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still keep that idealism from flowering fully.

Far more than wars and occupation, geography has fragmented the Republic of the Philippines. Its 32,600,000 people live on a galaxy of islands strung out north and south for 1,150 miles between the Pacific Ocean and the South China Sea (maps, pages 312-13).

No one knows how many islands there are: the republic itself says simply "more than 7,100." New islands appear from time to time as volcanoes thrust their smoking cones above the sea. And, after a few years of pounding by the waves, some of these new islands vanish.

The eruption of Taal Volcano on September 28, 1365, emphasized again the influence of titunic natural forces on life in the Philippines.

The variano, rising as an island in Lake Taal, 40 miles south of Manila, roared for three days and blasted out untold tons of mud and glowing purifice (pages 306-7). Fields and house were buried under siltlike ash. Two hundres people lost their lives, and thousands of homeless on the island and around the lake were their to relief centers.

My wife wanted to get away, but I wanted to watch a little longer. The eruptions were not very strong at first.

"Ab that an hour later, a dearening blast shook the island. It was time to leave."

Contado Andal jammed 20 women and childred into the same small boat we were using. They started north, away from the volcano's cruption center. They had traveled about wo and a half miles when another explosion split the night.

"There was a big volume of gas and steam," Mr. Aprelal said. "That was when the storm and elegrical display started. It was just like Roman andles—flashes of red and yellow."

The suption, possibly triggered by seepage of wath from the lake into the depths of the earth, created its own thunderstorm. Billions of galless of water, steam, gas, and mud churae finto the air.

Mr. andal remembered shouting to boatloads of efugees from the island to head north.

"I was afraid of the big waves that would come," be told us. His warnings could not be heard that he noisy night. Many of the volcano's victions drowned when seismic waves engulfed their overloaded boats.

On September 30, 1965, Taal spewed up a black cheder cone 1,000 feet in diameter. It formed horseshoe islet (visible in inlet at upper leght, page 307). Wisps of steam still escaped from the cone near the water line as we climbed its gently sloping side and had a picnic lunch on the rim.

