

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL, INC.

**Edgar Krohn, Jr.,
Class of 1946**

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL, INC. WAS FOUNDED IN 1920 BY A GROUP OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH RESIDENTS OF MANILA, TO MEET AN EXISTING SCHOOL CRISIS WHICH HAD BEEN DEVELOPING FOR SEVERAL YEARS. For a long time there had existed a need for a good private school at which American and British children could receive instruction under influences and in surroundings similar to those they would experience in their home countries, but for one reason or another none of the many private schools which had been started by individual initiative to fill this need had been able to keep its doors open for very long. One school followed another and each year the parents of children in these two communities were confronted with the recurring problems involved in this lack of school facilities. The situation became very acute in the spring of 1920. It appeared that private enterprise had made its last effort and was leaving the educational field for good, when the school then operating advised its patrons that it would permanently close at the end of the school year. Confronted with this disquieting news several members of the two communities held a meeting for the purpose of making one last effort to solve their mutual problem. The outcome of this meeting was an idea from which, within a few weeks, the American School, Inc., was developed.

The repeated failures of former private schools showed that an institution of this kind could not be operated for profit under conditions existing in Manila. The alternative was to organize a cooperative, non-profit basis, by enlisting the support not only of the parents whose children would attend the school, but also that of such business and professional men of the American and British communities as would help the school financially and also take an active part in its affairs, by giving it the benefit of their administrative and educational experience. A group of men undertook to develop such a plan, and on March 4, 1920, the articles of incorporation were filed.

The incorporators were C. G. Wrentmore, T. D. Aitken, C. R. Zeininger, R. Fairnie, and D. C. Johnson. The original members of the Board of Trustees, in whom was vested full and exclusive control of the school's affairs, were these five together with W. R. Smith, William Yost, J. W. Ferrier, D. F. Webster and W. H. Taylor. Purpose of the founders, to quote from the articles of incorporation, was "to acquire, operate, and maintain a school for the education of American and British children resident in the Orient, and not for profit."

—History continued on page 4

American School 2009 New Hampshire Fall Reunion (A) classes 1954 to 1963



L-R: Leslie James, ('58) reunion co-organizer;
Rose Nigel, Penny Peoples, ('60); Jim Dickie, ('58)
Hospitality room



David Nigel, ('57)
Reunion co-organizer

Please notice:
More American
School 2009
New Hampshire
Fall Reunion
photos on pages,
2 and 6 and 10.



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American
International School
Alumni Association
of Manila

AISAAM

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Web site: <http://aisaam.org> ★

Purpose: AISAAM is a not-for-profit organization dedicated to bringing alumni of both the American School of Manila & the International School of Manila together to support, maintain and create contacts between people who have shared similar experiences.

The Bamboo Bridge

The official newsletter of AISAAM.

Annual Membership:

\$25 domestic • \$35 overseas

Dues period: January 1 – December 31

—each calendar year—

Paid members receive issues of the **Bamboo Bridge** and the current alumni directory annually.

AISAAM is governed by the
AISAAM Committee:

Cho MacArthur Riordan '67

.....President

Dave Nigel '57

.....Treasurer

Nancy MacArthur '75

.....Editor

Diane Telesco Hand '63

.....Editor Emeritus

Steve Fellerman '70

.....Web master

Andy Butler '72

.....Online Chismus Host

Jeff Phillips '74

.....Committee member

*All questions, suggestions,
or problems can be sent
to the above addresses.*

In Memoriam



AISAAM Mourns the Passing of:



Linda Halouzka (Class of 1975) passed away, January 29, 2010. Her untimely death was caused by a skiing accident near her home in New Mexico. Linda was a very active person, a teacher, ballet instructor, very beloved within her community, and apparently still had the waist length blonde hair that we all remembered from Manila.

Ralph Davis passed away, November 28, 2009. He went very peacefully with his loving wife, Behnaz and family members at his side.



—September 19, 2009, at an Ateneo Get-together, San Jose, California. Ralph pictured far left.

Please note: see page three, the passing of:
Alexander (Sandy) Howe



The Bamboo Bridge

designed by

Rudy Benton, MT, NS

H: 650/355-5301

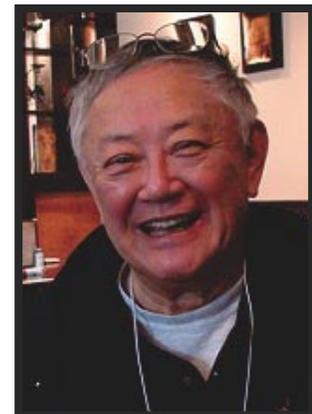
PACIFICA, CALIFORNIA

...a personal friend of,

Dave Nigel, ('57)



**American School 2009
New Hampshire Fall Reunion (B)**



Tien Foo "TF" Ting, ('55)



AISAAM





AISAAM mourns the passing of: Alexander (Sandy) Howe



It is with sadness that we announce the death of Alexander (Sandy) Howe, Friday, December 18. He passed away at home surrounded by his family. He was 63.

Sandy will be remembered for his gentle spirit, his good humor, and his passion for the artistry of architectural design. He was involved in planning and design for academic and research institutions throughout the country, and trained a generation of architects invested in creating environments that enhanced the intellectual and social community of each institution.

His design for the 2007 expansion of the Boole Library at University College, Cork, Ireland, received a 2008 International Architecture Award from the Chicago Athenaeum Museum of Architecture and Design. His design for the Library and Science Buildings at Albuquerque Academy in New Mexico won a National AIA/ALA design award. In May of this year he was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts from Brooklyn College in recognition of his design achievements in academic architecture, including the 2003 expansion of the LaGuardia/Gideonese Library at Brooklyn College.

Sandy's personal narrative, which he wrote for the firm's website (Shepley Bulfinch) in 2006, follows: *My childhood was spent roaming the globe and I was affected early by the human-built world, from the tiny villages in the southern Philippines and the teeming hillsides of Hong Kong, to the seemingly ideal creations of European universities, Japanese castles and the Roman temple of Baalbeck in Lebanon. My teenage apprenticeship to my uncle, the architect of Colonial Williamsburg, bolstered my appreciation of architecture, which remains, in my opinion, reflective of the highest human aspirations.*

Fascinated at the outset of my design career by Shepley Bulfinch's unswerving focus on design for health, education and research, I have devoted my skills to the realization, through designs of enhancement of the natural environment, where buildings respond to their contextual conditions, and where they bring people together in social and intellectual contact in spaces that inspire and illuminate their activities. I have been fortunate to be asked to design buildings in all parts of our country and abroad, and continue to be fascinated by the opportunity to design within the requirements of different climates, cultures, histories and architectural heritage. My designs have endeavored to clearly belong to their unique environments, from the windswept plains of New Mexico, to the urban streets of New York City and from campuses as distinctly different as those in Florida and Northern Ireland. 🍀



AISAAM



Mabuhay
alums

Book recommendation for AS/ISM alums:

Nancy Forster RECENTLY PUBLISHED A BIOGRAPHY/MEMOIR ABOUT THE REMARKABLE LIFE OF HER LATE HUSBAND, CLIFTON "CLIFF" FORSTER (AS ALUMNI '42).

ENCOUNTERS: A LIFETIME SPENT CROSSING CULTURAL FRONTIERS, is a book which will appeal to readers who ponder and care about international relations, as well as those who delight in stories about foreign adventure.

Born and raised in Asia during the tumultuous years leading to World War II, following internment by the Japanese at sixteen, Clifton Forster chose a career using dialogue, not confrontation, to solve international disputes.

For over three decades in the U.S. Foreign Service, in the Philippines, Japan, Burma, and Israel, he practiced "public diplomacy." Nancy Forster combined his records and her own into an account of the encounters and passions of a lifetime devoted to international understanding.

An "encounter" of special interest for World War II veterans, was his discovery of a monument to General Masaharu Homma in a remote part of Japan, which led to serious research about the "Butcher of Bataan," who was responsible for the conquest of the Philippines and Forster's teenage captivity.

The author shared the adventures and heard the stories of Cliff Forster from 1947 to 2006. Together, they journeyed across cultural frontiers from the hinterlands to the major cities of Asia and the Middle East. While serving as hostess in their foreign postings, she developed her own career as an educator in international schools and administrator in the International Baccalaureate (IB) program. 🍀

Recipe from an Oyster

Doreen Gandy Wiley

Class of 1946



RECIPE FROM AN OYSTER, A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS AND POETRY ABOUT LIFE IN THE U.S.A., AFTER DOREEN GANDY WILEY'S GRIM EXPERIENCES IN WWII IN THE PHILIPPINES. The book vividly describes the author's pain after she and her family arrive as refugees in the United States. Her personal battles with her new life ultimately result in spiritual growth.

Like the oyster, Wiley faces towering challenges, and through persistence and patience finds the "pearls" in her new life – precious gifts of a loving family, marriage, children, and a teaching career. Chapters about death, a near-fatal accident, and being robbed in Mexico will keep the reader turning the pages.



The memoir's title is taken from a poem Wiley had published in *The Youth's Instructor* in 1968. Twenty-two chapters built on subjects illustrated by quotes from literature and reflected in deeply felt prose and poetry add to the book's universal appeal.

••• Doreen Gandy Wiley's ability as a writer makes this memoir distinctive, as does her no-holds-barred examination of her colorful life, and the various events and struggles that have crafted her into the person she is today.

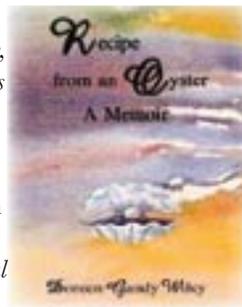
Recipe from an Oyster is a book readers won't want to put down.

—Betty Buckley Finnegan, writer and artist,

National League of American Pen Women, Portland Branch

••• Doreen Wiley, poet and teacher, guides us on her historical, international journey with insight and compassion. As she puts it: *It is those who love us who make the difference.*"

—Lawson F. Inada, Poet Laureate of Oregon



it was consequently necessary to find another location. The building at 115 Padre Faura was finally selected, and school was opened there in June. The school spent the next six years of its existence at that location, and it was there that a great many of its graduates of later years were first enrolled. There was considerable regret on the part of both the staff and student body when changing conditions in the immediate neighborhood and a steady increase in enrollment forced the Board of Trustees to seek another location, during the vacation months of 1928. Quarters were rented at 1259 M. H. del Pilar, and school opened there in June. By coincidence several of the students were thus returned to the place they had begun their school days, for in this same location in 1919 there had been a school which some of them had attended. This building was much better suited to the current requirements of the school than was the former location. It was the school's home for the next eight and a half years. Toward the end of that period the building was greatly overcrowded in certain grades and it was clearly apparent to the trustees and others interested in the school that more modern and roomier quarters were needed. Steps were taken in the latter part of 1935 and the spring of 1936 to acquire a good location, and during the following Christmas vacation a final move was made – this time to the school's own building, newly constructed on its own property, a two-acre tract of land located on Calle Donada, Pasay.

When this move was completed and the school began to function in its new and enlarged surroundings, it was thought that the building would be adequate for several years. By the end of the 1937 school year, it was obvious that the new building was not large enough to meet the requirements brought on by the increased business that followed the school to its new location, and that another building would be necessary. When Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Heilbronn, friends of the school, were informed of this situation, they gave the school money which made possible the construction of Heilbronn Hall, during spring 1939.

Financially, the school experienced some very discouraging periods, and except for gifts of money and equipment from time to time from its large circle of friends and supporters, it would have had to close

—History continued from page 1

The work of organizing was divided among the several members of the Board of Trustees, who, individually and in groups, took over various phases of the problem. A faculty was selected and employed, and the initial financial requirements were met by a group of men who agreed to guarantee the payment of expenses up to a total of P10,000.00 (Pesos). It was the help of these guarantors and the generosity of Bishop G. F. Mosher of the Episcopal Church that made it possible for the school to open in June, 1920. Bishop Mosher permitted the school to occupy rent-free, one of the Church's buildings, at 606 Taft Avenue. Not only was this a gift equivalent to several thousand pesos but it allowed the school to open, for the trustees had not been able to find a suitable location elsewhere within the means at their command.

The first principal was Miss Lelia Brown, who served for one year and was succeeded for the following year by Mrs. F. E. Henley. Mrs. Elizabeth J. Marshall then assumed the position in June, 1922, and the school was under her direction until the end of the school year in 1925, when Mrs. Beatrice M. Grove was appointed to take over the work. Mrs. Grove served continuously from that date, with one short vacation in 1934, until her retirement in March of 1936, when Mr. Glenn C. Miller was appointed to fill the vacancy. He directed the school until 1940. L. F. Gerber served as acting Principal for the term 1940-1941.

At the end of the school year in 1922, the free quarters theretofore made available by Bishop Mosher were required by the Church for other purposes, and

its doors on several occasions. These difficulties are best illustrated by the fact that to the end of May 1926, there was an operating loss of P19,500.00, which was partially covered by the donations and gifts referred to, in a total amount of about P16,500.00. Thus, at that date there was a deficit of P3,000.00, and bills for a time that year were paid from an overdraft secured and guaranteed by individual members of the Board of Trustees. Fortunately, this point marked a favorable turning in the school's financial affairs, for shortly thereafter, increasing enrollment brought a corresponding change in the balance sheets. In a few years there was not only a substantial surplus in actual cash, but in addition, the school had been equipped throughout with modern desks, the library apparatus, playground equipment, and up-to-date lighting fixtures had been installed. The school was, after many difficult and trying years, a financial success.

Apart from this period of financial hardship, the school prospered to a degree even beyond that envisioned by its founders, for, scholastically, it was an immediate success and soon established an enviable record of accomplishment. Responsible for this was the consistent policy followed by each administration of adhering strictly to the principal aim of the founders, which was to establish, at modest rates of tuition, an exclusive private school with courses based on those of the best schools in the United States, taught in surroundings identical to those which would be experienced in the homeland and which would, therefore, be conducive to the highest ideals of education, conduct, and citizenship. This insured a similarity in home language, atmosphere, and point of view, and established a uniformity of method in teaching and discipline, as well as a system of educational and social training for American and British children which had not been available since the early days of the Occupation, when the old American Public School, an institution similarly patterned, was in existence. With this tradition for service well established, growth and expansion were inevitable.

Though the school has drawn its students primarily from the American and British communities – those of the

former naturally predominating – and is essentially American in its customs, policies, and objectives, it is significant in tracing its history to note that it has always exercised an appeal among other European nationalities in Manila, as evidenced by the rolls of past years, which include the names of children from French, German, Swiss, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, and Dutch families. Reciprocating the opportunities extended to them by the school, many members of these communities have been among its most loyal and active supporters.

Housed in its new buildings – the finest of their kind in Manila, the school at last achieved another major objective. The financial stress of its early years often made this goal seem unattainable, but, again, adherence to a definite plan, as nebulous as it was at times, finally brought success. An appraisal of the factors which led to this brings into sharp relief the assistance and cooperation which the American and other interested communities extended to the school during the past seventeen years. It is indeed regrettable that there is not available a complete roster of the friends and patrons who helped so generously during that period. Many of them had no direct interest in the school, but were actuated solely by a desire to support such worthy aims and purposes as those for which the school was operated. The others were patrons who supported the school directly, by sending their children to it and by giving unstintedly of their time and money when their aid was sought. There were the guarantors and others whose original gifts and financial assistance made it possible for the school to open; a group of members of the American Chamber of Commerce, some of whom were also in the guarantors group, who made a donation of several thousand pesos which tided the school over a very crucial period of its career; the members of the Philippine Society of Engineers who turned over to the trustees the cash assets of their organization when it was dissolved, a gift of nearly P1,500.00; the patrons who successfully promoted a number of tea parties which brought several thousand pesos into the treasury; the principals and teachers of the school whose active interest and support extended

far beyond the limits expected of staff members; and, finally, the patrons who acted as trustees and on whose shoulders fell the direct responsibility of carrying on the work which the founders and original board passed on to them. Today, the American School Buildings – symbols of scholarship and service – stand as a monument to this host of men and women whose faith in an ideal made their acquisition possible.

Acknowledgment

It is regretted that the names of all those who have made some contribution to the development of the American School are not available at this time. In addition to the few names that have been mentioned, the following is a partial roll of the many others whose active interest and support helped make possible the twenty-one years successful operation just completed: E. G. Abry, Mrs. W. E. Alger, A. M. Amend, A. P. Ames, Mrs. Newland Baldwin, Barry Baldwin, H. O. Baumon, Mrs. R. S. Beard, S. M. Berger, Chistain Boysen, Walter Bramwell, Mrs. W. H. Brown, Frank W. Butler, Mrs. A. D. Calhoun, R. E. Cecil, Chas. A. Clear, C. M. Cotterman, Leo K. Cotterman, Mrs. Ralph Crosby, Prof. Hugh Curran, C. H. Davies, Mrs. P. M. Davis, K. B. Day, Lt. Col. John F. Days, A. P. Drakeford, E. E. Elser, Mrs. J. W. Ferrier, Arthur F. Fischer, Dr. L. Z. Fletcher, L. J. Francisco, L. A. Garrard, R. F. Garritz, R. I. Gilliland, Earl J. Green, Whipple S. Hall, Mrs. H. H. Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. John W. Haussermann, H. L. Heath, J. R. herdman, J. R. Herridge, Major R. L. Holt, E. R. Hyde, H. H. Keys, Mrs. B. G. Leake, F. A. Leas, Mrs. Elmer Madsen, J. H. Marsman, Dr. E. B. McKinley, Dr. E. S. D. Merchant, T. E. Murphy, F. h. Noble, S. W. O'Brien, J. A. Parrish, G. W. Porter, N. T. Reid, A. V. Rocha, L. L. Rocke, R. S. Rogers, R. S. Rogers, Harry N. Salet, Mr. & Mrs. C. S. Salmon, E. Schradieck, Mrs. R. E. Shaw, W. R. Snyder, Dr. H. E. Stafford, Frederick H. Stevens, Mrs. J. A. Thomas, C. Timmerberg, E. S. Turner, Frederick Umbreit, Dr. W. h. Waterous, Stanley Williams, E. E. Wing, and Carlos Young 🍀

**American School 2009
New Hampshire Fall Reunion (C)**
classes 1954 to 1963



Viewing documentary filmed by Peter Parsons, ('55),
about his famous father, Chick Parsons



L-R: Blayney Colmore, ('58), Frank Eulau ('55),
Hank Miller, ('59), preparing *Power Point* presentation



Thea Crovat Gibson, ('57)

2009–2010 ALUMNI DIRECTORY UPDATES

- 1941 **Virginai Patterson**
1400 Geary Boulevard, #2201
San Francisco, CA 94109
- 1950 **Evelyn Diehl Bolling**
8991 Kiser Point, Indianapolis, IN, 46256
- 1953 **Bill Mcglasson • mcgbc@msn.com**
- 1953 **Helen Weller Parsons**
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hwparsons@mac.com • 425/427-1191
- 1955 **Will Aldrich**
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will.aldrich@verizon.net • 781/729-2201
- 1955 **Sylvia Colmore De Murias**
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sdemurias@gmail.com • 617/666-1715
- 1955 **Lili Nathan Brohal**
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- 1957 **Lila M^cCarthy**
3 Oak Crest Drive, #D, Novato, CA 94947
- 1658 **Bayney Colomore**
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- 1958 **Leslie James • lesliejames1958@gmail.com**
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- 1959 **Margrit Geoffey Claxton**
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- 1960 **Keith Claxton**
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- 1975 **Samuel Lubus • samuel@lubus.com**
- 1977 **Beth Hodge Reizman**
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- 1978 **Connie Mabpayo**
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- 1981 **Mike Harshfield**
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- 1981 **Rick Wade • rick.wade@comcast.net**
- P **Mrs. Wm. Gates**
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Raleigh, NC 27612

The Way It Was

By Edgar Krohn, Jr.

(Class of 1946)

Part II

ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, "IN THE MORNING, FIRES DIED DOWN A BIT BUT IN LATE MORNING FIRES START AGAIN IN FULL FORCE." "American plane active all day flying very low." "Fires became worse in the afternoon." "A small white painted car (a Crosley, which was a small, US-made motor car and which in Manila was used as an auto calesa with a maximum capacity of seven passengers principally plying the route between the streetcar station at Plaza Lawton and the port area) with 3 Japanese were cruising the town."

At about 1:00 A.M. on the following day, February 6, the Japanese unloaded from a truck five explosives that appeared to be torpedoes without propellers, each measuring about five feet in length and had placed them in front of the entrance of the elevator, which by then was no longer functional due to the lack of spare parts.

"Fires still continued unabated." When it was discovered that these dangerous devices had been placed in the lobby, the apartment dwellers held a powwow to determine whether to stay or evacuate. The consensus was to leave. It was the prudent thing to do, as it appeared that the explosives had been placed there for a purpose: to blow up the building, and since the Japanese were silent on what their intentions were, we surmised that they planned to blow up the building with us there. We all agreed, with the exception of a Chinese individual who claimed that he was a pilot and assured us that these explosives would not be effective and he therefore would remain in the building. Thereafter, the residents started to move out with whatever belongings they could carry. Most of us opted to relocate temporarily to the Ateneo compound where space was readily available. Every piece of baggage taken out of the building was meticulously inspected by the Japanese who, in the meantime, made an appearance to monitor the movement of people from the apartment. It was at noon when we moved out with some suitcases and made our way to the Ateneo compound to a wooden building at the back of the parade grounds, which appeared to have served as some sort of barracks, as there were quite a number of wooden slatted raised structures strewn around the area that may have served as beds. We selected a corner, moved in some of the slatted "beds" and tried to make ourselves comfortable. We hardly slept that night, as we were plagued by constant attacks by bedbugs as well as aerial assaults by hungry mosquitoes. "At night there was some shelling."

February 7, Wednesday, we remained at the Ateneo waiting for further developments. With some friends, I returned to the apartment to pick up some additional items, which included a much needed mosquito net and to see if everything was in order in our apartment. Returning to the Ateneo, we saw two or three

trucks fully loaded with soldiers being transported northward. I again observed the white Crosley cruising about, the occupants perhaps assessing the general situation. Soldiers in full battle gear, their rifles with fixed bayonets, marched northward along Mabini Street. That night there were artillery volleys from both sides which grew in intensity.

February 8, Thursday, was a very eventful, tense and stressful day and it was the beginning of an increasingly traumatic experience for us that lasted until the day we were finally freed. During the early hours of this day, we were awakened by a loud explosion. We looked out and saw thick smoke rising from Elena Apartments. The building was on fire but still stood. How badly it was damaged we were not able to ascertain until later in the day when the fire subsided and eventually burned itself out. The ground floor was completely destroyed by the fire while on the second floor, on both sides of the elevator shaft, the blast succeeded in carving out two large holes in the concrete walls. The pressure generated by the explosion had forced its way up the elevator shaft, dispersing horizontally through all the floors, blowing the front doors of all the apartments inward. We later saw our Chinese pilot friend who had suffered shattered eardrums and other injuries caused by concussion, but he had survived.

At mid morning while I was on Dakota Street, I suddenly heard the roar of an approaching aircraft flying very low. It was an A-20 twin-engine plane flying at practically roof level. It was coming toward me when I saw that it was releasing leaflets, which floated down to the ground in great numbers. The leaflet was a 9x7 inch reproduction of the February 5, 1945 issue of the *Free Philippines* published at Tacloban and headlined: "MacArthur enters Manila – First Cavalry Division captures Santo Tomas." It was the first authentic news we had received since February 3. We read very voraciously everything on the two-sided leaflet. The people in the street started jumping to grab the falling leaflets. There were some pushing incidents caused by overeager individuals. At first the Japanese sentries made moves to prevent the people from gathering the leaflets, but such a large quantity had been dropped that the soldiers saw the futility of stopping people from getting copies. Strangely, they themselves started to pick up the leaflets and even handed some out to the people.

At noon, while we were in our "nook" at the Ateneo, we suddenly heard a commotion outside and saw Japanese soldiers pushing and forcing many people who had sought refuge in the main building out into the parade grounds where they were made to stand before a mounted machine gun manned by soldiers equipped with rifles with fixed bayonets. The people in the rear building where were situated were also ordered out into the grounds. The Japanese then search all the vacated buildings and thereafter it was the turn of the assembled people outside. We stood there in the hot sun, not allowed to sit down on the ground, and we were speculating what this was all about. There was talk that a Japanese sentry was killed the night before allegedly by a shot fired from the main building. Finally at about 3:00 P.M. an officer ordered that we were free to go and were given up to 6:00 P.M. to remove ourselves from the compound.

Immediately the grounds and streets leading out of the Ateneo became alive with anxious people hastening to quit the premises. A large number of pushcarts loaded with personal

belongings dotted the area. We finally managed to secure a pushcart and moved to our apartment. There we happened to meet a cousin of my mother who lived a few blocks away on a street quaintly named Salsipuedes (leave if you can). It was a small street parallel to Mabini Street, between Padre Faura and Santa Monica Streets. Needless to say, we were very much more comfortable staying there than in our apartment. During the afternoon, we saw Japanese soldiers on two or three trucks heading southward, but when planes flew overhead, they immediately jumped off their trucks and took cover. There was shelling, from the American side, but the targets were far from where we were.

Friday, February 9. In my notes, it was recorded that in the early morning we went out in search of water. The destruction of the bridges across the Pasig River had seriously affected the water supply to the Ermita/Malate areas, as water pipes were blown up together with the bridges. Fortunately, in those days, the water table was quite accessible, in some areas only three to four feet below the surface, although the water's palatability was questionable.

At about 10 o'clock in the morning, a friend of mine and I ventured back to the vicinity of our apartment to a manhole on Dakota Street to see if there still was some water trickling from the pipes. There were others and I recall that there were five or six of us, including Dr. Herbert Zipper, the musical director and conductor of the Manila Symphony Orchestra. We removed the cover and discovered with great satisfaction that there was still a thin flow of water coming from one of the pipes. Suddenly, about a block away at the corner of Dakota and Herran streets, where the Assumption College was located, a Japanese patrol came and as the soldiers rounded the corner, I noticed that some of them were carrying not rifles but what appeared to be bayonets affixed to bamboo poles. When they caught sight of us, they fired shots at us, which zinged over our heads. Frightened, we dispersed and ran. Together with one from our group, my friend and I ran toward the house located at the corner and forced our way in, much to the surprise and visible disapproval of the occupants. We were intruders and escaping from the Japanese. We ran into the kitchen and out into the backyard where we climbed over the low fence and jumped in the garden on the other side and from there we continued the same way until we reached the corner of Santa Monica where we had to cross the street. Seeing no soldiers around, we quickly crossed the street into Salsipuedes. The hazardous route was necessary as the Japanese were already then taking potshots at civilians they encountered walking the streets. It was certainly a fearful experience. There was more to come.

At about 2:00 P.M. shelling became worse and we prepared and placed the more important of our belongings at the ground-floor stairway so that when the time came, we could immediately evacuate the premises. At about 6:00 P.M. there was a tremendously loud and earthshaking explosion. The Japanese had blown up the Union Church, situated at Mabini and Padre Faura, only a block away from us. Fires from the blast spread rapidly in all directions. We kept a close watch on the progress of the flames that were steadily consuming everything in their path. We still retained the hope that the fires would not reach

us, but it was not to be. The fire leaped across to Salsipuedes Street and was creeping up on us. It was prudent to start vacating Salsipuedes and move back to the Elena Apartments. We had previously transferred a significant quantity of our belongings to Salsipuedes using a pushcart and now it was time to reverse the procedure. But time was now of the essence. We made several trips to the Elena Apartments with the pushcart, but in the end, the approaching fire prevented us from taking out some of the items we had brought over. In the meantime, it had become dark but because of the fires raging everywhere, there was sufficient light for us to see as we went about whatever we had to do.

The white Crosley was very much in sight. The cab as well as the rear structure had been removed and in its stead a platform was installed on which had been placed two drums presumably containing gasoline. The "car of destruction" cruised back and forth along Mabini Street, monitoring the progress of the long line of people, walking southward, searching for a place of refuge. If anyone was observed to have stopped for rest, the Japanese prodded them on menacingly. I also observed that when the fires in a particular house appeared to be abating, two soldiers would enter with receptacles containing gasoline to feed the flames. It was all very unnerving as we did not know what else they would do to us.

Upon reaching the Elena Apartments after our last haul, we parked the pushcart beside the entrance of the apartment building and were about to unload its contents. As the fires had as yet not reached anywhere close to the building, this area was therefore still in semidarkness. All of a sudden, from the house directly in front of the Elena Apartments, we heard the terrified screams of a woman followed by cries of "*tomodachi, tomodachi, nei, nei*" (friend, friend, no, no). We immediately sought protection behind the sandbagged wall and crouched there, waiting nervously. There followed other very frightened screams along with the cries of a baby. Then silence. Other people with us said the victims were likely to have been raped and killed by the rampaging Japanese. This was confirmed when their bodies were found the following day.

As fires advanced, more and more refugees crowded the streets, searching for a place to stay. We spent the night in our fourth floor apartment but because of the charged situation, we did not get any sleep.

Saturday, February 10, would develop into another eventful day. It was a continuing and increasingly distressing situation. Food was scarce, the supply of water lacking and by then, electric power no longer available. Artillery fire during the night before had become more aggressive. It was prudent to move to the downstairs garage. Bringing down with us some of our belongings, we found a space beside the sandbagged wall. A small table was set up to hold a *kalan* to cook our very frugal meals consisting of rice, red beans and mungo. We also brought down two "cabin trunks," which we placed against a wall and covered with some discarded GI sheets. We did this in anticipation of heaving incoming shellfire.

The consuming flames had in the meantime reached the corner of Mabini and Romero Salas and were threatening to cross Mabini. Occupants of the endangered buildings started to vacate their residences. By this time, the ground-floor of the Elena was filled with refugees, among them Herbert Leopold,

proprietor of the Frankfurter Sausage Factory located very near the corner of Mabini and Romero Salas. Leopold was a German Jew who was fortunate to have been able to escape from Nazi Germany in the late Thirties. We were one of his customers. He approached me asking for help in hauling some of his belongings and products from his place. His food products, he said, would be given to those who were sheltering in the Elena Apartments. We organized a team and proceeded to work. We placed foodstuffs in large round baskets and carried them across the street. It was a most welcome augmentation of our dwindling food supply. All of a sudden, the fire in one of the houses seemed to be dying out and the people living in the adjacent houses thought they would be spared. But three Japanese “arsonists” entered the house and a minute or two later, the house blew up and the flames got a new lease on life.

At about noon, a patrol of perhaps six or seven battle-equipped soldiers entered the Elena Apartments. They shouted and, gesturing, made us understand that the men were to be separated from the women and to raise our arms. One of them, pointing at his firearm, shouted, “Hab pung-pung gun,” which he repeated when he did not receive an immediate response. We shouted back, Nei, nei pung-pung gun.” It was this instance that a young Caucasian man stepped forward and holding up a German passport said, “*watachi-wa deutsu-gin des*,” meaning, “I am a German” and with the use of sign language informed the soldiers that he was in charge and responsible for the refugees gathered in the building. It was something all Germans were taught to say when stopped by Japanese in the streets. My father, mother and I were German citizens. The officer, or noncommissioned officer, took the passport, looked at it and then commenced to discuss this with his troops. It appeared that they had decided to respect the German passport, as, handing the documents back to the young man, he blurted out, “Okay, okay,” and off the patrol went.

The young man was Fritz Heim, a mining engineer in one of the mines in Baguio. We had never met the man before. He was indeed a daring and courageous man. The following day, he advised us that he was going on a bit of reconnaissance eastward to see if he could make contact with the American forces. And so he left. About an hour later, he returned and said he had been as far as the Paco cemetery, but saw no traces of the liberation forces. At the time, not much significance was placed on this particular incident; it was just one of those things in passing. But fifty years later, when I undertook extensive research on events that occurred during the devastating battle for Manila, I came to realize that Fritz Heim unknowingly saved us from being executed by the Japanese.

Starting February 9, systematic massacres perpetrated by the Japanese defenders occurred in numerous sites in the Ermita/ Malate and Pasay districts. The system they employed was the same everywhere: they would enter a house or building, separate the men from the women, then lead them out to be put to death.

Artillery fire continued throughout the day. There is an interesting entry in my record: “I looked for old tobacco boxes which the doctor was using as splints.” The memory of this has, lamentably, slipped my mind. Fires continued to burn all night long.

February 11, Sunday. Artillery duels took place from time to time. We would hear the discharge of artillery pieces from the American side and seconds later, we would hear the projectile swishing over us on its way to its target. Then the Japanese would respond. The exchanges reminded me of a tennis match – and we were the net. By the sound of the incoming fire, we could discern whether or not the shell would hit near us.

“The Japanese came again asking if we had guns or if we were guerrillas.” In retrospect, an idiotic question. “Saw Japanese pass by in trucks, later saw them marching down the street.” 🐼

“THE LIBERATION OF THE PHILIPPINES”

TO FOLLOW IN NEXT ISSUE

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classes 1954 to 1963



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