

Malacañang  
Manila

Jan. 1, 1983

I had sought to protect the sacredness and preciousness of my memories of the war with the sanctity of silence. So I had refused to talk or write about them except in an indirect way when forced to do so when I offered my medals to the dead for I believed all such medals belonged to them.

But the sanctity of silence has been broken by the glibness and cynicism that overwhelms the contemporary world. And the small souls whose vicarious achievement

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is to insult and offend the  
mighty and the achievers have  
succeeded in trivializing the most  
solemn and honorable of deeds  
and intentions. Their pettiness has  
besmirched with the focal attention  
the honorable service of all who  
have received medals and citations  
in the last World War. They  
have not excluded me. But instead  
have made me their special target  
as the most visible of those who offered  
blood, honor and life to our people.

So I must fight the battles  
of Bataan all over again. We must  
walk our Death March on the

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Hot April sun once again.  
The Calvary of the ~~USAFFE~~  
must once again be told.

For we bleed and die again.  
This time in the hands of  
men who claim to be our  
countrymen.

(The Philippine Jews Story)  
The

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