line in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The flight was very smooth because we flew 35,000 feet above sea level which is above the level of air disturbances.

We were met by our daughter, Gena, her husband Lem and their three lovely children, Melissa, Lem Jay and John at the airport. They took us in their car to their lovely home in San Jose, California. A few days later, we left San Jose for Seattle, Washington. We stayed at the Sea-Tac Motor Inn which was near the airport where I called my nephew Daniel, the oldest son of my sister, Maria. He was an "old-timer" Filipino who had already become an American citizen. He was living on his retirement pay and sharing an apartment with another Filipino retiree. He was sickly, having a bad heart. I convinced him to come back to the Philippines so that his sisters and brothers could help him. He came back later and lived with his siblings for four years before he died of heart failure.

From Seattle, we flew over the majestic Mt. Ranier, which was still covered with snow, on our way to Chicago, where we transferred to a smaller plane that took us to Buffalo, New York. There, we rode a bus to visit the famous Niagara Falls. We joined a guided tour the next morning that took us around the falls, including the Canadian side, which gave us a better view of the giant waterfall. The guide pointed out to us the several generators that produced millions of kilowatts of electricity that lit all the cities from Illinois to the Atlantic Coast and gave enough power to run the numerous industries.

From Buffalo, we flew to Albany, the capital of New York, where we visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kaiser, the parents of our son-in-law, Bob, who had married our youngest daughter, Emma, in our Lorma Hospital Chapel a few months previously in the presence of both his parents. Mr. Kaiser drove me around and showed me the unfinished \$1.0-billion dollar State Capitol Complex. I was surprised to see a completed

skyscraper at the center but it could not be occupied because around it were buildings still being constructed. Bob's sister, a school teacher, took Carol to her class. Carol observed that in the grade school, they used movies as a means of teaching.

The Kaisers drove us to Boston to visit my daughter, Florence, and her husband, Fred, and their six children. Fred, who was studying his master's degree in law at Harvard, took me around the campus of that great institution, the oldest university in the United States but yet 25 years younger than the University of Santo Tomas in the Philippines. They also took us to other interesting places such as parks and solariums.

From Boston, Carol and I flew to New York City. I had been to this city many times before but I had never been told that all the skyscrapers in Manhattan were built on solid rock. Bobby Santos, the son of my sister-in-law, Cristeta, took us around, including a trip to the Statue of Liberty at the mouth of Hudson River, and treated us to a Broadway show, after which he took us to a midnight dinner in Chinatown, where we were served snails. His wife, the secretary of Nepal's representative to the United Nations, treated us to lunch in the cafeteria of the United Nations Building. Carol and I then joined a tour of the meeting places of representatives of more than 140 nations of the world trying to settle the differences between nations without resorting to war. We saw the General Assembly Hall, the Security Council meeting place, the replica of the Sputnik, the satellite which the Russians sent into space, and a large mural painted by Picasso. We were also shown a meditation room to which any representative could go to commune with God.

From New York City, we flew to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where we were met by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Throne of New Park. On our way to their place, we stopped for lunch at Hershey, a city named after the owner of the world famous chocolate candies, Hershey Chocolates. We toured its huge factory where machines made chocolate candies of different kinds.

As in previous years, the Thrones took us to Washington, D.C. for some sightseeing. We joined a tour of the White House, the Capitol, Lincoln's Monument, the top of the Washington Monument, and to Mt. Vernon to see the home of George Washington. The next morning, we went to all the places of historical importance at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania as in my previous visits to the city. They really took us there for Carol's benefit. In addition, we went into a big building called a "diorama" where pictures simulating the Battle of Gettysburg were shown.

From Pennsylvania, we flew to Indianapolis, Indiana to visit our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edmonson at Clayton, a suburb. They served us the best beef steak I had ever eaten, produced by them. The next day, Mrs. Edmonson drove us to Lafayette to visit Drs. C.H. and Mary Ade, our cry close friends.

Then we flew to Ames, Iowa to visit David Goenwold and his wife, Kathy, who, before we left for the States, invited us to visit. David was studying engineering and Kathy was studying for her master's degree in nursing at the University of Iowa.

David was an officer of the United States Air Force stationed at Clark Air Base, Angeles City in the Philippines in 1970. It was the same year we opened the Lorma School of Nursing. As there was a regulation of the U. S. Army that if a service man's tour of duty in a foreign land is for only one year, he could not bring his wife with him. Kathy, however, wanted to come to the Philippines to be with her husband. But she could not live at the Clark air base. with him. Having heard through Rev. Alvaro Carino, a missionary of the Lutheran Church to which David and Kathy belonged, that we were opening a school of nursing that year, she wrote a letter of application to teach in our school even without a salary. Before we could answer her application, she arrived.

Being a foreigner, she could not teach in our school without a permit from the Department of Education and Culture. Accordingly, we went to Manila where the people in the DEC office told her to inquire at the Civil Service Office as to whether there was a reciprocity for RN between the state of Iowa and the Philippines. As there was none, she was told to write a letter to the Civil Service Office requesting permission to teach.

"you may teach while waiting for an answer to your letter and by the time you receive it, the school year will already be over," advised a lady official at the Civil Service.

Kathy boarded with us and was given a small cash allowance. She was a very efficient teacher and was well-loved by the students. She loved the students, too, so much so that many a night, she would go to the students' dormitory to supervise them in their studies. Before the end of the school year, she returned home due to the death of her father. (Through the years, she has been following the progress of Lorma through the "*Lorma Highlights*," the official organ of Lorma Hospital and School of Nursing, which we have been sending her.) In June, 1977, she and David came to Lorma and stayed with us a few days. Kathy visited with her former pupils who are now either staff nurses at the hospital or teachers in the school of nursing. Early in 1978, she sent about a hundred volumes of books for nurses.

Kathy took me to visit the different departments of the Iowa University Hospital. The following Sunday, we drove to Keystone, Iowa, her hometown, to attend church. After the morning service, we had a picnic at the town where I met many of her relatives. That afternoon, Carol went with her penpal to Monticello and I to Iowa City with the Groenwolds. Carol and I agreed to meet in Ames the following day.

From Iowa, Carol and I flew to Omaha to visit my alma mater, the Nebraska Medical College, and then to Hastings, Nebraska, to visit Mrs. Marie Jeffers Serf, who had transferred to the Good Samaritan Home from her home in Aurora, Nebraska. She housed us in an apartment in the compound because there was no room in her single-room apartment, but we ate our meals there with her.

She also took us to high-class eating places and drove us to see three rows of "igloos" 20 miles long altogether which were built during the war as a storage for ammunition and to other places of interest in that city.

The plane that was to take us to Denver to make our connection on our way to Los Angeles did not arrive because there was a storm in Lincoln that day. So we drove to Grand Island to take another plane that brought us back to Lincoln and Omaha and then to Kansas City. We took another plane via Denver to Los Angeles, arriving at the latter at 4 o'clock in the morning. Stanley Kurtz and my niece, Herma, and her husband, Philip, came to meet us at the airport. Mr. Kurtz insisted that we stay at his house, but knowing that he and his wife Rhea were both teaching and I didn't want to be a bother to them, I begged to stay with my niece because we wanted to sleep all day that day.

However, Carol and I did move, to Kurtzes' house the following day and I slept in their spacious and luxurious bedroom. To my surprise, I learned the next morning that Stanley and Rhea had slept in their davenport in the living room while Carol and I slept in son Philip's room. They have three bedrooms --- one occupied by Rhea's mother and the other by their son. So I insisted that we transfer to my niece's house.

Mr. Kurtz had previously made arrangements for me to speak at the Men's Sunday School and also during the morning worship of the United Methodist Church in Los Angeles. When this church merged with another church a year later, all its library books were donated to Lorma School of Nursing at the request of Mr. Kurtz who, too, gave many of his books to our school.

During the next weekend, the Kurtzes took us to San Diego to visit Stanley's brother, Emil, and his wife, Laura. On our way, we visited their son Richard and family. We went for a ride in Emil's yacht to San Diego Bay. Later, Carol visited the San Diego Zoo, claimed to be the biggest in the U. S. On the way back to Los Angeles, we dined with another brother, Bruce and his wife, who lived in San Clemente, the home city of former President Nixon.

After our return to Los Angeles, we went to Marineland where we watched dolphins trained to do all kinds of acts such as jumping high up in the air and playing ball. We also visited the famous Disneyland with all its attractions. It was at Disneyland where we saw and heard a mannequin resembling Abraham Lincoln deliver his famous Gettysburg Address. Lem and Gena, our daughter, and their children came to Los Angeles to take us back to their home in San Jose where we stayed until we flew back to Manila via Tokyo and Hong Kong.

I"

Gena's eldest, Melissa, came home with us for a vacation in the Philippines. When we checked in at the airport in Hong Kong to fly to Manila, the clerk noticed that Melissa's passport was stamped at the Philippine Consulate in San Francisco with the words, "Accompanied by parents," she being a minor.

"Where are your parents?" asked the clerk.

"They are not with us," I answered. "I am her grandfather."

"I am sorry. She cannot board the plane. She has to stay but you two (meaning Carol and me) can take the plane," the clerk told us.

Leaving Melissa, a minor, alone in Hong Kong? Impossible! I protested and begged that she be allowed to come with us on the plane but the clerk was adamant. Both Carol and Melissa cried but still she would not let her go. We had no choice but to go back to the hotel. I called Manila by phone and told Lilly, my daughter, to get permission from the government for Melissa to go to the Philippine consulate in Hong Kong to request permission for her to leave Hong Kong for Manila.

The Philippine consul was very cordial and friendly and readily gave us a letter to show to the airport clerk stating that Melissa could enter the Philippines. That night, we flew to Manila on board Philippine Air Lines instead of Cathay Air Lines which denied us passage the day before.

MY TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

Originally, I planned to fly via the Pacific to visit my children Jun and Gena and their families in California. I requested El Greco, the company of Pete and Lilly, to get me a passport. The passport issued to me when I went to the States in 1972 with Carol had already expired. The Philippines was then under martial law and there were many requirements to be met in order to obtain a Philippine passport and a U. S. visa. Such requirements were: a letter stating the purpose of the trip, a tax and police clearance and a letter from my children in the U.S. assuring my support while there. Fulfilling all these took a long time. It was October 1976 when I at last was given the passport and visa.

I made a reservation to fly Philippine Air Lines on Sunday, November 6, for San Francisco, California. Two days before my flight, Lilly said to me, "Papa, you have been to the States several times before but you have never been to Europe. Please do not fly on Saturday and I shall try to get my exit permit by Tuesday and we can get the next flight of KLM for Europe and I shall accompany you to the States via Europe." She wanted to fly KLM because she had a substantial discount in the fare, she being the owner of El Greco, a seaman recruitment company that sends many seamen abroad. She worked on her exit permit all day Thursday and Friday but she was not able to get it. Again on Monday she went to the Department of Foreign Affairs and by noon she phoned her office that she had been granted an exit permit and that they should buy our tickets so that we could fly Tuesday afternoon by KLM. She had to have a Greek visa which usually takes about a week to get plus both U. S. and United Kingdom visas. Fortunately, the Greek consul was a personal friend and she was granted a visa about noon on Tuesday. Hurriedly, she went home to pack. Because of the many countries we were going to visit, the travel agency could not issue our tickets by Tuesday noon. As a matter of fact, we went to the airport without them. They were sent to us before boarding time. Neither of us had a U.K. visa and Lilly did not have a U. S. visa. She got them in Athens. Crispina, Pete and children, Fred and Florence, Leo, Josie and Eileen, Bob, Emma and Jennifer all came to see us off at the airport.

It was a 13-hour flight from Manila to Athens with stopovers in Bangkok, New Delhi, Karachi and Kuwait for refueling and for passengers, arriving at the Greek capital at 5 o'clock in the Morning of Wednesday, November 10.

Pete sent a telex to the Hilton Hotel at Athens for a room reservation but Despina, a friend of Lilly who came to meet us at the airport, insisted on taking us to her home. Despina and her husband are ship owners and also owners of a big jewelry factory. As I was not able to sleep during the whole flight, I slept all day while Lilly went to the U. S. embassy to get her visa. The next day, she and I went to the U.K. embassy to get our visas to visit London after which Dr. Marcos Fojas, a Filipino ophthalmologist and his Greek wife, Helen, a cardiologist, took us on a tour of the city. We went first to the top of a mountain at the center of

the city by cable car, going up to the top through a tunnel a 60-degree climb, where one had a panoramic view of the whole city. There was a restaurant at the top and a small chapel at the very tip. A priest gave us candles which we lit and placed on a repository.

From there, they took us to Akropolis, the ruins of ancient Athens. There were hundreds of tourists from all over the world, particularly Japanese, of whom we saw hundreds in Rome, Paris and London on guided tours of these cities. Among the ruins were the Facade, of Odeon of Herodes Atticus, the Temple of Olympian Zeus, the Caryatids Theater of Dionysius, and the Pantheon with its huge columns of stones. Building such huge columns of stone and beams without the use of machines and mortar which have lasted many centuries is indeed very amazing to say the least. Then we drove to Piraeus, the port of Athens, where we had lunch in an open restaurant at the edge of the water and to other places of interest such as the home of the President of Greece which fronted a plaza with hundreds of pigeons around those who gave them food.

After our tour, I requested to be brought to the Hilton Hotel to write some letters while Lilly went shopping and the Fojases went to their clinic. After finishing my letters in the lobby, I felt that I was going to have an asthma attack and had neglected to bring my medicine with me. Fearing that my attack might get worse, I asked the doorman of the hotel to get me a taxi. Nobody seemed to know the address I gave which was far out in the city. One of the taxi drivers, however, offered to drive me home for 300 drachmas. Every now and then he stopped and phoned and at other times he asked people for help. After an hour, he finally found our house. Soon after I went to my room, Lilly called the house and the maid answered that I was already home. She asked me when I arrived how much I had paid the taxi and I told her 300 drachmas.

"You were cheated," she said. "It cost me only 50 from the hotel to here. "

Our hosts took us out for dinner that night. It was a Greek restaurant where diners were entertained by a singer with a guitar who went from table to table and sang ballads with the diners joining in the singing. The dinner lasted until about 2 o'clock in the morning.

The following night, we were again invited to dinner but we did not go because we were told that it would begin at midnight. I was glad we did not go because our hosts did not come home until 4 o'clock in the morning and we had to leave for Thessaloniki at 9 that morning. Lilly had to wake up Despina at 7 o'clock to drive us to a taxi station where we took a taxi going to the domestic airport which was quite a distance from the city.

We flew to Thessaloniki the former capital of ancient Macedonia. We were met by Marika and Chrisaule, Pete's aunts. We took a room at the Palace Hotel on Alexander the Great Boulevard. At noon, Socrates, a police officer married to a sister of Pete, took us out for lunch in a restaurant. The following morning, Lilly took a taxi for sightseeing. Chrisaule, a very vibrant girl of 14 years and adopted daughter of Chrisaule and Dimitri Stianonakis, the owner and head teacher of a school, came with us as our guide. We

went to the fort built by King Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. Near its gate, according to legend, is where Paul preached to the Thessalonians. There is a small chapel on the place and one laurel tree from which I took a branch. I sent a leaf to Crispina. Nearby were the catacombs where, the early Christians held their meetings. A small chapel was built there. I noticed that in these two chapels, the people worship by standing except those who owned chairs which were placed along the walls. That afternoon, we were invited by Mr. Stianyonakis for lunch in a plush restaurant at the top of a hill overlooking the city. We were joined by Pete's relatives. After lunch, they accompanied us to the airport to bid us goodbye on our return trip to Athens.

We were met at the airport by Pete's and Lilly's business partner in Athens. He took us to their office in Piraeus where they talked business for more than two hours. Before we went to his house for dinner, he sent a telex to Hotel Excelsior in Rome for a room reservation. It was after midnight when he and his wife and little daughter drove us to Despina's house.

In the city proper, people live in apartments in multistory buildings. Each floor has a balcony four feet wide on the open sides of the buildings. People dry their laundry and hang out their beddings and rugs on the balcony. Each row of apartments has a common entrance on the street and a common small elevator with a maximum load of four people.

Except for a few avenues, the streets of Athens are narrow and most of them are one-way. The people keep their cars at the sides of the streets. Even our host who are among the rich and live in a two-apartment house keep their two cars on the street. However, their buildings and their houses are made of marble. Toilets are made of marble, too, and the same is true of their sidewalks.

The next morning, Despina drove us to the airport to take our plane for Rome. Rome's airport, like the rest of those of the cities we visited in Europe, is far from the city. There is a bus service, however, that brings passengers to the bus station in the city from where we took a taxi to our hotel. A man standing by loaded our two pieces of luggage into a taxi and charged us 100 liras or 10 pesos. We complained but he insisted. We drove to Excelsior Hotel and the taxi meter read 500 liras but the taxi driver charged us 1,000 liras. Again Lilly complained but the driver said the extra 500 was for our two pieces of luggage.

The hotel clerk at Excelsior told us that there was no vacant room and recommended that we go to the Le Grande Hotel. We took a taxi again. The driver drove us twice around the block then took us to the hotel which was only one block away and again we were charged 1,000 liras. I mention this fact to show how Italian taxi drivers take advantage of people, particularly tourists.

Compared to Athens, Rome is gloomy. Its unpainted brick buildings are massive with big iron window grills. Its streets are like jigsaw puzzles except its boulevards. It has many plazas, fountains and statues. Its attractions, however, are its many ruins --- reminders of the grandeur of Rome which was the conqueror of the whole known world before the birth of Christ.

After lunch, Lilly and I went for a walk and on our way back to the hotel, she took my picture from across the street. As I was crossing to her side of the street, Lilly shouted, "Papa, Papa! " I heard a speeding car. Instinctively, I ran and fortunately, the speeding car barely missed me by six inches. I was so shaken that I did not go out anymore the rest of the day.

We could not leave Rome the following morning because there were no flights out of the country due to a strike of porters and engineers at the airport. So we joined a guided tour of the city which included the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Roman Forum and the Vatican.

The Pantheon is a circular building, 142 feet in diameter and 142 feet high with a wall 20 feet thick. It has a small circular opening at the top to give light below which, on the floor, is a drain for rainwater. According to the guide, one of the two massive brass doors weighs ten tons. This is the best kept ancient monument dedicated to Mars and Venus. It was built in 27 B.C. and inside are some tombs. The Coliseum is where the gladiators once fought and the Roman Forum was where public debates and business transactions were made.

The Vatican is the smallest state in the world. It is the center of Roman religion and home of the Pope. In front of St. Peter's Church is an elliptical area boarded by columns which support a beam on which are more than 100 statues. At the center is an Egyptian obelisk with a cross at the top and a fountain on each side. The facade of St. Peter's has large columns between which are windows, the largest of which is at the center. It is from this window that the Pope appears to impart his blessing to the faithful gathered in the courtyard. A very wide flight of steps leads into this huge edifice.

St. Peter's Church is the largest in the world. I was amazed by its grandeur and majesty owing to its great dimensions and the whole effect of its architectural and decorative elements. Through entrances along the front, one passes into a vestibule before entering the church proper. It has one main aisle with interconnecting aisles leading to ten chapels, six on the right and four on the left. Its ceiling is 120 feet high. On the right side near the entrance is the *La Pieta* of Michaelangelo, protected by a thick glass because according to the guide, someone had tried to destroy it.

The Vatican Palace is a group of large buildings which includes the residence of the Pope and the Pontifical Court. Most of them have museums - galleries, libraries and archives.

Early the next morning, we were told that there was a flight for Munich that day so we took a bus to the airport. However, the strike was still on so we had to carry our suitcases from the bus to the departure gate Number 56 which was about 200 meters from where the bus had stopped. The porters would not allow any passenger to use the trolleys. It was good that we arrived two hours before departure as that gave us time to walk to the gate. At first, Lilly allowed me to pull our suitcase that had rollers, but when she noticed that I was getting tired and my hands were trembling, she insisted on pulling

it and carrying the other one at the same time. Thirty minutes before the scheduled departure, we were told to board our plane which was parked about half a kilometer away. Again, Lilly carried and pulled our two suitcases. When we were about , halfway, I noticed that almost all the passengers had already boarded the plane. Fortunately, a car came and picked us up and as soon as we boarded, the plane began to move.

We were met at the Munich airport by Sotiria, a Greek woman, and her German husband, Ludwig. They are very good friends of Lilly. They had been to our home in Carlatan on Crispina's birthday the month before. They took us to their home at Wolfratshausen, a German town 25 kilometers south of Munich.

It was dark when we arrived at their house. It snowed that night and the temperature was 5 degrees below zero centigrade. The next morning, I went out for a walk to accustom myself to the cold weather. After walking about two blocks, I was freezing and wanted to go back into the house. I walked back and forth along the street but could not find the house. Fortunately, I remembered that Sotiria had written her address in my address book the night before, which I had in my pocket. Immediately, I looked in my address book and found that I was standing in front of the very house. The reason I got confused was because their house was a duplex like all the other houses along the street instead of being a single house as I had thought.

Sotiria and Elizabeth, her sister-in-law, drove us to the city up in the mountains about 90 kilometers from Munich and four kilometers from the border of Austria to look for the grave of Pete's half-brother who had died about two weeks before. Along the road were green pastures for cattle and sheep divided by forested areas of tall and slender trees with small branches. We drove up a zigzag road that curved around like a hair pin beyond which was a lake 25 miles in circumference, according to Elizabeth who had walked around it one summer. This lake is the summer resort of Bavaria.

We did not have any clue as to how to find the grave of Pete's half- brother except that his relatives in Greece told Lilly that he used to work in a bakery in that town. Elizabeth knew the town very well and after two inquiries, she found the woman who had been his employer. She conducted us to the cemetery and showed us his nameless grave which was covered with beautiful flowering plants like the rest of the graves. It was only about two weeks after All Saint's Day, Nov. 1, at which time Catholics decorate the graves of their departed. Each grave was four feet by four feet, bordered by a two-inch high and four-inch wide cement wall. A tombstone not over two feet high was placed at the head of the grave. The uniform-sized graves were placed in a row about three feet apart and four feet between each row. The Bavarians, being Catholics, usually placed both a crucifix and the names of the departed on the tombstones. I was told that their dead was buried in a semi-erect position so that each grave could accommodate more than one person.

The employer of Pete's half-brother told us that he was a very good man, living alone at the time of his death because his wife was working in Greece. He had worked for her for 13 years and police had found the equivalent of \$5,000 in his room which was given to his wife when she came to attend the funeral.

One thing I noticed in this part of Germany was that many houses had beautiful paintings of religious and other kinds of scenery on the outside walls.

The next day, Saturday, Ludwig and Sotiria drove us to the Munich airport to take a plane for Paris. We were met by Lilly's friend, the vice- president of a big company that converts garbage into fertilizer. Paris is a city of ancient and modern cultures with ancient and modern buildings. Just to name a few which I had the privilege to see were the following:

1. The *Eiffel Tower* is the symbol of Paris. It is an interlaced structure of molded metals, 1,050 feet high with three floors. The first is 187 feet high, the second, 337 feet and the third, 899 feet. There are restaurants and bars on the first floor.
2. There is a circle 130 meters in diameter from which 12 important streets radiate outward and at its center is the *Arch of Triumph*.
3. *Dome de Invalides*, with a spire 350 feet above the ground, contains the tombs of Napoleon and some members of his family and other great men of France among whom are marshals Foch and Vauban.
4. The *Statue of Joan of Arc* is in the center of a small square called *Palace of Pyramids*.
5. The *Louvre*, a series of museums containing Oriental, Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities among which is the armless *Venus de Milo*. The many collections of paintings included the original *Mona Lisa* by Leonardo Da Vinci.
6. The *Notre Dame*, with three portals above which are 78 statues representing the kings of Israel, is the biggest among the churches in Paris. It is 427 feet long, 164 feet wide and 115 feet high and could accommodate 9,000 people.

After three days in Paris, we continued our tour of Europe by flying to London, arriving there at noon. We took a taxi to our hotel. When the driver opened the door and I started to get in first, he held my arm and said, "The lady first," meaning that Lilly had to go before me. This incident is a reflection of the English culture of chivalry. In the afternoon, Lilly and I went to Piccadilly Circle where I saw many sex stores selling pornographic magazines and many other articles related to sex.

The next morning, I joined a guided tour of London. Lilly did not join me because some business needed her attention. Our first stop was across the Thames, where we took pictures of the Parliament at a distance; then we went to a museum but were forbidden to take pictures. We continued our tour and went to Westminster Abbey which is as famous as St. Peter's Cathedral in the Vatican. In the walls and under the floors are the tombs of the English monarchy and prominent leaders in government, arts and literature. Churchill had his memorial within the Abbey but his remains were not interned there.

There were as many groups of tourists as there were in Athens, Rome and Paris. I stopped a moment to take a picture of the large clock in the Westminster Tower, the Big Ben, and lost our guide. Thinking that the bus across the street was ours, I looked on my right to see if there were vehicles coming.

Seeing none, I ran to catch the bus. Suddenly, I heard a horn blowing on my left side and when I looked, I saw a red car speeding towards me. I was stunned and could not move. Fortunately, the car stopped about a foot from me. It was only then that I realized that in London, people drive on the left side of the street. Had the car not had good brakes, I would have been killed instantly.

The next day, we flew to Amsterdam where we took a KLM plane bound for New York City. We were met at the airport by Bob Gonzales and his wife, Wency, a niece of my wife. They took us to an ecumenical thanksgiving service that night where Protestant, Jewish and Catholic ministers jointly participated. The next day was Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. We were invited to a Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Buddy Santos, a brother of Wency. After dinner, Tetang, their mother and Crispina's sister, treated us to a show at Radio City where we saw a movie, "Cinderella," and a Christmas stage show, both of which were very beautiful.

The next morning, we flew to Columbus, Ohio to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wollam, very good friends of Pete and Lilly since their college days at Ohio State University and who had visited us in our home in the Philippines several years earlier. They met us at the airport and took us to lunch at the University Club after which Mr. Wollam drove us around the campus of the university which was very much enlarged since Pete and Lilly left Columbus 14 years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Wollam gave us a dinner party that night to which a former classmate of Lilly was invited. Another of Lilly's classmates arrived after dinner and had coffee with us.

I wanted to stop in Omaha to visit my alma mater, the University of braska Medical College, and if possible to have a general physical check-up. Lilly could not come with me because she had to do some business in San Jose and Claremont, California. So she phoned her brother, Jun, at Claremont to meet me at the Omaha airport. We flew to Chicago the next day where we transferred to separate planes; my plane to Omaha and Lilly's to San Jose. She conducted me to the departure gate of my plane and gave me my boarding pass then left me and went to the other end of the airport to take her plane-. To, my surprise, just before boarding time, I could not find my boarding pass to which my ticket was attached. Fortunately, I remembered my seat number and was allowed to board, but I had to buy another ticket.

Jun was at the airport when I arrived. He had rented a car which we drove to the Hilton Hotel located in the middle of the city to spend the night.

The following day was Sunday and as I wanted to attend Harford Memorial Church of which I was a member during the years 1923-1927, I looked for its number in the yellow pages. Unfortunately, it was not listed. I remembered that the Harford Memorial Church was formerly a United Brethren Church and that it had united with the Evangelical Church and later with the Methodist Church whose name was in the yellow pages. Jun told me that the members of the Harford Memorial Church had transferred to a new Methodist Church and the next morning, to my happy surprise, we met at the door a daughter of Mrs. Leeder, a former member of Harford Memorial Church. She took us to her mother who immediately recognized me. She told

us to call her that afternoon and she would give us the telephone numbers of the other members who were still living.

After lunch, we drove to Hastings, Nebraska to visit Marie Jeffers Serf, who had donated **\$1,000** and many books to Lorma. On our way there, we stopped at Lincoln to see the house where I worked as a house boy for three years during the time that I was studying at the University of Nebraska. It was the same house but had a different owner. The owner was kind enough to let us in to take pictures inside and outside the house.

We checked in at the Holiday Inn in Hastings and phoned Marie to have supper with us. She was really very much surprised. She said that she had already finished supper but that she would join us for coffee. After our very happy visit, she asked us to accompany her to her apartment and to pick up some books for our library. It was rather late and I was tired so Jun went with her. The next day, Monday, we drove back to Omaha and stopped at York, Nebraska where I first went to school in 1918. It was 5 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and according to the papers, it was the coldest day for that time of the year since 1896.

We drove directly to the city hall to inquire at the office of the mayor who we thought could tell us about the whereabouts of persons I wanted to meet. We entered the office of the city attorney instead and were told by the lady at the desk that the mayor's office was in another building. She kindly called both the mayor and Dr. Robert Harry, my 1927 co-graduate from the University of Nebraska Medical College. I talked to them on the phone and we agreed to meet at the lobby of the McCloud Hotel at noon. A York newspaper reporter happened to be at the office of the city attorney. He asked to interview me at the hotel lobby together with Dr. Harry and the mayor. I gladly consented.

From there we drove to York College, where I graduated from high school in 1920. (It is now owned, however, by another church, not the United Brethren Church which owned it while I was there. It was sold when the UB Church united with the Evangelical Church). We paid a courtesy call on the dean. He called the school photographer who took our picture.

From York College, we went to the McCloud Hotel and had a very pleasant meeting with the mayor and Dr. Harry. We were interviewed by the reporter. The next day, there was a write-up in the front page of the *New York Times*, including a 7" x 7" photo of us. Dr. Harry invited us to lunch and while we were eating, I inquired about Mabel Meeker, my co-graduate at York College Academy.

"Yes, I know her," said Dr. Harry. "Her name is Kirkpatrick now but her husband died a few years ago. In fact, she has an office in the bank of which I am a member of the board of directors."

"My wife and I visited her in her farm near York in 1951, " I said.

"Yes, she owns most of the farms in York," Dr. Harry answered.

After lunch, we went to see Mrs. Kirkpatrick but she was not in her office. We went to the board conference room and a man who seemed to be a high official of the bank called several places to inquire about her but she was not in any of them. So we left York without seeing her.

As soon as we arrived at the Holiday Inn in Omaha, Jun called up the office of the dean of the medical college of the university for an appointment the next morning. Then he called Mrs. Leeder to inquire about the telephone numbers of former members of the Harford Memorial Church. She gave him two numbers. One was that of Mrs. Roselle, now over 90 years old and the other was that of Mrs. Kenneth E. Netsch, the pianist of the church while I was in the medical college in 1923-1927. Crispina and I met her in 1951 as Miss Alice Jones and had lunch with her. She had gotten married only two years earlier to a widower -- a rich 5- retired trucker. As she had been forewarned by Mrs. Leeder, she readily recognized me when I spoke to her on the telephone. She invited us for supper.

Since there were only her husband and herself living in their big house, Mrs. Netsch told us that whenever we come to Omaha, we are welcome to stay with them. After supper she took us around their house including their basement which had a pool table. She and Jun played a game. In October, 1977, Crispina, Gena and I stayed in their house when we attended the 50th reunion of my class.

"I have pictures of you in swimming trunks. I shall find them and send them to you," she told me. She sent them to me in California.

The next day, Tuesday, was very cold and it was snowing heavily. We went to see the dean of the medical college as previously arranged and after we took pictures, he sent his secretary to take us around the college which was very different from what it was while I was studying there. Because we were going to take the noon plane for Ontario, California, we excused ourselves from visiting the hospital and college of nursing. II

Vicky, Jun's wife, and their children JJ, Jonathan and Michelle met us at the airport. Carol was still in school. JJ had grown so big, bigger than Jonathan and Michelle. Junior said that JJ wore bigger sized shoes than he. The next day, I went with Lilly to Los Angeles and had lunch with Modesto Ganaden and Ruth, his wife and my niece. After lunch, I called up Mariano Ibay in whose house we stayed in 1951 and in 1961 when Crispina and I went to the States together. He came to get me and we drove to the house of Larry Macagba, my nephew, who was an invalid due to a brain tumor that was surgically removed two years before and which caused a complete paralysis of his whole body. We drove to Mariano's house to get Inding, his wife, on our way back to Claremont. The following day, Lilly and I flew to San Jose to visit Lem and my daughter Gena and their children, Melissa, Lem Jay and John. We went to church on Sunday morning after which we had lunch at the Holiday Inn. Then we went to an open market which is like our markets in the Philippines, but on a larger scale. It covers several hundred acres and they sell from farm products to all kinds of merchandise, such as radios, tape recorders, kitchen utensils, carpets, etc. For about an hour we listened to auctioneers selling all kinds of saleable goods from a box containing nothing of value to colored TV sets.

On Tuesday, December 7, Lem, Gena and their children, Lilly and I went to the San Francisco Library for the launching of a boook written by my son-in-law, Lem, entitled **Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders**. The simple program was attended by the Honorable James Moscone, mayor of San Francisco, the press, heads of different organizations, and the Philippine consul general, and was highlighted by a very eloquent presentation speech by the author as he presented a copy to the mayor, who in turn responded with a simple but very sincere speech.

On Wednesday noon, December 8, John G. Parham, a successful realtor who was born in the Philippines of American and Filipino parentage, invited Lem and me to a Cupertino Rotary Club luncheon meeting at which time I presented a banner of our San Fernando, La Union Rotary Club and received their banner in exchange. I enjoyed very much the beautiful Christmas carols which were sung by high school girls.

On December 9, I was awakened at 1o'clock in the morning by a very severe headache, and upon rising, I was so dizzy that I could not walk to the bathroom alone. Gena phoned Junior at Claremont. He instructed her to take my blood pressure and prescribed medicine for my dizziness. That afternoon, Junior came by plane and took me to Claremont by car. It was a seven-hour ride on the freeway from San Jose to Claremont. Upon arrival at their house, I was so dizzy that I had to be carried inside. In the meantime, Junior telephoned a Dr. Stevens at Loma Linda Medical College Hospital for an appointment but he could not see me until the following week.

During the entire night before Jun finally took me to see Dr. Stevens, I could not sleep. I was weak but not sleepy. Dr. Stevens gave me a complete examination by palpation, percussion, auscultation, checking the nerve reflexes of my legs and arms, light reflexes of my pupils, opthalnlc examination of my retina, otoscopic examination of my ears, examination of my nose, teeth, gums and throat and an EKG. He spent about two hours examining me. I was very much impressed because this was the way I used to examine my patients. Our new doctors these days do not examine their patients this way anymore. They depend so much on the x-ray and laboratory examinations.

Dr. Stevens referred me to the laboratory where I had my urine and blood examined and then to the x-ray department for an antero-posterior and a lateral picture of my chest after which I was sent to an ophthalmologist. Before he started examining me, his assistant nurse made me stand up in a stooping position to measure my vision. Such a position made me so weak that I asked Jun to take me home without seeing the ophthalmologist. In the Philippines, ophthalmologists and optometrists seat their patients comfortably while measuring their vision.

A few days later, when I felt better, Jun took me to attend the chapel service at the World Vision Headquarters. The preacher gave a very good sermon on "The Keeper of the Inn," in whose stable Jesus was

born. I was introduced to Junior's associates and they spoke very highly of him, which made me very proud. A few days later, Jun took me to meet the executive vice- president, Dr. Ted Engstrom, who received me very cordially and served us coffee and cake. Before we left, he gave me an autographed copy of his new book, entitled **The Making of a Christian Leader**. Jun asked the one in charge of the projection room to show me a movie of what World Vision is doing. I was very much touched to see so many people who are less fortunate than we Filipinos, and to help the World Vision in their work of mercy, I donated the check which Lilly had given me for my physical check-up expenses. In acknowledgment of my gift, I received the following letter from the director a few days later:

WORLD VISION INTERNATIONAL
PAUL VAN OSS

Director
Resource & Extension

December 22, 1976

Dr. Rufino Macagba, Sr.
C/o 310 Briarcroft
Claremont, CA 91711

Dear Dr. Macagba:

This will acknowledge and thank you for your gift of \$_____ to the World Vision to assist our organization in its ministry to a hurting and needy world.

As we talked about this during your visit to the office the other day, I was genuinely serious when I said that your contribution to our organization! of Rufi, Victoria and their beautiful family was by all standards enough. Now you, have added this large financial investment in addition and words fail to adequately express our appreciation.

Within the next few days, an official receipt will be forthcoming from World Vision, but in the meantime, I wanted to express my personal appreciation to you. We thank God for you and trust your visit here to the United States with your family will be in every way profitable and enjoyable.

With regards, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
(Signed) PAUL VAN OSS, Direct.
Resource & Extension Division

PYO:jb

A TRUE COPY

On Sunday, December 26, Jun and Vicky, and Lem and Gena,0 who had come the day before from San Jose to Claremont, gave a dinner party in my honor to which the children of my brothers Hilarion and Tito, who are all nurses, and their families and some friends were invited. We were 33 in all. After dinner, my grandchildren gave a program in which all of them had a part highlighted by a magic performance by Jonathan who is an expert, and dances and songs of the talented Ignacio brothers, Lem Jay and John.

On December 29, after visiting my co-graduate in medicine in 1927, Dr. William P. Garrison, who was a patient at the Long Beach Community Hospital, Jun and Vicky took me to dinner in the Churchill Dining room on the *Queen Mary*, now a hotel, berthed in the Long Beach Harbor. I was impressed by its size. It is very much bigger than either the *SS President Cleveland* or *Wilson*, which Crispina and I had taken on our previous trips to the U. S.

On December 31, Jun, Vicky, the children and I drove to San Jose to spend New Year's Eve with the Ignacio family. In the United States, the celebration is quite unlike that in the Philippines.

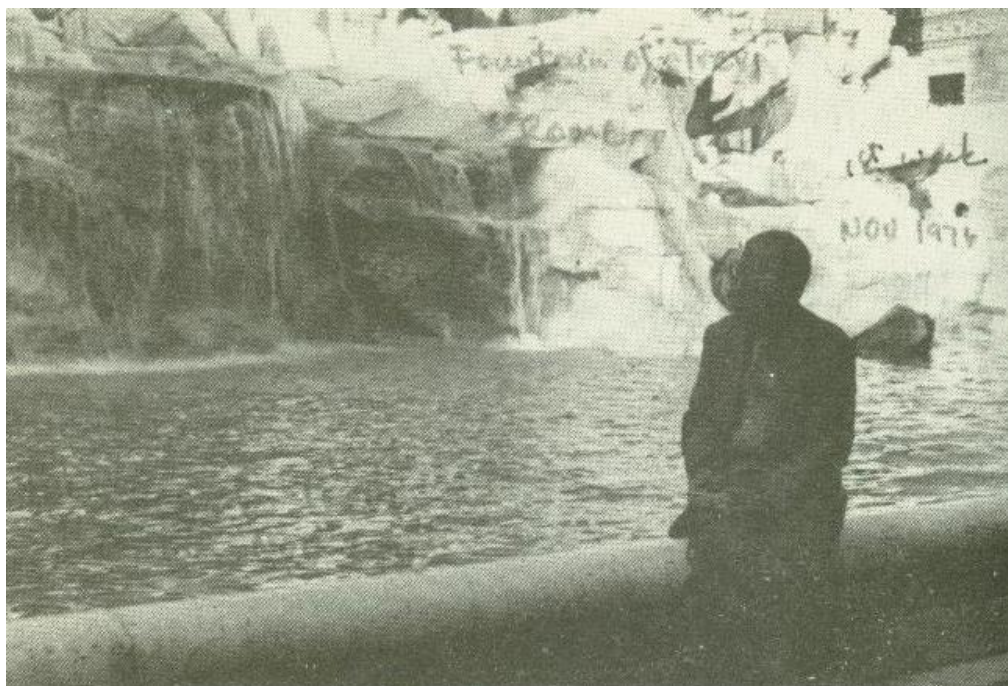
January 6, 1977 at 9 p.m., our friends from Lafayette, Indiana, Drs. C.H and Mary Ade, Mrs. Naomi Irwin, the sister of Dr. C.H. Ade and I took a Philippine Air Lines plane for the long flight across the Pacific, arriving in Manila at 6 o'clock in the morning of January 8. It was an 18-hour flight but we never saw the sun during the whole flight because we were flying westward. After crossing the International Date Line in the middle of the Pacific. we lost a day, thus the date of our arrival was on the eighth of the month. This ended my trip around the world.



At World Vision, California, U.S.A



In Paris, France, 1976, with Lilly



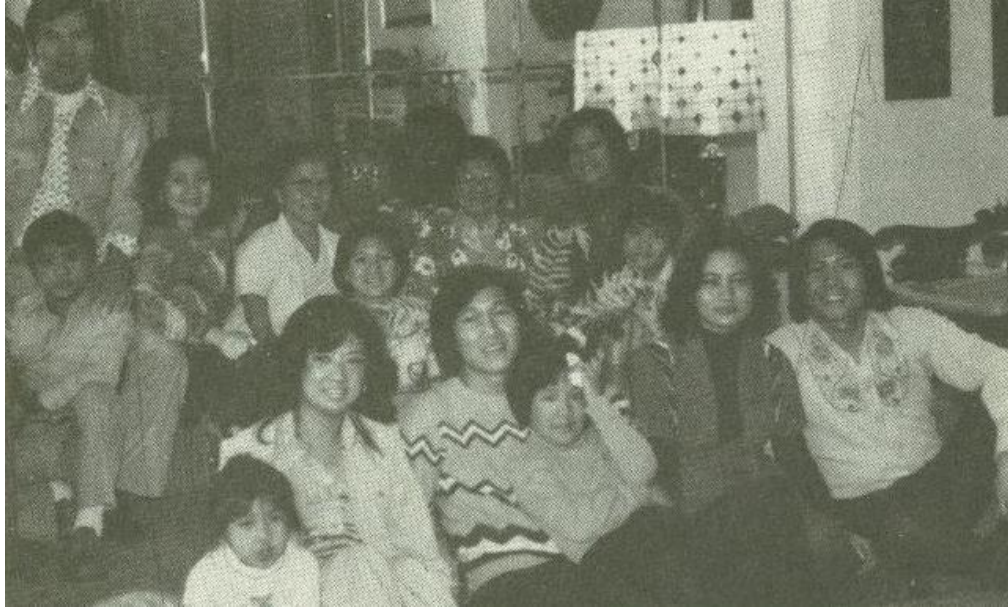
In Rome, Italy, 1976



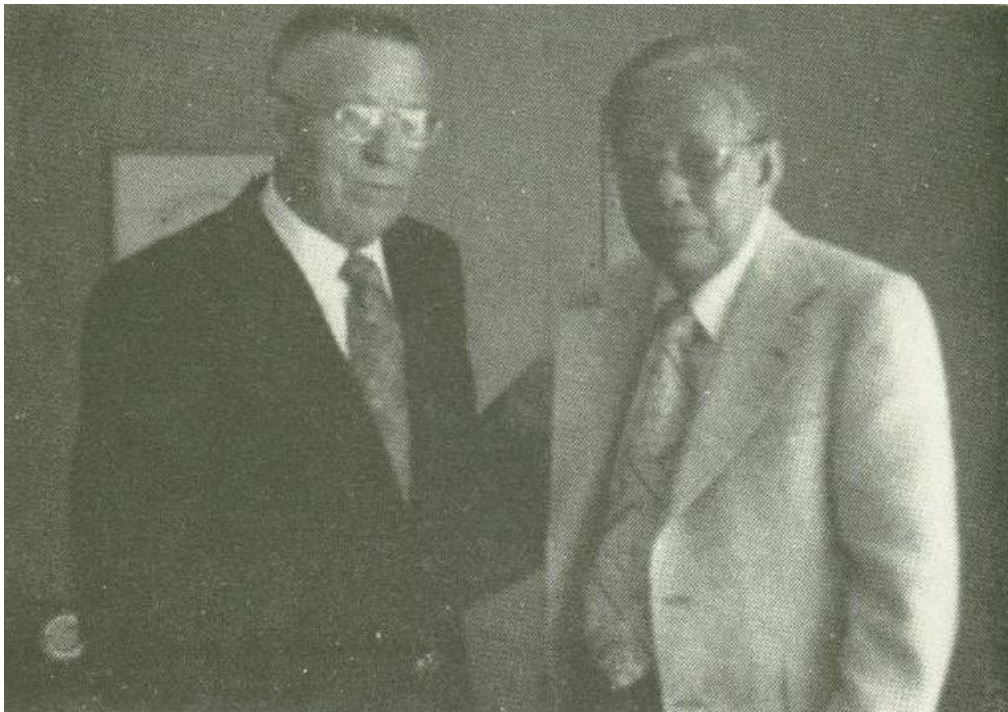
In Munich, West Germany, 1976



In Salanick, Greece with Peter Toundjis Family



In New York, with relatives



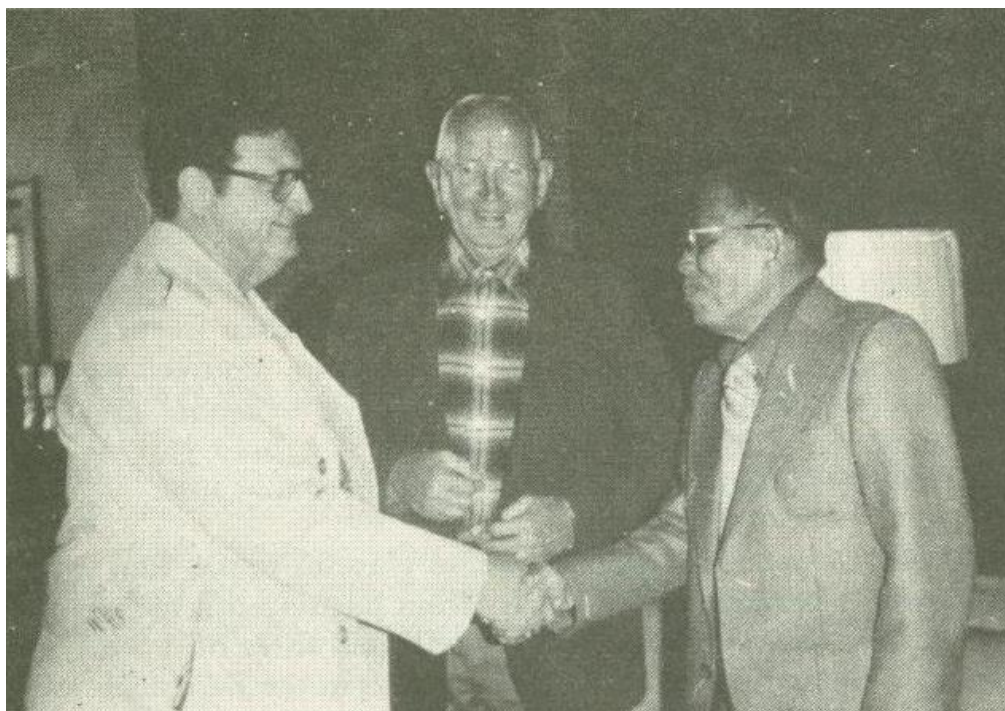
With Dr. C.H. Ade



With Dr. and Mrs. Bill Bright of Campus Crusade



With nieces Fe, Ruth, Herma, and Jun and Gena



Dr. Rufino N. Macagba with former classmates Dr. Henry in York, Nebraska, 1976

PART V

UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCES

EVENTFUL DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A DOCTOR

When I first returned from the United States in 1928, many people were afraid to go to hospitals because they thought that a hospital was where people went to die. Many patients were taken to the hospital after having been treated by the local "medicine men" called *hilots* or midwives, or *herbolarios*, *healers* using herbs and plants to cure the sick. People did not know about bacteria as the cause of sickness. They believed in evil spirits or hot or cold air as the cause of sickness because patients were already very seriously ill when they were brought to the Mission Hospital. Many of them were taken home as corpses. Because of this common belief, we had very few patients, about 5 to 10 a day, in a hospital with a 50-bed capacity, the only hospital in the province of La Union with a population of more than 300,000. When a patient was a hopeless case, Dr. Querol and I would send him home. This practice was aimed to minimize having to send patients home dead.

One day, I had a patient from Naguilian who had a ruptured appendix. Upon opening her abdomen, I found that it was full of purulent, foul-smelling pus. All I could do was provide drainage. The next day, the patient became worse and was comatose. I called her father to my office and advised him to take his daughter home because she was a hopeless case.

"What shall I do for her at home? Just watch her die?" he asked. "Please, Doctor, do whatever you can," he pleaded.

She was already in the isolation room, a room set aside for patients who were dying. Because of the father's confidence in me, I immediately re-opened the abdomen, removed some of the pus by a rubber-bulb syringe and put in more rubber drainage. There were no sulfa drugs or antibiotics but only glucose and normal salt solution for intravenous injection at that time.

The patient got well and she was so grateful to me that every year, on my birthday, she sent roses from Baguio until she went to the States. In 1961, when my wife and three of our daughters and I went to New York City, she put us up at the Edison Hotel at her expense and bought tickets for us to see "My Fair Lady," which was being shown on Broadway at that time.

Another episode I could not forget was that of the barefoot woman who came to Lorma Hospital for an operation because of a fibroid uterus. She asked about the rates. I took her to the different rooms and told her that the rate would depend upon which room she would occupy. If she stayed in a ward, she would pay less than if she stayed in a private room. Believe it or not, she selected the most expensive room!

In contrast to the simple, barefoot woman, there came a well-dressed woman whose lips were painted with lipstick. She was pregnant and had been having profuse vaginal bleeding. To save her life and her baby, I performed a caesarian section on her. I placed her in a special room and gave her a private nurse.

A few days later, another patient who had seen her father-in-law visit her, warned me, "Be careful with that man, Doctor. He is a swindler. "

Before the man went home. I asked him to make a deposit for his daughter-in-law. But he did not. That was the last time I saw him. So I asked the patient for the deposit but she did not have any money.

After several days, I transferred her to the ward. When she could no longer wait for her father-in-law or other relatives to take her home, she asked permission to go to Agoo to borrow money from her friends. I allowed her to go but told her to leave her baby at the hospital. She came back the same day with only P20.

"I will let you go home," I said. "This is what you owe the hospital." I showed her the figure. "I shall not send you the bill. If you think I have helped you, I'll appreciate whatever you can pay." Every month, until the Pacific War broke out, she sent P5 without fail.

There was yet another patient who had not been operated on in Baguio because of being a surgical risk. I could not do such an operation alone so I called my son, Junior, who was then in his fourth year of residency in surgery at the Philippine General Hospital, to help me. Vicky, his wife, who had already finished her residency in anesthesia, gave the anesthesia. They had to go back to Manila immediately after the operation on the afternoon train.

That night, the patient became serious, and Dr. Beatriz Garcia, now Dr. Beatriz de la Cruz, our only resident physician, sent someone to our residence to tell us that the patient had become very serious and did not have a pulse. As I usually do not go out at night because of my asthma, my wife went to see the patient. Immediately, she ordered Dr. Garcia to give an intravenous injection. The veins of the patient had already collapsed and Dr. Garcia was -unable to insert the intravenous needles.

Nervously, my wife ordered, "Be brave! Be brave!"

Dr. Garcia, with only a Kerosene lamp for light (because we did not have electric light), opened the skin and succeeded in inserting the needle into the vein for the glucose solution.

My wife did not come back until about daybreak. She had gone to the hospital chapel and prayed all night asking God's help for the recovery of the patient. She was our son's first patient and if she died, his reputation might be adversely affected. Fortunately, she lived.

TESTIFYING IN THE COURTS OF JUSTICE

As a physician and surgeon, I was called to several courts of justice to testify in criminal cases. The first case that I remember involved a young female high school student. She had been slapped by a male student and brought to the Mission Hospital where I was then a resident physician. She was bleeding from the mouth and nose and three days later, she died.

When she was taken home already dead, another doctor, an old practitioner, was called by her parents who requested him to issue a medical certificate. He gave a certificate stating that the girl died as a result of the slapping. Naturally, the boy was accused in court of murder. The girl was also a niece of the Secretary of Health who, by virtue of his high position in government, made things difficult for the accused. I was subpoenaed *duces tecum* to testify in court. Knowing very well that she did not die due to slapping, I maintained in my testimony that she died rather because of a blood disease she already had before the incident. I told the court that I had examined the patient thoroughly as shown in her clinical records; these included a microscopic blood examination which showed that she had a typical case of pernicious anemia, an incurable disease at that time. The patient had told me when I asked about her history that she had had frequent bleeding from the gums and nose since many weeks before the incident. I presented her clinical records and history, including her physical and microscopic blood examination to support my diagnosis.

"I have performed hundreds of tonsillectomies," I told the judge, "in which blood vessels were cut, and even without tying them, the bleeding stopped. In the case of Miss Padua (the patient), the bleeding had not stopped, in spite of injections of a coagulant. She died of pernicious anemia. Whether or not she had been slapped, she would have died just the same."

The verdict of the court was that the accused was not guilty. In gratitude for testifying for the accused, his father gave me an Ilocano blanket.

Here is another interesting episode. I was the company physician of Norlutran, a passenger bus company. I was served a subpoena to appear at the Court of First Instance of Vigan, Ilocos Sur as a witness in a murder case filed against one of its employees. I wrote the provincial fiscal asking who would pay for my transportation to go to Vigan. (In the States, where I took my internship in medicine, we doctors were paid \$ 10 for every hour we spent in court to testify). He wrote me that if I could prove to the court that I could not pay for my transportation, he would ask the court to reimburse my expenses. I purposely did not go on the day of the trial. I, however, scheduled a surgical operation on the same day. While I was in the

operating room, the commanding officer of the Philippine Constabulary came to arrest me for contempt of court as ordered by the court in Vigan for not attending the trial. Seeing me in the operating room performing an operation. he did not serve the warrant of arrest. He told me later that he wired the provincial fiscal that I was busy in the operating room.

At the next trial, the manager of the Norlutran brought me along to testify in favor of the accused. On the witness stand, I told the court that shortly after the victim was stabbed, I went to Vigan to see him at the request of the manager of Norlutran. The victim was an employee of another bus company, a competitor of Norlutran. He was already at the Ilocos Sur Provincial Hospital resting in bed when I arrived. With the permission of the attending doctor, I examined the patient. In the testimony of a witness for the prosecution, a fellow employee of the same company, it was stated that the accused, an inspector of Norlutran, chased the victim and when he stumbled, he, the accused, stabbed him in the back. The accused, however, testified that the victim had climbed into the Norlutran bus, ordering the passengers to get off. This resulted in a fight in which the victim was stabbed.

"When you saw the victim in the hospital, Doctor, what was his condition?" asked the attorney for defense.

"He was lying in bed, sir," I answered.

"Did you examine him?" he asked

"Yes *SI* sir *SI* " I answered

"What were your findings?" he asked.

"I examined his palms and knees and found no injury, not even a scratch. I took his pulse and it was strong but slightly faster than normal. I listened to his lungs and there was no rales," I answered.

"A witness of the prosecution has said that while running away from the accused,, the victim stumbled and then was stabbed. What would you say about that?" the attorney asked.

"The road on which he supposedly stumbled on was a gravel road, and when one stumbles while running, he has a natural tendency to break his fall with his hands. As there were no injuries,' not even a scratch on his palms and knees, I am sure that he did not stumble on the ground," I answered.

"The attending doctor has issued a certificate that the victim died of a hemorrhage due to a wound in the lungs," the defense lawyer said, then asked, "What can you say about that?"

"The lungs were not injured and he did not die due to a hemorrhage of the lungs," I answered. The judge looked surprised because what I had said was contrary to the death certificate signed by the attending physician.

During the preliminary questioning, the defense attorney asked questions to establish my being an expert witness such as my being a doctor, a graduate of Nebraska Medical College in the United States, and that my specialty was surgery.

"What was the cause of his death,, then?" asked the Judge

"According to the medical certificate of the attending physician, your Honor, the knife entered the left chest through the back between the third and fourth rib about three inches from the spine." Then I opened an anatomy book and showed a sagittal picture or cross-section of the area. "Through this space, any sharp pointed instrument cuts through the aorta first before it reaches the lungs (I pointed to the aorta and the lungs). The fact that the victim lived more than 48 hours before he died shows that the aorta was not injured and therefore, there was no injury to the lungs. If the aorta, the largest artery of the body, was cut, he would have died after only a few minutes due to massive bleeding, and not 48 hours later," I answered.

"Between the ribs," I continued, "there are small blood vessels, your Honor. The blood vessels between these two particular ribs were cut, causing bleeding. The blood, however, did not come out but accumulated in the left cavity of the chest until it was filled with blood, so much so that the heart could no longer expand during its diastolic period. Of course, the secondary cause of death was hemorrhage but this could have been prevented if the cut blood vessels had been tied shortly after the patient was brought into the hospital."

Other witnesses for the defense also testified that the victim had climbed the Norlutran bus and threatened the passengers, already seated, to get off. That started the fight between the accused and the victim, resulting in the stabbing of the latter. The verdict of the judge was not guilty.

The late Francisco Ortega, a politician, and at one time Speaker Pro Tempore of the Philippine House of Representatives, was a very good friend of mine. In fact, we used to ride together to Manila in my car when we were courting our respective wives who were then students in the University of the Philippines. He was my best man at my wedding. He was the attorney of Norlutran on a retainer basis and I was the physician of the same company. He was the one who defended the Norlutran employee who was accused of murder at the Court of First Instance in Vigan, about whom I had just related in the preceding paragraphs.

Being a politician, he was often called to defend people who could not afford to pay for a lawyer. He was the attorney of a very notorious man in our town who had boloed the owner of the movie house because he would not

Calmly, I answered, "The intelligence of a person is not what determines whether he can carry out the order of the doctor or not. For example, I know that lawyers are intelligent. If a lawyer had a boil and the doctor asked him to incise it, he understands the order but he would not do it because it hurts. It was likewise in the case of Mr. Natividad. Telling him to exercise his arm by bending and extending it, he understands, but he could not do it because it hurts. It takes a doctor to do it. Otherwise, the joint of his elbow would have joined together and he could not bend it. In other words, his elbow has been stiff."

Facing the judge, he said, "Your Honor, I object to the witness' philosophizing in courts."

"He answered your question," the judge answered, then added, "Continue."

"What was the direction of the wound?" Attorney Ortega asked, trying to confuse me.

"I could not tell the direction without referring to a point," I said.

"What is the direction of the wound from the body?" he shouted at me.

"If he held his arm this way (demonstrating that the palm was towards my body) the wound is on the side. But when my palm is like this (turning my arm so that my palm faced front), the wound is at the back," I answered.

The attorney was so angry that he sat down and said, "That is all, your honor."

There was another criminal case which was tried in the municipal court of Aringay, La Union. Sensing that I was going to testify in favor of the prosecution, the defense attorney moved to continue the trial to the following week after having questioned all the witnesses except me. I had been waiting for my turn all morning.

I immediately stood up from my seat in the audience and asked, "May I ask your honor to let me testify now because I am very busy in the hospital?"

"I cannot continue the trial because I am sick," the attorney said.

"If you were really sick, you would not be here," I said.

Taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he said, "This is a medical certificate to show that I am sick," the attorney said.

I went forward to where he was standing and examined the paper. "This is not a medical certificate. It is a prescription," I said.

"Your Honor the doctor has no right to argue in court," the attorney reminded the judge.

I did not stop and continued talking. "If I come back to testify in this case, I'll charge you P50," I told the attorney.

"I shall be glad to pay you that," he answered.

Immediately, the judge said, "Motion is approved," and banged his gavel to close the session.

The judge was a friend of mine and after the attorney had left, I went up to him and said, "I am here already, Judge. Why did you not ask me to testify? Coming back takes so much of my time and I am very busy in the hospital."

"You will be paid P50. Are you not glad?" he asked, smiling.

"Judge," I said, "It is one thing to promise and another thing to collect, especially from a lawyer."

"I never thought of that," said the judge. "I thought I was doing you a favor when I approved his motion."

Of course, the attorney never paid the PSO when I went back to testify at the next session.

There was another case in the Court of First Instance of San Fernando involving a Chinese. The judge was an expert in criminal cases. The Chinese was hit on the head by a stone, causing about an inch-long laceration. He was unconscious and bleeding when he was brought to Lorma Hospital. About seven days later, the wound was completely healed and yet, on the advice of his lawyer, he did not want to go home.

"In order that your case will be considered a 'serious physical injury,' you will have to stay in the hospital for at least 30 days; otherwise, it will only be considered a 'less serious physical injury' and the penalty will be very lights" advised the lawyer.

Evidently, his attorney knew something about the possible adverse effects on the brain when there is a blow on the head. "To justify your long stay in the hospital," he continued, "you will tell the judge during the trial that you had headaches and that you felt dizzy. Nobody can tell whether or not you are telling the

truth." Dizziness and headaches are "subjective" symptoms which only the patient can feel. A doctor has no way of verifying such symptoms.

When the patient left the hospital after 31 days, he asked for a medical certificate stating that he had been hospitalized for that length of time. On the witness stand, I testified that he had been hospitalized for 31 days.

"Doctor,, how long did you treat his wound?" the judge asked.

"Seven days, your Honor," I answered.

"Why did he stay in the hospital for such a long time?"

"He was complaining of dizziness and headaches, your Honor," I answered.

"How long did it take for the wound to heal?" he asked.

"Seven days, your Honor," I answered.

"Was there any external sign," the judge continued, "We the weakening of the extremities or dilation of the pupils to show that there was an injury in the brain or an increased pressure within the cranium?"

"No, your Honor," I answered.

That day, when I made my clinical rounds, I asked him, "Why did you go out into the street? The attorney of Asiong (the accused) saw you walking. I think you should go home now." So he went home and the case was ruled to be only a "slight physical injury."

PART VI
INVOLVEMENTS AND AWARDS

MY OTHER INVOLVEMENTS

Many people die without the benefit of seeing a doctor. They depend on the medicine men, the *hilot* and the *herbolario*. To help them, I wrote a book entitled, *Ania Ti Aramidem?* (What To Do?) in Ilocano, just before the Japanese-American War broke out. This is a book in outline form that tells what one should do for patients suffering from different ailments, whether caused by accidents or plain sickness. It came off the press a few months before the war. Unfortunately, they were destroyed by the Japanese when they entered San Fernando in December, 1941.

I have been the president of various organizations at one time or another, such as The Parent-Teacher Association of all the schools in San Fernando that my children have attended; the La Union Medical Society; the La Union Lions Club; the La Union Rotary Club; the United Church Men; the San Fernando Gideon Camp; the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Philippine National Red Cross, La Union Chapter. I have also served my church in various capacities in the local conference and national level.

AWARDS

I have been a recipient of many awards and certificates from various organizations such as the United States Armed Forces in the Philippines, Northern Luzon; the Lions Club, the Rotary Club, the Philippine National Red Cross, Capitol Church, the Christian Family Movement of the Philippines and the local lodge of the Masons, Union Lodge No. 70, Free and Accepted Masonry, and others. The most important and very significant to me are the awards given to my family by the Christian Family Movement of the Philippines, the award given me by the Union Lodge No. 70, Free and Accepted Masonry, the Saranay Award, and the Distinguished Medical Practitioner Award.

The Christian Family Movement of the Philippines is a Roman Catholic organization. Being a member of an Evangelical Church (Protestant), and given an award by a Catholic organization in 1970 was indeed a very significant and distinct honor. One of those who signed our plaque was none other than the representative of the Pope to the Philippines, the Papal Nuncio, the Most Rev. Carmine Rocco, D.D.

The other award was given by an exclusive brotherhood organization of which I am not a member, the Masons. It summarizes my humble contribution to the people in my community and the province.

These awards are herein reproduced.

In a short acceptance speech which I was asked to give, I said in part: "I accept this award with humility and with a stronger determination to work not for any material gain for me, but for the benefit of those whom I shall have the privilege to serve. I am now more than 81 years old and nearer to my destination and I pray to God to make me useful until I reach that goal."



Republic of the Philippines
PROVINCE OF LA UNION

SARANAY AWARD

(Created by Res. 896, Series of 1968,
of the Provincial Board and conferred
under Res. No. 42, Series of 1983 of
the Sangguniang Panlalawigan)

presented to

DR. RUFINO N. MACAGBA, SR.

and his beloved wife

DRA. CRISPINA LORENZANA-MACAGBA

In sincere recognition and appreciation for their having rendered worthy and exemplary services to the people of the Province of La Union during their five decades of dedicated and unsullied medical practice and for having founded Lorma Hospital, now Lorma Medical Center, in the year 1934, an institution that has brought to full reality their dreams and aspirations for strong, innovative and sustained medical, health and socio-civic programs that have touched many a life in the entire province.

PRESENTED this eighteenth day of March, in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-Three at the Provincial Capitol, San Fernando, La Union, Philippines, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Medical Practice of Dra. Crispina Lorenzana-Macagba.

ATTESTED:


HERMINIO H. CACANINDIN
Kalihim Panlalawigan


TOMAS M. ASPER
Provincial Governor



THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY MOVEMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY APPOINTMENT OF

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE APOSTOLIC NUNCIO

HEREBY PRESENTS THIS

PLAQUE OF COMMENDATION
FOR THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY OF THE YEAR FINALIST

TO

Rufino & Crispina Macagba

AND THEIR CHILDREN

RUFINO, LILLIAN, FLORENCE, JOSEPHINE, GENA, EMMA

Given this 5th day of April in the year of our Lord 1970

Lorenzo P. ...

THE MOST REVEREND FATHER ...
THE APOSTOLIC NUNCIO ...
TO THE PHILIPPINES

Luis ...

LIFE & FOUNDATION ...
PRESIDENT ...
CHRISTIAN FAMILY ...



DISTINGUISHED MEDICAL PRACTITIONER
AWARD FOR 1979

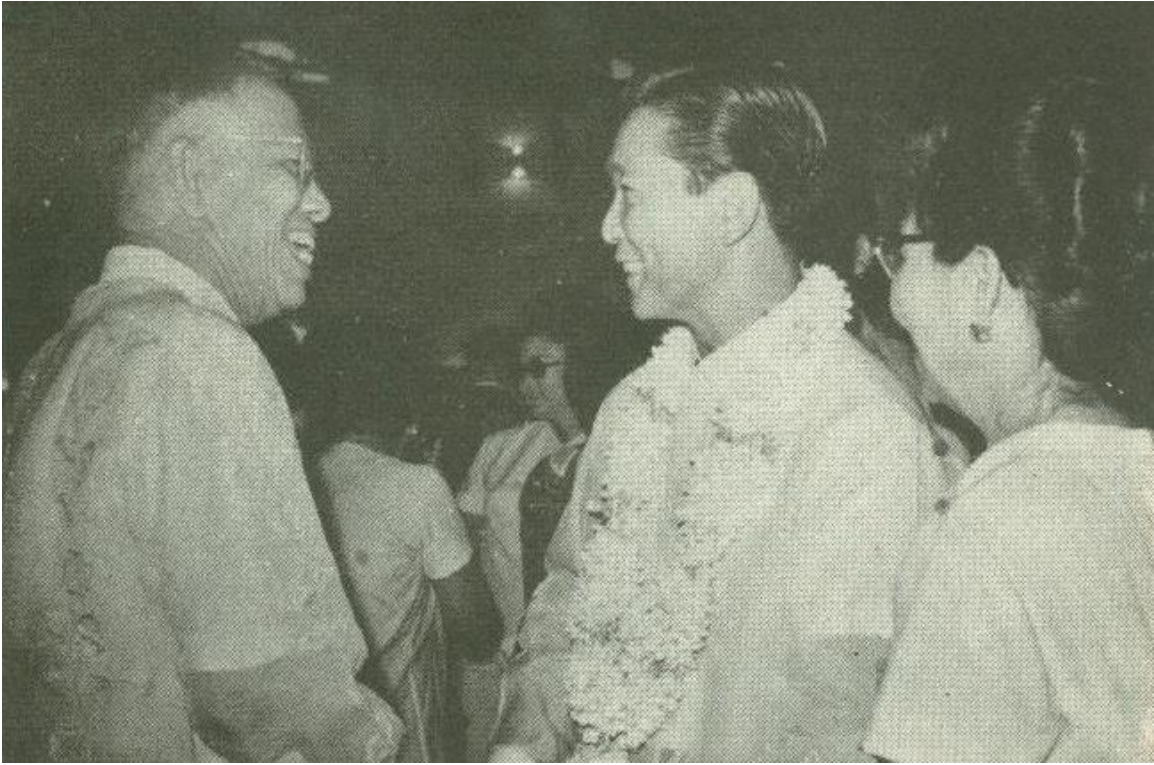
presented to

Dr. Rufino Macagba, Sr.

OF SAN FERNANDO, LA UNION, PHILIPPINES

GIVEN IN MANILA ON MAY 6, 1979

PICTORIAL



The author with Pesident Ferdinand E. Marcos.



Dr. R.N. Macagba Sr. with former Vice-President Fernando Lopez



*At the Saranay Award Ceremonies with Hon. Joaquin Ortega, Gov. Asprer,
Vice Gov. V. Ortega and Bd. Member R. Nisce*



*Enroute to the Philippines
November 1951*

MACAGBA - LORENZANA

Golden Wedding

Anniversary



It has been a beautiful marriage.

We thank God for bringing us into this marriage and being with us throughout all these years. There were moments of tears and sorrow, pain and frustration, struggles and disappointments.

But certainly, the years were filled with more laughter, warmth of affection, joy of fulfillment, reality of achievement.

50 years . . . and with God's grace, all the leaves of our married life have turned to gold.

E. Felipe Lorenzana y Sra.

de Tagudin, Ilocos Sur,
itienen el honor de invitar a Ud. y su familia
a las ceremonias nupciales de
su hija

Crispina

con el

Dr. Rufino N. Macagba

que tendra lugar en la Iglesia Unida Evangelica de
Tagudin, Ilocos Sur, el 21 de Marzo, 1931, a las 4:00 p.m.

Despues de las ceremonias sirvanse pasar a la casa de los
padres de la novia para una recepcion y cena.

AFTER 50 YEARS -

We invite you to celebrate with us
the Renewal of our Wedding Vows
and Thanksgiving Service
on Saturday, March 21, 1981 at 4:00
o'clock in the afternoon

to be held at the Dona Obdulia
Chapel, Lorma Compound
Carlattan, San Fernando, La Union

Reception:

Lorna College Quadrangle
Instead of gifts, donations to the
Lorma Mobile Clinic, the charitable
service branch of Lorma Hospital,
would be most welcome.

Mrs. Obdulia Nisperos Macagba

of San Fernando, La Union,
cordially invites you and your family
to attend the wedding of
her son

Rufino

to

Miss Crispina Lorenzana

to be held at the United Evangelical Church
of Tagudin, Ilocos Sur, at 4:00 p.m. March 21, 1931.

After the ceremony we will all proceed to the house of the
bride for the reception and dinner.

(Reprint from the original wedding invitation)

Rufino and Crispina

CHILDREN

SPOUSES

GRANDCHILDREN

Rufino Jr.

Victoria Reyes

Rufino III
Carol Lynn

Jonathan
Michelle

Lillian

Petros Toundjis

Daphne Stephanie
Peter Nicholas II

Kristen Nicole

Florence

Alfredo Tadiar

Aisha Floredia
Bonifacio Carlo
Neferti Xina

Theodosia Tanya
Alfredo Blas
Harvey Gino

Josephine

Leo Agustin

Eileen

Leo II

Gena

Lemuel Ignacio

Melissa

John

Lemuel Jr.

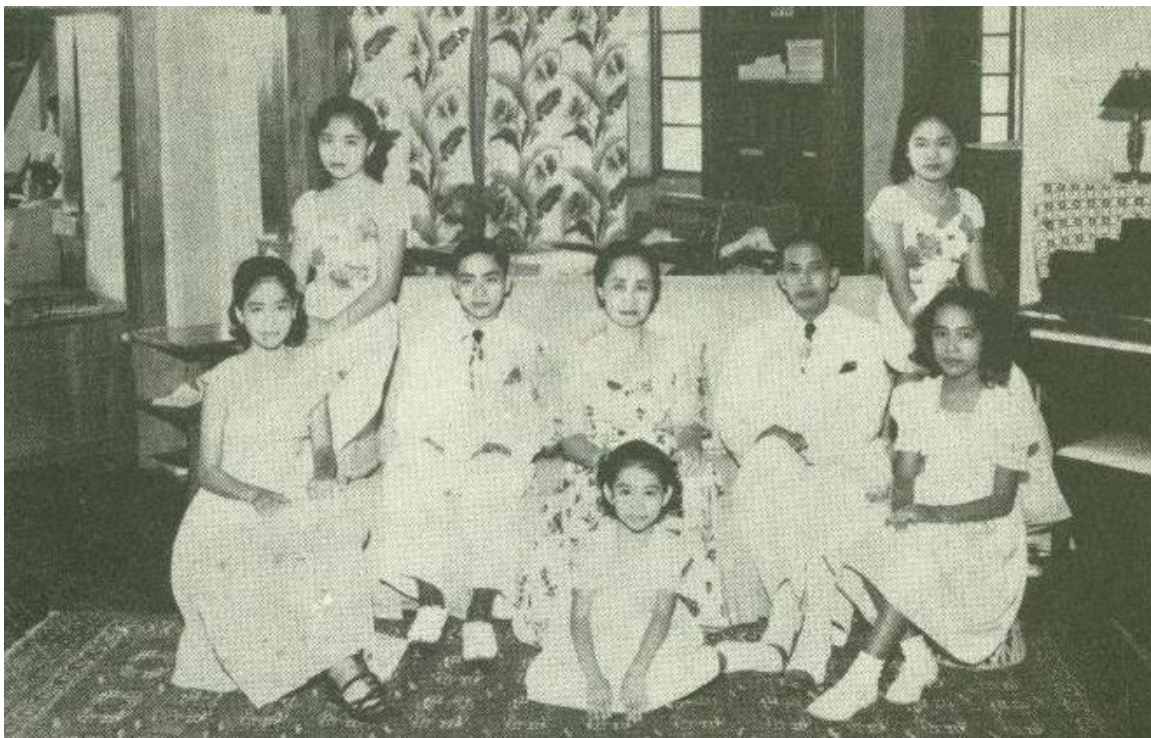
Emma

Robert Kaiser Jr.

Jennifer Lori

Robert Elliott III

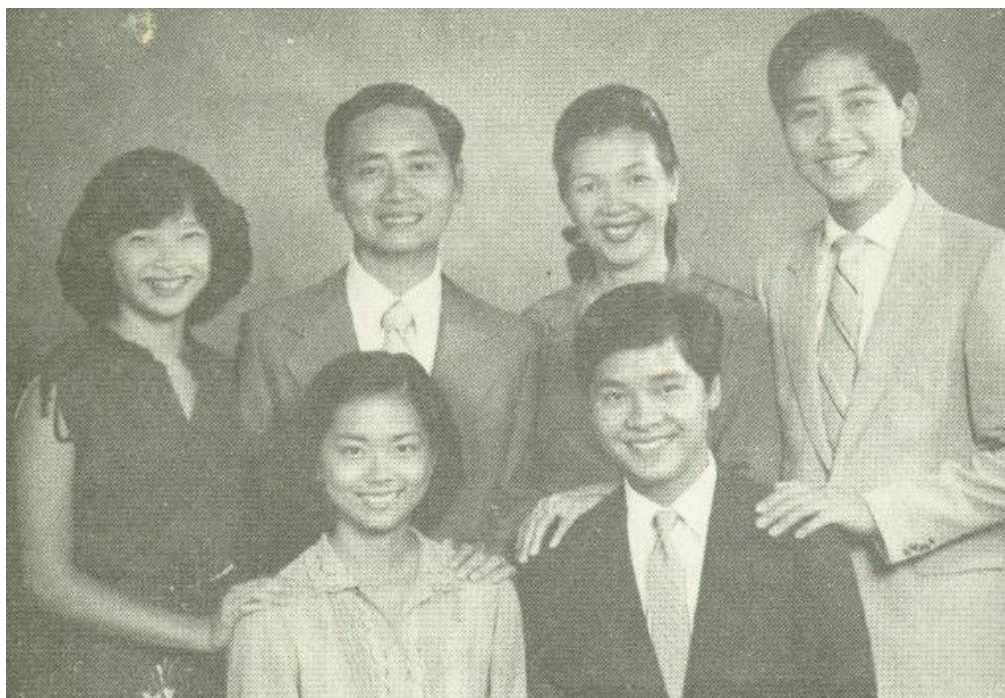
Philipp Frederick



Dr. & Mrs. R.N. Macagba and Family - 1950



1979



Dr. Rufino L. Macagba, Jr. with wife Vicky and children Carol, JJ, Jonathan and Michelle



Lilian M. Toundjis with husband Peter and children Daphne, Kristen and Pierre



*Florence M. Tadiar with husband Fren and
children Aisha, Carlo, Neferti, Thea, Juddo, and Gino*



Josie M. Agustin with husband Leo and children Eileen and Joey



Gena M. Ignacio with husband Lemuel and children Melissa, Lem Jay and John



Emma Kaiser with husband Robert and children Jennifer, Bobby and Philipp



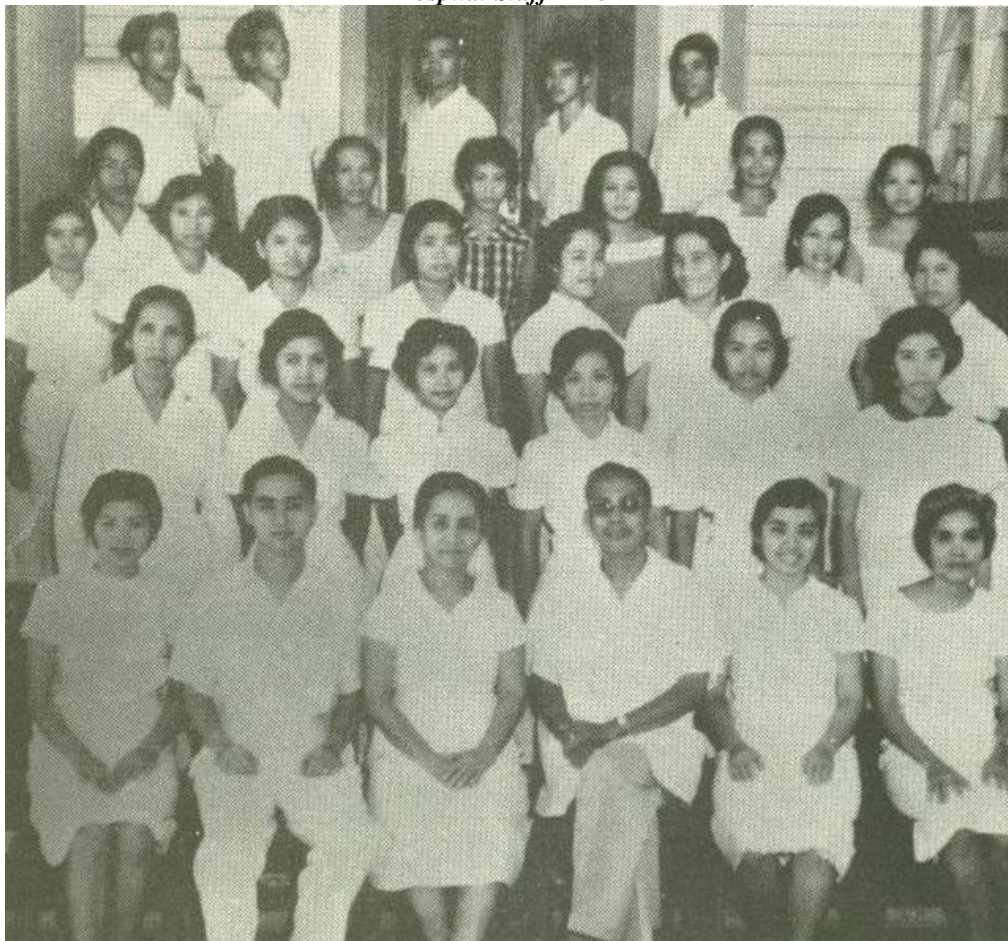
The First Lorma Building – San Fernando Building



*Former Lorma Building
Now Plaza Hotel, 1984*



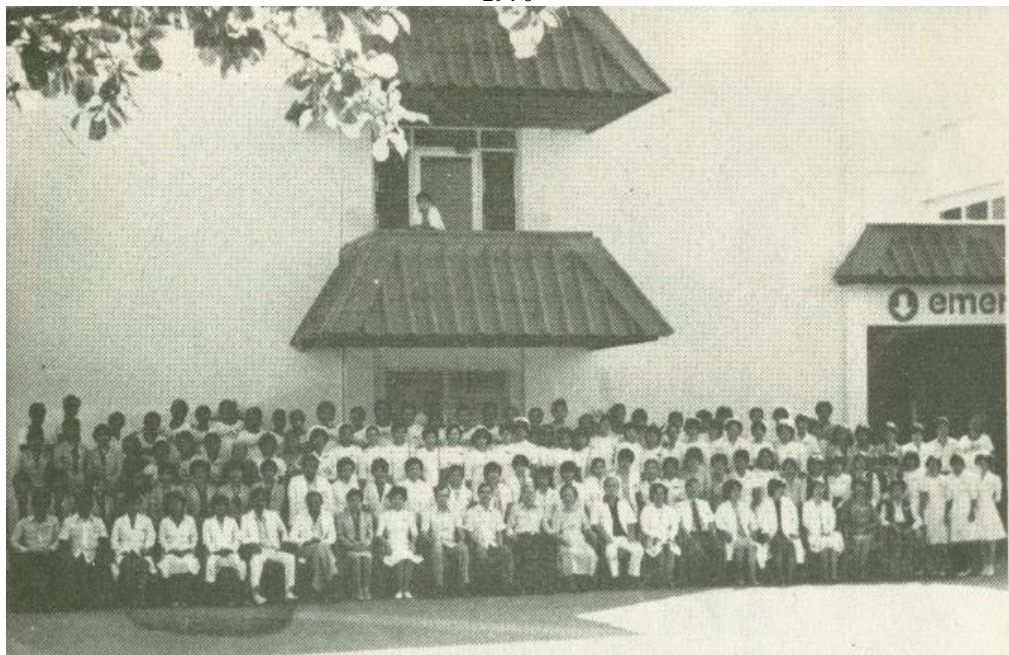
Hospital Staff - 1951



1960



1970



Lorma Hospital Staff – 1984



*Lorma College
First Building - 1970*



Panoramic View - 1977



With Marie Serf



W

48th Wedding Anniversary

Just Like Horatio Alger:

Philippine Doctor Revisits Alma Mater

A rags-to-riches story was unfolded Tuesday by Dr. Rufino Macagba, now owner of a 32-bed hospital in the Philippines, but once a house boy for a Lincoln family.

The doctor and his comely wife, also a doctor, returned to Lincoln this week as part of a North American tour of inspections of modern medical clinic and hospital facilities.

Dr. Macagba's Horatio Alger-like life story started when he enrolled at York college, Neb., in 1918.

The times were tough, as many will recall, and they were tough for Rufino Macagba. Two years later, Rufino enrolled at the University of Nebraska where he began a pre-medical course.

In order to put himself through school, the doctor-to-be worked at Camp Strader, the Y.M.C.A. youth activity camp, cooked meals for the boys' encampment during the state fair's seven days, and worked for two years as a general-duty house boy for Kate Field, now of the University of Nebraska registrar's office.

In 1924, Macagba was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree. A bachelor of science followed in 1925. Two years later, Rufino Macagba was awarded the much-sought medical degree.

The end? Not quite.

After serving an internship at a hospital in Binghamton, N. Y., Dr. Macagba returned to his native land, San Fernando La Union, the Philippines.

After he was well along the way in building up his hospital,



DR. AND MRS. MACAGBA—From house boy to doctor to guerilla to doctor.—(Star Photo.)

the doctor found himself working with anti-Japanese guerillas in northern Luzon. He was associated also with the United States and Philippines (USAFIP) attack force.

It was his group, the "M" division, that encircled and captured the famed Japanese general, Yamashita, who later was tried, convicted and paid the supreme price for war crimes.

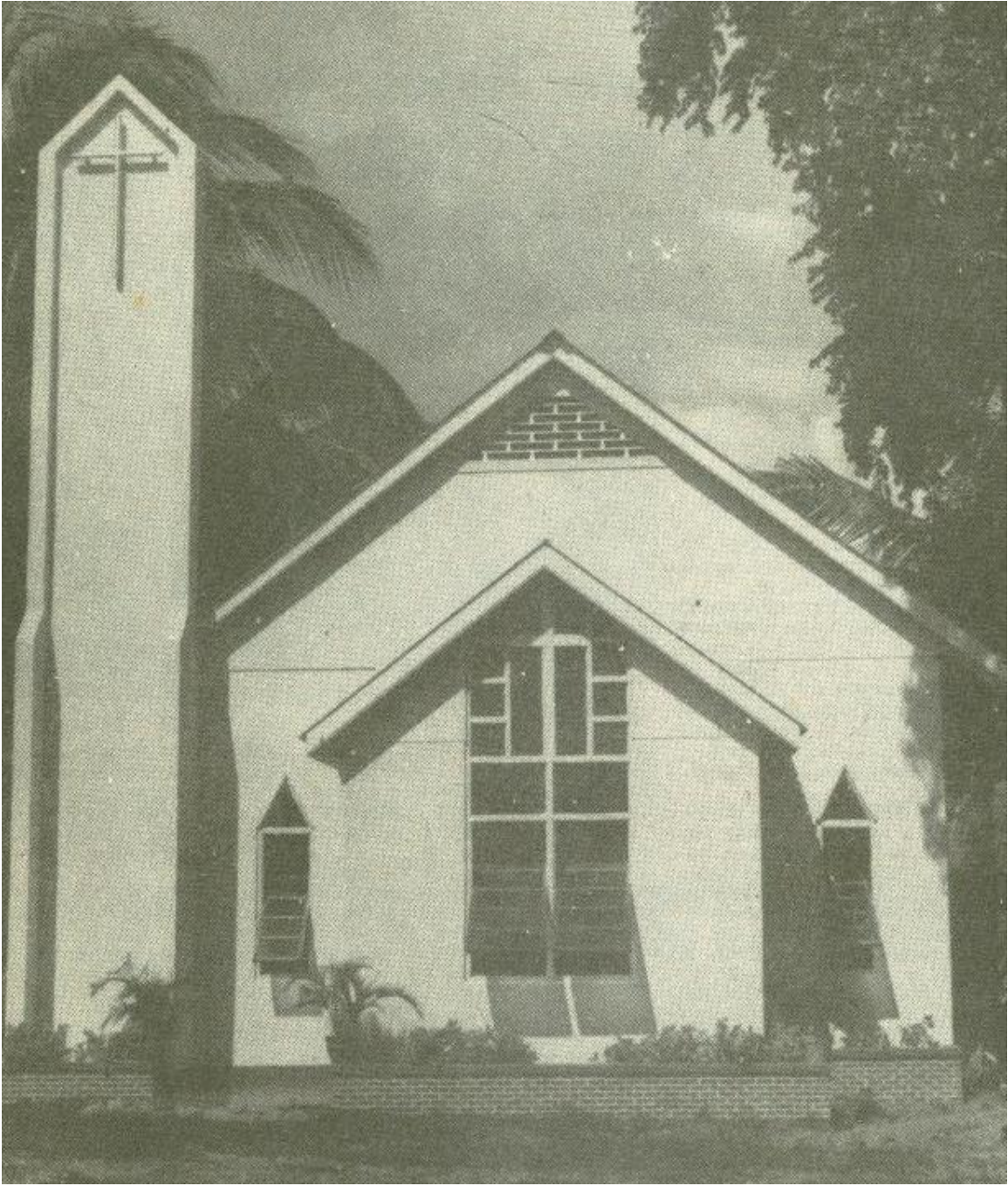
When Dr. Macagba returned to his home city, his house was completely burned and his hospital had been looted to the last hypodermic.

Today, all has been rebuilt and a family of six children has been added to the scene. So for the first time in 23 years, Dr. Macagba has returned to his alma mater, much more a success than when he entered.

Incidentally, the doctor and his wife are guesting with Kate Field and her son, Attorney Allen Field, the family for which the doctor worked during his school days in Lincoln.

Farmer's Marketplace

That's classification 33 in the Want Ads. Look it over.—Adv.



Doña Obdulia Chapel