

The Evening News
Saturday **MAGAZINE**

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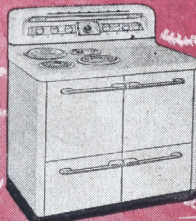
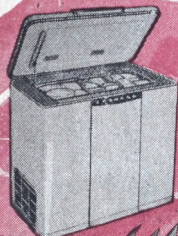
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This SATURDAY

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OUR COVER

"TWO FAMILIES" by S. Flores y de la Rosa
 (Courtesy: Bureau of Public Education)

THE Presidential proclamation declaring the period from November 30 to December 6, 1948 as Family Week is as pretty a gesture as any we know of. As anyone who has made the slightest brush with sociology will tell you, the family is the basic unit of human society and its disintegration usually presages the collapse of a nation, which, after all, is only the family taken in the mass. Hence, it seems obvious to those who would want the nation intact and solid to pay closer heed to the family unit.

If parents had been better prepared to raise their children, we doubt if we would have to worry much about the conduct of these children after they had set up families of their own. As it is the nation today is afflicted with one case after another of corruption and betrayal of public trust. The latest stretch (*Too Many Chinese*, page 5) merely repeats a pattern discernible from the early years of our nationhood.

For additional proof that the family unit is the root of much of our national grief, we give you the case of Werlino E. Viado (*Portrait of a Social Menace*, page 10) by Angel Quimambo, *Evening News* correspondent for Rizal City, whose fascination for cops and robbers has not quite paled after two years covering the police beat.

BUT that's as far as we may go this week to preach the moral of a better and better Filipino family. There are other things we

would like you to read about. For instance, there is a pamphlet available only to future generals of the U.S. Army that has aroused the ire of Major Nicmar T. Jimenez (*The Bluemel Report*, page 8) and precipitated a heated exchange of letters between Jimenez and Brig. Gen. Clifford Bluemel. The Major came over the Report when he was taking advance courses at the U.S. Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. He is at present chief of Training Group, G-3 Division, HNDP.

We also invite you to take more than a passing glance at our Indonesian neighbors whose many points of similarity in language, physical characteristics, and interests are more than skin deep (*Parallel in Indonesia*, page 11). The author, Hernando G. Costo, works at the Netherlands Legation. That is the reason he knows so much about the Dutch and the Indonesians.

Our short story (*Flood*, page 6) is by J. Capiendo Tuvera, an undergraduate at the Faculty of Law, University of Santo Tomas. It is a good example of the fine restraint we would like to see more in locally produced short stories but which, alas, we seldom find. When the theme is love the tendency of too many stories is to get infantile and mushy. And that is not the only sin the Filipino Short Story in English, period the present, has fallen heir to in an age of decadence. But more about this later.—A.S.G.

ANTONIO S. CABALA, and MARINI R. CENTENO, Associate Editors; EMILIO F. SALAZAR, Advertising Director; NAPOLEON P. MARCALE, Advertising Manager.

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Sino immigrants are willing to pay well to get into this country, and many a high official is only too willing to aid and abet.

DECEMBER 4, 1948

TOO MANY CHINESE

By LYD ARGUILLA



Sen. FERNANDO LOPEZ
He blew the lid off



Sec. SABINO PADILLA
asked for the quota lists



Undersecretary FELINO NERI
is Foreign Affairs in the mess?



Dir. J. PARDO DE TAVERA, NBI
"No pictures, please!"



Commissioner ENGRACIO FABRE
"I'm not a criminal"

SATURDAY MAGAZINE

JUAN de la Cruz is mad again. He's had plenty to be mad about before this with the surplus property scandals, engineering exam leakage, back-pay and pensions rackets, and many more such since Liberation.

He's a much harassed fellow with the mark of the last war still on him and his family, his inner worries and disillusionments covered over by the pressing need to survive from day to day. He'd better keep his "mad" on for some time to come. And not let it peter out before it's done him and the country any good.

This time it's the Chinese immigration "quotas."

More serious implications lie behind the ruckus over this business than meets the casual eye. For one, it furnishes Juan de la Cruz another indication of the kind of mentality under which our government is run by those to whom we have entrusted our welfare and interests as a people. For another, it gives him pause, between stuffing the leak in the roof of his barone-barone and sweating to earn the money for his next rice ration, whether or not, apart from "quota" scandals, he should like Chinese immigration. If not, why not? If so, to what extent?

Under law there are five ways by which aliens, including Chinese may enter the Philippines:

- (1) as quota immigrant;
- (2) as non-quota immigrant;
- (3) as international trader;
- (4) as temporary visitor;
- (5) as student.

There is no problem with British, French or other aliens since

they do not even come up to their quota. There is only a Chinese immigration problem. The number of Chinese nationals seeking entry into the Philippines is so great in proportion to the quota number of 500 annually that the quota can be filled up for some years in advance. To Philippines 500 is too big. To Chinese immigrants, it's too little.

The most logical way for Chinese businessmen to come into the Philippines should be as international traders. But pending the Treaty of Commerce between China and the Philippines such a status is not yet being extended by our government to otherwise qualified Chinese nationals. The requirements will be that the applicant seeking entry will engage in International trade and will act in representation of some firm in China engaged in international trade.

Chinese nationals who have come in here as temporary visitors are not supposed to establish regular businesses in the Philippines. However, quite a number of persons doing business or holding jobs in the Philippines are still under this status. And if the government really wanted to get tough with them, it can cancel their permit to stay. Such aliens could be required to go back to China having actually violated entry conditions here.

It's on the fixed quota ruling that the immigration scandal broke last week. At this point, before we get our terms mixed, we might stop and bear in mind two kinds of quotas that are being mentioned in the same breath and

don't mean the same thing. There is the immigration overall quota of 500 and the private "limer" quota allegedly assigned to various congressmen, senators and other men, (possibly also women) more or less in the public eye or trust.

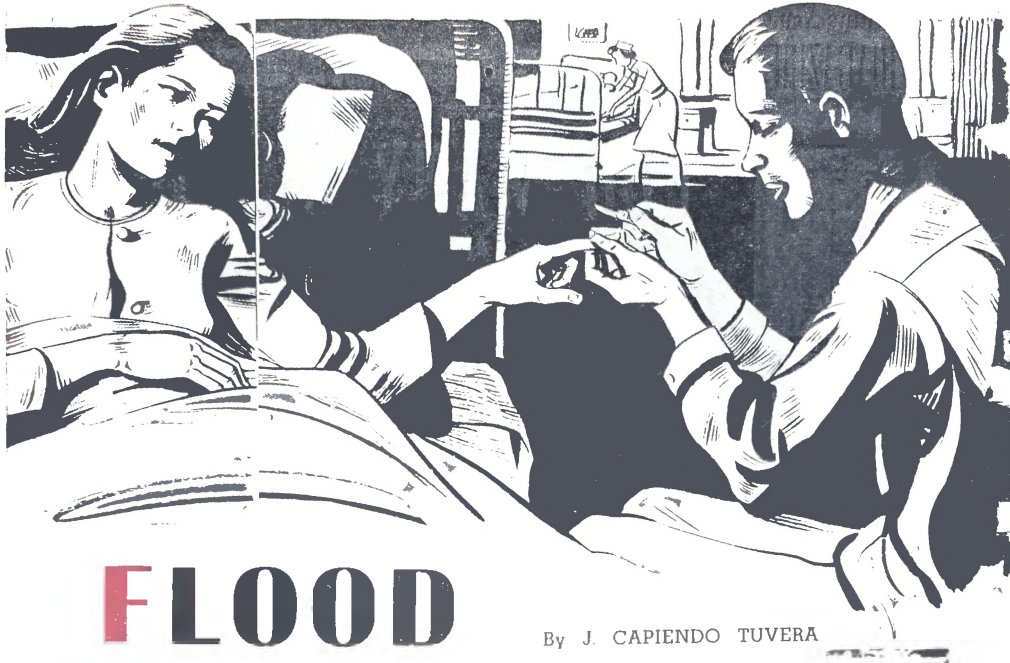
When Senator Fernando Lopez reentered the use of his name to get a "quota" last week, things broke loose. Since we cannot ignore a scandal that is currently claiming a great deal of public indignation, let's see how the "racket" works as described to us by those who know. There is the fixed quota of 500. There are thousands of would-be immigrants pressing to get into that quota. Obviously, all things being equal the man without means, even if deserving, would have no chance against the immigrant who can grease his way in. It is estimated that it costs the immigrants from between P2,000 to P4,500 to enter the Islands on the quota after Liberation. This covers expenses in fees to immigration brokers and palm-grease for the big-shot *padrino* who recommends the candidate under the private quota assigned to said big-shot. Approximately two-thirds of this stated sum goes to the *padrino*.

Is this a racket, or isn't this a racket? Those who would condone or whitewash the quota-holders, mostly congressmen and senators, say it's done within the law. There's a 500 overall quota for immigrants. The choice is left to the discretion of the Commissioner of Immigration. With thousands of claims physically impos-

(Please turn to page 27)



CHINESE IMMIGRANTS
Thousands are turned down every year



FLOOD

By J. CAPIENDO TUVERA

How I been so beguled as to be bind to my most grievous loss
Wordsworth in "Dedication"

THE RAIN was falling heavily upon the muddied canvas bunting of the cart. Through a tiny slit across its side Tino could see the carabao that had been unhitched an hour ago, grazing by the side of the thin sluce of country road at a crop of stunted grass in the shade of a thick-leaved bamboo tree. The strained heaving of its haggard rumps was gone now. Almost violently, Tino nudged Mon who lay curled up in a corner of the cart still warming himself with the last few puffs at a cigarette.

"Are we not leaving yet?"
At the sound of Tino's prodding, voice he picked his crumpled straw hat, yawned, and crawled slowly on his knees to the opening at the head of the cart.

Tino heard the sucking sound of Mon's bare feet in the mud. He placed his face once more against the slit in the canvas bunting and saw him dragging the carabao back to the cart. All around as far as he could see, except in the grassy humps of little hillocks, brown puddles had quickly gathered, their razged edges flowing out to meet neighboring puddles. Now and then sharp blades of lightning, like scimitars of a hidden god, slashed viciously at the curtains of heavy clouds that draped the sky.

"Must be five now," Tino said

What?"

"I said, I didn't have to rest at all." Tino screamed above the rain, "it's almost night now." He went back to the center of the hay matting and sat holding his knees up. Mon pattered about under the rain, fixing the yoke on the carabao and slapping its dripping hide to please himself.

"I should have allowed Riso to come instead," Mon said. "There's more chill in my bones than you think." When he finally got up onto the front rail of the cart, Tino shoved the whip into his hand and crumpled.

"Here," he said, stiffly. "let it fly."

"You haven't changed," Mon said. "Always running, breaking your neck in foolish hurry."

"It's not foolish," Tino said. "Suppose she is dead?"
The whip rusted and whistled through the cold wet air as it fell on the rump of the carabao. The animal jerked forward, as if it were going to break into a gallop, and then fell into a shivering zash as the heavy road mud clamped tightly at its legs. Tino allowed himself to fall back with the sudden jolt of the cart and cushioned his head with his palms. Under the bamboo floor of the cart the wheels creaked plaintively.

"Last month, when I came, she was well enough," Tino said.

"Her health fell very fast," Mon said. "Everyday you could almost see it disappear in shreds,

bit by bit. But a new doctor is treating her now."

"They shouldn't have brought her out of the hospital," Tino said. "She was already getting well there. And I used to see her every day."

"Mother couldn't afford it any more. They's hundred a month. You know what that means."

While he lay inside the cart, Tino looked up at the curve of the canvas roof above his face. His eyes followed the tiny, bluish lines that stretched promiscuously across the surface of the canvas where the raindrops rolled down to its frayed and flapping edges. Feeling cold, he lit a cigarette and blew curls of smoke above his face.

"She isn't dead, Mon, is she?" he asked.

"No," Mon answered. Tino rose from where he lay and moved up to the head of the cart, resting his hands on the single bamboo rail on which Mon sat. The cart turned around a bend in the road where rocks jutting out precariously from a tall ledge of earth. From there the ground dipped into a slow, gradual decline that ended in a profusion of stunted trees. Beyond that the ricefields of San Roque began; a wide expanse of withed yellowness trembling beneath the torrent of August rain.

"I am going to marry her, you know," Tino said. Mon threw his leg out against the base of the animal's tail, then leaned back

upon the canvas bunting.

"I know," he said.

"You know?"

"She told me."

"Riso knows, too?"

"No."

Tino looked around at the familiar, homely sight before them. It had been more than a month ago that he had passed by there. That time it was also with his cousin, Mon, who had been sent to bring him to San Roque. He remembered very well; farther down this road, there was the Palling river, only two miles before reaching San Roque, and there they had stripped themselves of their clothes to bathe. Tino barely knew how to swim, only the "dogcrawl," as they called his stroke, and Mon had laughed at him. He was usually sensitive about his lack of knowledge of anything, but that time he did not really mind. After all it was only swimming. He liked the feeling the country gave. There was Neli, to the west; you could stretch an arm and take it in your palm. Tall and slim and alone in the distance, the mountain seemed to stand like a woman in a tiered dress, with the Palling at its foot moving smoothly like an attendant procession of doling, white-robed girls. And the air! The air was born in the upland hills, great and big and secret, and all of a sudden it would come down from there in sleds of wind to stroke the plant heads of ledda that



In the city, as she lay on her bed of pain, they remembered many things and planned for the future. But they did not know what that future held.

fringed the fields. "No TB," Mon had said. "No ventilators. No rubber wheels to stir the dust. The air here is easy and full and unselfish."

TINO tried to remember what she used to say to him about San Roque. He went to see her every afternoon while she was in the hospital, and after the first few weeks there was nothing much to talk about any more except themselves. He would push her around in her wheelchair for a while, then she would ask him to stop by the main door, and together they would walk to the shade of the lemarind tree reaching up with its branches to the eaves. "Maybe what I need is only some clean, country air," she would say, "like what we have in San Roque, remember?" "We can always go there," he would say. "Yes? Even when, even after?" "Go ahead," he coaxed. There was something appealing and forever young in the way she would laugh and turn towards, unwilling to say what she had in mind, what both of them desired and prayed for like a wordless, necessary exordium to living. "Of course," he said, throwing a loon at the floating end of her wish. "We can even play throw-the-can again, and hide under women's skirts." "You remember too?" "You got whipped," he laughed.

The cart gave a violent jolt as the carabao thundered instinctively to a roll of thunder that sped across the sky. A little way off some houses appeared — small, conical-roofed boxes crowded up in certain places and in leaving wide, bare patches of earth between. These patches were not really bare now, because they had been filled by pools of water ruffled by the bouncing drops of falling rain.

"Does the city get flooded like this, too?" Mon wanted to know. "Why, yes, every year," Tino said. "Last year the water rose to my thighs." "Nieves was there, too," Mon remembered. "Yes."

That was true, and he had almost forgotten. For four days he went to the hospital, where Nieves was, fearing that the doctors would send him away because he lined the corridors with the profuse drip of his shoes. Because it was cold, they didn't go out to the corridor as they usually did. His aunt would be coming later, and while they waited for her he trimmed her fingernails with his small penknife. "You know," he said, plating the knife down and holding her hands up, "even if you were not my cousin I shall still love to do this for you." She looked up, innocently, and told him to go on trimming. "Why?" she said. "To pluck your fingers," he said. For a moment his cheeks and his fingers and his temples burned, and he was dizzy and lipless and dead, then suddenly she drew her hands

away and buried her face on the pillow. "Go away," she sobbed, and he was afraid the reeling and the death would not come again. She was crying when the nurse came in with her tray of food. "Let me do it," he said, taking the tray, and the nurse stood dumbly for a while, and then walked away trying to hide the smile on her face. The soup spilled from the spoon when she shook her head out of its way, and he could have screamed with helplessness if his aunt did not suddenly throw the door open and walk into the room. Nieves dried her eyes hastily when she saw her mother. He took up the spoon again and let her have the soup, while his face glowed with taunting laughter.

DO you hear that?" Mon said. Tino started. The palms of his hand, he realized, were limp and bloodless. He had been holding on to the rail for a long time, more than an hour, he was sure, his weight unconsciously laid on his hand. He lifted them and slapped them vigorously against his sides. "What?"

And he had said that to her too. "I thought Lus was everything to you," she had said, two days later when she wasn't hurt anymore. "What?" he cried, and while they sat together on the edge of her bed, her hair beating little rhythms across his face, he felt suddenly big and strong and complete for all the dreams of the world.

"That sound," Mon said. "Can you recognize it?" Tino strained his ears against the almost deafening rain. Slowly his face darkened, and his eyes shot up with anger.

"No!" he cried, unreasonably. "I expected it," Mon said. "When I saw those pools gathering in the fields, I knew the river must be big and terrible." "Falling was now in sight. Across the clump of bamboos its bank, they saw the rising waters galloping swiftly to the east. The furious sound of their brown, flitting passage was nearer, unmistakable.

"We can't cross," Mon said. "You?" Mon laughed, and related the carabao up. The sucking sound of the animal's legs in the mud stopped and the rain and the flooded river were left to tear the country quit between them. Tino watched the brown water in the river broken by white-fringed scallops of foamy waves.

"We can't cross," Mon said. "Unless we want to die." "We can get a raft, maybe," Tino said.

"This time?" Mon mocked. Above and around them, the alien, stealthily darkening of country dusk was spreading through the silver maze of raindrops. If this were not soon, and he was not going home in a hurry, Tino would have found in the approaching dark the same thing he used to find in it, a sense of deep, grateful aliveness.

They would lean out of the window and stand together to watch the other patient walk back to their wards. "You should have taken up medicine instead," she would say. "I thought you were going to." "That would have meant five more years of waiting for us," he said. "As it is, we have only four." "Four years," she would say, "will I be well then?" "Why not?" he said, "You are, already." She would touch her cheeks, as if she couldn't believe she wasn't thin and pale any more, and then spread her fingers on the window sill. "I'll stand like this by the window," she said. "And make sure that you come home just as you must." "But I won't," he laughed. "I'll come home at midnight, or at dawn." "So what? I'll go out myself." "That's not true. You have always been afraid of ghosts." "Or kill myself," she said.

MON clucked his tongue noisily at the carabao and kicked its rump.

"Come on, horns," he said. They turned back on the road and Mon started to guide the cart towards the houses they had passed some time before.

"It's useless," Mon said. "But tomorrow we will cross at any cost." Tino remained silent, sitting back against the railing of the cart. He knew if he spoke now he would turn cramped and light and childish within, to be torn away by the harsh rasping in his throat. For a moment he seemed to hear the notes of the rain outside vanish away to meet the twilight, and in its place a hundred streaming waters pounded upon a nameless bulging within him.

"I know how you feel," Mon said, as if divining his thoughts. "But after all she is also my sister. You can't feel worse than I."

Tino wondered if that was right. When you had a sister—oh, well, that was foolish, trying to imagine how a brother would feel, since he had no sister anyway. But no, it can't be worse than this, this wide, edgeless loving, this secret, indefinable unmaleness. Once he told her he was going to a dance. "They are my friends," he said. "I can't refuse, you know." "No," she said, "you are not going." "No," he said, "I am going." He walked out of the room into the street below. There was something pleasant in his hurried leaving, a sense of winning that he relished. He wondered what she could do about it. He swung himself lightly into a bus by the gate, and through the window he looked back at the hospital behind him. The bus moved on, and soon the hospital was not in sight any more. Then suddenly that crimson sense of winning paled within him, and he realized he had done wrong. When someone alighted from the bus, he followed without thinking, and in that moment he was halting another bus that would take him back to the hospital.

MAYBE I won't go back to the city for some time," Tino said.

"Why?" Mon said. "Until she gets well enough, anyway. Was she very weak when you came?"

"Could I move a hand," Mon said. "Only her lips."

Mon halted the animal abruptly and turned his face around the front edge of the canvas bunting. "Someone is calling," he said.

Tino joined him at the front railing of the cart. Someone was walking out from behind a mango trunk and waving at them. He broke into a lilted trot over the brambles by the bank and called out to them.

"It's Risio," Mon said. "Tino grabbed his raincoat and jumped down from the cart to meet him.

"Well," he said. "Well?" "There's a raft here," Risio said. "I have been waiting for you since noon. They had to send me because of this damned flood."

They walked together to the edge of the water. A bamboo raft was tied to the trunk of the mango, tossing restlessly with the swirling undertow. Above them, the rain fell noisily among the leaves of the tree. Tino looked across the river and his eyes searched through the drooping shrubs for the familiar trail that led away from the opposite bank, but he saw only the white-brown tongues of the flood licking hungrily at the grass stalks.

"I'll leave the cart and the carabao with some of those people there," Mon shouted from behind them. Risio leaned back, the burl palms on his shoulders rustling noisily against the trunk, and watched Mon disappear in a hundred flying pellets of mud.

"I thought we were going to stay here for the night," Tino said.

"Mother sent me," Risio said. "Because of the burial tomorrow. I don't know how it can be done, in this rain."

The waves of the river tossed and spun and beat mercilessly against some boulders on the bank from which Tino watched the water. His legs stood against the lash of the waves for a while, and then he strode away from the bank, feeling as if the waves would rise higher yet and drench him with his feet high as like the fallen leaves of the tree.

"She is—dead?" he murmured. "Yes," Risio said. "This morning."

Tino walked farther away from the bank, but the water under his feet crawled out, coldly before him, and while a wind from the hills swept past in a tiny gale, the water leaped up in sprays and beat against him to meet the heaviness in his chest and the darkness in his face and his eyes.

Risio turned his face quickly away.

"Mon shouldn't stay too long, he said. #





The U.S. Army's delaying campaign in Bataan during the last war exacted the utmost in self-abnegation and self-sacrifice from the Filipino soldier.

Hundreds of them, like the four above, have been awarded by a grateful America with medals in recognition of their virtues as fighting men.

The Bluemel Report

By Major NICANOR T. JIMENEZ

An uncharitable appraisal of our men in Bataan draws a sharp counter.

ALL of the Filipino enlisted men were supposed to have received five- and one-half months' training. They appeared to be proficient in but two things: one, when an officer appeared, to yell 'attention' in a loud voice, jump up and salute; the other, to demand three meals a day. . . . Thus reads in part the report of Brigadier General Clifford Bluemel, U.S. Army, on the 31st Division PA in Bataan in late 1941 and up to mid-1942.

To the legion here and abroad who watched the battle of Bataan closely and who knew what that battle demanded and received of Filipino courage and self-sacrifice, General Bluemel's report is cruel irony. On March 19, 1946, in confirming findings of "Gutty" on the case of Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma, General MacArthur wrote of the Filipino victims of Homma's brutality in war: "It is of peculiar aversion that the victims were a garrison whose heroism and valor have never been surpassed. Of all fighting men of all time none deserved more the honors of war in their hour of final agony." Besides, did not our own Carlos P. Romulo write the truth when he wrote: "I saw Fili-

pino boys I knew and loved blown to shreds before my eyes—as one American put it—'fighting like rats but dying like men!'"

"To those who fought the Bataan campaign in muddy foxholes and not in cozy Command Posts far behind the frontlines, the report is literally a 'stab in the back.' For they fought without let-up in Bataan, thinking that loyalty between them and their American cohorts was mutual.

Stern-faced except during his rare lighter moments, Brigadier General Bluemel is a man well past his fifties. In Bataan, he commanded the 31st Division, PA. Bluemel is at present Post Commander of Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana (U.S.).

As Battalion Commander, 3rd Bn, 31st Infantry, I too was with the 31st Division in Bataan under General Bluemel's command. When in 1947, as an Army pensionado at The Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, I chanced upon the Bluemel Report, I found interest in reading it in its entirety. It contained false and derogatory remarks about the Filipino soldier. For instance, the Bluemel report states under the sub-title "status of training."

" . . . The platoon, company and battalion commanders, the Battalion, Regiment and Division staff officers were all Filipinos. They had little or no military knowledge and were generally ignorant of methods of training which prepared troops for combat. In some cases the ability to understand English was limited. With the exception of the Division and Regimental Commanders, the American officers were, in compliance with USAFFE orders, instructors not commanders. As the war progressed it was found necessary to replace many of the Filipino battalion commanders with Americans."

As I read the report, it occurred to me how unfortunate it is that there are those who choose to smear Filipino participation in the last war with scorn and hatred. I wondered if, by Bluemel's "tribute" to those who worked under him, he had done justice to the hundreds of Filipino officers and men who died in Bataan and to the many more who perished in the concentration camps. I recalled how the late Major Pedro Deang, G-3 of the 31st Division in Bataan, died at Camp O'Donnel, uncomplaining and happy over

having fought on the side of America.

If not already a permanent record in the Archives of the U.S. government, the Bluemel Report may become one. Copies of the report have been made available as reference material and substantiating data for student monographs at U.S. Army Service Schools such as the Infantry Center at Fort Benning. Unclassified, the report is available to writers and military historians who, for want of a more authentic report on the Bataan Campaign insofar as the 31st Division is concerned, are prone to swallow the same hook, line and sniker.

A letter which I decided to write to General Bluzek; to put the facts in their true light, protested against the General's unfair remarks about the Filipino soldier. I wrote in part: "We do not claim to have contributed in a greater measure than our American comrades in the defense of Bataan. . . . We also do not claim that the Filipino soldier was the answer to a Commanding Officer's prayer. We do not claim that we were prepared for combat. . . . We only want it remembered that we did our share. Notwithstanding the

fact that the Filipino soldiers were not ready for combat, God knows they were there fighting side by side with American soldiers up to the last days of Bataan. We faced the same enemy bullets; we faced the same hazards. We were in the process of building up an army under your tutelage when Japanese treachery hit our shores. America for that matter was also unprepared. There was no American combat force in the Philippines at that time big enough to meet a major operation. America had to depend on Filipino man power to effect that now famous delaying operation in Bataan. . . . Our late President Quezon, without the slightest hesitation, placed at the disposal of America all our man power and resources. . . . Could you have asked for more from any people?

"While we do not claim to be schooled in the finer points of combined operations, we feel that we held our own until we were forced to yield to overwhelming odds. You speak, Sir, very unkindly of the Filipino enlisted men. I feel that this is a far cry from the great American spirit of fair play which is one of our priceless heritage from your great country. The poor Filipino soldier, ill-equipped, ill-trained, and ill-fed, stayed in his hole until he could not hold out any longer. Sir, I do not think you recall the commendation you gave one of my officers, Lieutenant Dumalante, who later died in the concentration camp, for saving the American pilot who was forced down at Tulum Point. . . ."

I HAD asked frankly that the American General reexamine his report if only in fairness to the Filipino soldiery. Bluemel, however, believed not in reexamining his report, but in trying to justify its derogatory contents. This he did vainly in a reply I received from him a week after I wrote him. In his letter, Bluemel broke down his report into separate units and proceeded to analyze and justify each. Of the sentence which read, 'As the war progressed it was found necessary to replace many of the Filipino battalion

commanders with Americans', Bluemel argued: "Although you were not replaced, I did find it necessary to replace battalion commanders in the 32d and 33d Infantry Regiments. This might be taken as derogatory, but I fail to see how. These men had been given commands for which they had not been trained. Neither did they have the military background to handle them. They were given a fair chance to demonstrate their ability, and when unable to do so, in order to protect the lives of the Filipino soldiers under them, these commanders were replaced. To have permitted these inexperienced men to remain in command would have been a form of deliberate murder to which I would have been a party and subject to severe criticism."

Evidently, General Bluemel had forgotten that while Filipino commanders may have been replaced on paper by Americans, the Filipinos were not, in most instances, actually relieved of their commands. For, not infrequently, the Americans were given positions within prescribed Tables of Organization of units in order only that they may be entitled to the promotions which otherwise would have gone to Filipino officers. Thus, American enlisted men some of whom could hardly read and write English intelligently, were catapulted to officers' ranks.

The practice of having Americans occupy responsible Table of Organization positions in Bataan to make them recipients of promotions was rampant not only in the 31st Division. The story is told of how a certain Lt. Wandell was placed in command of Battery "C," 301st Field Artillery Regiment when its commander, a Capt. Meade (CAC), received orders of assignment elsewhere. Lt. Wandell, an American infantry reserve officer, certainly could not have been more competent to handle an artillery unit than the then Lieutenant (now Captain) Felicisimo Castillo whose branch of service and training were Field Artillery. Capt. Castillo was Executive Officer of Capt. Meade in Battery "C" and remain-

(Please turn to page 23)



General Douglas MacArthur has repeatedly paid tribute to the men in Bataan: "Of all fighting men . . . none deserved more the honors of war." SATURDAY MAGAZINE



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Werlino E. Viado demonstrates to Rizal City police how he broke into the residence of Major Juan Lopez, one instance when his designs were frustrated.



A Russian girl, Nina Svidovsky, was among Viado's victims. Above, he shows how, at gun point, he robbed the girl of cash and a watch in her own bedroom.

PAGE 10



In Thomas McCarthy's kitchen, Viado nonchalantly took a snack of cakes and milk before he held up his victim and frisked him of cash and a .38" pistol.

Portrait of a Social Menace

The short, unhappy career of Werlino E. Viado.

By ANGEL QUIAMBAO

WERLINO E. VIADO, a provincial who made crime pay in two cities, is an example of what gangster movies can do to shape a boy's impressionable mind. A rabid cinema fan while still in short pants, he would sit hours on end in thrilled attention and watch the same gangster thriller three or four times.

Crime standouts like Chicago's Al Capone and Dillinger and Tondo's Asiong Salonga were Viado's early idols. And, like most criminals whose career must come to an abrupt and sorry end sooner or later, he too provided proof of the truth of the police dictum that "crime does not pay." Only eighteen years old last September, he is now serving a life term in Muntinglupa for a slaying in Rizal City last year.

Viado early dreamed of becoming a city gang leader and acquiring the glamor and affluence of Capone. Although he did not realize his ambition and only became the ready tool of his more intelligent associates, this Masinloc (Zambales) native broke practically every law in the statutes before the law caught up with him.

A peculiar quirk of this young criminal was the urge to rob when his birthday in September approached. A glance at his long police record will show that about 80 per cent of his crimes were committed in August and early in September. As a matter of fact, the desire to fondle much money on his birthday so overwhelmed him that he escaped from the national penitentiary in Muntinglupa and perpetrated a series of robberies in Rizal and Cavite which

netted him a total haul of over P4,000 in cash and jewels.

He did not enjoy this loot on his natal day, though. After a third robbery in Cavite City, the cops collared him. All the three robberies were pinned on him, and he received a total sentence of ten years imprisonment for the new crimes.

This additional load was shrugged off by Viado with his characteristic boyish bravado. "I'm a life term," he grinned. "Ten more years will not bother me a bit."

VIADO'S boyhood was one despair after another for his parents. While the other boys of Masinloc busied themselves with their primers, Viado flitted candies and cigarettes from corner *tiendas*. He had several unrecorded brushes with town constables who forgave him at his parents' intercession.

Every time a gangster picture was billed at a theatre in neighboring Olongapo, the boy ransacked his father's pockets or his mother's *alokasya* for admission money. But it was a 1927 issue of an American crime magazine, part of a loot from a corner store, that sparked his determination to take up crime seriously and make it a paying proposition.

The magazine played up in blatant pictorials the exploits of Chicago gangsters. Although he could not read one word of English, the pictures were sufficiently eloquent for him. He had read in vernacular publications about the feats of Asiong Salonga and although they impressed him, they did not decisively influence his (Please turn to page 24)



Parallel In Indonesia

By HERNANDO G. COSIO ✓

A FILIPINO in the streets of Djokjakarta or Batavia would feel at home and at ease among people who look, eat, dress and comport themselves like his own countrymen in the Philippines. Indonesians speak various languages and dialects, but many native words are similar, if not identical, in sound and significance to Filipino terms.

On the other hand, some of my friends from Java and Celebes, who are stationed in Manila, are accepted without question as Filipinos, because they look so autochthonous as the next fellow, and they could maintain the illusion indefinitely, if they so desired, with the simple use of English as their medium of conversation. They, too, are at home in our climate, with our foods, customs, and manner of living. The revelation that they are "foreigners" comes more as a surprise than anything else.

And yet, very few Filipinos have bothered to get really acquainted with their brother Indonesians as they have done with their brother Americans and cousins from Spain, or *compadres* from China. It is amazing, if not embarrassing, how estranged from each other Filipinos and Indonesians have

been, coming as they do from the same Malay stock, the same ethnic origins, with almost a back-to-back geographic proximity.

The Netherlands East Indies, now officially designated Indonesia, form the major part of the Malayan archipelago, with a total area of 774,000 square miles. From the northwestern part of Sumatra to the eastern boundary of Dutch New Guinea is a territorial expanse measuring longer than the United States from coast to coast.

The most important part of Indonesia is Java, not the largest island in the group but certainly the most densely populated. On an area of a little more than 50,000 square miles are some 44 million people, or a density of more than 825 inhabitants to the square mile—easily the most crowded area in the world.

Indonesia's total population is around 72 millions, or a distribution of 83 persons per square mile. That national average fluctuates from Java's peak density of population to the low figure of 27.8 heads per square mile in the vast Outer Provinces.

The overwhelming majority of Indonesians are of Malay stock,

with less than 3 per cent made up of non-indigenous stock, 0.4 per cent Europeans and 2.03 per cent Chinese. New Guinea and its adjacent islands are peopled by Papuans.

No less than 25 different languages and 250 dialects are spoken. Religions embraced are Catholicism, Protestantism, Islamic or Mohammedanism, and Confucianism or Buddhism.

Indonesia's soil is highly fertile due to its volcanic origin. Lying astride the equator, this archipelago is a barrier between the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and its numerous islands form stepping stones from Asia to Australia. This insular character has favored cultural differentiation and accounts for the diversity of tongues, religions and customs.

At the beginning of the Christian era, these islands of the East Indian archipelago, vaguely known to the ancient Greek geographer Ptolemy as the "Gold and Silver Islands," began receiving the impact of waves of Hindu immigration, which lasted for 15 centuries and deeply affected the outward forms of Indonesian life and culture.

Ties with China are believed to

have been as old as Indonesia's relationship with India. In 1292, Marco Polo visited Sumatra on his trip home from the court of Kublai Khan. At Perlak, he found Islam predominant. In 1596, the first Dutch ship arrived at Bantam harbor, in Java.

In the light of history, and from the viewpoint of a Filipino, one could easily detect parallels in the upsurge of Indonesia from a Dutch colony to a freedom-seeking nation of the awakened Far East. Almost identical problems face Indonesians as those which Filipinos have faced and solved.

Both nations have had to endure centuries of colonial oppression—the Philippines under Spain, Indonesia under the Dutch. Both peoples have had to choose from attaining their emancipation through violence or through peaceful methods. Both peoples have succumbed to conquest by Japan. Both have suffered internal dissension, grappled with educational and health problems, been enticed by foreign "isms" and radical ideologies.

In the course of their parallel climb to sovereign nationhood, outstanding leaders have been (Please turn to the next page)

Parallel In Indonesia

Continued

born, innocent thousands sacrificed, betrayals made side by side with selfless acts of heroism. Rizal, Mabini, Bonifacio and del Pilar have seen their noble prototypes in Indonesia. Both countries have had their "hot-heads" and implacables, their martyrs as well as collaborators, their mystics and fanatics, their dreamers and idealists.

It has taken the Philippines less time to gain its sovereignty, through peaceful and democratic processes. Indonesia's fight for freedom has been hampered with more difficulties—external as well as internal, and complicated by international factors and post-war exigencies. But the future is brightening for our brother Indonesians, who are about to set up, after many delays and set-backs, a United States of Indonesia, sovereign and co-equal to the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

Before this signal event, however, Indonesia will have to undergo a brief period of preparation equivalent to the Philippine's Commonwealth transition period, in her case an Interim Federal Government to be headed by an all-Indonesian executive triumvirate, working with a representative body of legislators drawn from all *dawrahs* and *negeras* (autonomous states and special territories). Until the USI is formed and inaugurated, sometime in 1949 there will be a High Commissioner for the Crown, just as there was an American High Commissioner here during the Commonwealth. Last of the long line of governors-General in Indonesia was Dr. Hubertus van Mook, proto-type of U. S. Governors-General Leonard Wood and Dwight Davis.

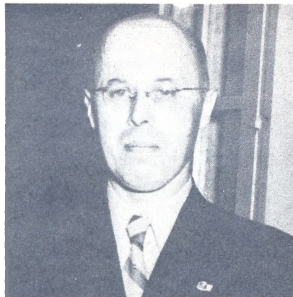
On the economic side, Indo-Philippine parallels are maintained by similarity of products. In fact, the two neighbors are competitors in world markets in such common products as copra, coconut oil, sugar, rice, spices, and forest products. Both are basically agricultural countries, with rice as the staple food of the people. Both need imported tools, capital and know-how. Both are striving to emerge from the cocoon of agricultural economy to a post-war blend of industrialization based upon its agricultural resources.

There is room for cooperation instead of competition among Indonesians and Filipinos. The world is in need of their copra, quinine, rubber, tea and spices. They are both rich in minerals like petroleum, chromite, tin and coal. They share adjoining waters rich in pearls, shells and fishing potentials.

Together, these kindred races of Malaya—Filipinos and Indonesians—could rise to greatness, prosperity and leadership in their own sphere and to positions of eminence in the United Nations of the Atomic Age. #



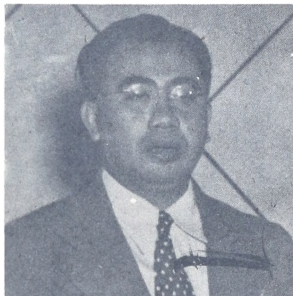
Dr. HUBERTUS J. van MOOK
Outgoing High Commissioner



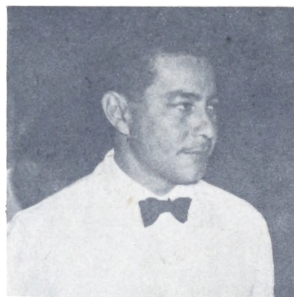
Dr. L. J. M. BEEL
He succeeds Dr. van Mook



TJOKORDE GDE RAKE SUKAWATI
President of East Indonesia



I DE ANAK AGUNG GDE AGUNG
Prime Minister of East Indonesia



SULTAN HAMID ALGADRI II
Chief of State, West Borneo



RADEN ARIO ADIPATI KUSUMAH
Chief of State, Pasundan (West Java)

PUBLIC FACES IN INDONESIA:

THE tide of events and the course of a nation's destiny are very often influenced by star-touched individuals who, by accident or by design, assume roles of leadership in that particular country.

"Strong man," rebel, fanatic, philosopher, soldier or politician, schemer or opportunist, idealist or pragmatist—they may, singly or jointly, together or against each other, bring about a nation's rise to glory and prosperity or its fall into chaos.

On these pages, we present a number of public faces, a cross-section of present-day Indonesia's leader stratum. Some are natives, some

are foreigners; a few are communists, others are "tools of imperialism," the rest are government heads, civilians as well as native blue-bloods; but all are nationalists in the sense that they work for Indonesia's ultimate sovereignty. Even this group, however, is split into two camps of pro-Dutch or "collaborators," and non-collaborators or Republicans dedicated to immediate and unequivocal "Merdeka" (Freedom).

The march of events in Indonesia has been fast and furious, bloody and impassioned. Of necessity, shuffles and reshuffles have taken place among the leaders, just as their followers



Dr. SUKARNO
President of the Republic of Indonesia



Dr. MOHAMMED HATTA
Vice President and Prime Minister



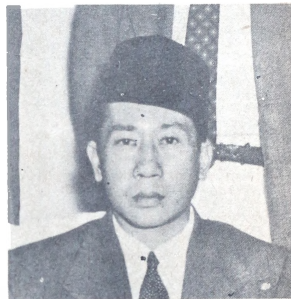
Dr. SJAHRIR
Political adviser to Sukarno



Dr. TENGKU MANSUR
Chief of State of East Sumatra



Dr. TENGKU BAHRIUM
Director of cabinet of East Sumatra



ABDUL MALIK
Chairman of Parliament, South Sumatra



ADII PURADIREDDJA
Prime Minister, Pasundan State



ABDUL KADIR WIDJODJO ATMODOJO
Former Recomba (Governor), West Java



RADEN ARIA TJAKRANINGBAT
Chief of State, Madura

THEY SHAPE INDONESIA'S FUTURE

by the thousands have had to realign themselves, according to the dictates of their conscience, fluctuations in their ideological temper, or considerations of safety, convenience or survival.

It is not to say, however, that what goes on or what eventually happens to Indonesia, is predicated upon purely Dutch-Indonesian actions. The rest of the world is involved, too. Russia, the United States, Britain, China, even the Philippines, and other nations have their stakes—economic, political or moral—in the future of Indonesia. Directly or indirectly, they exert their influences on Indonesian affairs.

This panel of personages are only the immediate actors upon the stage. They enact a grim drama of national self-assertion against colonial traditions, of conflicting interests backdropped by a world distraught for peace, of personal ambitions surmounting nationalist aspirations, of bungling interventions amid unyielding distrust.

These then are the chroniclers who are writing the destiny of Indonesia. With their associates and wide followings, they will determine whether it is to be war or peace, democracy or communism, slavery or freedom, cooperation or disintegration, progress or chaos. #



SJARIFUDDIN
Leader of Socialist Party



At an emergency training site "somewhere in Bulacan," the PC has set up a troop school for civilian

guerrilla volunteers who register at the temporary CP, above. These trainees are composed of officers.



Immediately after registration, prospective trainees are given all necessary equipment: food tray, a glass,



LT. ROLANDO POSADAS
Commandant of the emergency PC troop school

SCHOOL FOR Civilian volunteers in Huk drive are

WHEN, three months ago, Congressman Alejo S. Santos committed his former guerrilla command, the Bulacan Military Area, to an all-out offensive against the Hukbalahaps in conjunction with the PC, the response was electric. The whole former BMA fighting force geared itself for the campaign. Rep. Santos himself stayed in the field to lead his men.

In the swamps on the Bulacan-Pampanga border along the foothills of the Sierra Madre, extending from San Miguel in the north to Sta. Maria and Polo in the south, the Bulacan guerrillas are still fighting, with government-supplied arms, led by their former guerrilla officers.

Many of these guerrillas, like Rep. Santos, are ex-USAFPE personnel, seasoned veterans who trained in Philippine Army cadres before the war. They had seen action in Bataan and in guerrilla campaigns during the Occupation. Many of these men, however, have more courage and spirit than training, civilians turned fighting-men.

Two weeks ago, "somewhere in Bulacan," an emergency troop school, organized by Brig. Gen. Mariano Castañeda, commanding general of the Philippine Constabulary, was opened for the training of these officer-civilian volunteers. In batches of 25, they were quartered in the training site for an 8-day stint. The first group completed the train-



Intensive 8-day training is conducted in accordance with strict military regulations. The first batch of 25

trainees, above, get their initial training instruction in close order drill. Group leader is Lt. Aguilar.



In PC-supplied OD uniforms, trainees above prepare for deployment exercises. They have taken en-



cup, spoon and fork, etc. He is then assigned to a tent which he will use for quarters in 8-day training.



At a conveniently-located nearby building, the civilian guerrilla volunteers are given theoretical instruction in various phases of military science. Above, they are being tested in dismantling rifle parts.

GUERRILLAS

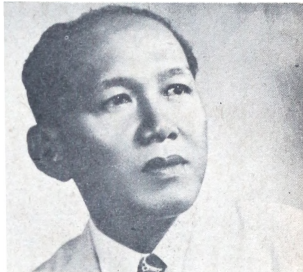
trained for modern combat operations

ing Wednesday last week, and the second will have gone through intensive instructions this week. Previously inducted into the Philippine Constabulary, they are given ₱2 subsistence allowance daily.

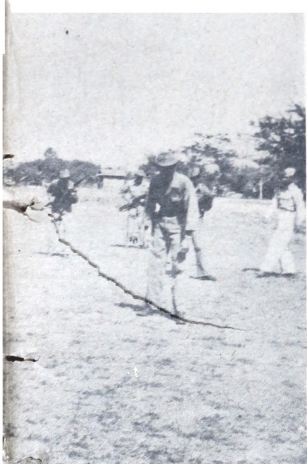
Around 100 guerrilla officers are scheduled to go into training at the emergency troop school. These officers belong to the different BMA units now operating in various Bulacan towns. They are given both theoretical and practical instruction in field and combat principles, the proper and effective use of the different types of weapons, and, more important, military map reading, which comes in handy particularly when the field of operations covers the mountainous regions of the province.

Operating under regular instructors from the PC (troop school) at Camp Crame, the emergency troop school is run strictly in line with military rules and regulations. The guerrilla officers, enthusiastic about receiving every possible training the better to prepare them for combat against the Hukbalahaps, go through the rigorous training schedule in true military spirit.

All the necessary training is crammed into the 8-day period, placing stress on the more important phases. The guerrilla officers cannot be unduly retained in training, as it is imperative that they go back to the fields of operation, where their services are put to more important use. #



LT. COL. A. F. MACLANG
CO. Bulacan Veterans Fighting Unit



Enthusiastically to the training, despite negligible ₱2 subsistence allowance which is all the pay they get.



Emphasis is laid on development of individual efficiency. Above, trainees in marksmanship exercises.

Daily grind starts at 7:30 a.m., ends at 5 p.m., under PC instructors from the Camp Crame (troop school).

The "Filipinays"

By O'Romy Goyenechea

Meet the uninhibited results of mixed Filipino marriages in that lush metropolis, New York, and learn a few things.



VICKIE REANTILLO
Italian-Filipina



RAMONA LAZO
Mexican-Filipina



EXOTIC BAMBOO DANCE ("TINKLING" TO YOU) IS DANCED BY DR. J. BOCOBO AND MISS L. ISIP.

My cronies and I came to know the "Filipinays" in New York. They are the offspring of intermarriages between Filipinos and Italians, Germans, Irish, Canadians, Hungarians, Greeks and Mexicans. American born, they take on the vivid manners and picturesque speech of their country of adoption, and for a newcomer from the Philippines, unused to America and American ways, they meant the difference between staying indoors and feeling helpless and homesick and going out and doing things.

We were introduced to them as the NYU kids—for New York University where we were taking meteorology subjects as pensionados of the Philippine government. They did most of the talking and the wise-cracking, although, honestly, I found their jokes and their lines rather stereotyped and thread-bare. Here are samples of what I mean—"Say, whattava want for a dime—a blonde?" "Aw don't hand me that line, ya jerk!" "You know what's good with a radio, you could always shut it off when you want to."

On the other hand, it took these "Filipinays" to teach us to dance our native folk-dances. It may sound strange that we had to learn these things in New York and from people who had never been to the Philippines, but we always thought folk-dancing was sissy stuff. It took the "Filipinays"

to make us revise our attitudes.

Before we knew it, our group started dancing the "Carriñosa," the "Rogelia," the "Bailes de Ayer" and the "Tinkling" to the delight of both Filipino and American audiences.

The Americans prefer to call the "Tinkling" as the exotic bamboo dance of the Philippines. To say that the Americans get a kick out of our folk-dances is putting it mildly. Philippine folk-dances are, in fact, some of the most applauded features of any inter-racial presentations in New York.

As government pensionados our week-days were devoted to rigid study at the College of Engineering of New York University, but most of our week-ends were spent in doing the folk-dances with our "Filipinay" dates. We thought that propagating Philippine culture in the United States was a worthy, if pleasant, sideline to our meteorological studies.

Besides, we found in folk-dancing an "open sesame" to the social activities of New York's "Little Philippines."

One interesting peculiarity which we noticed in New York was the presence of more Filipino-American mestizas than mestizos (take note, bachelor), which made it easy for us to arrange dates. Wherever we went, be it the crowded dance-hall of the Filipino Legion of Brooklyn or the more spacious halls of the Wal-

dorf-Astoria and the Copacabana, we always found it worth the effort to write down a few addresses of these "Filipinays." They came in handy later on, especially when we needed a date who excelled in tripping the light fantastic. One has to see them dance the "Lindy Hop," the "Drape" (dignified variations of the "Boogie-woogie"), the "polka" and the "Boston two-steps" to be convinced.

They sometimes wouldn't even wait for young men to ask them to dance. The more friendly ones would come up to us and say, "Would you care to try the Lindy?" By Jove, who wouldn't?

Are these "Filipinays" good dates? The age-old Filipino custom, "no touch" is a howler over there. "Filipinays" openly say that some Filipino boys fresh from the Islands are so shy they wouldn't even venture to hold hands with their dates. And they seem puzzled and not a little amused over it.

Give a "Filipinay" a ring on the phone and if she likes your company a date could be made right away without parental consultation. It's the girl who informs her parents later as a matter of form.

I would like to make it clear here that we have high respects for these straight-forward and broad-minded mestizas, these "Filipinays." Back in the Philippines, we often wonder what New York would have been without them. ♯



MARION OROSA
German-Filipina



EVELYN REANTILLO & FRIEND
Evelyn studies at Queens College, New York

COMMERCE • FINANCE • INDUSTRY • AGRICULTURE



NATIVE PARTY—Jose Cojuangco (right, above), president of the Philippine Bank of Commerce, last week honored Howard Hutchins (left), vice-president of the Bank of California (who is visiting the Philippines) with a native dinner at the Aristocrat air-conditioned hotel. Notice the barong Tagalog, that one worn by Mr. Hutchins was a gift from Felix de la Costa (second from left in picture below), PBC vice-president. Below are some of the guests at the party with guest and host, left to right—Ernesto Rufino, Mr. De la Costa, Mr. Hutchins, Finance Undersecretary Crispin Limnado and Mr. Cojuangco.



Favorite Christmas Buys Listed

NEW YORK, Dec. 3 (AP).—Storekeepers expect this Christmas season to be the biggest ever—but for the first time since the war they'll be making a real bid for your business.

Last December retail sales reached a staggering total of \$12,641,000,000 (b)—the highest for any month on record.

This year merchants are confident December sales will be even better. Some forecasters set the gain at 10 to 15 per cent over a year ago, saying they expect sales to reach about \$14,000,000,000 (b).

Besides the high level or national income, retailers give these reasons for their optimism: Sup-

plies of goods are better and more varied than they have been in years, there are more eye-catching special gift items, prices are higher but values are better, and there is a greater range of moderate-priced gifts.

Merchants are stressing the moderate price levels—for months consumers have been turning aside from high priced luxury goods. They realize that the day has gone when the consumer would buy a gift no matter what its price.

Competition is back in full force. Merchants have recognized that in their selection of goods. They also plan bigger Christmas promo-

(Continued on page B)

Business Near-End View

A NEAR-YEAR-END review would place business still on high levels as compared with preceding years. The finances remain sound, production continues to improve, and distribution is rapidly normalizing. Philippine business is still above the levels of normal years.

Prices for practically all export commodities are on their highest levels. Take hemp, for instance. Copra, though it has lost nearly 20 per cent of the margin of the price top, still commands a substantial price. These levels are expected to prevail for sometime, as these two commodities are in short supply. Hemp output is down by 25 per cent, copra by nearly 40 per cent. The world markets would be happy to get this year 600,000 bales of hemp and 600,000 long tons of copra.

The brightest spot, however, continues to be dominated by Philippine finances. The banks have continued to report new records in cash and in disbursements. Monetary circulation is above the ₱800,000,000 mark. Federal money continues to bolster

the economy and keeps the balance of payments in favor of the Philippines. This year this amount is estimated to total to ₱70,000,000, more than enough to offset the expected unfavorable trade balance.

Business estimates on the volume of foreign trade for the first ten months — ₱1,371,832,561 (₱36,109,869 imports and ₱535,722,692 exports)—the year may see a total foreign trade of ₱1,500,000,000, or about the level of last year's trade. About ₱300,000,000 will be the expected unfavorable trade balance to the Philippines. You can see that the American money will yet make the Philippines richer by more than ₱300,000,000.

This guarantees the continuation of the high costs of living, made especially apparent by the pegging of pelay at ₱14 a sack (government purchase price). As long as the price of rice remains high, so will the costs of living.

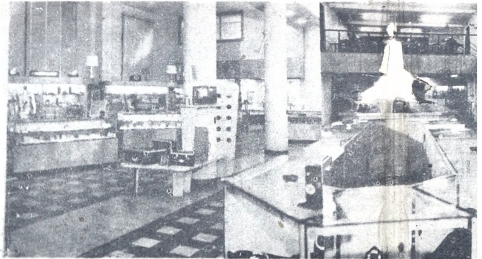
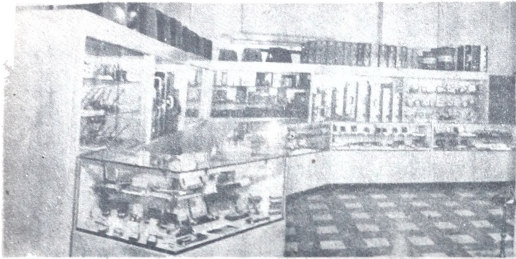
Meanwhile, the great volume of money circulating goes to the hands of the few who hoard them, not knowing what to do with it. (Continued on page B)

FOREIGN TRADE 1948

	IMPORTS		EXPORTS		TOTAL
	₱	₱	₱	₱	
January	91,465,820	₱ 77,219,823	₱ 64,797,184	₱	168,756,643
February	108,417,862	64,500,983	57,166,498		172,918,153
March	125,094,966	50,465,538	47,376,183		175,560,504
April	98,722,256	62,361,659	59,816,210		161,081,915
May	102,703,448	39,137,492	25,287,219		141,840,940
June	77,439,690	55,309,051	53,824,366		132,748,741
July	61,084,044	67,392,503			128,476,547
Aug.	68,968,761	39,084,324			108,023,085
Sept.	55,827,315	32,779,421			88,606,736
Oct.	46,389,707	47,400,898			93,789,605
	₱ 836,109,869	₱ 535,722,692			₱ 1,371,832,561

BELOW—Sahak T. Thomas, 45, wholesale distributor of civilian and army surplus of general merchandise, who has just established himself in Manila (608 Inular Life Bldg.) after traveling 20,000 miles looking for the right place to start business in. He settles here, believing that Manila is the trade center of the Far East and as such will continue to grow in importance. Before coming over, he was engaged in the importing and servicing of Oriental rugs in Los Angeles, California. He sold his business out and came here.





First Year Of Patents

CELEDONIO AGRAYA, director of patents the first to hold the job, in his first annual report covering the period from August 1947 to June 30, 1948, enumerates the first year's accomplishments of the patents office.

The following are some of the salient points in this report: **Figures Showing the Actual Work Accomplished by the Various Units of the Patent Office**

Administrative Unit	
Pieces of correspondence received:	Number
General matters	1,023
Patents	179
Trademarks	945
Copyrights	209

Patents Unit	
Pieces of correspondence received:	Number
General matters	2,356
Patents	179
Trademarks	945
Copyrights	209

General matters	2,247
Patents	104
Trademarks	1,032
Copyrights	349

Patents Unit	
Applications received for registration to practise in the Patent Office as foreign attorney or agent	Number
Applications approved	30
Applications received:	
For mechanical patent	33
For electrical patent	5
For chemical patent	43
For design patent	5

Patents Unit	
Applications received from citizens of the Philippines:	Number
Provisional Invention	3
Design	1
Ally	3
Total	86

(Continued on page D)

HEACOCK'S 605—This is a panoramic view of the Heacock's air-conditioned store at 605 Dasmariñas Christmas season; it presents a very attractive list of note-worthy gifts for the best of friends. H. I. own quarters as before the war, falls in with the modern trend of keeping working capital liquid in its noted buidlar, designed this store.

Philippine Mineral Production										
January to June 1948										
MONTH	BENGUET - BALATOC		ATOR		BKWEDGE		MINDANAO		ML	
	Tonnage	Value	Tonnage	Value	Tonnage	Value	Tonnage	Value	Tonnage	Value
Jan.	19,400	P 282,500	12,423.37	P 360,262.38	3,400	P 179,204.00	2,900	P 43,500	3	51,486
Feb.	25,200	319,200	11,606.00	422,038.58	5,800	248,082.75	3,229	32,538	4	108,560
March	31,500	451,500	12,256.00	435,846.78	5,100	212,736.00	3,990	125,097	5	145,150
April	35,285	524,850	12,787.00	381,983.02	5,280	188,006.19	5,321	146,270	6	146,230
May	38,959	528,848	8,614.00	295,487.04	6,340	221,930.00	5,635	146,050	6	152,650
June	36,762	533,659	13,321.00	394,088.47	5,900	195,742.12	6,192	145,150	6	146,270
July	36,400	558,010	13,247.00	385,477.26	6,400	189,514.06	5,978	146,230	6	146,050
Aug.	33,850	535,150	13,508.00	495,108.96	5,800	185,232.38	7,197	146,050	6	152,650
Sept.	32,190	332,573	13,165.00	373,995.00	6,700	188,148.00	7,468	146,050	6	152,650
Oct.	37,681	504,370	12,817.00	374,455.00	6,200	130,203.00	6,267	152,650	6	152,650
TOTAL:	515,229	P 4,586,258	173,941.37	P 1,368,816.69	56,700	P 1,938,917.42	56,205	P 1,154,101	582	51,486

Business (Cont. from page A)
This is a bad symptom for business. If money does not circulate, the economy becomes disturbed. Next year's developments may see this condition improved or it may worsen.

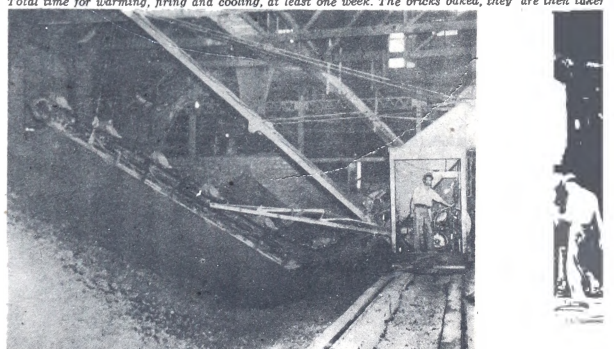
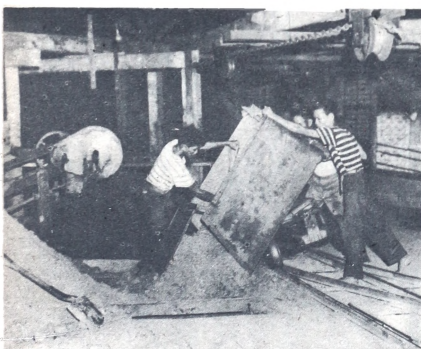
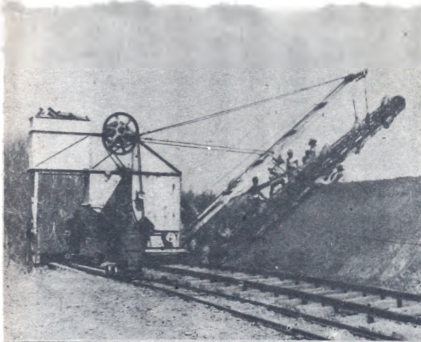
Some basic trade statistics during the first ten months of the year follow:

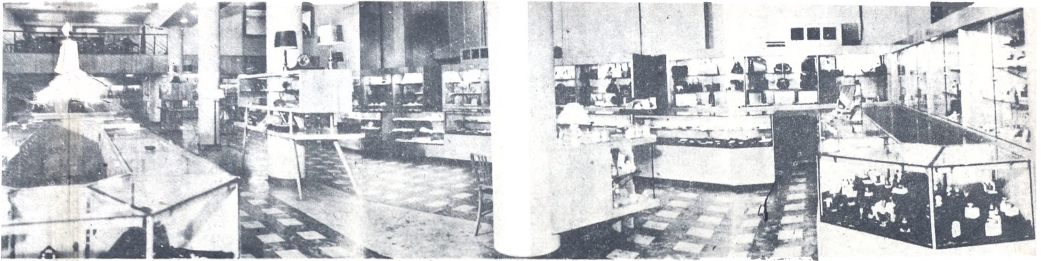
ELECTRICITY PRODUCTION (Kilowatts)		
	1947	1948
Jan.	17,711,698	26,485,888
Feb.	17,664,310	26,244,697
Mar.	20,314,661	27,187,099
Apr.	19,782,815	27,024,750

May	19,414,082	26,516,213
June	18,077,237	29,508,704
July	22,795,259	32,211,479
Aug.	23,592,801	31,369,320
Sept.	23,342,335	32,259,899
Total	113,925,088	261,744,249

COPEA (LONG TONS)		
	1947	1948
Jan.	65,559	84,950
Feb.	88,586	63,148
Mar.	113,764	53,377
Apr.	88,584	56,411
May	76,164	48,628
June	52,149	38,411
July	56,941	38,013
Aug.	80,622	37,797
Total	714,101	582,000

THE CERAMIC STORY—From clay, scooped from the soil of Tinajeros, Malabon, Ceramic Indus machinery turns out this clay into walling bricks and blocks and roofing shingles for the humid climate the highlights in processing these products. In making bricks or hollow tiles, the clay is mixed into a paste with water—the firm uses the soft-mud process of soft clays. Picture to the left picture at the bottom shows the clay being dumped into a storage for mixing with plastic material for the moulding machine; third picture, the clay goes into the moulding machine—the clay is, fourth picture, the moulded clay goes out; the picture directly to the right shows the finished product, each accommodating 1,000 to 3,500 hollow tiles. Time required for drying, three days. After Total time for warming, firing and cooling, at least one week. The bricks baked, they are then taken





ed store at 605 Dasmarinas street, a landmark in the city's merchandising business. In this the best of friends. H. E. Hoacook & Co. in leasing space like the 605, instead of building its working capital liquid instead of freezing it in fixed assets as buildings. George E. Koster, the

World's Business

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3 (AP).—The rubber industry's sales this year probably will total \$3,500,000,000 (b), said Herbert E. Smith, president of the US Rubber company. He predicted they would remain at that level next year.

BERLIN, Dec. 3 (AP).—Communists are trying to increase industrial production in the Soviet zone with a German version of the "Stakhanov Movement."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 (AP).—The United States produced goods and services during the third quarter at the unprecedented annual rate of \$256,000,000,000 (B), the US Commerce department estimated Saturday night.

Personal income was at a record high rate of \$183,700,000,000 (B) and personal consumption expenditures at a record rate of \$178,500,000,000 (B).

LONDON, Dec. 3 (AP).—Hundreds of British industrial workers will visit the United States soon to observe how things are done in American factories.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 (AP).—The US department of agriculture estimates the 1948-49 cotton crop at 29,750,000 bales.

This is expected to be sufficient to replenish shrinking stocks. World cotton stocks at the end of the last crop year were estimated at 14,000,000 (M) bales, compared with 17,000,500 a year ago, 24,650,000 two years ago, and 23,750,000 in 1939.

NEW DELHI, Dec. 3 (AP).—Industrial relations in India during the first half of this year recorded a definite improvement in comparison with the corresponding period last year, according to official reports.

(Continued on page D)

TOTALS		1948		1947	
Tonnage	Value	Tonnage	Value	Tonnage	Value
2,900	\$ 43,900	38,323.37	\$ 885,466.18	27,170	\$ 421,230
3,229	51,456	45,835.00	1,040,957.33	15,329	485,951
3,990	32,538	52,849.00	1,102,767.78	16,500	315,400
5,321	108,560	58,653.00	1,203,269.21	22,000	418,000
5,635	125,097	57,848.00	1,189,160.94	18,500	351,500
6,192	145,150	81,875.00	1,288,637.59	20,000	380,000
5,978	142,670	62,025.00	1,373,861.34	18,500	351,500
7,197	146,210	60,450.00	1,371,719.34	18,500	351,500
7,466	146,050	59,527.00	1,040,768.00	11,400	216,800
8,297	152,650	64,995.00	1,161,676.00	20,000	380,000
56,205	\$ 1,124,101	\$ 592,004.37	\$ 1,114,478,043.61	192,099	\$ 3,487,881

Month	1947	1948
Sept.	86,810	44,747
Oct.	100,457	37,837
Total	807,436	503,549

Month	1947	1948
Jan.	\$ 4,530,117	\$ 3,074,381
Feb.	4,739,064	3,997,134
Mar.	6,371,134	2,675,617
Apr.	2,826,245	2,886,979
May	3,974,636	4,396,231
June	3,378,634	1,498,101
July	8,952,107	2,855,301
Aug.	2,923,227	3,896,061
Sept.	2,261,763	1,019,700
Total	\$9,903,147	\$26,293,505

BANK LOANS, DISCOUNTS, OVERDRAFTS

(Weekly Average)

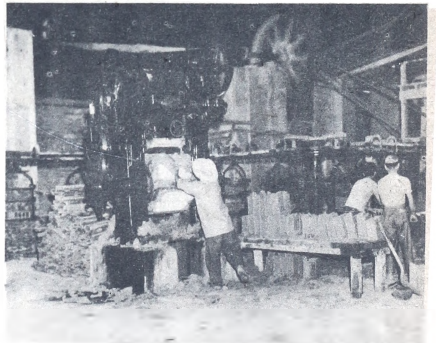
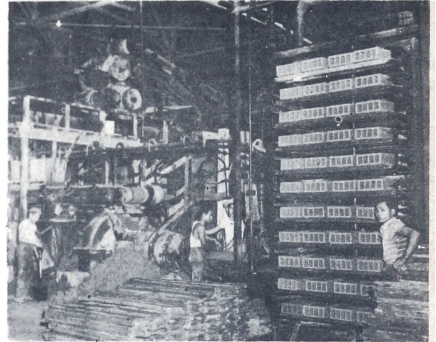
Month	1947	1948
Jan.	\$212,010,250	\$346,436,600
Feb.	244,824,500	350,152,000
Mar.	293,846,400	356,955,800
Apr.	283,460,000	370,044,500
May	298,556,200	381,007,600
June	293,073,500	382,709,750
July	308,546,500	399,845,600
Aug.	316,893,800	408,164,000
Sept.	329,106,000	432,332,750

MONETARY CIRCULATION

Month	1947	1948
Jan.	\$653,266,832	\$783,608,328

(Continued on page D)

Malabon, Ceramic Industries of the Philippines has built a flourishing business. McIerny shingles for the humming construction industry of the country. The pictures on this spread hollow tiles, "the clay is generally mixed with new plastic materials, such as sand or cinders, and clays. Picture to the left shows a dredge scooping the soft clay and conveying it to cars. Left firing with plastic materials; next picture, stored clay is picked up with a dredge and conveyor machine—the clay is forced through a die, which determines its shape by pressure; the next shows the finished products ready for the dryers and kiln. The dryers are a series of chamber or drying, three days. After drying, the bricks are set in the kiln, and fired from 20 to 30 hours, baked, they are then taken to the yard for classification, storage or shipment.



MONTHLY BALINGS OF ABACA, DECO, MAGUEY, RAMIE, SISAL AND CANTON FOR YEARS, 1945 1946, 1947 and 1948 SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF REHABILITATION OF EXPORT FIBERS AFTER LIBERATION

	1945												TOTAL
	JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER	
ABACA							2,174	4,892	10,063	11,675	10,406	39,210	
DECO													
MAGUEY													
CANTON													
RAMIE													
TOTAL							2,174	4,892	10,063	11,675	10,406	39,210	
	1946												
ABACA	12,912	22,354	37,264	40,586	31,955	28,910	38,801	31,903	39,515	47,304	37,174	32,474	391,254
DECO													
MAGUEY	1,495	2,393	9,169	12,378	6,358	4,389	4,936	4,788	3,911	5,236	2,673	2,768	60,254
CANTON										139			603
RAMIE	603	20	23	58	107	108	38	58	39	197	229	123	729
TOTAL	15,012	22,354	37,264	40,586	31,955	28,910	39,076	31,903	39,520	47,640	37,403	33,400	392,925
	1947												
ABACA	43,717	60,879	67,725	63,642	70,943	74,677	71,871	76,430	76,594	72,281	52,741	56,284	786,785
DECO	1,066	1,181	1,011	914	986	879	1,097	812	583	418	285	388	9,429
MAGUEY	1,495	2,393	9,169	12,378	6,358	4,389	4,936	4,788	3,911	5,236	2,673	2,768	60,254
CANTON													471
RAMIE	603	20	23	58	107	108	38	58	39	197	229	123	729
TOTAL	46,251	64,451	77,922	76,931	80,444	80,168	78,041	81,886	81,328	77,927	55,782	58,449	857,563
	1948												
ABACA	59,336	71,125	59,498	63,840	58,940	49,997	38,885	34,833	38,187	34,381			381,887
DECO	411	502	1,127	1,217	747	658	787	694	809	1,180			5,429
MAGUEY	4,578	3,830	4,383	4,120	3,457	2,413	1,370	725	741	444			16,250
CANTON	15	4											19
RAMIE	9	32	32	51	11	132	3	48	46	40			251
SISAL													
TOTAL	65,372	75,592	65,014	68,240	63,048	52,613	40,933	38,493	39,793	37,065			382,535

PI HEMP—This table shows the pressing report of the Abaca inspection service during the first four years after liberation. This year's output has fallen below the mark of 1947. Alarming decline has been reported from the Davao abaca fields, where monthly production has fallen from a monthly peak of 40,000 to 14,000 bales. At last year's figure for abaca, production was only about half prewar peak. This year's output is expected to fall below the 600,000-bale mark, about half prewar normal.

Business . . .

(Continued from page C)

Feb.	645,597,727	786,462,008
Mar.	528,216,057	783,967,280
Apr.	730,141,837	784,771,209
May	714,969,496	798,775,646
June	716,447,804	810,780,079
July	733,678,109	856,745,520
Aug.	724,215,657	834,173,533
Sept.	725,239,914	834,831,236
Oct.	735,054,421	852,879,026

BANK DEBITS TO INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS

(Weekly Average)

	1947	1948
Jan.	¥103,978,750	¥125,843,400
Feb.	119,202,750	125,526,700
Mar.	120,958,800	110,200,750
Apr.	138,433,223	121,461,750
May	110,410,400	117,993,000
June	96,962,750	121,877,000
July	98,844,256	134,041,200
Aug.	99,800,600	104,112,250
Sept.	118,139,500	107,175,500

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES

(Manila)

	1947	1948
Jan.	¥ 4,417,062	¥ 7,427,394
Feb.	4,297,450	5,880,115
Mar.	6,882,998	4,907,008
Apr.	1,946,716	4,585,631
May	2,255,520	4,838,896
June	6,118,054	21,258,152
July	14,223,897	5,897,477
Aug.	17,440,475	10,256,031
Sept.	17,981,500	7,123,708
Total	¥82,675,462	¥72,184,212

CHATTEL MORTGAGES

(Manila)

	1947	1948
Jan.	¥ 2,504,045	¥ 6,595,804
Feb.	1,963,520	3,392,273
Mar.	3,161,961	4,861,317
Apr.	1,494,849	13,891,623
May	5,469,066	2,664,640
June	1,485,515	6,812,647
July	3,409,484	4,449,693
Aug.	16,140,972	6,447,570
Sept.	2,537,342	4,703,402
Total	¥38,166,774	¥38,727,346

REAL ESTATE SALES

(Manila)

	1947	1948
Jan.	¥ 6,030,012	¥ 3,644,734
Feb.	7,217,317	3,879,633
Mar.	7,168,886	4,243,719
Apr.	8,611,076	5,021,023
May	4,618,181	3,129,799
June	3,988,560	8,018,246
July	4,697,183	5,148,529
Aug.	5,627,572	6,192,876
Sept.	7,437,213	4,737,581
Total	¥54,799,890	¥44,015,132

LUMBER PRODUCTION

(Board Feet)

	1947	1948
Jan.	19,394,404	27,047,561
Feb.	18,353,967	30,472,431
Mar.	22,944,184	32,106,315
Apr.	23,258,484	32,046,308
May	25,089,047	31,764,966
June	22,089,608	29,299,156
July	26,861,940	37,574,485
Aug.	24,744,880	34,727,591
Sept.	20,548,206	29,238,382
Total	202,204,700	284,297,174

MANILA CONSTRUCTION

VALUE

	1947	1948
Jan.	¥ 3,645,970	¥ 6,571,680
Feb.	3,270,150	6,287,005
Mar.	3,298,910	7,498,560
Apr.	3,895,640	8,270,292
May	5,264,150	8,893,890
June	5,699,580	10,217,840
July	3,715,435	7,771,487
Aug.	4,428,260	7,569,950
Sept.	7,770,310	7,095,880
Total	¥44,357,465	¥69,815,344

First Year . . .

(Continued from page B)

2. Baguio City	1	
3. Iloilo City	3	
4. Manila	1	4
5. Occ. Neg.	2	1
6. Or. Mis.	2	
7. Pangasinan	2	
8. Rizal	5	
Total	18	5-23

Applications received from citizens of foreign countries:

Country	Invention	Design
1. United States of America	54	—
2. Canada	1	—
2. Canada	2	—
3. C. a. n. a. d. a. (resident of the Philippines)	1	—
4. China, (resident of the Philippines)	1	—
5. Denmark	1	—
6. Holland	4	—
7. Switzerland, (resident of the Philippines)	1	—
Total	63	63

Applications examined as to form and as to sufficiency of disclosure (whether or not the inventor has purposely omitted from

the specification something that will make the invention unworkable by the public after the patent has expired 28

Applications already examined as to form and as to sufficiency of disclosure, which were being examined at the end of the fiscal year as to merit (whether the invention is an invention in the sense of the patent law, and whether or not it is anticipated by previous inventions) 11

Trademark Unit
Pending applications for registration transferred from the Bureau of Commerce 984

Applications for registration received prepared under the new law 379

Prior Act certificates of registration received for the issuance of certificates of registration under the new Act 1,399

Petitions for renewal registrations received 51

Certificates of registration issued on applications filed under prior act 371

Certificates of registration issued under the new law in lieu of certificates of registration under the prior law 67

Copyright Unit
Applications for registration received 264

From citizens of the PI 2

From citizens of the US 92

From citizens of Italy 1

From citizens of Spain 4

Applications allowed and registered 361

Applications rejected 142

Applications allowed but not yet registered at the end of the year 7

Applications pending examination at the end of the year 15

Assignments recorded 361

Wrid Business . . .
(Continued from page C)
cial figures released here. WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 (UP)—

Favorite . . .

(Continued from page A)

inspire a favorite gift item for women, one corset company is introducing in time for Christmas selling a new washable nylon velvet blouse-brassiere. A first-of-its-kind article, the company said, just about can be worn as a blouse for daytime or evening.

"Practical gifts will dominate sales increases," said the International Statistical Bureau, private research firm, in summary of the Christmas outlook.

That idea is borne out in a survey of consumers in 31 cities by sales Management trade magazine.

The poll showed that women are asking for household goods and clothing as Christmas gifts while men list wearing apparel as their first choice. Beyond that, women list jewelry as their third choice, and automobiles are second in line with men. After men will take radio-television-phonograph sets.

"Only a resigned one per cent of the men want neckties, and perfume ranks just about as low with women," Sales Management found.

When it comes to the children, toy manufacturers expect sales to reach a new high around \$300,000,000 (B). As for adults, the stress is on moderate priced items. Toy makers say the supply of good quality moderate priced toys is far greater than a year ago.

The US exported \$11,732 in gold to the Philippines during the week ending November 3, according to the commerce department weekly gold and silver survey. Gold imports from the Philippines were only \$168.

WASHINGTON Dec. 3 (USIS)—In its November "Survey of Current Business," the US department of commerce reports that the number of new business concerns in the country continued to increase in the first six months of 1948 but at a slower rate than in any previous post-war year. The number of firms going out of business remained relatively low, but was greater than in other post-war years.



DECEMBER *Bride*

Oh, yes, girls do get married in December, too. And those who are planning to say their "I do's" this month and the next two months when the early mornings will be cold, may do well to take a lingering peek at this wedding gown straight from Paris:

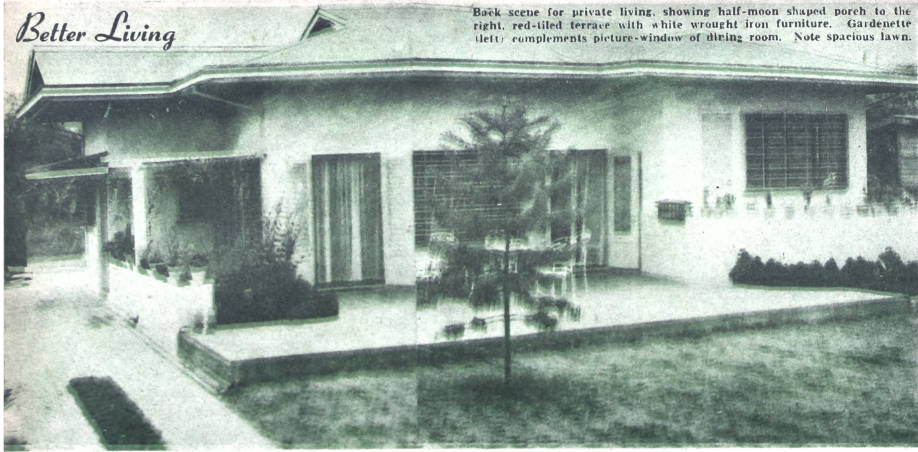
The material may be any of the stiff fabrics now in vogue. You will not go wrong if you choose taffeta or slipper satin or brocade. The skirt is not only circular but cartridge-pleated for more fullness. Over it is worn a long-sleeved jacket, fitted at the waist. Instead of fur, for trimming and muff, use lace or velvet. The veil falls from a bonnet, secured with a strap under the chin.

For that first "after marriage" social, how about this one-strap formal gown, the upper part heavily decorated with sequins and embroidery. Wear it with a stole--a long, narrow scarf--of the same stiff material as the skirt. Gloves can be dispensed with here.



Better Living

Back scene for private living, showing half-moon shaped porch to the right, red-tiled terrace with white wrought iron furniture. Gardenette (left) complements picture-window of dining room. Note spacious lawn.



Money Well Spent

Every single peso counts in building this well-planned, economically conceived house.

By PACIENCIA TORRE-GUZMAN

THIS house reminds one of a well-groomed lady with an impeccable taste and devotion to details. The analogy, however, is not meant to connote lavish expense, for this is one construction project whose success may be attributed to the feat of making every single peso spent in the building account for itself.

This should be quite a job under ordinary circumstances, but with Major and Mrs. Patricio Monzon it was different. Together, they decided that what money they had at their disposal must go to build a home which would yield the maximum satisfaction for themselves and their children. Will power bolstered by a large

dose of common-sense planning relieved the result presented in pictures on these pages.

We at first wondered what costly imported materials were used to produce such amazing high-class effect, only to be told that they were ordinary native materials, some acquired from the PRATRA with much patience.

Mrs. Monzon, an instructor in home arts in the Far Eastern University, thinks that the classy effect has been achieved by the color scheme. In the sala, for instance, grey-blue was used all over with accents of coral pink carried out in a big swathe at the ceiling and in bits of decor in the furnishings. Local plywood which

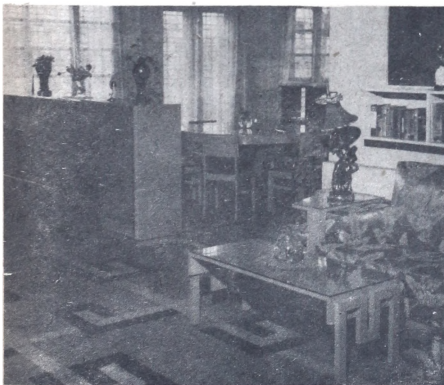
costs three times less than the imported variety was sprayed, not brush-painted, to effect the fine finish.

To avoid monotony in the living room walls, portions of the grey-blue expanse were fashioned in corrugated wood, much like pin tucks in a dress, and sprayed, too. Brush-painting would have spoiled the effect. This tricky device is only one of many amazingly clever details which helped create the air of fastidiousness and expensive requirements.

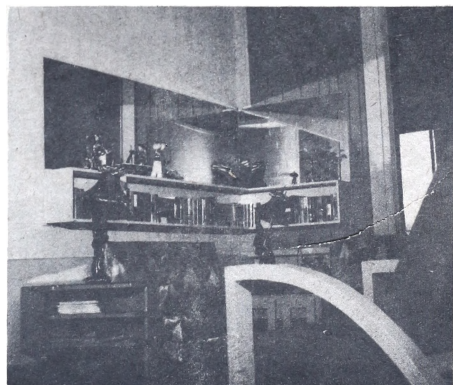
The conversation corner of the sala is a conversation piece in itself. Shaped like an L, an upholstered divan and an arm chair fit together like a glove. Tracing

this L-shape is the built-in shelf crammed with books. Mexican figures, cactus, an Indian Maharajah resting atop this shelf are reflected in the wall mirrors lining the wall to trace the "L" and to create the illusion of space. Two blackamoor lamps, one on each side of the divan, resting on end tables, are part of this sectional furniture plan. These table lamps are not costly but they were handpicked with an eye to quality during a hurried trip abroad. One does not find them in Manila.

We raved about the tiled floor which is so modernistic there is no need for a rug. Black tiles carry the initials "P" and "G"



The impression of wide space is created by means of this ingenious arrangement of furniture in sala (foreground) and dining room (at back).



The cozy nook livable with section furniture, mirrors and books and accented by blackamoor lamps and Mexican figurines. Inviting, isn't it?

(Patricio and Gloria) all over the floor of light-blue tile.

A low partition setting off the round glass-topped dining table is really an old hokkense painted to match the color scheme and temporarily assigned to hold precious china. This block which forms a low wall is mobile, can be moved over to the side of the windows to clear the space and serve as bar for big raucous company.

The round dining table deserves honorable mention for its clever frame underneath. The frame is of wood with a centerpiece-design traced in coral pink to echo the coral swathe on the ceiling and the bits of color in the furnishings. All this is transparent through the glass top which is rimmed with blue-grey wood to match the chairs.

The picture window takes up all of the garden side of the dining room. It is a handy bar and at the same time a convenient glass frame for the cool greenery and bright blooms in the garden outside. Its glass walls are protected by ornamental window grills.

Indirect lighting is achieved by an ultra-modern ceiling and by a wall device illustrated in one of the photographs here. The fluorescent lamp is recessed in frosted glass embrodered with wood carvings. The motif in this wall light in the sala is bamboo leaves; in the girls' room, children at play; in the boy's room, birds on grass.

Let's go to the rooms, which, by the way, are a few steps higher than the sala, and completely walled off. To one sitting in the living room, there is no hint of the bedrooms beyond. A glass door opens on a passageway charming with interesting built-in shelves on one side and rooms on the other. To the far end is the master bedroom, exquisitely simple and very functional. A small door lets out to the open porch with a tiled floor, and shaped like a half-moon. Here, plants comport themselves like well-behaved neighbors.

Pastel tiles cover the roomy bathroom. An all-mirror cove equipped to the littlest detail takes up all the partition space between room and bath.

One spare room comes between this master bedroom and the

boy's room.

The girls' bedroom, in blue, a fact many of her friends, Mrs. Monzon said, could not quite forgive her. It is a most pleasant departure though and we agree with her. The girls have a combination study-dresser table right by the window.

The terrace at the back must have been planned as a continuation of the sala and dining room, but for the glass wall and nylon pink curtains in between. It has red-tiled floor that sets off the white wrought iron furniture set. This terrace to which visitors invariably go is flanked on the left by the bedroom porch and on the right by a small garden, the one visible through the picture window.

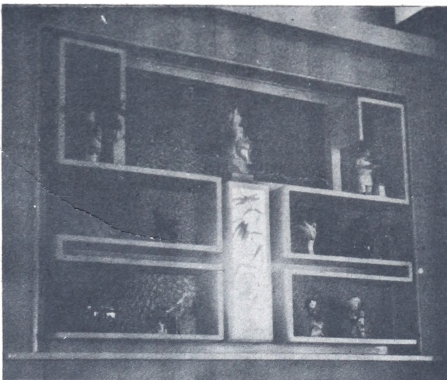
Subdued lighting for the terrace is provided by electric bulbs recessed in frosted glass shaped like a small house and attached to a vantage point on the porch wall.

The kitchen is worth discussing if only because it is located in the front part of the house. Who ever heard of such a thing, one might ask. Mrs. Monzon has one way of justifying it—she says, "when I am in the kitchen I can see approaching visitors through the window long before they see me. I can powder my nose in time to greet them at the porch entrance."

The kitchen cabinets were made locally but an imported touch has been imparted by the fine workmanship and the use of stainless steel for the table top.

"The driveway to the backyard passes to the right of the gateway. It is a long cement pathway with a design that evokes pleased surprise in every one who sees it. Before the cement had dried up, "piko" marked in it. Now, the girls, who love to play this game at all hours, do not have to mark off their lines with charcoal. The gateway has been purposefully slanted. It caves in like a broken corner in order to allow cars to maneuver from the rather narrow street in front.

There is a creek hard by, and a vacant lot beside. Whoever owns lot and creek should be very grateful to have such a neighbor whose will and determination built this home that is one for the book. #



Subdued light comes from a box-like fronted glass decorated with wood carvings of a bamboo leaves. Note modernistic shelves for bric-a-brac.

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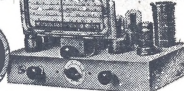
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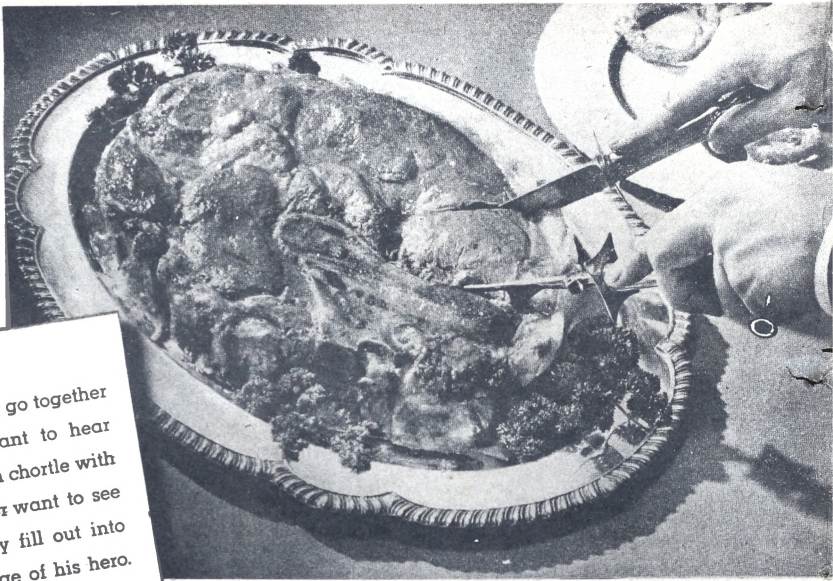
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These two go together if you want to hear your man chortle with delight or want to see your boy fill out into an image of his hero.

Meat And Potatoes

By SOLEDAD H. LEYNES

ASK any man what he would like to have for dinner and he would probably answer: "Meat and potatoes!" Ask him further what kind of meat and ten to one he would say: "Steak." And the inevitable side-dish would be potatoes.

And why not cater to his taste? Meat is good, not only for he-men but also for children. And women-folk had better eat more of it, too. According to a news item we read the other day, too many women are anemic because they don't eat enough meat. Meat has high-quality proteins, the amino acids which the body must have to repair tissues, regenerate blood, and build resistance to infection.

To get the fullest value, and enjoyment, out of the cut of meat that you buy, cook it according

to the method that is best suited for it. And vice versa, set the cut suitable to the dish that you want. For instance: If you want pan-broiled steak, choose the more expensive but tender cut, like salmonillo or sirloin or T-bone steak.

HE-MAN STEAK

1 piece sirloin, porterhouse or T-Bone steak, 2 inches thick Cast-iron or heavy aluminum frying pan.

Cook your steak with loving care. When finished, it should be crusty brown outside, running with flavoured red juice where the knife cuts. NOT dry.

Get your pan sizzling hot and rub with a little fat cut off the steak. Place the steak on the pan and cook, without lifting, for about 10 minutes, so that a brown crust forms on the underside. Season top with salt and pepper, then turn. Cook until this side is also crusty. Do not pierce steak with a fork—use a spatula for turning. Transfer steak to a pre-heated platter and keep it hot while you are preparing the garnish—French Fried Onion Rings.

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS

3 large mild onions
1/2 cup milk
2/3 cup sifted flour
Salt and pepper
Peel onions and slice 1/4 inch marinate in milk for 15 minutes. Drain. Combine flour and seasonings and dredge onion rings with this mixture. Fry in deep hot fat

until brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve in a separate dish or on top of the steak.

MASHED POTATOES

This is the best way to prepare mashed potatoes:

Peel potatoes and cut into quarters. Cover with water and boil until a piece can be pierced with a fork. Drain off excess water. Sprinkle potatoes with salt. Without removing them from the pan in which they were boiled and keeping pan over low heat, mash potatoes with a fork or masher or with slotted spoon. Add a generous amount of butter or margarine and enough milk to produce a moist mixture. Keeping pan on low fire, mash and beat the mixture until fluffy. Pile lightly on a plate or around steak. It is easier to mash and beat the potatoes while they are hot, so keep the pan over a low fire. That's all!

POT ROAST with Vegetables

2 kilos beef rump or chuck
1 cup cooked or canned tomatoes
6 small carrots
6 small onions
6 potatoes
Peachay or Celery stalks
Sprig of parsley, bay leaf, peppercorns
Rump or chuck are the best cuts for pot roasting but short ribs, shoulder or brisket, which are less expensive cuts, may also be used. Cut off a little fat from the

meat and place it in iron kettle or heavy aluminum pot. When



fat or lard comes out, add meat and press it firmly against kettle bottom so that a crust will form. Turn over and do the same with the other side. Add heated tomatoes (never add cold liquid to cooking meat so as not to lower temperature) and the seasonings. Plain water may be used instead of water and tomatoes, but the tomatoes, being acid, will quicken the tenderizing process and add flavor to the gravy. Cover the kettle lightly and simmer for about 3 hours. A little liquid may be added once or twice if the meat becomes dry. When meat is tender, add the vegetables in this order—carrots, potatoes, onions, and pechay or celery. Do not over-cook the vegetables.

GRAVY: Remove meat and vegetables from the kettle and arrange on a large serving platter, the meat in the center, the vegetables around it. Using low heat, stir in from 3 to 5 tablespoons of flour. Cook, stirring all the time, until the flour is cooked. If gravy is too thick, add a little water or bouillon. Season and strain over meat, or into a small bowl and pass separately.

BRASIED PORK CHOPS

PORK is meat too. As a source of the Vitamin B, it is better than beef. Here is a good way of cooking pork chops—tender and moist.

Allow 1 thick pork chop (from the loin) for each person to be served. Thin chops get dry during the cooking. Use a frying pan with a tight cover and large enough to accommodate all the chops without over-lapping.

Have pan sizzling hot over high heat. Place chops on it, pressing each against the bottom of the pan so as to produce a brown crust that will seal in juices and flavor. When brown enough, turn over each chop and do the same with the other side. Season with salt and pepper and cover the pan

tightly. Lower the heat and simmer for about one hour or until pork is tender. Half a cup of water or tomato juice may be added to the chops before simmering if the cover is not tight enough.

These scalloped potatoes are nice with the chops:

SCALLOPED POTATOES

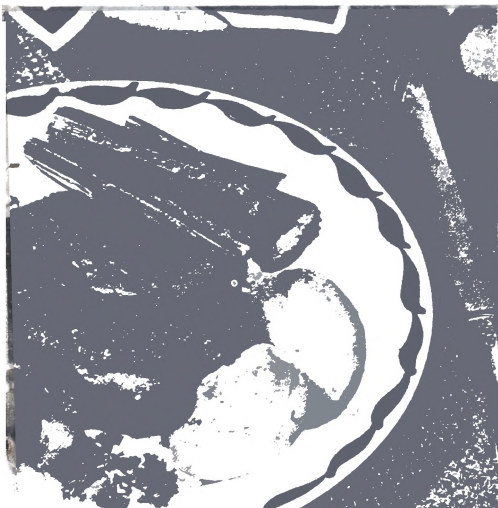
Peel potatoes and slice crosswise very thin. Arrange in layers in a greased frying pan or casserole, sprinkling each layer with flour and salt and butter or margarine, and a few slices of onion. Dot top generously with butter, then pour enough milk to cover the mixture. Place casserole over very low heat. When the potatoes at the bottom are cooked and browned, lift with a spatula and turn mixture over, to brown the upper part. If you have a broiler, cook the potatoes in it. This is what we do: after the potatoes at the bottom are cooked, we invert the hot plate and place it on a "parilla" over the potatoes.

SMALL POTATOES

These small, round potatoes come either from Baguio or Tagaytay and are very nice just boiled and dressed with melted butter.

Scrub potatoes (1 kilo) with a stiff brush because you have to cook them with their skins on. They will look prettier and more yummy if you cut a ring of skin from each potato. Put them in a pot and add enough hot water to reach to half the depth of the potatoes. Add about a teaspoon of salt. Cover lightly and boil for about half an hour. They are done when you can easily pierce them with a toothpick. Drain off the water and allow to dry up for a few minutes over a low flame, shaking them gently. Transfer potatoes into a vegetable dish or platter and pour melted butter or margarine over them. Eat them with tender skin. #

For the he-man (or one who wants to be like him) prepare hot roast below. It makes Tarzans out of weaklings, weaklings out of Tarzans.



Cooking is Fun!

"CALDERETA"

(NOTE: The "caldereta" is usually made with goat's meat, but pork meat or round steak may also be used.)

1 kilo goat's meat cut into pieces	6 tomatoes, sliced
1 cup PURICO shortening	Paprika, salt and pepper to taste
5 segments garlic crushed	Sliced pimientos morrones
6 potatoes, halved or quartered	1 cup sweet peas
1 large onion	1/2 cup chopped ham

Slices of hard boiled eggs

Brown the garlic in hot PURICO shortening. Remove the garlic and add the onions and tomatoes. Then add the meat and seasonings. When partly cooked, transfer the mixture to a deeper vessel, then add stock to cover the mixture, and cook until meat becomes soft. Add the potatoes, and continue cooking. When meat and vegetables are tender, add the liver mixture to thicken the gravy. Add the vegetables and ham. Serve hot and garnish top with slices of hard boiled eggs and chopped ham. Liver gravy for the "caldereta":

To 1/4 kilo ox-liver passed through a food grinder, add

2 tbsps. bread crumbs	Salt and pepper
2 tbsps. vinegar	1 cup stock.

Mix the above and strain into the "caldereta" mixture.

This is PMC Recipe No. 48. You can secure copies of previously published recipes by sending one PURICO booklet for each recipe to Miss Purita, the "PMC Girl", Dept. 4-A-48, 2037 Ascarraga, Manila. Mention the number or kinds of recipes desired.

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A Foreign Affair

Paramount picture starring Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich and John Lund, produced by Charles Brackett, directed by Billy Wilder. Running time, 95 minutes.

CONGRESSWOMAN Phoebe Frost (Jean Arthur) goes to Berlin to investigate the morale of the American occupation personnel. She learns there that ex-Nazi entertainer, Erika Von Schleutow (Marlene Dietrich) is enjoying the protection of an American officer. Phoebe makes it her business to track him down. Captain John Pringle (John Lund), assigned to assist her, diverts her from her purpose by making love to her. Phoebe falls for him out is rudely awakened by Erika. Pringle, by now in love with Phoebe, is called on by his Colonel (Millard Mitchell) to help capture Erika's Nazi sweetheart, whose jealousy brings him out in the open. The job done, the Colonel brings Phoebe and Pringle together. ♪



Feudin' Fussin' and A-Fightin'

Universal-International picture with Donald O'Connor, Marjorie Main, and Percy Kilbride, Penny Edwards and Joe Egan, directed by George Sherman; produced by Leonard Goldstein.

THIS is one of the most hilarious pieces of nonsense to brighten this mirth-hungry world in many a day. That nimble-footed, versatile young star, Donald O'Connor, enlists the aid of Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride, who won fame in "The Egg and I" as Ma and Pa Kettle, and the trio manage to make merriment in side-splitting quantities. Donald starts out as a salesman who runs so fast that he's practically kidnapped to represent the town of Elmrock at the big race with the champion of a rival town. He is cared for like a full-blooded steed, given the best to eat and finally acquired by a luscious young blonde (Penny Edwards). A lot of crazy things happen, but all the goings-on are calculated to please the taste, the eye and the heart. ♪



The Bluemel Report
(Continued from page 9)

eg as such when Lt. Wendell was brought from God knows where to command the battery. A Filipino, Capt. Castillo was a member of the Class of 1940 of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Bluemel tried to justify in his letter his contention that the Filipino enlisted men appeared to be proficient only in saluting and demanding three meals a day. He wrote: "This I found to be true. If it is desired to take it as derogatory, I still claim it is no fault of the Filipino soldier because that is what he was trained to do and that is what he did. I found wherever I went, under almost any conditions, near the frontlines or otherwise . . . the demand for three meals a day with the complaint, 'I am very hungry.' I myself was also hungry. These men in their course of training had been led to believe that the Army should furnish three meals each day. It had never been brought home to them that in combat things might be different and I am convinced this was the fault of those who gave them their five-and-one-half months' training and not of the Filipino soldier."

From Bluemel's arguments, one may readily see the American General's distorted logic. If it were true that he heard Filipino soldiers say they were hungry, a natural feeling which he himself admits he felt in Bataan, were they necessarily asking for three meals a day? Or were they merely asking that they share and share alike with their American comrade what little food was available in Bataan during those hard times? It is of record that the Bataan campaign was a magnificent delaying action of four gruesome months by 7,000 Americans and 75,000 Filipinos against over 250,000 Japanese. It was a feat of military strategy utterly impossible of execution if the Filipino officers and men who formed the bulk of the beleaguered defenders of Bataan were proficient only in saluting and demanding their meals.

Bluemel's letter continued. "As to your quoting Major Pedro Deang, my sympathies are entirely with him and with all those who died in Bataan. I feel they have never been given the credit that is due them and much was taken by the guerrillas, who didn't do one small fraction of what those men in Bataan did . . ." I am at a loss to know what, in Bluemel's way of thinking, those men in Bataan did. Was it saluting and demanding three meals a day? Undoubtedly, Bluemel is of the opinion that there were two distinct groups of Filipinos who fought against the Japanese—those who participated in the Bataan Campaign in 1942 and those who took part in the resistance movement. Apparently, Bluemel had not heard how Bataan veterans, leaving the concentration camps for the first time since the execrable Death March, tramped to the hills even before the ink of their POW release papers went dry, to join the resistance movement which was then constantly telling on Japanese morale, troops and installations all over the Archipelago.

In closing his letter, Bluemel wrote with very little reservation, "I might call your attention to the fact that our nation is now independent—so will India and

Burma; that the Chinese have become a well-trained military nation; and that Russia now has an outlet in the Pacific. If your military leaders are wise they will take all the defects noted by Commanders in Bataan, and your Army will give them a thorough and careful study with a view to correcting them, because if you do not correct them and you find yourselves in another war 25 or 50 years hence, and your nation may again find itself under the heel of the conqueror as it was under the Japs, I believe I can honestly say the United States will not again come to your rescue and you will continue to live under the domination of some foreign power."

Although a matter of opinion, Bluemel's closing remarks, coming as they did from a general officer of the United States Army, may be considered of far-reaching significance. I therefore found it imperative to write him a second letter where I said, among other things, "Sir, you give me the impression that the United States went to the Philippines principally to liberate our country. When war was declared, the Philippines was a territory of the United States. War was declared on the United States which, 1898, facts, involved the Philippines. I feel therefore that the Filipinos resisted the enemy principally in defense of the American flag. We tried to help you win the war in Philippine soil. Strange as it may seem, the defense of our country was your incidental. Sir, I believe that your forces returned to the Philippines not because you wanted to liberate it but because you wanted to vindicate the defeat you suffered in the first phase of the war or Philippine soil. You also wanted to liberate the American prisoners of war. Finally, and I believe the most important, was that the Philippines was going to be used as a staging area for the final offensive against the Japanese mainland."

"To my second letter, Bluemel chose to write no reply. He had, however, written one of my classmates at Fort Benning—a certain Major Dobrinic, who incidentally was our Division Signal Officer in Bataan during the war—to please see me in the General's behalf.

"You know, Nick," Major Dobrinic told me, "Bluemel is getting too old and expects to retire soon. Personally I do not believe that he meant what he wrote in his report. He easily gets excited, you know. Regarding his statement that the United States will not again go to your rescue in the event of another war, that was his personal opinion just like any other opinion you or I may make." My interview with Major Dobrinic was in effect a recollection of our days together in Bataan and had little to do, if any, with what I thought of the Bluemel Report. If the General's intention in having Major Dobrinic see me was to pacify me, he was not in any way making good his report on Bataan. For I was only one of the thousands of Filipinos in Bataan in 1942.

Bluemel claims that every effort was exerted by him to include only facts in his report, and that his remarks were made in the hope that someone would study them (Please turn to the next page)

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youthful decisions.

American gangsters, with their low-slung limousines, expensive clothes, and the fabulous wealth they had accumulated, completely awed Viado. With these alluring images etched in his mind, Viado bade adieu to his native Masinloc and took a bus for Manila with stolen fare in his pocket. With his departure, Masinloc police authorities heaved a sigh of happy relief. And so did his parents.

In Manila, Viado did not fare as well as he expected. He fell in with a lot of tough ruff-raffs who pushed him around and made fun of his provincial manners and old clothes. This was late in 1945 and he was 14. Manila police records fail to show that he got involved in any crime at this time.

From Manila, Viado "migrated" to Cavite City and stayed with some family acquaintances. Here, he said, he did not commit any crime. He familiarized himself with the "aristocratic-sounding" patois of the province. Here also he met a comely girl who quickly turned him down when he learned he did not have any visible means of livelihood.

The middle of 1946 found him in Rural City (then Pasay). In gaudy honky-tonks and cheap dives, he met recidivists and delinquents several of whom later formed the nucleus of his gang. With this bunch, Viado sneaked into U.S. Army depots and sneaked out truck tires, generators, batteries, and other automotive items.

Depot records are no longer available, but the value of items pilfered by Viado and his gang could easily be estimated at several tens of thousand pesos. Police Chief Leonardo P. Laurente of Rizal City cannot tell if Viado or any of his gang had been arrested for depot pilferages at that time. Laurente took over his job at a much later date, in September 15, 1947, when Pasay was made a chartered city.

Laurente believes, however, that the U.S. Army must have issued alarms for Viado's apprehension. However, things got pretty "hot" for Viado during the later part of 1946, so that we next find him back in the province, this time in Olongapo, in 1947.

Records of the reservation police authorities in Olongapo show that Viado struck there with all his cunning and ferocity. According to Warrant Officer Richard E. Leary, of the Olongapo Naval Reservation, Viado was arrested on June 5, 1947 for rob-

and benefit by them. Yet the Blumel Report contained many minor details, not to say mis-statements, and nothing of the wanton violation of combat principles committed in Bataan by American commanders themselves. The latter certainly would be more useful to future military students than many portions of the Blumel Report.

For instance, there was the confusion at Gulot, bivouac area in late January of the 31st Division which was then being held in reserve at the Abucay Sector of the Abucay-Moron line. When one day a lone Japanese sniper claimed an American with a well-placed bullet in the temple, General Blumel immediately ordered the entire 31st Infantry Regiment plus cer-

tain divisional troops to form a man-to-man cordon around the division bivouac area to protect it from a few snipers. Blumel must have forgotten that snipers in Bataan were firing from tree-tops. The same officer then requested for tanks, which he received and employed to mow down adjacent sugar cane fields where a number of snipers were presumed to have been seeking cover. Never before in the history of military warfare were tanks used against snipers.

After the sniper incident at Gulot, I received an oral field order from General Blumel himself to have my Battalion proceed up the Abo-Abo river with a mission to contact and protect the left flank of the 51st Infantry. This division had, it turned out later, withdrawn

from its position even before my Battalion received its orders to proceed up the river. Not well informed, Blumel had thus given us orders to proceed to enemy-held terrain. It took our own friendly artillery fire to tell us we were treading on land no longer ours. We returned by increments to Gulot where, a few hours later, the 31st Division under Blumel was to stage the most disorganized withdrawal conceivable in organized warfare.

To General Blumel, the pre-war military training program in the Philippines was anything but sound. Intergally, all military training policies before the war emanated from the Office of the United States Military Mission to the Philippines. General Mir-

anda tried to open a big apartment in the living room, but failed.

A next-door neighbor of Miranda, who was awake at the time, saw Viado's shadow prowling about in the room and screamed at the Mirandas warning them of the thief in their house. Miranda woke up and in his undershirt went to a drawer to get his revolver. Mrs. Miranda and her baby woke up screaming. Then they saw the figure of Viado standing at the door of the bedroom. A screen separated the door from the beds.

Viado saw Miranda raising his revolver, but Viado fired first. Without bothering to ascertain whether he had killed Miranda,

Portrait Of A Social Menace

(Continued from page 18)

ing an American officer of cash, valuables, and a .45 calibre pistol. Previous to this Viado was twice booked on suspicion of robbery, but was released each time for insufficiency of evidence. On the third booking, reservation authorities recommended his deportation from the naval base.

A week after his arrest for robbery by the reservation police, Viado broke from the reservation jail and was hunted in the Zamboanga mountains where American MP's lost track of him completely.

Viado showed up again in Rizal City the following July and resumed his so-called "Opera-

halla street where Ramon Miranda, a prominent businessman, lived.

Plans to rob Miranda were hatched at a dingy nightclub on F. B. Harrison where an undisclosed mastermind told Viado about the "mountains" of money the businessman had. Leaving his companions a few blocks from the Miranda residence, Viado walked the quiet street, a .45 calibre pistol slithered in his belt. It was two o'clock in the morning of September 5.

He climbed to an open window on the second floor and dropped silently onto the carpeted floor of the empty living room. The light in the bedroom was on. Via-

Waiting Room: 1948 A.D. ↓

*It is the hour of knives, the hidden dangers
Spiked on the other side of the curtain.*

Waiting, as I am waiting, for the dangers

By my choice of alarm.

The minutes slither down from hill to floor.

And poised, twin to the cobra, for my harm.

And here the room is manacled held dangling

By a lone thread that is a heart's desire.

To flee the Damocles fears that are strangling

My valiant presence here.

The hour collapses from its tightened wire.

And warns, a rattler, that the time is near.

Outside, the rains fall spears and pour the grass

And slash at windows with a butcher fury

I stare into the panes my bloated mass

To find it is not I

The minutes cascade down with such a flurry,

And are a python to constrict my cry

—CARLOS A. ANGELES

tions Depot." When guards at the depots were redoubled, he "operated" on healthiness, English, Spanish, Chinese and local residents of Rizal City. Police blotters fail to show whether Viado was arrested for any robbery committed during this period.

THEN came the fateful night of September 4, 1947 and the celebrated Miranda slaying which hit the front pages of the dailies in shrieking headlines.

Viado's seventeenth birthday was only five days away. With four companions, one of them a Rizal City patrolman at the time, Viado turned his keep into Val-

do tried to open a big apartment in the living room, but failed.

A next-door neighbor of Miranda, who was awake at the time, saw Viado's shadow prowling about in the room and screamed at the Mirandas warning them of the thief in their house. Miranda woke up and in his undershirt went to a drawer to get his revolver. Mrs. Miranda and her baby woke up screaming. Then they saw the figure of Viado standing at the door of the bedroom. A screen separated the door from the beds.

Viado saw Miranda raising his revolver, but Viado fired first. Without bothering to ascertain whether he had killed Miranda,

Viado quickly clambered down the window and fled.

Miranda was hit in the chest. He was rushed to the Philippine General Hospital by Mrs. Miranda and a policeman who was attracted by her screams. Miranda died three days later. His last words were, "Pa, Viado: 'Etefania, tell the police to keep on working until my assailant is made to pay for this crime.'"

And the police did work, and at fever pitch. Acting Rizal City Police Chief Rosendo F. Tuzon ordered his men to shoot Viado on sight. A city-wide dragnet was spread for Viado. The Manila, Quezon City and Calocan police and the Philippine Constabulary were alerted.

After six days of intensive hunt, Viado was finally apprehended. He was going down a taxi in front of the Shangrila nightclub on F. B. Harrison when he was spotted by Lieut. Vicente Verzea of the Public Safety Division of the Department of the Interior.

Grilled at Verzea's office, Viado broke down and confessed to shooting Miranda with a Remington-Union City .38 Smith & Wesson pistol, calibre 9 mm. without a license, was confiscated from him.

The machinery of justice turned swiftly. An information for attempted robbery with homicide was filed against Viado by City Attorney Jose F. Fernandez with Judge Bienvenido P. Ochoa of Rizal City court of first instance.

On October 10, 1947, thirty-four days after the commission of the crime, Judge Tan sentenced Viado to a "life" imprisonment for the rest of his natural life." The six persons co-accused with Viado were acquitted due to insufficiency of evidence.

But the career of Viado as a criminal did not end there. On August 20, 1948, with his birthday fast approaching, Viado broke from the Muntinlupa penitentiary with three other inmates. He remained at large for 10 days and during this period he committed a series of robberies in Rizal City and Cavite City where he was arrested.

Viado is back in Muntinlupa—this time, police officials swear, "for keeps." Meanwhile, psychologists, penologists, educators and parents should find much profit in analyzing the factor or factors that went into the making of a social menace. For, until these factors are erased, society will never be safe from men like Werlino E. Viado. #

The Blumel Report

(Continued from page 23)

tain divisional troops to form a man-to-man cordon around the division bivouac area to protect it from a few snipers. Blumel must have forgotten that snipers in Bataan were firing from tree-tops. The same officer then requested for tanks, which he received and employed to mow down adjacent sugar cane fields where a number of snipers were presumed to have been seeking cover. Never before in the history of military warfare were tanks used against snipers.

After the sniper incident at Gulot, I received an oral field order from General Blumel himself to have my Battalion proceed up the Abo-Abo river with a mission to contact and protect the left flank of the 51st Infantry. This division had, it turned out later, withdrawn

from its position even before my Battalion received its orders to proceed up the river. Not well informed, Blumel had thus given us orders to proceed to enemy-held terrain. It took our own friendly artillery fire to tell us we were treading on land no longer ours. We returned by increments to Gulot where, a few hours later, the 31st Division under Blumel was to stage the most disorganized withdrawal conceivable in organized warfare.

To General Blumel, the pre-war military training program in the Philippines was anything but sound. Intergally, all military training policies before the war emanated from the Office of the United States Military Mission to the Philippines. General Mir-

Arthur was head of this mission.

The treatise on the operation of the 31st Division, P.A. in Bataan entitled "Report of Brigadier General Clifford Blumel, U.S. Army, on 31st Division, Philippine Army, Sub-Sector 'C'." Mr. Samuel Line, Bataan and Special Force, covering the period 18 November 1941—9 April 1942," thus contains multifarious mis-statements. It is a report based not on factual data—evidently a product of the strained imagination of a biased mind. It paints as a group of good-for-nothing individuals the same Filipinos who, according to SCAR himself, did so much with so little. Unless rectified, the Blumel Report may yet transform the epic story of Bataan and Corregidor into a seemingly veritable farce. #



THE MAN IN THE TREE

A LITTLE boy going home through a thick woods suddenly found himself before a huge tree trunk that looked like a man's leg. As it was late afternoon and growing dark he peered and squinted in front of him the better to see what he was passing through.

And then he felt the hair stand on his head for as his eyes traveled up the trunk that looked like a man's leg he saw it surmounted by a big man's head. The man was black and he was smoking a big roll of tobacco and the smoke was as thick as that coming out of a chimney.

The boy ran as fast as his legs could carry him and when he reached home his mother said surely he had met a copre. For such is the name of the big, black man who lives in the baletre tree.

THE GOLDEN BELL OF LIBON

IN Libon, Albay, so the townsmen say, was once a huge bell of gold that used to hang in the belfry of the church. The notes of this bell, it is said, carried far and sweetly so that Moros as far down as Mindanao heard them.

The Moros then set forth in their boats to look for this wondrous bell and so capture it for their own. They found their way up north to the shores of Bicolandia and up the river toward the town of Libon.

When the people of Libon saw that the Moros were coming and they learned that the invaders had come for the golden bell, the townfolk took down the bell from the church tower and dropped it into the blue still waters of the Quisambao river.

Thus the invaders passed the town without stopping since they were listening for the bell and when they failed to hear it they were lost and were unable to find the town whence the bell sent forth its chiming.

When the invaders were gone the townfolk of Libon rowed out to the spot where they dropped the golden bell. In vain did they dive and look for the treasure. Many men died in the attempt until at last a wise man said, "Let the bell lie at the bottom of the river. For the fairies of the deep have claimed it for themselves."

And even to this day the people of Libon say that whenever danger threatens the town, the Golden

TALES and FABLES WITHOUT MORALS

By MANUEL and LYD ARGUILLA

Bell is heard ringing at the bottom of the river. And the people are warned in time.

TALE of the BURIED TREASURE

AS there are fairies that claim treasures in the watery deep so there are faeries that claim treasures buried deep in the ground.

In Bagbag, Rizal, a rich man died, leaving to his heirs a sketch or map to show where his hoard of gold had been buried. The men who went to dig for the

treasure were strong men and they knew the countryside for miles around. But so many years had passed since the sketch was made and the men who had buried the treasure had all died, so that a holy man had to be found to determine the location of the buried treasure.

The holy man used a wand, a cross, and holy water, and the setting sun to throw the shadow of the cross in the direction of the looked-for spot, and through prayers that he mumbled to himself he found it. "Here we stop and no farther," said he. "Dig."

The men set themselves with great will to dig. Soon the hole was deep enough to hold a man standing up. Soon the pit was two men deep. Soon it was three. And now the men, one by one, said "No more, we will dig no farther." And fear was in their throats.

For under their feet they heard a tinkling, flowing sound, as of many coins pouring from a heap. "The fairies have claimed the treasure," said the holy man, "and it is useless to dig any more. The treasure is flowing into the underground river," said he. "No man will see them again." #

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This Week's Winner:

The Clock

By RAMON M. MAXEY
Far Eastern University

WE HAD a clock once I remember, it had a tongue-twisting name on it which I never could quite pronounce right. It had been in the family long before I was born,

and regarded it as one of us. My father was very proud of it and used to boast to his friends that it always struck the hour on the dot. And that was true, too. But age had worn off its varnish and



the Roman numerals on its face had become a little blurred. Also, it no longer chimed; it gave off

short, hoarse whispering strokes each hour. We loved that old clock.

Then one fine sunny afternoon in September, 1944, a month before MacArthur's boys hit Leyte, swarms of American planes came over to blast enemy installations scattered all over our town. They came out of the sun, wings of steel flashing in the sunlight. We had expected such an attack for many moons past so we knew exactly what to do when it came. The civilian population scampered pell-mell for the beach, lugging along all sorts of bundles containing valuables held in readiness long ago, just in case. So there we were, crowding the whole length of the beach with mixed emotions of fear and suppressed jubilation.

An hour later the planes flew towards the sea and disappeared. The town was partly in shambles and some houses near enemy barracks and installations were burning furiously. People rushed back to their homes to salvage what they could.

People were throwing things out of windows in a hurry; the planes might come back. Our house, though untouched, was a sad sight. Bomb concussion had toppled furniture onto the floor and pieces of chinaware were scattered everywhere. One of the details in our pre-arranged plan was to salvage foodstuff first. So I picked up a sack of rice and headed for the stairs. Then I saw our clock, not on the wall where it had hung for two generations, but on the floor.

Ever since I can remember I had always been proud of that clock. Now it seemed to look down cast and apologetic for the indignity that had befallen it.

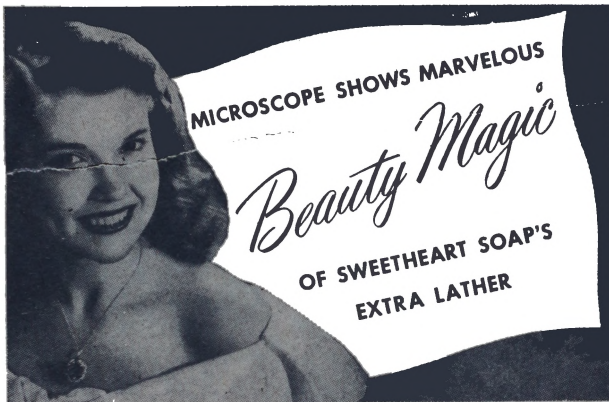
Before I knew it the planes were droning overhead again. The shock of exploding bombs brought me back to my senses. I made the three blocks to the beach in record time to find that mother and the rest were anxiously waiting for me.

"The rice," mother said. "You have forgotten it."

"Huh?" was my involuntary reply.

"The sack of rice. You left it behind."

Puzzled, I lowered the burden I was carrying on my shoulder. It was not the sack of rice. It was father's clock. Nobody spoke as I held it upright. Then the ancient pendulum started swinging back and forth . . . back and forth. I looked at mother. There was the beginning of tears in her eyes, and her lips quivered as she smiled. ☿



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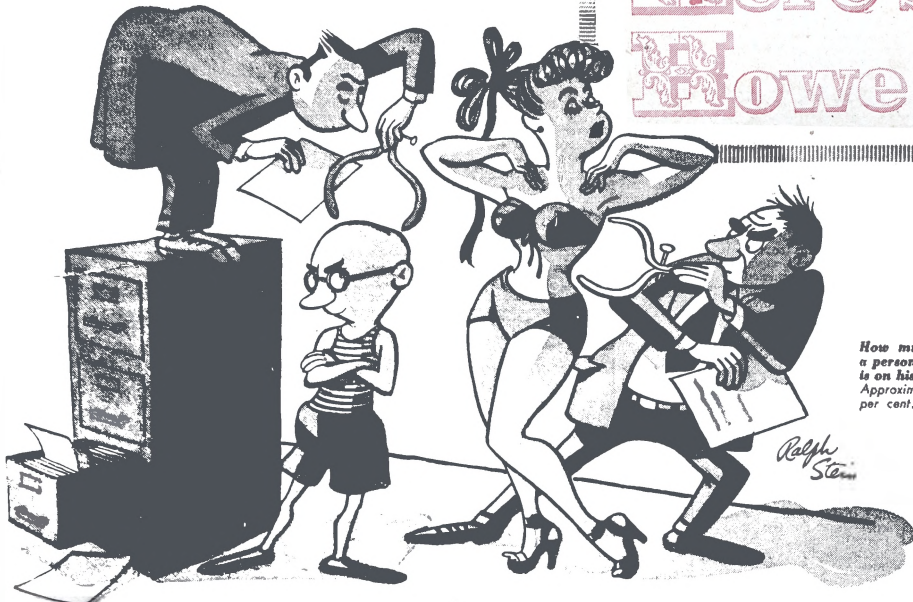
LIVEN in the SweetHeart program of soap made on Station K.F.H. 7000 S.W. 30th. Mondays through Fridays, from 8:30 to 9:30.



HOW, WHERE, WHY AND WHEN

By *Pete Howe*

Here's
Howe!



How much of a person's skin is on his head? Approximately 6 per cent.

HOW high up does the earth's atmosphere go? For all practical purposes it is safe to put the limit at 100 miles above the earth. At this altitude, the density of the atmosphere is about one four-hundred-millionth of what it is at the earth's surface.

Where does a woman marry her husband's whole family?

A woman of Tibet may have several husbands and they are usually brothers. The oldest brother regarded as the father of all the children, and the other husbands are considered uncles.

Why is the ace the highest card in the deck? We don't know for sure, but one theory is that, since the ace was the card with the lowest number, had only one picture on it and therefore had more space available for the manufacturer's imprint, the manufacturers, however, didn't feel quite right about putting their name on the lowest card of the deck, so they made the ace the highest.



Is there a fish that shoots its food to catch it?

Yes, the archer fish, found in India and the East, which catches insects by shooting them with a jet of water—like a water pistol. The water knocks the insect into the river, where the fish can reach it. Although the archer fish never grows to be more than two feet long, it can throw a jet of water accurately eleven feet.

Who invented the automobile?

The first successful self-propelled vehicle was invented by Nicholas Cugnot, of Paris, in 1769. It was steered and propelled and looked like a wagon with three wheels. The single wheel in front was the one that was driven, and the whole contraption rolled along at the dizzy speed of two and one-half miles per hour, and had to stop every hundred feet to get up more steam.

What is the oldest town built on the American continent by Europeans?

Panama, founded in 1519 by Pedrarias Davila. In 1673 it was destroyed by the English buccaner, Sir Henry Morgan, and then was rebuilt on the present site in 1673.

How many jars of cosmetics are manufactured each year?

About a million.

If all the salt in all the seas was placed upon the land, how deep would this coating of salt be?

Who was the fattest fat lady of all time?

The honor probably goes to Mrs. Ruth G. Pontico, who died several years ago. Although only five feet, five and one-half inches tall, she weighed 800 pounds. Of course, there have been men who were bigger—Miles Darden, the North Carolina giant who died in 1857, weighed more than 1,000 pounds.

What is selling short?

Selling something you don't own. When a person sells stock short, he contracts to deliver stocks he doesn't actually possess, but which he hopes to buy in the future for less than he is selling them for now. In effect a short seller is merely betting that the market price will fall within a certain period. If it does, he wins; if it doesn't, he loses.

How much longer does the sun shine on the Equator than on the North Pole?

It's the other way round. During the course of a year, the sun shines on the Equator 100 hours less than on the North Pole. But the sun shines on the Equator twenty hours longer than on the South Pole! There are 4,400 hours of daylight in a year at the Equator; 4,500 at the North Pole; 4,380 at the South Pole.

Is there any one buried in Westminster Abbey who is not a British subject?

Only one—Antoine Philippe, Duke of Montpensier and brother of Louis Philippe, king of France, who died in exile in England. The famous composer Handel is also buried in Westminster Abbey, but although he was a German by birth, he became a naturalized Englishman.

Why is a "ham" actor called that?

"Ham" is a theatrical slang term applied contemptuously to low-grade actors and variety performers. It is a shortening of the term, "hamfatter"—but just how "hamfatter" originally became associated with second-rate actors is not definitely known. It has been suggested that the term comes from an old Negro minstrel song called "The Hamfat Man"—but it's more likely that it comes from the practice of old-time black-face comedians of putting ham-fat on their faces, so it would be easy for them

DRAWINGS BY
RALPH STEIN



How many men were there in the Revolutionary Army?

A Rewarding Experience

By FEDERICO V. AZCARATE

THE COLLECTED TALES OF
A. E. COPPARD. Knopf, 1948.
532 pages.

THIS volume contains 38 of the finest stories ever written by this writer who has been widely hailed as one of the best story-tellers that England has produced since Kipling. Although the stories included in this most welcome collection were selected by Coppard himself, yet, in the brief foreword written for this edition, he avers that he will not commit the indiscretion, as he had done with his poems, of saying that he likes his stories—but that, of course, is stretching modesty too far because, judged impartially, his stories rank high. All of them have an imaginative quality which makes them endearing even to the most exacting reader; characterized as they are by a certain remoteness which seems to give the false impression that they lack reality; however, it is this very trait which makes his tales so captivatingly readable and, for a long time afterwards, so well remembered. Life, free from the sordidness of strict fidelity, is, in his tales, seen through the eyes of a poet. They are all graced with a tenderness which is uncommonly hard to find these days in most stories—

and there is pathos and irony in them, too, plus a sort of humour which can only be found, as John Cournos had observed, in the poetry of the old English poets. Coppard indeed wields the magic wand which only a born story-teller and a delicate artist, always conscious of his craftsmanship, possesses.

It is a pity that most readers have neglected his works. The reason lies probably in their being so mild and somehow so unharmed. Nonetheless, all of them have an enchanting something, call it beauty, and they are written in such an exquisite manner that not to read him would be a denial of the best that cosmopolitan artist has to offer.

Most of the stories herein are told in the first person and the most stories particularly are so hauntingly gentle and so otherworldly that one feels a sort of yearning to enter that nebulous world shut to mortals. And the stories are so essentially English.

The dialogue, even when they become peculiarly vernacular, never lose their poetry for there is a buoyant quality to them which goes beyond geographical limitations.

His people are always fascinat-

Take It From Me

By F. MA. CHANCO



ing—even his villains are likeable people. One observes the affection which the author has for them and their selfishness or their stupidity does not at all shake Coppard's equanimity—rather, he views everything in a matter-of-fact manner. His style may be compared to a flower: flavory, colorful and quietly exciting.

He covers a wide variety of human emotions: love in all its forms, be it normal or supernatural, ambition, pride, envy, beautiful fantasies, murder and feelings for other worlds not our

own.

Such much anthologized stories as "Adam and Eve Pinch Me," "Giordano Walks in Heaven," "Silver Circus," "The Field of Mustard," and "The Fair Young Willow Tree" are all included in this omnibus. The last, a beautiful fantasy about a tree, appeared in the prewar Graphic. "The Fishmonger's Fiddle," a superb tale of weakness and futility, and "Fifty Pounds," a delightfully ironic story, are also included.

To read Coppard is indeed a rewarding experience. ✱

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MENTHOLATUM

Formula: Methol 0.3 Gm., Camphor 3 Gm., Oil Eucalypt. 0.1 Gm., Boric Acid 8.0 Gm., Oil Pineus Pumilio 0.1 Gm., Oil Gaultheria 0.1 Gm., Excip. to make 30 Gms.

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YOU'LL CATCH that love light in her eyes when you dress up with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Well-groomed hair helps win the girl who really cares for you.

Apply 5 drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to your scalp and massage vigorously by making the scalp move with your finger tips. Then run your comb through your hair. See how easy it is to manage, how well it stays in place.

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WHIZ QUIZ

FAVORITE SONS

ALL the "favorite sons" aren't political aspirants. Are they minks. Not, that is, in this Whiz Quiz. See how many of them you can identify. Naming 10-12 correctly is a fair score; 13-15 good; 16 and over excellent.

1. Movie star above, who first won a name on skates, is first-named Son——?
2. Another who cuts a lot of ice in Hollywood, figuratively speaking, is Greer——son?
3. "That's a joke son," is a line we got from "Senator"——?
4. Sherlock Holmes' associate and biographer was Dr.——son?
5. A more classic biography is one written by Boswell about Dr.——son?
6. Singer whose name is most closely identified with *Bonny Boy* is Al——son?
7. Seven United States Presidents have had names ending in "son." Name them.
8. An instrumental composition in three or four movements is a son——?
9. A poem of 14 iambic pentameter lines is a son——?
10. One of Mexico's states is Son——?
11. A synonym for beauty in grandfather's day was "the——son girl"?
12. Famed as funmakers are Olsen and——son?
13. Two state capitals have names ending in "son." (Jefferson City and Carson City don't count.) Name them.
14. The motion picture, phonograph, electric light and other inventions make the name of——son one of the greatest in history.
15. Always building something is a——son?
16. Great baseball pitcher of yesteryear, nicknamed "The Big Train," was Walter——son?
17. First Negro to star in major league baseball is John——son?
18. A grand opera is *La Son*——, by Bellini?
19. Twenty-second Book of the Old Testament,——son?

The first son mentioned in the Bible was——?

HEADS AND TAILS POSER
BEHEAD to measure, and leave to cripple; to gather and leave to heat. Curtail to grieve for, and leave to fasten; a beverage, leave to beat; a damsel, and leave to succor; a color and leave an edge. Behead the letter and leave a quarrel. Curtail sly artifice, and leave a sledge; confusion, and leave an infant. Behead derision, and leave a grain; a flower, and leave a fluid; to study and leave to gain.

PUZZLES AND PASTIMES

Come Across With an Answer to This Poser

FOR working out this version of a famous brain-teaser you will need three pennies and three nickels, or three red cards and three black cards. For purposes of this explanation, we'll suppose you're using cards.

The red cards represent three explorers who have arrived at the bank of a deep stream in a South American jungle with three members of a savage tribe addicted to using poison blowguns on strangers when the latter are unwary. The only transport at hand is a dugout that will carry no more than two persons. So the explorers have the problem of getting themselves and their savage companions

across in this, without allowing more savages than explorers to be on either side of the stream at any time, even for an instant.

Since the dugout holds only two, one man must, of course, row it back after each trip until all are across. However, if necessary, two men can return.

Remember there can't be more savages than explorers on either side at any time. That means that if you have one savage unaccompanied by an explorer on one side, an explorer and savage can't cross over to that side together, for at the instant the boat lands, the explorer would be outnumbered.

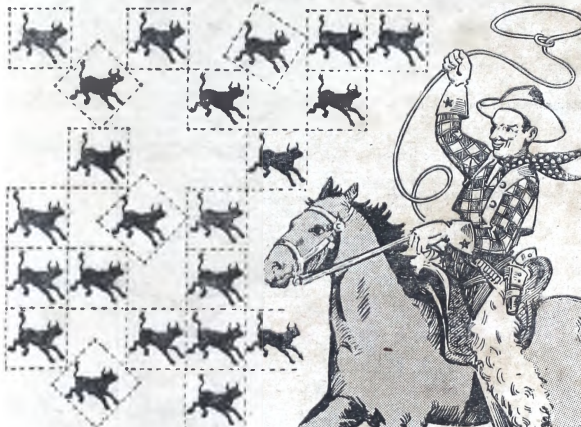
The same holds true, naturally, if you had two unaccompanied

savages on one side.

You can have one or more savages on a side, for he or they wouldn't run off while a fellow tribesman was in the explorer's hands.

Now get out your cards and put on your thinking cap. After you've worked it out, try it on your friends at the next party.

PUZZLED COWBOY IS AT HIS ROPE'S END



COWBOY HANK has a big job on his hands. His cattle were stampeded and he is having a lot of trouble to round them up.

You can help him without leaving your easy chair, using your pencil as a lasso.

Start at a certain point and draw a line from point to point along the dotted lines in the diagram. The line you draw must be continuous, for you must not remove your pencil from the paper until you have completed the round-up. Neither must you go over a line twice.

Every time you outline the square which surrounds one of the steers, you are credited with having roped the animal. The object is to see how many steers you can rope.

As it is manifestly impossible to rope every steer in the picture, Cowboy Hank will handle three of them himself, and you have the privilege of selecting which three he shall take.

Whether you find a solution of the puzzle depends on the three animals you leave incompletely outlined.

Magic Square

21	87	
	51	
54		78
		63

NUMBERS in each vertical and horizontal row of squares in the diagram above will add to the same amount if the numbers listed below are placed correctly in the open squares. How quickly can you find the proper arrangement?

The missing numbers are:

12	24	30	33	36
39	42	45	60	96

FIND THE STATES

THE names of at least 11 states are concealed in the following sentences. They are found by connecting consecutive parts of two or more words.

1. A strange aroma, in every part of the town excited the citizens.
2. The colossus of Rhodes was a huge or giant lighthouse on the Mediterranean Sea.
3. After a long struggle with the trout, Mary landed it at last.
4. Crapapple jam is sour if it is not sweetened plenty in the cooking process.
5. In mythology there is a story of how the lovely Io was changed into a cow by the jealous Juno.
6. Mrs. Spith had to get a dye of a certain blue hue to color a deputy her mother knitted as a gift.
7. After washing tons of gravel, the miners still were without gold dust. This was the old story; ore gone.
8. Mrs. Millikan's asters were the finest in the flower show.
9. No matter what speech he wants to deliver, Montgomery rehearsed his gestures for hours.
10. The judge of the fishing contest gave John's halibut a high score.

WORD PLAY

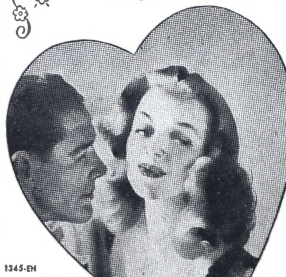
ADD three letters in the spaces indicated, to produce a word:

— T I E —. Now reverse just two of the letters to produce a word of opposite meaning.

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