

## FILIPINOS IN AMERICA

The popular columnist of the Manila Bulletin, Rex D. Drilon, published a diary of a student which runs as follows:

"A group of prominent Filipinos arrived today in New York City (date omitted) and the first thing they whispered was, 'Where can we get women around here? Evidently they came without their wives, and this question was quite standard for government and non-government people. Everybody was doing it, and every Filipino old-timer was helping. The motto seemed to be 'Women first before duty'.

"We were in a class of 50 taking a course on Plato's Republic. The American students were very articulate, and one of us four Filipinos did not like to be outshone. He began to be so irrepresible that he talked and gesticulated every day, almost

monopolizing the discussion. Three of us Filipinos squirmed in our seats because every American student was looking at us politely quizzically. The American professor was very kind and every time the Filipino star talked and rent the air with his two arms, the teacher would nod and say, 'Yes, yes; I see; of course, yes; yes, indeed . . .' It went on for a month — this drama of the Filipino talking and the professor accommodating. At last the professor said to one of us three Filipinos, 'Mr. So-and-So, I would like to see you after class'. When the students had filed out of the room, the kindly professor asked, 'What was your countryman trying to say all this time?' From that time on we never opened our mouth because while we thought we were speaking English, no one, especially the professor, really understood the way we impart the king's language.

"At the International House in New York City, we were asked to see a program of international cultures. Every nation contributed a number, and the applause was great except for ours. The Filipino group contributed 'Tinikling' with the usual barefeet and rolled-up pants. A Negro from Ghana exclaimed in glee, 'This is exactly one kind of dance we have in Africa'. We disappeared presto from the crowd and muttered, 'So, we are no better than the Africans!'

"In places on the U.S. west coast where Orientals congregate in great numbers, the

Americans have a hard time distinguishing the Chinese from the Japanese, and these from the Filipinos. At last they (Americans) hit upon one unerring behavior among these Orientals that guided them. The formula: 'If you bump against an Oriental and he stops and bows and slinks away, he is a Chinese. If you bump against an Oriental and he stops and bows low and says 'I am sorry', he is a Japanese. But if you bump against an Oriental and he looks at you fiercely and hits you in the jaw, that is unmistakably a Filipino!"

## THE BARBER

Close shave: A corporal back from furlough told about visiting his local barber shop, only to find a new barber had taken over. There was also a pretty manicurist whom he had never seen before. So he asked for a manicure. During the course of the clipping he suggested a dinner and a show to the manicurist.

"I don't think I ought to," she said demurely. "I'm married, you see."

"Ask your husband," the corporal suggested, "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"Ask him yourself," returned the manicurist. "He's shaving you." — *Broadcaster.*