



Moro Fights Dramatized

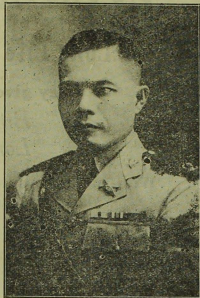
Graphic picture of how notorious outlaws surrender to Captain Angeles is here presented.



By PIONEER

I

On a moonlight night before Thanksgiving Day while the dance given by the American Officers of the M. B. Marinduque was in full swing in the South Seas Club, a band of about two hundred moros under the leadership of Jailini and Edjasani was assembled in Camuntayan to attack Danag, (16 kilometers from Jolo)



Captain LEON ANGELES
Conquers moro outlaws....

a police station of fourteen shotguns under the command of Chief Yusup.

The telephone boy of the club approached.

"Sir, you are wanted on the telephone."

"Hello! Captain Angeles speaking."

"This is Chief Yusup, Sir. Several moros are playing their agongs at a distance from my station. I am watching their movements. I will report later if there is any serious development. So far everything is all right."

At about 2:30 a.m. Lt. Suarez of Camp Romandier reported that he heard shots from the direction of Danag.

The Captain telephoned Danag but the central operator reported that Danag could not be raised. The wire was cut.

A native school teacher of Danag who came to Jolo practically running from Danag reported to the Captain that the police station of Danag was attacked by several moros. The policemen were firing at the attackers. The Captain without any delay called for the bugler.

II

"Call to Arms" was sounded.

Officers and enlisted men in their field uniforms assembled. Extra ammunitions were issued and hand grenades were prepared.

Captain Angeles with eight officers and fifty

men left for Danag at 3:00 a. m. November 25, 1931, on six trucks.

One could observe the anxiety of the soldiers to fight by their conversation as soon as the order "Follow my car" was given by the Captain.

Silence. The soldiers must be thinking of the dear little kids and mamma behind or thinking how to fight the enemies. One whistled a sentimental kurdiman. Another, a lively fox trot. Then everybody on the alert. The trucks passed thick abaca plantations. Surely one can read the feeling of the entire detachment. The suspense was temporarily broken when the trucks were halted and the men were in ambush formation.

One kilometer from the scene of the attack, the detachment reformed by twos and fixed bayonets. The moon was then blanketed by thick clouds. It was raining hard. The approach was favored. On the way the telephone wire was found and repaired. The detachment arrived at day break in Danag but found no more enemies.

The policemen were guarding their station like lions at bay. They looked haggard due apparently to the excitement and the lack of sleep. But they were decided to die with their guns rather than give up their station.

One moro raider was killed and two were wounded.

The seditious moros were followed to their stronghold in Camuntayan by the Constabulary. Twenty moros with spears and barongs were hidden in the bushes to ambush the pursuers. But the Captain is an old cat in this kind of game. The moros did not charge this time, failing in their tradition as fierce fighters. The detachment advanced in such a formation that it looked like a fence with bayonets sticking out and hard to penetrate. So instead of rushing the line, the moros took the better part of valor and ran away with their precious lives. No firing was done.

From that time on the Constabulary took charge of the affair and placed detachments in Danag and Camuntayan.

At 6:00 o'clock in the morning of December 16, 1931, Captain Angeles went down from Danag to Jolo to meet Colonel Stevens who was coming with Director Guingona on the S. S. Jolo. In the mean time Lt. A. Suarez went out to patrol the boundary line of his district near Camuntayan.

"How is everything, Captain", the Colonel asked.

"So far everything is all right, Sir."

The rest were swallowed by the thick bushes and disappeared like smoke".

Under the circumstances, nothing could be done. The inevitable happened. The trail of the law is usually sprinkled with blood and laurel.

For several days nothing definite could be obtained as to the whereabouts of the outlaws. Report of secret service men was, that the outlaws roamed in the forests and mountains. Ambushing the patrols was their game. The patrols commanded all their hiding places. It was getting hot for the outlaws.

III

On February 9, 1932, at about one o'clock at noon Jailani appeared alone and surrendered himself to Captain Angeles.

"Captain, I am here to surrender myself. My life is at your mercy. You can do with it as you please."

The Captain, hard boiled as he is, could not help but show sympathy to this famous outlaw. Jailani looked pale and thin, the telling effect of his escape and lack of sufficient nourishment.

February 13. The night was extraordinarily bright. The Captain with his experienced soldiers, the selected flowers of the Constabulary were soundly sleeping in their temporary quarters at Camuntayan. One young officer was dreaming of his sweetheart in the far away Laguna. Another was talking in his sleep, "Give me some hope, my little Queen. Drop me a letter. This place is lonely".

"Halt! who is there?" This sharp command pierced the stillness of the night. The alert sentinel saw at a distance, the approach of a shadow. The Corporal of the guard rushed to the aid of the sentinel. Those soundly sleeping were awakened by the thunderous voice of the guard. Automatically each one grabbed his firearm and listened. The Captain came out and inquired. The guard reported.

Then in Tausug dialect, the shadow which stopped dead on the spot, answered that he was Edjasani and wanted to approach. The guards with their fingers on the triggers were almost tickled to squeeze and fire.

"Captain, I have chosen this night to surrender to you. I forget my life to you".

Then Edjasani thanked the Captain for being very kind to his small children who were left practically at the mercy of the patrol.

Thus ended the career as outlaws, of Jailani and Edjasani. It was a moonlight night when they turned outlaws and the same silvery moon witnessed their surrender.

There was a telephone call for the Captain.

"This is Lt. Suarez, sir. My patrol was ambushed in Camuntayan mountain early this morn-

MOTHER INDIA PROTESTS

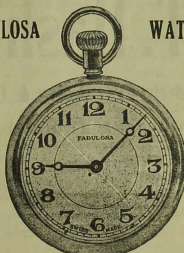
Mrs. Mohandas K. Gandhi, 60-year-old wife of the idol of the Indian nationalists, was sentenced at Surat to serve six weeks in prison for urging the villagers to adopt her husband's principles of boycott and civil disobedience. The short sentence hurt her pride. "Why are you giving me only six weeks in prison", she asked the judge. "Do you want me free again so quickly to receive the lathi blows with my countrymen? I won't remain quiet even after I am released. Please give me the same sentence you give my sister workers". Miss Maniben Patel, daughter of the imprisoned head of the All-India Congress, at the same time was given 14 weeks at hard labor and fined 100 rupees for taking part in unlawful assembly. A "Buy Indian League" was organized at Karachi home manufactures, and at Bombay a bonfire of foreign cloth was burned as a symbol of the opening of the campaign for independence. Business in India is almost at a standstill and the nation is threatened with commercial ruin. G. B. Halstead, American missionary, resigned as director of the Lucknow Christian college under pressure from the government because he sympathized with Gandhi's independence movement.

Two spears pierced the body of Sergeant Guzman. He died. Two outlaws were shot to death.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR CONSTABLES

FABULOSA

WATCHES



- | | |
|--|-------|
| No. 100.—Nickel plated case white enamel dial | P2.35 |
| No. 105.—Same watch, but radiolite luminous hands | P3.00 |
| No. 110.—Same watch, silver metallic dial with secondary hands | P3.25 |
| No. 115.—Same watch, radiolite dial and hands | P3.75 |

LEVY & BLUM, Inc.

345 Echague

Manila

Send P1.00 deposit with your C. O. D. order.