

An American Artist's...

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distance, and not only that, but complete silence while work was in operation. So *simpatico* and so early was everything that the artist forgot how very hard he was working. His model in one position when one of the village Valentinos, who spoke English, vouchsafed the information, "She say she get tired," and that was the end—no more could silence or pose be regained.

Contrary was the experience in Navotas, near Manila. There everyone not only talked continuously but gathered in mobs about the artist and kept up a ribaldry of jests, possibly due to the gay evening hour approaching, and the glory of a Philippine sunset; whereas in Zamboanga, work was carried on in the dignified midmorning's glow.

At Jolo, though the women swimmers chasing pennies in that port are veritable Gauguin south sea canvasses come to life, it was the men who caught the artist's eye. Amid another respectful silent crowd in the market, he enthusiastically did a sketch of a handsome youth richly costumed; and upon completion, in offering a fee in payment of the posing, he was informed that the young sitter was a datus! The self-possessed young man most graciously bowed us goodbye.

There is an old adage that implies artists are often hungry; usually from lack of funds, though modernly, it sometimes is from lack of cooks' artistry, for a connoisseur in beauty is frequently a connoisseur in foods as well. Wherever are found artists' groups, Greenwich Village, Soho, Montmartre, Montparnasse, the Balneario, there will be found good restaurants—amusing surroundings as well as artistic food are half the life of an artist—and will you believe it when world gossamers tell you that they eat joyously in the Philippines?

Were the Hotel Plaza of Zamboanga plumped down on the Mediterranean coast, it would be

famous for its menus. So too would the little hotel in Pagsanjan, whose fried chicken and salad are the creations of artists. In Manila, old world amusement that belongs in the life of an artist when eating is supplied by La Palma de Mallorca, the Oriente, Delmonico's, the Arcade, Sukiyaki, and the little afternoon coffee court that gathers in the Crystal Arcade: so many times this winter, that group might easily, in our thought, have been Montparnasse de Paris. Manila's Restaurant de Paris is veritable franchise. Dining there, one may choose their own world atmosphere and be in Fez, Morocco, in Saigon, in Noumea, New Caledonia; or, if dear to the heart, in Marseilles on Friday when *boulehnaisse* is served; or within the cordial portals of the famed Napoleon house of Hotel du Nord, in Arles.

As our old professors, encouraging our study of languages, used to say, "not until you speak another language do you appreciate your own," so, too, perhaps, it is in seeing artists' subjects.

Not until many artists' haunts have become known and their religious musings appreciated the beauties at hand. So the roadway from Taytay to Pagsanjan with its old churches and spots as lovely as Venice; and from Mahaybag and Lilio to Los Batos; old walled and battlemented Cavite, mangos and bananas in Manila markets, the pottery section of the Yanzco market, and Paço cemetery at twilight, with its delightful sexton who proclaims himself St. Peter, and slyly waxes a colossal jest: though it were a duels's sword—these are but a few of the sunset joys that the Philippines haven to artists: that they have proffered us in these few months, and that offer an intreguement for returning to the islands next winter.

And why shouldn't American artists return year after year to the Philippines, instead of shivering and doing again and again the subjects that for centuries have been done in southern Italy, Greece and Egypt, since all this oriental-occidental beauty lies peacefully encompassed in the world's most gorgeous sunsets, amid an understanding people?—M.M.W.

Our Humble Apologies

By one of those errors that forever remain inexplicable, something the mind seems sure of when it is merely taking night for day, we recently attributed *The Index* to a bank that does not publish it, instead of to the New York Trust Company, that does publish it, very competently, under the editorship of Dudley L. Parsons. In the correspondence thus provoked, Mr. Parsons has been very generous about the slip.

"I believe," he writes, "that the best answer to the charges made in your open letter would be contained in a brief statement of the policy followed in preparing articles for *The Index*."

We attempt to prepare concise authoritative and unbiased presentation of a topic of current interest. The necessity of keeping articles at length suitable for reading by busy men makes it imperative that only the major features of a subject be treated in any detail. An attempt to single out any minor features could only result in disproportionate emphasis, and a lack of balance for the whole article. . . . To give adequate treatment of the Philippine market in an article devoted to a domestic situation in which the foreign aspects must be summed up in about 50 to 100 words would, at best, be inconsistent."

Editor Parsons says the *Journal* praise it will not be modest enough to withhold from its readers:

"Finally, we appreciate your generous praise of *The Index*, and hope, with an understanding of our position, that you will continue to find it of value. For our part, although we receive a great volume of regional economic journals, I can frankly state that very few achieve the high standards usually maintained by The American Chamber of Commerce Journal."

The italics are ours, and if our embarrassing slip has been the means of bringing us another occasional correspondent on matters of economics, we take it as providential after all.—W. R.

Del Mundo's Modernization...

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(see illustrations); vases, decorative brick-work, and statuary. He has developed a glazed tile out of clay, which is very inexpensive—two tiles for one centavo—and could be very effectively used for walls or floors. Then he has worked out larger, white tiles, which are about six inches square, and which are decorated with Philippine scenes, hand-painted. These are beautiful things. Another young man, one of del Mundo's assistants, whose name is Leon A. Sanzalg (a pupil of Amoroso), works on these tiles and has produced designs for table tops which, typically Philippine as they are, should find a ready market.

Perhaps del Mundo's most radical introduction here is the use of molds instead of the old potter's wheel. This eliminates the necessity for skilled labor, is much cheaper and faster. He uses 100% Philippine materials. Felspar is still scarce here, so his production of refined porcelain is limited. There is plenty of kaolin, and he gets flint in sufficient quantities from Pasukin, Ilocos Norte.

The ceramics industry is moving along. It would go faster and do more for the country with a bit of money to do with. We suggest that it would be an excellent thing for the government to set aside a little money—P1,000 would do nicely—to help the cause along. Del Mundo would make it pay dividends.

U. S. PENSIONS IN P. I.

On January 31, 1933, the annual payments to the United States was making in the Philippine account of pensions, service benefits, etc., summed P3,200,000 or \$1,600,000. The number of beneficiaries was then 7,053. This included veterans, their widows and minor children and sundry other beneficiaries. Eight hundred American veterans were in this number, and 1,400 American veterans' widows and minor children or other dependents; Filipino veterans numbering 4,811 were included, of whom some 100 were in the Philippine division of troops organized for the World War and federalized after the armistice from November 20, 1918 to December 31, 1918. Other Filipino veterans of the 1911, are about equally divided between scouts of peacetime service and scouts of the insurrection period. The Economy Act of March 20, 1933, cut off 1,400 pensions that were being paid in the Philippines, including those of 400 Americans. It is believed that the pension legislation of March 28 this year, passed over President Roosevelt's veto, restores all these pensions less a 25% reduction, and that individual undeserving cases will be taken up one by one and eliminated on their merits. The new legislation makes November 11, 1918, the date of the closing of World War service and therefore eliminates pensioners of the federal period of the existence of the Philippine division, save such as establish presumptive disability. Many details are to be worked out, but this year's pension payments will far exceed last year's in the Philippines.

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