"tow old are youther. Cook?" was the blunt guishim thought me by the girl at the towert 46. I replaced truthfully, not in the loast offerded Tough Gegr Contract by her directness. You look ray young, novelets 36" was the (1) Ask Aida Brenach wording floth arm haspense. It appeal was of the Europe Hot she might at light have sovied ble anaver, before authorize the quadrier. Thegir was a Filipina. Thir says it all. Open, honest, anocent, direct. I'd ame been bought also her office by ano Fillipling on my first morning in Prairie. Two specified like a long lost brother as my finance overeally inhandwised me to all the god's in the office. Then use remindly deduct loses m lie were shown some souts, at interprese, but before our bottoms had home than waitings the leather, we were asked to more to some other drains near to a nather more augment appointed dock that game us more space. Parcie Promotion entered! We had joined the "Gring form a Friend scheme under the borner of Philippine FIN Home, Your Home. 0 = "How did you west" the curpon gir baking the deck asked. These werent officient girls asking (2) would like to write to an English own too

No animosity, just open binduiess. "You have triends in Marile! I you asked Only Arina "But now you have all of in for friends too she replied mound gestining to all the girls in the office. We were amin our 8 vouchers - in effect raffle tickets which we duly completed with our details as Visitar and Sponsor, respectively, Alank Aida. The proces were wonderful; the charles of warning as slim too any other reffle, but it was worth all the wating on the tickers just to receive such a we come.

Welcome to the Philippines

"How old are you, Mr. Cook?", was the blunt question thrown at me by the girl at the tourist office.

"46", I replied truthfully, not in the least offended by her directness.

"You look very young, more like 36", was her flattering response.

My only thought was the cynical view of the European that she might at least have said the answer before asking the question.

The girl was a Filipina. That says it all. Open, honest, innocent, direct.

I'd been brought into her office by another Filipina on my first morning in Manila. I was greeted like along lost brother as my friend proudly introduced me to all the girls in the office. They were genuinely pleased to see me. We were shown to some seats, just emptied, but before our bottoms had more than lightly polished the leather, we were asked to move to some other chairs near to a more sumptuously appointed desk that gave us more space. Rapid promotion indeed! We had joined the 'Bring home a friend' scheme under the banner of 'Philippines – My home; Your home'.

"How did you meet?", the curious girl behind the desk asked. These weren't officious girls asking officious questions.

"We wrote letters" was Aida's reply. All smiles.

"Then perhaps Alan will write to me. I would like to write to an Englishman", was the girl's response aimed at me. Relaxing soft laughter followed. No animosity; just open friendliness.

"You have friends in Manila?", I was asked.

"Only Aida".

"But now you have all of us for friends too", she replied, gesturing to all the smiling girls in the office.

We were given out 8 vouchers – in effect, raffle tickets, which we duly completed with our details as visitor and sponsor respectively, Alan and Aida.

The prizes were wonderful, the chances of winning as slim as any other raffle, but it was worth all the writing on the tickets just to receive such a welcome.