

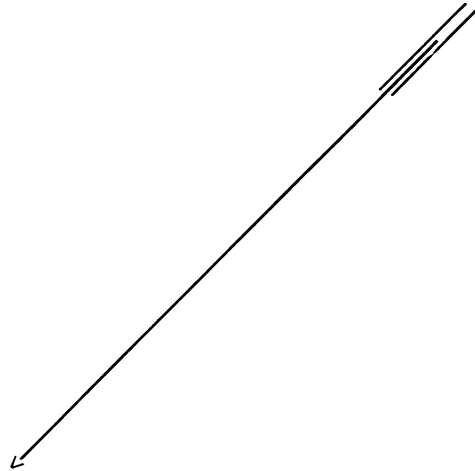
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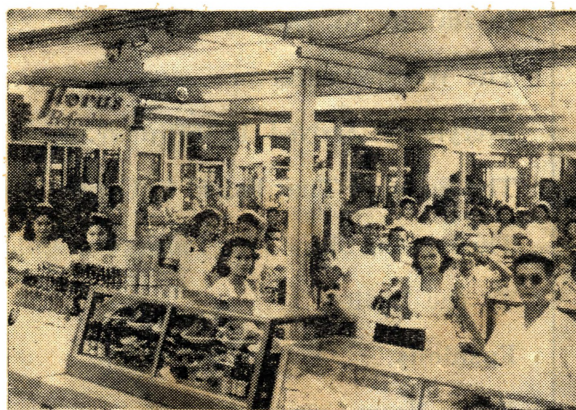
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PACO MARKET VENDORS ASSOCIATION



The picture above is a group of officers of the Paco Market Stall Holders' Ass'n., together with the market officials also of Paco. Among those who are in the picture are Market Masters Manuel Ballelos and Alipio Santos, Emiliano Bautista, assistant market master, Benjamin Zaide, sanitary inspector, Alfonzo Gaziñgan, president of the Paco Market Stall Holders' Ass'n., Pedro Mendoza, chairman of the Board of Directors, Pascual Garcia, vice-president of the Association, Emiliano Rafols, secretary, Severino Castro, assistant secretary, Miss Amparo Ruiz, treasurer, Mrs. Maximina Verdote, sub-treasurer; Pedro Jacinto, Juan Asperos, Domingo Laroga, Francisco Reyes, Mrs. Julita Evangelista, Oscar Peñalosa, Jose Racela, all members of the Board of Directors.



Cooked Food Section of Paco Market which won first prize in a recent contest conducted by the Department of Health of Manila. Those winning are Yayang's Cafe, Flora's Refreshment, and Baluyot sisters Refreshment.

THE NATION

VOL. II

MARCH, 1946

NO. I

Maria Kalaw-Katigbak
Editor

Paciencia Torre-Guzman
Associate Editor

Editorial & Business Office: 983 P. Noval Street
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Cover Design	BORROMEIO

Announcement:

To Satisfy Public Requirement For Good, Presentable Local Magazine, The Filipino Observer Is Proud To Announce That Beginning With Its Issue of March 30, It Will be the Product of Off-Set Printing.

Watch For This Issue!

THE FILIPINO OBSERVER

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... FOR YOUR
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NITE CLUB

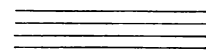
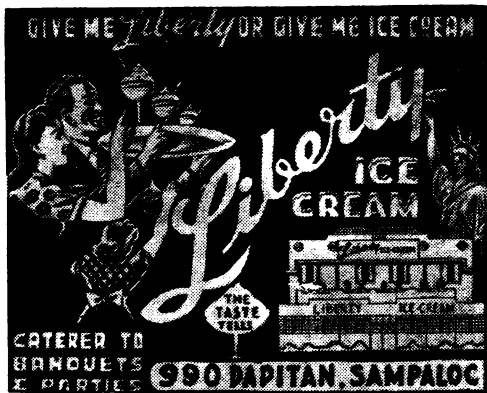
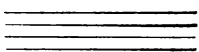
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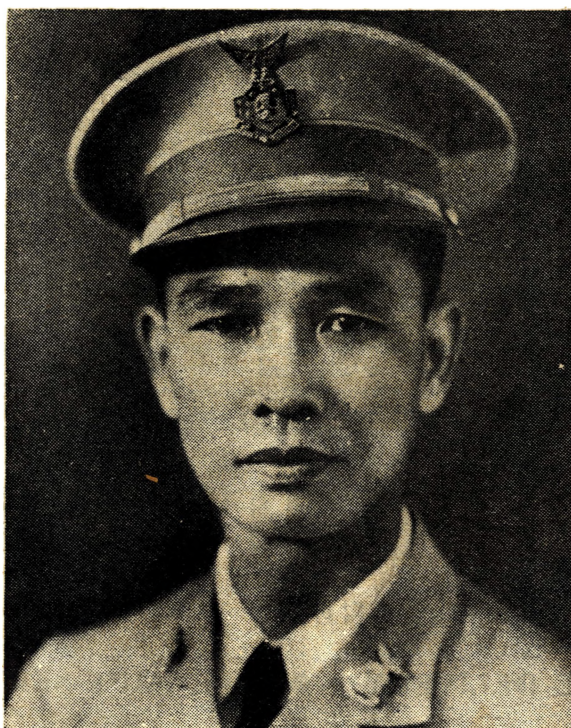
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Capt. CIPRIANO CRUZ
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Here is a home truth, and like all truths it might hurt---
what if it does as long as it brings our writers down to earth

THE reestablishment of the Institute of National Language will, it is hoped, give renewed impetus to the development of Tagalog literature. As it is today, Tagalog literature is just "living on momentum", the momentum gained during the Japanese occupation when, English publications being scarce, many an English-writing Filipino thought to enter the field of Tagalog letters, and was grateful afterward for the experience.

For, in Tagalog, the language of his forefathers, the writer found a medium more malleable than English was to Philippine sense and sentiment; in Tagalog, he found the perfect interpreter of native concepts too subtle or abstruse for translation into Teutonic or Romance: he discovered qualities of precision, restraint, economy which he had believed virtues exclusively English; he felt vindicated, too, before his Maker in employing his literary gifts, not to satisfy personal vanity (as when he was writing in a foreign tongue) but rather to fulfill his community's urge for self-expression.

Correspondingly, the English reading Filipino, having to turn to Tagalog publications, was pleasurably surprised to experience in Tagalog that *rapport* with an artist-spirit more swiftly and more fully than he had ever known with English or Spanish writers.

REMEMBRANCE of these writer-reader pleasures seems today to recede behind the more immediate urge of Filipinos to impress their American visitors. The Filipino today discards the vernacular even for common conversations with his own countrymen; he buys English books and periodicals to read in public—or not even to read, just to carry around like accessories for the well-groomed young man of today; he writes for the English papers—as if to show the United Nations that the Philippines is the champion not only of democracy but also of Anglo-Saxon literature in the Far East.

It is, of course, honor to the Filipinos that they are as much at home in English and American literature (and history, and biography) as their brother-Americans; that they are as proficiently trilingual as any cosmopolite across the Pacific. But—Is it to their honor that they are alienating themselves from their brother-Filipinos by wilfully arresting the growth of their common language? Is it to their prestige that the Philippine Bureau of Education, needing to compile a *Philippine Prose and Poetry* series for the inspiration and education of the youth, have to borrow from the *English* writings of Filipinos, and not from the vernacular, because the latter had been indifferently produced where the former had been assiduously created? Is it to their credit that the mass of vernacular readers who need the Filipino intelligentsia for spiritual sustenance have to satisfy themselves with the trash of commercial weeklies? Is it to the national good that while Fil-American relations are being promoted by Filipino writers especially, Filipino-Filipino relations are waived aside by the same writers as beneath their notice?

WHAT happens to each succeeding generation of young Filipinos who are taught that Philippine prose and poetry consist of English translations from Spanish and English originals? They are led to believe that Tagalog can never attain to literary stature, that as a language it is plebeian, vulgar. They get to believe further that everything Filipino is inferior, unworthy of cultivation

and admiration. They lose pride in what is their own.

Studying Tagalog, cultivating it, reading in it, writing in it, are not at all incompatible with the study and use of English or Spanish, so why drop the one for the other? Wouldn't it be the ideal arrangement if the Filipino, well read in the foreign classics and best sellers could assimilate these into his cultural background, and then, deriving from such fund the values of truth, beauty, and goodness, write his message of sweetness and light in the vernacular? Then, it would be not merely the language vitalized from a transfusion of universal values, but the users themselves, the nation, enriched by intimate contact with the best, the noblest, the happiest elements of world culture.

There are practical ends to gain, too, in the use of Tagalog by the Filipino writer. The writer in these islands will market his products, not in Great Britain or Canada or the United States or Australia, but right here in his homeland. And in this homeland, where the public school system has not graduated so many college students as fourth-grade pupils, there is still a preponderance of readers in the vernacular over readers in all foreign languages combined. Further, for a permanent body of Philippine literature (if one is anxious for immortality), Tagalog (along with other vernaculars) has shown itself the chosen language, not Spanish or English. Consider:

History saw auspicious beginnings of Spanish literature in this country when cultural forces were brought to bear on Filipino minds at the turn of the century. These along the mainstream of Tagalog literature. Then history saw that though Spanish literature had flowered in exquisite poetry and powerful prose, it never really took root: the severance of political ties with Spain wrote *finis* to the Spanish chapter in Philippine *belles lettres*.

AGAIN, Philippine annals record a steady progress in English literature by Filipino authors from 1910, accelerating in the decade just before the outbreak of the Pacific

Calling All Writers

BY TARROSA
SUBIDO

War. Parallel ran Tagalog literature which, if it did not rise to follow the English curve, still went smoothly and unbroken. Even with the Japanese invasion, the flow remained undisturbed because its perennial source was the lifeblood of the nation: whereas English literature received a shock from the temporary cessation of Philippine-American intercourse.

It is not for government agencies to lead in the production of literary works in Tagalog—not for the Institute of National Language, not for the Bureau of Education, not for the schools. It is for individual writers, those gifted with the gift of language and imagination and perception and self-criticism, to take the initiative in Tagalizing Philippine Literature. It is for the readers to patronize writers in Tagalog even as they have patronized those in English. Who knows but that the patronage they have extended to English-writing Filipinos might have produced first-rate Tagalog writers where it has so far produced only third-rate and second-rate English authors? Half the battle is won in literature when one has mastery of the language; are the readers of today satisfied, honestly, that their English-speaking authors have that grasp of the English language that would qualify them for a place in world anthologies?

It is, I believe, for me to do my bit for the national language. Is it not, too, for you?

WATCH for the New
FILIPINO OBSERVER

Jesus Barrera, Champion Of The Tao

Symptomatic of the temper of the age is a new movement fraught with significance, under Judge Barrera

BY I. V. MALLARI

JUDGE Jesus Barrera is small, quiet and unassuming. But mention the plight of the tao to him, and he seems to grow in stature. His soft eyes flash, and his bell-like voice rings with fervor. That voice makes it easy to see why he has exerted so much influence, why he has won so many adherents.

The same voice, the way he waves his hands and drapes his leg across the arm of his chair, even the way he compresses his lips—all these make you think of an older and more mature Renato Constantino. And you are not surprised that both are what are generally known as "leftists." Their intransigence carries an air of conviction.

IN his preoccupation with the welfare of the tao, Judge Jesus Barrera is very much the son of his father, the late Dr. Marciano Barrera, who, like Abon Ben Adhem, loved his fellow mortals—to the chagrin and to the surprise of his relatives and friends. For the Barreras, like the Alimurongs to which Dr. Barrera's wife belonged, are among the landed gentry of Pampanga. And Pampanga was—as it is still—a stronghold of caciquism, where a landowner is not supposed to speak on equal terms with his tenants.

Judge Barrera has inherited his father's conviction that this is a very short-sighted attitude. He deplors particularly the landowner's unwillingness and inability to come to amicable terms with their tenants on the sharing of the harvest.

Why should it have been necessary for the Government to intervene, he asks vehemently, and to impose the 40—60 ratio? And, after the Government has made the decision, why don't the landowners yield to it gracefully and give their tenants their due, instead of compelling them to get it through Government intercession?

This and similar instances in the landlord—tenant relations in Central Luzon, Judge Barrera believes—and rightly so—can not but result in bad blood. Discontented and unhappy, without any feeling of assurance and of being rooted to the soil, the tenants regard the landlords with a smoldering hatred which often flares up into open revolts—to the detriment, not only to the tenants and to the landlords themselves, but also to the general public.

In this unequal class struggle, Judge Barrera has no hesitation in siding with the weak and the oppressed—particularly since, in his opinion, these unfortunates fought more heroically and sacrificed more

willingly during the last war than those who compromised with the enemy in order to insure the safety of their worldly possessions. And was it not primarily for the downtrodden all over the world that the last war was waged and won?

IT is not surprising, therefore, that among the salient objectives of the Democratic Alliance, of which Judge Barrera is President, should be to curb the powers and policies of the fascist vested interests (the landlords attitude is fascistic) which jeopardize the national welfare; to increase agricultural production by encouraging peasants in overpopulated regions to emigrate to undeveloped areas and furnishing them with work animals, implements of production, and other necessities; to enforce the eight-hour working day, increasing and standardizing the wages of workers in private and government enterprises; to give tenants an equitable share in the harvest; to guarantee equal opportunity to all workers seeking employment in government public works; to establish a system of adequate old age pensions, disability and sickness benefits for all workers and employees of the government as well as of private enterprises; to recognize all trade unions and peasants' associations and their right of collective bargaining; to outlaw company unions; to grant loans to tenants and small proprietors in order to eliminate the usurious practices of landlords and merchants; and to prevent land-grabbing and arbitrary evictions of tenants and small proprietors for debt, failure to pay taxes, or for organizational activities in tenants' societies.

The Democratic Alliance, however, is also concerned with the larger problems which

threaten to undermine the stability of the nation. Actual fighting has ceased, the war has been won, and the Japanese have been driven from our shores. But unmistakable vestiges of their power and influence are still closely interwoven into the fabric of our life as a people.

Doubt and confusion and mutual animosities still reign and make the Philippines a house divided against itself. Judge Barrera and his followers believe that peace and order can be achieved only by completely eradicating all "Japanese puppets and other fascist influences in the country."

It is precisely for this purpose that the Democratic Alliance was organized soon after the return of the Americans. It is a federation of seven groups active in the resistance movement during the Japanese occupation—the Hukbalahaps (Hukbo nang Bayan Laban sa Hapon), the Blue Eagles, the USPIF, the FREE PHILIPPINES, the National Peasants' Union, the Cavite Guerrillas, and the League for National Liberation.

OF these groups, the Hukbalahaps—or Huks, for short—has aroused widespread interest both here and abroad. Opinions about the Huks are conflicting. Some think they are plain bandits or, at best, disgruntled elements who find nothing better to do than to terrorize the countryside; while others think they are nothing less than heroes and patriots desperately fighting for the rights of the underprivileged. This seems to be borne out by Brigadier General Macario Peralta's statement to the press that his men have never yet caught any bandit who is a Hukbalahap.

One thing is certain though. The Hukbalahaps are the avowed enemies of caciquism, which has flourished for centuries in Pampanga, Tarlac, and Nueva Ecija. In this, they are similar to the Socialists of the late Pedro Abad Santos. The Hukbalahap movement, as a matter of fact, may be considered an offshoot of Pampanga Socialism—many a Huk having been at first a Socialist.

It is inevitable that Socialism and the Hukbalahap movement should have found fertile ground in Central Luzon. For in that land of plenty, in that so-called Granary of the Philippines, stark poverty and destitution are the lot of the great mass of the population. The cleavage between the haves and the have-nots is wide and deep and unbridgeable. Beset with the difficulties of the present and uncertain about the future; with their backs against the wall, so to speak, the have-nots find no other recourse than to fight for existence, despite all the odds against them.

LIKE most thinking people, Judge Jesus Barrera feels that this social tension can be eased, that this social problem can be solved, only if the have-nots are saved from further exploitation by the haves, if the great landed estates are bought by the Government and resold in small lots on easy terms to the tenants. For the knowledge that

the land they live on will not but give the tenants a feeling of security, of being rooted to the soil.

And this feeling is bound to be the foundation of satisfaction and contentment, peace and happiness. If its citizens are not contented and satisfied, peaceful and happy, the State can never hope to achieve order, strength, and stability.

This is, of course, merely the Golden Rule in its social application. Only, men, like nations, who are greedy for power and wealth, are always too short-sighted to realize that the Golden Rule is not merely an ethical concept, but also a sensible business policy. The British made this mistake in their treatment of the Hindus; the Dutch, in their treatment of the Indonesians; the Japanese, in their treatment of the Filipinos; and the landlords of this country, in their treatment of their tenants. And the result has always been strife and bloodshed, tragedy and despair and chaos.

Judge Barrera's championship of the cause of the tao may be considered an aspect of his larger zeal for the sacred rights and liberties of the individual. As the President of the Civil Liberties Union, he has taken part in many a fight to vindicate the right of every citizen to unshackled thought and expression. And these fights have often brought the displeasure of the powers that be upon his head.

WHEN the Civil Liberties Union, for example, attacked the so-called partyless democracy of the late President Quezon as an unmistakable trend toward a form of Fascism similar to that of Portugal, the fiery Boss of Malacañan, in a fit of Olympian wrath, threatened to hang every member of the Union on a lamp post and brought to bear official pressure on all government officials and employees belonging to the Union to give up their membership in it—or else! Promptly, with the exception of Jesus Barrera and two other judges, all those affected by the order fled with their tails between their quaking legs, as it were—including a high official of the institution generally considered the outpost of academic freedom in the Far East, and two eminent writers who had been vociferating on freedom and democracy.

Judge Jesus Barrera cannot veil the note of amusement in his voice when he recalls the renegation of these faint-hearted apostles of freedom. "After all," he says, "all that President Quezon was able to do to us who remained with the Civil Liberties Union was to withhold our three-month advance pay."

If Judge Barrera is unmoved by pressure, he is equally wary of subtle attempts to undermine his defenses with tempting offers. He is too wise not to be aware that his strength lies in his integrity.

As symptomatic of the temper of the age, this new movement under the leadership of Judge Jesus Barrera is fraught with far-reaching significance. It means that the people of this country are no longer satisfied with the empty shell of democracy—even with its gaudy trappings. They are beginning to clamor for the substance—equality of opportunity and before the law, the guarantee of the four freedoms, the concept that the government exists for the benefit of the people. The outcome of the war itself has pointed towards the prevalence and universal acceptance of this new social philosophy.

FAR from being radical and fantastic and inimical to progress, this philosophy is itself a sign of progress—that the principles

(Continued on page 26)

Maria Went To Town

THERE are days, said Maria dreamily, her eyes half-closed with fancy thinking, there are days when my prophetic powers return to me and I can see far, far into the future. It is a dangerous power to possess, for many men have gone mad with the thought of the fate that will eventually be theirs, over which they have no control. Women, too, have often tried to avert a future for which they have no desire. But, today, the vision I see is beautiful and fair. I see a happy couple vowing eternal fidelity for one another within the year. He, foreign born but native lover, blonde and wavy-haired; she, with the pen of her profession in her hip-pocket, charming and dimpled. But their names I cannot tell, for that would break my grip.

From Washington, Romulo (Last Man) has cabled Malacañan a request for three aides-de-camp from the Philippine Army with the following qualifications: a knowledge of Philippine Army history and practices, a lawyer's diploma, and good looks. Malacañan scurried around and found three tall, dark, and handsome PA officers willing and able to become CPR's satellites. Came another cable: Before confirming appointments, kindly forward first their photographs.

From Casa Roxas: The old man cannot live through another term. He is too old.

From the Palace: The general will not last very long. His health is not very good.

From the Dominion Status: There is nothing wrong with ME.

In an unexpected fit of curiosity, Mrs. Roxas came to the Legarda office one day and ransacked all the drawers of her husband's desk. Then turning to Fred Mangahas who was standing by looking sheepish, she asked: Whose desk is this, my husband's or yours?

Happiness Tribe over this elections: the job printers. All the presses in the country are running full blast on posters and publicity papers for the candidates.

Excerpts from the Newsett issued monthly by the Philippine Association of University Women, re its December party for President Osmeña, "Nene Pecson (Mrs. Geronima T.) had ordered a beautiful cattleya for Mrs. Osmeña. The First Lady could not attend, but we sent the cattleya the next day..."

re the questionnaire sent around by Julie Cuaderno Andaya on the role of the women in the resistance movement: "Virtually every member (of the University Women's) listened in on the short wave and passed the information on to other people."

Question of the month: Is Cabili for or against Osmeña?

Climax of the tea Mrs. Osmeña gave for the women writers: Lyd Arguilla requesting that the President be sent for to conduct an open forum, too. If not the President, Raul Manglapuz would do.

Orchids and a double spray of roses to Estrella Alfon Rivera for having succeeded in getting fire-eating, bolo-brandishing pro-Roxas columnist Carlos Moran Sison to write on "Children" in her Woman's Page.

Bosom friends of Manoling celebrated his birthday last January 1st with an eight o'clock dinner at 3055 Taft Avenue. The invitation cards were marked informal and were sent out by the following members of the Surprise Party Committee: Mrs. Angelita Garcia, Mr. and Mrs. Eugenio Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Roxas, Mr. and Mrs. Enrique Santamaria, Mr. and Mrs. Jose Coronas, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Elizalde, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Ysmael, Mr. and Mrs. Ernesto Rufino, Mr. and Mrs. Vicente Rufino, Mr. and Mrs. Claro M. Recto, Mr. and Mrs. Luis de Leon, Mr. and Mrs. Primitivo Lovina, Miss Conchita Sunico, Miss Tropy Ocampo, Miss Lourdes Alunan, Mr. J. Mike Elizalde, Mr. and Mrs. Eduardo Roxas, Mr. and Mrs. Andres Soriano, Mr. and Mrs. Eduardo Melian, and Mr. and Mrs. Leopoldo Melian.

However, the invitations were written in English.

Questions from among members of Manila's musical set: Is there anything to Antonio Molina's going over to form a new Conservatory, after all his years with the Conservatory of Music?

Is there something after all to Felicing Tirona's technique that Nelia Manalo should have improved so much with her and done so well in her last "Traviata"?

Will Mercedes Matias at last have something new to sing this year?

Where, oh, where is Montserrat Iglesias Marzoni?

Why is there so much love lost between Ramon Tapales and Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez Legarda?

Is that gifted child Nena V. del Rosario really and truly only ten?

What became of that famous Musician's Union that it turned tables on its own organizers and went phffffffttt?

Manoling, in a speech in Batangas, Batangas, claimed descent from the Roxases of Nasugbu. Moncado, in an inter-

(Continued on page 36)

In this second installment of a thorough incursion into the jewelry topic, read of our local sparklers and their legend

BY a curious inter-play of economic, social, and political circumstances, certain regions in the Philippines are more jewelry-conscious than other regions. It is a matter of economic *seguitur* of course that those people who have more money and leisure should pay more attention to jewels than those without money. One can not help noticing, however, that—generally speaking—the people of the various provinces of this country have varied first impulses when they come into money.

In Tayabas, for instance, anyone who "hits the jack pot" would much rather own a large mansion than anything else. The Ilocanos, the Pangasinans, and the Zambals ten to one, would buy land; while some of the Tagalogs would prefer to spend their money for a Grand Tour in Europe and the Americas.

THOSE who would much rather buy jewels before anything else are the Visayans, (Negros, Cebu and Iloilo particularly), the Pampangos, the Tagalogs, the Bicolanos and last but not least the non-Christian Moros and Igorots. Speaking of the last two, it is a very interesting fact to notice that these non-Christian tribes have an almost child-like fascination for all kinds of ornaments.

The Moros stud their Sunday clothes (if I may be allowed the term, in spite of the fact that they do not have Sundays the way we do) and their *kris* with precious jems, the most popular being the pearl which abounds lavishly in their seas. The Igorots are skillful silver-smiths. Their combs, arm-lets, necklaces and rings are intricate in design, the material used ranging from gold and silver (of which their mountain homes have plenty); corals, beads, and lovely shells.

Who Is Wearing What

AT the Ye Old Mansion the other night, a none-too-sober American officer was talking to one of our prominent business men. Said the American officer as intelligibly as he could, "You may be the most prominent business man in the Philippines, but there is something I know about this country that you do not. You do not know who is the King of Diamonds among the Filipinos."

The prominent business man laughed the laugh that a Filipino reserves for a none-to-sober American officer and quite embarrassedly but decidedly turned his head.

"Well," continued the officer to the face that was not there of the Filipino business man. "I know him personally; don't I now, Joe? In fact, we are very good friends, aren't we now, Joe?" And he nudged another Filipino who sat beside him.

"Yes," answered the Filipino who was nudged. "We are good friends", and he turned his curly head and his Hindu-esque eyes in boredom. His fingers beat a monotone, but the ring that winked from them glittered a symphony. The ring had a twenty-two carat diamond, set amidst green gold, and surrounded by about twenty lesser satellites. It was worn on the fat finger of a fat man, but it practically concealed the entire breadth of that finger. The wearer was Amador Santos, of the now-blown-up Santos Taxi-Cab.

THERE is one thing I remember very well that Mr. Santos told me. It struck me between the eyes, and I have never gotten

over it. During the Japanese occupation when he last showed me his family's fabulous collection of jewelry, he laughingly told me:

"Why should I pretend modesty and restraint when I precisely buy diamonds to show off? Is not that the point, whatever people say? People spend so much money, time, and care buying exquisite jewelry and then put on airs of piety and good breeding through casual humility. I am not that way. I buy the biggest stones that I can afford, the bigger the better, and I don't care how vulgar the size is. Take this twenty-two carat diamond ring: I precisely told the Estrella del Norte to put more stones around it, so that it will be even more fantastically big. And you may be sure that when I wear this ring, I don't hide it in my pocket. I flash it about to dazzle the eyes of people!"

By a strange coincidence, another man who felt that way also owned a taxi-cab company, real estate and other things. He was the late Fausto Barredo, of the Yellow Taxi-Cab. His was a twenty-one carat diamond ring that was a treasure in more ways than one. It was a beautiful diamond, white considering its size, unlike the diamond of Mr. Santos which is slightly yellowish. Mr. Barredo's daughter-in-law, the soft-spoken and fair-skinned Isabelita de los Reyes-Barredo, owns a startling ring of three diamond bagettes. About a carat big each, the bagettes are set side by side in perpendicular lines, and they give an illusion of oneness from a distance.

Speaking of bagettes, the biggest and the most expensive set of emerald-cut diamonds in the entire country is presently owned by the lovely divorcee of a former Chinese millionaire. She specifically begged me not to print her name in order to avoid second-story men from getting bright ideas, inasmuch as she does not deposit her jewels in bank safes, unlike other collectors. The set is a magnificent Cartieres original, straight from Paris where the owner tarried for a while before going to England at the time of the coronation of the present king. Its pre-war value was ₱60,000.00.

We must of course mention the seven-carat diamond that Mrs. Antonio Matute once owned. It is one of the largest bagettes that ever came into the islands, and it is believed that Mrs. Matute sold it because she got tired of people wondering whether it was genuine or not. The leading dealer in the city bought it from her before the war at five thousand pesos and within three hours sold it to an American magnate for eight thousand pesos. Mrs. Alfonso Zobel, to whom the ring was first taken for sale, up to

Accent On Glitter

BY NINA
ESTRADA—
PUYAT

this day is pulling her hair for not having bought it.

AMONG the smaller bagettes, we have the three-carat diamond of photo-glamorous model—debutante Delia Lacson. It has a brilliant white color, fairly-sized enough to be striking, but properly-sized enough not to be vulgar. In 1940 I remember Sergio Osmeña, Jr. showed me a two-carat bagette in his Marsman office, and asked me, "Do you suppose she will say yes if I give her that ring?" I did not answer: I never answer the obvious.

Trans-oceanic rumors have it that when Mrs. Balbinita Lacson went down a hired Cadillac into the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, she created quite a furor because she wore her eighteen-carat diamond ring and a brooch of some magnificence on her lapel. And then of course there are also the jewels of the gorgeous and petite Amparo Joven-Cortez, about whose beauty a cousin of mine once told me: "She is the only Filipina who succeeded in turning-into-staring the heads of the Waldorf-Astoria public." Why rumor would have it at the Waldorf-Astoria or nothing, I have never understood.

Among the Visayans, one may pick out more than a dozen families that own solid collections of fine jewelry. Some of these collections have already been broken up by the war, and what happened to them has not yet been definitely known so far. When I say, fine jewelry, I do not refer to one or two solitaires of two or three carats. I mean an actual lump of diamonds, the sizes of which range in the whereabouts of eight or

more carats. Take the pre-war collection of Mrs. Cecilia Araneta-Yulo. It contained various sets of precious stones, each set having a ring, a brooch, a pair of ear-rings, and most often than not a necklace, to match the *ternos* that she wore.

Other Visayan collections included that of the Aranetas (Don Gregorio), the Lizarese, the Ledemas (Don Julio), the Velosos (Carmencita's & Mrs. Torres, specifically), the Gamboas, the Lagudas, the Jalbuenas and some of the Jalandonis and the Gonzagas. We might also mention here in passing the Ferias, more specifically Mrs. FERIA de Potenciano whose collection includes among other things, a twelve-carat diamond ring. Then too we can not omit the collection of Mrs. Salvador Araneta of the Victoneta pre-war fame.

ONE can not say exactly whether the Japanese-occupation inflation has turned over these collections into the coarse hands of fabulously rich Hindus, Chinese and the Filipino buy-and-sell *neuveau-riche*. Or whether the siege and liberation of Manila has shifted these fortunes from their rightful owners into the clutches of vandal looters. But one knows for certain that the expensive collection of the late Mrs. Pacita Villareal (wife of the Justice) is definitely gone. She and the rest of her family were massacred by the Japanese during those hell-days of the siege of South Manila.

In Leyte, I might cite the Rivillas (Don Carlos of the Ormoc Sugar) and in Masbate, the Bayots and the Zurdotes. For Panganga, we have the Pepito de Leons (real estate, sugar), the Gonzalezes (sugar, rice), the Gamboas (real estate, rice), the Paras (rice), the Hensons (sugar, rice), the Ricaforts (real estate, rice), the Tiosecos (business, real estate), and of bygone days, the Singians and the Pamintuans.

In Tarlac, the millionaire Cojuanco brothers (rice, sugar, whiskey) take a distant lead. During the liberation, however, the Don Antonio branch of that family was massacred at the La Salle College, and the major bulk of the collection which was hidden on Doña Toyang's body was stolen scarcely before the unfortunate woman's body was cold. It would be a conservative estimate to place the value of the loss at ₱50,000.00 considering the fact that there were quite a number of seven-eights and eleven-carats among them. Even the solitaire set of Mrs. Benigno Aquino (five-carats each), perhaps as an eloquent testimony to the absence of financial profits of the political activities of her husband, got sold during the hell's-driving speed of Japanese-occupation inflation.

Among the Tagalogs, we have the Ossorios of Cavite (real estate) and the Lopezos of Balayan, Batangas (real estate, and formerly shipping). In Lipa, we have the Katigbaks and the Salases; and then too the Martinezes of Balanga (?)—the maternal side of the Eduques of Manila. We might as well mention too the pre-war sets of the de Leons of San Miguel, Bulacan. Among the older Luzon families, we have the Paternos, the Ocampos, the de los Santos, the Vergel de Dios, and the Baltazars. Most of these latter collections, however, have either been divided into smaller lots, or even sold out with the course of the years.

STILL intact, unless the war ate this one up too, is the collection of Doña Concha Arguelles de Cruz (Caring's mother). Aside from the expensive pieces that it contains, it also includes a life-sized reproduction of a cattleya orchid. This pin is done in various shades of lavender, and sparkled in different spots with perfect white diamonds. The

famous collector, Mr. Felipe Hidalgo, owns an exquisite set of "pigeon-egg" pearls. They are matchless in their size and lustre, and are really almost as rare as the rest of the pieces that Mr. Hidalgo keeps in his priceless, dusty museum. When Mr. Tuason, the head and beginning of the present Tuason fortune (real estate, and more real estate) died, a most interesting procedure was done. The heirs felt that the jewels to be inherited had to be just as equally divided as the other forms of wealth that their father left behind. So they took the lump of diamonds and other precious stones to their family jeweler, who happened to be the long-established Mr. Nakpil. Mr. Nakpil carefully unset and classified the different stones, in front of the family commission. Thus the collection was divided to the satisfaction of every one concerned.

The Madrigal collection (shipping, coal, cement, textiles) is one of the finest in the entire islands. During the siege, however, a major part of the bunch was either lost or destroyed. One of the daughters (prudence forbids once again the mention of names) was able to salvage a breath-taking necklace of solitaires, the stones of which were badly seared and damaged. Thru skillful chemical treatment the lustre and beauty of the stones were restored, and now the necklace is a precious treasure once again.

Of the Northern provinces, we can mention, only the Syquia-Quirinos of Ilocos, and the Gonzaleses of Pangasinan. In connection with the latter, let me call your attention to the fine pieces of Bebe Gonzalez. They are not ultra-expensive, but they show discrimination, taste and dash.

AMONG the Spanish families, Mrs. Angelita Zobel is known, not so much for her "opera pieces" but more for her casual every-day costume jewelry. Whether indicative of her temperament or not, most of the pieces that she owns slant on the unique and the extravagant. The wife of the former Spanish consul, Mrs. del Castado, while she was here had one of the best as ensemble, all of the pieces being European in make. So are most of the collections of the Sorianos, the Melians, the Ossorios, and the rest of the Ayalas.

One of the best collections ever compiled in this country was bought by the former manager of the Jai-Alai, Mr. Teodoro Haurigui. It not only included diamonds, but also pearls, emeralds, and rubies. The most beautiful emerald set in the Philippines is owned by the Carlos Peres-Rubios.

Among the Chinese, we of course remember the famous collection of Mrs. Kuangson Young, the consul's wife, whose taste in jewelry could be in par with those of Europe and America. Some years ago, the Cu-Unjiengs had an even better and bigger collection than what they have now.

Who Is Wearing Where

THERE has never been a real McCoy *bal brillant* here in the Philippines, for one simple reason: practically every ball is a bal brilliant. This is due to the fact that the native *mestiza* dress, better than most costumes in the world, lends itself very effectively to the profused yet proper wearing of jewelry. There is something about the elegant *pañuelo* that calls for a big brooch or pin, in the bareness of the neck and shoulders that calls for a necklace, and in the graceful ascent of the stiff sleeves that calls the eye to ear-rings. The short sleeves leave the arms in utter need of bracelets, and the absence of gloves necessitates matching rings. Similarly the hairdo, either the traditional bun, or perhaps a brush-up (for one

never wears a formal *mestiza* dress with a storm-blown girlish fluff) must have combs or pins or what-have-you.

This almost indispensable need of jewelry to wear with the native costume used to be easily solved by a stroke of genius on the part of our earlier gold-smiths. They perfected a method of attaching screws to the precious stones which enabled the owner to screw the stones on and off from various pieces. Thus a five-carat diamond may tonight be a ring, tomorrow a brooch, and day after tomorrow a comb tucked in the hair.

Of the heavily studded balls before the war, the official receptions of Malacañan must of course be mentioned first. All those exchange of social gestures: (The President for the Cabinet, the Cabinet for the President, the Assembly for the President, etcetera back and forth) brought out from family and bank safes the bigger and more expensive pieces of the various collections. Similarly unforgettable were the Kahirup anniversary balls, which being given by the Visayan elements of the city were extravagantly bejewelled. All the other benefits, (Red Cross, White Cross, Social Service this-that-and-the-other, Nepa, etc) called forth for smaller pieces, just as the purely-for-the-fun-of-the-younger-set dances (like that of the *nucleo*, the *Smiles* and the *Bachelors*) did. The funny thing to notice is that our opera season is not as sparkingly bejeweled as that of other countries.

The Fashion Show recently given by some of the elite of the city at the Manila Hotel was just about the only social occasion so far that offered an excuse to some of the daring and impatient debutante and matrons to "out with their sparklers." After some time when cars will be back, and gowns will be in and there will be lesser misery and hunger about to make the wearing of expensive jewelry seem flauntingly immoral, I imagine that post-liberation Manila will swing back to its old scintillating habit. In the meanwhile, the hold-up men and uninformed GI will have to content themselves with costume and the lesser everyday pieces.

Jewelry Etiquette

THE first lesson in jewelry etiquette is so simple that it is actually shocking how so many people can violate it. It is the height of sham and shallow deceit to wear jewels that are not yours. So many of our so-called smart set who in their "leisure hours" go about peddling jewelry have enough effrontery to pass certain pieces that do not belong to them as their own. Similarly it is not uncommon to hear of people borrowing jewels "for a night". These practices are so disgusting, they makes one think of borrowed tooth-brushes. They speak not only of hypocrisy but also a sickening anxiety to impress people and to social-climb. Practically speaking, they involve a lot of risks.

Of course it is quite permissible for mothers who have not yet divided their jewels among their daughters to allow them to use the pieces interchangeably. Similarly unmarried sisters staying in the same roof may borrow out from the family collection every time they feel like. But the moment they get married, it is rather indelicate even among sisters, to borrow from each other, in as much as their married status, no longer involves their position alone, but also that of their husbands.

It is very poor taste for the owners of a pawn-shop to bedeck themselves with jewelry, even if the jewels are rightfully their own. Unlike ordinary citizens, they must exercise unusual restraint. Similarly, it is always a great deal safer for anyone to doubt

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For A Pre-Collegiate Course

Proper seasoning is called for before a student should be allowed to bear the impact of a solid university education

BY DR. ANTONIO ISIDRO

When the next academic year opens in June or July, all colleges and universities will admit for the first time high school graduates who have had only 10 years of pre-college education—six years in the elementary, and four years of high school. It is a departure from our traditional administrative organization which used to require 11 years of elementary and secondary education. It is the result of the Education Act of 1940 which started operation in the school year 1941-1942. The present situation therefore creates problems of far reaching significance to the Philippine educational system in general and to colleges and universities in particular.

The problem which the administrators of colleges and universities should face and solve may be tersely stated thus: Bearing in mind that university education has a universal standard which is conditioned by the progress of arts, sciences and the professions, should these high school graduates be admitted at once in the college course proper, on the assumption that they can carry on the rigid requirement of higher education? Would it not be better, both for the individual and for society, that they be given first some pre-college training that will place them in a position to assimilate the contents of university instruction which in other countries require higher and more rigid elementary and secondary preparation? Let us inquire into the educational conditions obtaining in our country.

ONE of the unique features of our school system is the use of a foreign medium of instruction from the elementary to the university. The use of this language places an undue burden to our learners. As our children step on the portals of the school building, they have to learn both the medium as well as the substance of education. Partly on account of this language and partly because of poor methods of instruction and inadequate curriculum, the Monroe Commission found in 1925 low achievements of our educational system. Filipino children in Grade IV could read only as well as American children in Grade II; and the reading scores of the American children in Grade IV could not be equalled by the Filipino children in Grade VII.

The seniors at the close of the eleven years of academic work in the Philippine educational system had, by and large, an average reading achievement equivalent to the fifth grades in American schools. The primary children in the Philippines lag by 2 years behind the American children in the corresponding grades. Indeed, education in the Philippines, according to the Monroe Commission, is handicapped by a large number of children who can not read.

In the matter of recognizing correctness or incorrectness of English expression, the median Filipino scores fall about a year

behind American scores in Grade V and VI and about 2/3 year in Grade VII. In ability to write composition, the Filipino children are a year behind their American contemporaries. While the Filipino children can do as well as the American in the same grade in arithmetic computation, the former lag behind by 3/4 of a year in arithmetical reasoning. In arithmetic scores, the Filipino children are excelled by the American children by about half a year. With regards to acquisition of facts and information in their physical, biological and social environment, the Filipino children are no match to the American children in the corresponding grades. American children in Grade VII know more about the scientific world in which they live than the Filipino students in the senior year of the high school. The Filipino children in Grade VII know only as much as the American boys and girls in Grade IV. The Filipino children at the completion of Grade VII know only as much as 50% of the facts which are considered vital in the course of study.

The Filipino children are also handicapped by their relatively limited cultural background and by their lack of pre-school education. Education is not mere classroom instruction; the social and cultural influences of the home, the community, and other social institutions contribute immensely to the education of the child. Most of our

students come from relatively poor families where newspapers, periodicals and magazines, and other vehicles of information and education are extremely limited, if not absent. The rural districts where most students come from do not have theatres, museums, and libraries which are indispensable in broadening the cultural outlook of our people. The disparity between the language of the schools and the homes makes the later practically an isolated institution.

UNLIKE the children of other countries of the world, the Filipino child does not beg in his formal schooling until he reaches the age of seven or later. In Germany, France, U. S. and Japan, pre-school education is almost a part of the elementary school system. In the nursery school and the kindergarten, the children acquire the fundamental tools of learning and the various social and health habits. They are thus given the foundation of culture and the essentials of education.

In spite of the language handicaps and social and cultural limitations, the Filipino government adopted a policy of still reducing the number of years of elementary schooling, in an attempt to provide more opportunities for the ever increasing number of children of school age in the face of constantly reducing revenues. By the Education Act of 1940, the length of elementary education was reduced from seven to six years, and a number of educational plans under the names of double session, and single cooperative plan were inaugurated before the outbreak of the war. These graduates of the six-year elementary school who will have completed the secondary school will seek admission to the colleges and universities and other institutions of higher learning in the Philippines.

During the Japanese occupation we suffered from educational blackouts as judged by the present standard. The curriculum was limited both in scope and quantity. Instruction was centered in the teaching and preparation of Nippongo, and the ideals and principles of the so-called Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Both in the elementary and high school curriculum the time devoted to English—reading, language, spelling, and phonics, was radically reduced. Reading and Language period which used to be given on the average about 450 minutes a week in the lower grades was reduced 150. In the high school, English was given two periods a week where before the war it used to be allotted 10 periods a week in the first year and 5 periods a week in the three higher years. Social studies was limited to character education and citizenship training in the elementary and economics in the high school. Oriental History, U. S. History and Philippine History were eliminated in the secondary schools. Then on top of all these limitations, the textbooks used were mutilated by patching here and there all lines, paragraphs or pages that contain any reference to Anglo-American culture.

This is the kind of curriculum that our students studied during the three years of Japanese occupation. With this curriculum

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Two Heads Are Better Than One

BY DAISY HONTIVEROS-AVELLANA

THE lord and master came home rather early that day. Since the second show didn't finish at the Apolo Theatre till about seven in the evening (or so I was led to believe, anyway) I thought it odd that Bert should be walking up into the house at five-thirty. Usually the actors would yell bloody murder if they found out that somewhere between the first and second shows for the day, their director had left them to the tender mercies of the audience.

I said to myself, "Well, here it comes. I wonder how it feels to join the bread line." And I went down to meet him.

No, he wasn't out of a job. There was no second show because the leading man had lost his voice. "Is that all?" I asked, relieved.

Bert grinned, "I don't think he feels the same way you do about losing it."

OUR pride and joy, both of them, came running up, shrieking like Comanche Indians. "*Jugay con lodo papa,*" said Mavivi, who is just three years old and can't pronounce her R's.

"Oh, no," I told Bert. "They've done nothing but that the whole afternoon. Look at all those mud pies they've made!" I pointed to the formidable pile beside the stairs.

"*Mummy dice que no,*" Bert said firmly, and sat down beside them to make more mud pies.

I threw up my hands in despair. "Oh, my laundry bill!" I exclaimed.

The man I married said, "We've got a guest for lunch tomorrow."

"Look," I pointed out. "Tomorrow being Sunday, there is such a thing as going to Mass."

"I know, I'm a Catholic too." Bert was busily building an elaborate mud-castle.

"After Mass," I went on, "there's the house to clean. And breakfast to attend to. And we're going to have a guest for lunch!" Our maid Crisanta had just forsaken us in favor of a more attractive offer—from a redhead named Frank.

"You're not telling me anything new," Avellana was unperturbed.

I said, "If at least you'd given me two or three days' time, then we could have asked for really good meat and fresh vegetables from Aling Doray." I demanded, "Why couldn't you have told me yesterday?"

"Couldn't," Bert answered equably. "I only met Joe last night."

"Joe who?" I asked.

"Joe Head. H-E-A-D."

"I don't have to laugh," I said. "I'm not in your employ."

"That's his name," Bert reasoned out. "Don't blame me. Blame his father."

"All right," I said wearily. "Unfold."

"Well," Bert began, "this Joe Head—he's with the Artillery—came backstage after the second show last night. It seems he's dabbled at acting, Stateside. Little Theatre Group, you know."

My interest was awakened. Since the entrance of the Americans into the city, earlier that month, Bert and I had been wishing we could meet up with one among them from whom we could elicit information about the latest on the Theatre. With a Capital T. We hadn't had any luck to speak of.

A blonde boy we got to talking with once had casually mentioned Broadway. I'd pounced on that and asked eagerly, "What's Cornell's latest play?"

He'd looked bewildered for a while. "You mean Cornell University?"

"No," I explained. "Katherine Cornell. The actress."

Then his face cleared as he said, "Oh! You mean that old *hag*? Now why don't you ask about Betty Grable, instead? Man, what legs!"

So I had made Bert promise that the minute he came across *somebody* who was interested in the things we both were, he would bring that person over to the house. And now, here it seemed as if this Joe Head was *it*. Of course his coming entailed a great deal of hurried preparations, but it was worth the trouble, I kept telling myself.

EARLY Sunday morning we went to the first Mass. After a hectic breakfast, I sent the man of the house to his own particular Sunday school; a few rounds of poker is good bait for keeping a husband busy when you have to get an extra-special lunch ready. The children I bribed with enchanting prospects of gobbling down *pastillas de leche* if they'd promise to behave and keep away from mud, for the duration of the visit.

I brought out my last remaining set of piña doilies, and paused to admire the effect of the blue-black bowl filled with yellow flowers that I had placed on the dining table. I hadn't done so badly with the food itself, I thought.

It was going to be all right, and I felt a warm, comfortable feeling as I looked around at the clean, spotless house, the table all set, the children so sweet and well-behaved.

I had just finished slipping into a clean dress—this was around noon—when a jeep drove into the yard. Both the children rushed out, and then came running back to me.

"*Visita, mummy,*" said my little boy.

Out onto the porch I went. Standing there were *three* American soldiers, two tall, gangling kids of nineteen or so, both holding up the third a small, highly befuddled wispy-haired gentleman who looked rather the worse for wear. I suppose I must have stared.

"Mawning," drawled one of the tall boys. "This here Bert Ave-lah-na's house?"

I recovered myself quickly. "Why, yes. Yes, it is." I said.

"Well," said the other boy, shifting the gum he was chewing to the other side of his mouth. "Where do we drop the body?" With a jerk of his thumb he indicated the silent figure in the center.

"Is he—is he Joe Head?" I managed to say, faintly. As if I didn't know.

"Shore is," drawled Nawth Ca'lina.

The other boy said, "We'll pick him up at three p.m. Okay?"

I was almost tempted to say, "Pick him up right now," but I had to be polite.

"Alright," I told them. Between the two of them they steered the taciturn Mr. Head to the sofa and sat him down.

"So long," said the two boys. The jeep roared out of the yard.

And then Joe Head spoke for the first time. "And so," said Joe, "exeunt omnes." He cocked eyes of a surprising blue, now rather bleary, at me. "Hello, Mrs. Bert," he said.

"Hello," I answered weakly. "How do you feel?"

"Foul," he answered me.

THE two children were gazing at him, fascinated. Joe turned his attention towards them. "Suffer," he said, "the little children to come unto me." And he bestowed a beatific smile on them.

"You like children?" I asked, unnecessarily.

"My little niece," Joe assured me, "is the reason for my existence. Here is her picture." He fumbled through one pocket. Out came a much-used pack of cards. Joe shook his head. "Other pocket," he said. Out came a pair of dice. White. "H'm," said Joe. Another pocket—another pair of dice. Green. He went through all his pockets rapidly, and brought out two more pairs of dice, one red and the other blue. Why, the man was a veritable walking Monte Carlo!

I fully expected him to pull out a roulette table. He did. No, it was a cigarette lighter. As I gazed amazed at all that paraphernalia, Joe said, "I don't gamble. Doesn't pay—gambling." Mutely I agreed.

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To Australia And Back

Rehabilitation in an airplane trip.
Read the adventures of four war-weary
women who flew to Australia

BY JOSEFA JARA-MARTINEZ

IT seems like a dream—that we have been to Australia and back in the short time of two months. And yet it is all so very real. The blue of the Australian water, the green of its foliage, the red tile of its roofs, the hospitality we received, the gorgeous roses, the clean wide streets, the well-stocked shops, the labor strikes, the men and women returning from the war-fronts, the visit to the Zoo—all are still so very fresh in our minds.

While the popular desire of the Filipinos was to go to the United States, the World's Y.W.C.A. Emissary to the Philippines hurriedly made arrangements for four war-weary women from Manila to go in another direction—southward to Australia where the traffic wasn't so thick. An invitation from the National Y.W.C.A. of Australia to attend their Triennial Convention gave us the impetus to leave at once.

THUS it came about that unexpectedly Paz Cuerpocruz, Angela Ramos, Nena Florendo and I left Manila on October 11, 1945. It was literally a flying trip. Through the courtesy of the American and the Australian airways we traveled in all 15,006 miles by air except the short trip from Canberra to Sydney which we did by train for a change. No sooner had our plane taken off from Nielson Field than we felt a sense of freedom and release. As our war-torn City receded and new vistas came into view our spirits were lifted up and up until we felt, as we were, on top of the world. How grand it was to be free again and to be in touch with the outside world!

Our rehabilitation had begun.

Except at Morotai, where we spent the night in the army nurses camp, we made only short stops at Biak, Merauki, Townsville, arriving in Brisbane on October 14. In only twenty-three flying hours we made the great Australian continent—a land of vast distances, the land of the democratic Aussies, of the Kangaroo, of the Koala Bear, of the gum trees, the wattle, and gay flowers.

Although no one received us for we arrived at two o'clock in the morning, the gay greeting and the warm welcome were there in the friendly letter from Gertrude Owen, General Secretary of the Brisbane Y.W.C.A. which was handed to us at Canberra Hotel.

Canberra Hotel we shall always remember for its wholesome surroundings, its homey atmosphere, and the fine spirit of service of the household staff. Being under the man-

agement of the Women's Christian Temperance Union drinking liquor is strictly prohibited, drunks are not admitted, and no male visitors allowed in the bed rooms.

The next day we flew to Melbourne arriving there in time for the Y.W.C.A. Convention. In spite of the cold spring weather we put on our *ternos* for the opening of the convention. In admiration the delegates called us beautiful butterflies, but we felt like freezing caterpillars. Soon blankets were pressed into service, electric heaters were hurriedly plugged into strategic places, and the opening program started. The Philippines once more took its place in the international world.

AS head of the Philippine Delegation I proudly introduced my three companions. Pacita Cuerpocruz, tall and stately, extended the greetings from the Philippines. Angela Ramos, stunning in a red terno, gave glimpses of the Philippines; Nena Florendo, young and glamorous, told of sufferings during the war years; and I concluded with an appreciation of the Y.W.C.A. fellowship.

Attending the convention after having been out of touch with the Y.W.C.A. for over three years, gave us the chance to re-orient ourselves to events of world-wide significance, and we forgot our own misfortune as we entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the gathering. The Convention slogan "Rise Up and Build" came close to

our hearts since the Philippines had to be rebuilt; the discussions on post-war plans gave us ideas for the rehabilitation of our own Y.W.C.A. Meeting Eilin Hicks and Mabel Robertson, who like us, had gone through terrible ordeals gave us a deeper sense of human companionship in suffering. Over all, the deep sympathy and spontaneous offer of help to the Y.W.C.A.'s who have suffered, from the Australian Y.W.C.A.'s enabled us to look hopefully to the future.

We shall always remember Melbourne Y.W.C.A. for being the big sister who gave us back our health and our sparkles. It was here where we had a medical check-up and medical treatment done under the watchful eye of Mrs. Johnson, Commissioner of the Y.W.C.A. War Services and Mrs. Trovorrow our competent guide. Mrs. Pott, National President of the Australian Y.W.C.A. acted as our guardian angel and kept us from being over-worked; the Cafeteria personnel prepared our nourishing diet. Miss Helen Bocker, "new American General Secretary of the Melbourne, Y.W.C.A. was our resource of recent development in Y.W.C.A. ideas.

Our City Planners can get a tip from Melbourne. Whoever planned Melbourne, planned it with care. They built a city wide and fair, laid out broad streets, planted shade trees on the side walks. The weather is the one subject Melbourne people don't want discussed. The weather of Melbourne is unpredictable, it rains when it should not; it is cold when it should be hot. There are so many churches in Melbourne you get a sense of being in a Christian community. Even the trams are righteous; they take you to Church on Sunday—and then they stop and you stay home till Monday.

Of world-wide renown is the yearly Melbourne Cup Race, which we were fortunate to attend. Frankly we enjoyed looking at the funny looking hats and the fashionable dresses the women wore more than we did the horse race itself. But the horses were beautiful, the race most exciting, and the betting hot. Being Y.W.C.A. members had its drawback—we couldn't bet, but we picked out what we thought was the fastest horse, and it took only second place!

THE Convention over, we toured the Australian Continent under the auspices of the Australian Y.W.C.A. in connection with the World Fellowship observance. We felt like emissaries of goodwill as we introduced our 7,000 Emerald Isles. We made altogether 84 speeches and six radio broadcasts. Everywhere we went we made friends for our country, were received warmly, and given loving care. It did not matter that we were of the brown race—our hostesses gave extended to us their hospitality.

It is not difficult to make friends with the Australians. Their natural democratic ways made contact with them easy and it did not take us long to catch on to their strange English accent and they to ours. The heroic

stand of the Fil-American forces in Bataan and Corregidor which kept the enemy from invading Australia is gratefully acknowledged everywhere we went. This cemented the friendship between the two Commonwealths even stronger as we recounted the brave exploits of our soldiers and the tremendous losses suffered by the enemy.

We would have liked to linger on in Melbourne, but Adelaide beckoned us for their Youth meeting. So off we went only to find that Adelaide had a strike on. Out in the streets few people moved about as the city's transportation facilities stopped. However, the resourceful committee and staff of the Y.W.C.A. borrowed private cars and got us around to see their various Y.W.C.A. centers and places of interest.

So while the city seemed dead when we were there, we went away carrying beautiful impressions of Adelaide as a lady with ruffles of trees and grass and flowers on her skirt. Planned with the pleasure and happiness of the people in mind, it has a park in every city block, which is used by both poor and rich alike.

Through its club rooms, its hotels and cafeterias, its holiday house on the mountain top, the Adelaide Y.W.C.A. has a fine record of war services. It has a strong board of directors, a progressive physical director, a business-minded general secretary, a men's advisory board and many enthusiastic younger members. At the time of our visit they were thinking through their post-war work, building their committees to meet the needs of women and girls who are returning to civil life after the war.

We left Pacita Cuerpocruz and Angela Ramos in Adelaide to attend the International costume celebration while Nena Florendo and I flew westward to Perth.

It was worth while making the long tiring trip across the desert to see the beautiful city of Perth. Standing on top of Red Hill we had a grand view of the city, which was spared by the destruction of war—a contrast to our ruined City of Manila.

Perth promised us warm weather, but it was still cold when we got there. However, we were warmly received by a most appreciative internationally-minded audience and progressive young people. The manager of Ahern and Co. made his welcome practical by presenting each of us with woolen twin sweaters which kept us comfortably warm throughout the rest of our trip.

SEEING how much healthier we looked, Mabel Robertson the new general secretary of the Perth Y.W.C.A. put us through a four-day world-fellowship program. Nena Florendo and I stood up to it quite well. It was a real pleasure to help install Mabel Robertson to her new job, to inaugurate the new business girls club-room, and to see the transformation of Eilin Hicks from a weak prisoner of war to a healthy active Y.W.C.A. volunteer. We enjoyed the little group meetings over the tea cups and the luncheon meetings with the business girls. The world fellowship meeting gave us an added appreciation of our international character.

Our stay in Perth was not given over entirely to work. Between speeches we were driven up the mountains for a picnic and to see the native trees and flowers; taken for a visit through the University, and accompanied on shopping tours.

The visit to Canberra, we shall long remember. Even the roses were at their best to welcome us to the capital of the Australian Commonwealth. We arrived in grand style, Miss Carruthers, national general secretary of the Australian Y.W.C.A. having booked us in a commercial plane with plush seats.

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An American Salutes Filipino Music

BY JOSEPH M. HOSKINS

I AM waiting amid the ruins of a once beautiful city. On every hand ghastly shells and piles of rubble mutely testify to scenes of devastation and bloodshed. It is difficult indeed, in these surroundings, to see evidence of any good having come out of the recent holocaust.

Yet, rising above the havoc and despair of war-maimed Manila, typifying the determination and sang-froid of the Philippine people, Filipino music is surging upward with irresistible force toward the position of equality and recognition in the world of music which it so justly deserves.

AS one of hundreds of thousands of Americans who have sojourned in the Philippines during the war, I have been tremendously impressed with the character and quality of Philippine music.

Upon arriving in Manila, knowing next to nothing of Philippine culture, I was amazed to find thriving musical organizations producing music of the highest professional caliber. The Manila Symphony Orchestra, the National Opera Company, and the Free Philippines Symphony Orchestra were indeed a revelation to me. I had not dreamed that such excellent music existed in the Islands: a woeful commentary on American smugness and ignorance!

I was surprised, further, to find that not only are the Philippines reproducing good music, but they are producing it as well. Eminent composers, such as Antonino Buenaventura, Antonio J. Molina, and Ramon Tapales (as well as doubtless many others whose works I have not been privileged to hear) are writing inspired music of enduring quality.

And still further, musical education in the Philippines is rapidly assuming major proportions. The University of the Philippines, despite many handicaps, has opened an excellently staffed Conservatory of Music, under the capable direction of Professor Ramon Tapales. Professor Antonio J. Molina, at Cosmopolitan Colleges, is directing a similar program of music training which is destined to contribute much to the music and musicianship of the Islands. Other institutions, as well as able private instructors, are affording excellent opportunities for the musical instruction of Filipino youth.

But with all this display of vigor and virility, there is one negative factor which, unless considered and dealt with, will hamper the progress of Philippine music in the future as it has in the past. I refer to the self-effacing modesty of the Philippine people.

THIS characteristic modesty is one of the Filipino's most endearing virtues. But too often it tends to curb progress and discourage initiative. I asked a prominent Filipino composer why he had never submitted any of his music to American publishers. He explained that he did not consider his compositions worthy of publication in the States, and that he felt reticent about seeking his own advancement. Such self-deprecation has, I am sure, been largely responsible for the fact that Philippine music has not been performed and acclaimed the

world over.

Who knows but that lying latent among Filipino musicians is talent comparable to that of the world's greatest contemporary musicians? I listened to Antonino Buenaventura's "By the Hillside", as played under his baton by the Manila Symphony Orchestra, and mused that, if properly introduced abroad, it would probably achieve the popularity of "The Enchanted Lake" and "The Afternoon of a Faun". There is no reason under this tropical sun why the world of music should not acclaim distinguished Filipino composers as they have acclaimed Ravel of France and Sibelius of Finland.

But I am confident that the day is coming, and not far distant, when Filipinos will take their deserved places among the musical greats of the world. I am one of hundreds of American musicians who have been markedly impressed by the genius of Filipino creative and interpretative musical artists. As we return to music circles in the United States, we will do much to promote the cause of Philippine music, and prepare the way for an influx of compositions and touring virtuosi which will effect the beginning of a new era in Philippine musical history.

But the real impetus for this mission must come within the Filipinos themselves. First, it must be recognized that composers and performers in the Islands possess gifts deserving of world-wide acceptance. There must be cultivated a greater appreciation among Filipino musicians and music lovers of the really excellent quality of music which is being produced here. To that end, a larger place should be given to the performance of Filipino works on the programs of the major musical organizations in the Philippines.

THEN, and simultaneous with this local development, should come the promotion of Filipino works and artists abroad. Representative composers should visit American publishers, establishing contacts in the United States which will aid the propagation of the Filipino music. It would be helpful if the government would sponsor concert tours abroad by Filipino soloists, string quartets (such as the excellent one which Professor Tapales has formed at the University of the Philippines), and other instrumental and vocal groups.

I offer these comments and suggestions as an impartial observer, who is convinced of the significant worth of Philippine music, and therefore wishes to see it shared by the rest of the music-loving world.

How Long You Are

BY C. V. PEDROCHE

BARICTA was a widow with three children—all of them boys and, like her, lusty and vigorous and full of fun. She was a midwife and she could claim in all truth that she had brought into the world the majority of the children in the neighborhood. As a matter of fact she would not be able to tell you exactly how many mothers she had actually assisted in the delivering of their children.

It very often happened, too, that while she was assisting a laboring mother there would be a call from another house and sometimes even two calls. Some of the children thus delivered by Baricta's large and efficient hands had themselves gotten married in their turn and borne children of their own—also with Baricta's aid.

It was quite possible that she did not realize the nobility of her profession. She knew that child-bearing was a mighty hard thing for a woman but at the same time she was inclined to look at it lightly and treat it as though it were nothing more than an ordinary, simple and routine experience which every woman should be proud to go through.

SHE was a large woman, full of the joy of living, healthy and almost coarse. Her language abounded in vigorous and slatternly cuss-words and rich expletives. She made use of her hands freely to stress her speech and, despite their size, they were expressive and beautiful hands. Very often when she felt it necessary to punctuate her sentence with something besides her hands, she would spat red buyo and wipe her mouth with the back of her palm, looking at it disapprovingly but with laughter in her eyes and wiping it with the back of her skirt.

The secret of her success as a midwife was not in her knowledge of anatomy and medicine. Indeed she knew very little of these things and was, as a matter of fact, unashamedly ignorant if not actually contemptuous, of them. The secret lay rather in her ability to take the woman's mind away from her labor with her humorous and oftentimes ribald stories.

Jesus God, she would say, have you heard of my nephew—what's his name—Pedro? When his wife was going through her first, she had a hard time of it I tell you. And then I thought of looking at Pedro's palm. Look, I said, you better leave us alone. Do you see this line cutting through across your palm? That, my boy, is the bar which prevents your child from coming out easy and quick.

Pedro was a good boy and he stood to go. And, she added, if you want your wife to have an easy time you pull your trousers off and go down the stairs on all fours like a dog.

He did all this and in no time at all the wife was delivered of her baby. But that is not the end of the story, she said. They called Pedro up. It's a boy, they shouted from the window. And Pedro came running up breathless with happiness. The wife opened her eyes and looked at her husband.

Darling, she whispered pointing at her husband's nakedness, please put your trousers on now!

BARICTA, besides her genius for entertainment, also had a bag full of homespun

tricks in connection with her calling. She knew all sorts of ways and means of urging a reluctant infant to take a peek at the light, as she would say. If a mother was having a rather painful labor she would ask someone in the room to catch three large bedbugs. These she would place in the woman's navel scar and tie a piece of cloth around the woman's belly over the bugs. The child, she would explain, does not like the smell of bedbugs. And sure enough the mother, after a groan and a twist and a vigorous heave would be delivered of her infant in no time at all.

Her favorite expression after the baby had been delivered was: How long you are!—and with that she would pat the child's rump with three light but resounding pats, holding the child by the neck and legs, and bending it vigorously but expertly two or three times until it would shriek in protest. And Baricta would exclaim: It's a good sound. That means its lungs are perfect.

Now what to do with the "pillow"? Get me an old jar or a tin can. Do you want your child to be a priest or maybe a religious man? Bury the jar under the altar. Do you want your child to be a great climber of trees? Bury the jar in the orchard. Do you want your child to be an adventurer who would go to far and strange places? Bury the jar under the stairs. Do you want him to be a farmer? Bury the jar in the middle of the ricefields. Or do you want him to be a reader of books and newspapers? Bury the jar under the library—if you have a library—or cover the jar's mouth with a newspaper sheet.

And then she would clean the child taking care not to forget to press the end of the long navel cord against its cheeks in order that its smiles might be brightened with dimples! And while she was washing the child she would say to it tenderly with every scoopful of water, thus: Be kind, be good, be honest, love your mother, love your father, love your brothers and sisters, love your neighbors.

And when the child was being wrapped with its tiny clothes, she would say: Live long, my dear fellow—it's a command! Then she would stand up and look at the

tiny infant, herself large and mountainous over the baby, her hands akimbo, and say: How long you are!

AFTER all her assistance and entertainment, Baricta would ask for not much more than a roll of buyo to chew or a cup of coffee if it happened to be midnight. She would return the next day and every morning for about a week after that until the mother was strong enough to fend for herself and take care of her baby.

Baricta had a nice way of asking for money on the last day of her visit. She would take the child in her big arms and dance around the room with it, presenting her bill in a sort of rhymed song addressed to the child but intended for the mother's ears and which, in the vernacular, would sound most ludicrous and funny. O my child, it would go, my dear long child. Who brought you into the world, my dear? Not your father, not your mother, but God! But who helped God, I ask you now, who did? I did! I am a poor old woman and you are my only support. Twenty pesos, maybe? O don't say you don't have it!

Look, she would call the child's mother's attention, look at him, he says okay, twenty pesos!

And all the time the child would be putting up a vigorous cry of protest against the raucous and tuneless song and maybe against how it was being used by the crafty and funny midwife.

Everybody loved Baricta and it was quite a shame that she ever again got married—and to a man who had no sense of humor whatsoever and did not understand her zest for life and laughter. He was serious and uncompromisingly straight-faced and he just could not respond to Baricta's rich and hearty language.

She had to pay dearly for her daring venture on a second marriage—specially to such a man as Pablo who was too stupid to know why life should be made of laughter and jest.

Baricta loved her husband and imme-

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The Public Challenges The Syndicate

The public asks: How far and in what manner will the Syndicate take the consumer's welfare into consideration?

COMMITTED to the pledge of breaking down the black market stranglehold on the essential materials for reconstruction and rehabilitation, the Philippine Chamber of Commerce Syndicate, a pool of well-financed Filipino businessmen, stands face to face with a challenge from a quizzical buying public, a public already much disillusioned by stale promises and pretentious propaganda. Will the Syndicate successfully meet the public dare? Can businessmen organize for the public good *first* and for the business good second?

FANFARED by loud publicity and promotional write-up towards better sales and more goodwill, the Syndicate barged into Manila's business consciousness with a fire-cracker bang, so to speak. For the first time in the history of Philippine commerce, Filipino businessmen had put their hands around each other's shoulders instead of at each other's throats. For the first time, after years of schooling and of reading on the beauties of cooperative action, Filipino businessmen had put theory into practice and had actually cooperated one with another.

There is no doubt but that the businessmen concerned will be benefited by this organization. There is no doubt, either, but that the success of this first venture will lead them into other similar enterprises, into bigger and more ambitious projects. They may control a market. They may even institute a monopoly. Money, if in a sufficiently large amount, will always be able to buy what it desires.

Now, the question in the public mind is this: how far, and in what manner, will they take the consumer's welfare into consideration? Will the consumer's only happiness over this Syndicate be the patriotic consolation that, between two evils, he would rather be fleeced by his own countrymen?

However gloomy these thoughts may be, the future is bright because the air is cheery with promises. Skepticism is natural and pardonable in a cat that has been skinned not only once or twice but too often. The Syndicate, whose unglamorous biography we herein produce, has the public's very good, if somewhat very best wishes.

The actual membership of the first Syndi-

cate (the second is already being organized) is as follows:

L. R. Aguinaldo, 88 Rizal Avenue
Gonzalo Puyat & Sons, Inc., 190
Rodriguez Arias
Fero Manufacturing Co., 760 Quezon Blvd.
Gregorio Araneta, Inc., 3rd Fl.,
Insular Life Bldg.
M. C. Hernandez, 180 David
Ernesto Escaler, San Rafael corner
Arlegui
Toribio Teodoro, 887 Rizal Ave.
Moises Villamaria, c/o Chamber of
Commerce of the Philippines
M. S. Calayag, 74 D. Santiago
Dr. Victor Buencamino, 1026 Felix
Huertas
Florencio Reyes and Co., 733
Asuncion
Dr. C. A. Santiago, Hermoso Drug
Store, Tabora St.
Mariano Salazar, 417 Sales
Lino Gutierrez, 1417 Rizal Ave.
Severo Tuason, 1002 R. Hidalgo
Angeles Madrid, 1008 Rizal Ave.
Lucero, Sanchez, and Co., 433 Camarines
Pablo Sarangaya, 672 Ilaya
Divisoria Market Ass., 1015 M. de
Santos
M. T. Sebastian, 51 Escolta
Muñoz Trading Corp., 630 Rizal
Ave.
Antonio Floirendo, 1731 Azcarraga
Oriental Trading, 718 Quezon Blvd.
Cavite Federation, Imus, Cavite
Moises M. Colcol, 878 Rizal Ave.
Matias Fernando, 733 Asuncion
Aurelio Periquet, Wilson Bldg.

Lorenzo O. Vidar, 1519 Milagros
Pedro J. Ocampo, % Chamber of
Commerce of the Phil.
Leonardo Eugenio, 451 Camba
Mariano V. Concepcion, 305 Wilson
Bldg.
Rafael Rocas, 1055 Soler
Manuel Lopa, 1054 Rizal Ave.
Irene Santos, 74 D. Santiago
Cornelio Balmaceda, 963 R. Hidalgo
National Trading Corporation, Folgueras St.
Philippine Exchange, Philippine
National Bank

The major stockholders are the National Trading Corporation, the Philippine Exchange, L. R. Aguinaldo, Rafael Rocas, Gonzalo Puyat and Sons, and Gregorio Araneta & Co.

ONE sunny November afternoon, the Trade Service Department of the Philippine Chamber of Commerce played with the idea of rounding up capital sufficient for buying up merchandise on a really large scale. The Trade Service Department had been organized under the management of Cornelio Balmaceda, formerly of the Bureau of Commerce, to help Filipino retailers, or, in commercial parlance, Filipino small fry (as compared to wholesalers, who are the big fishes), get contacts with business firms here and abroad, consummate ambitious business deals, get advices on finance and currency, and receive much other helps in business as are short of actual cash advances.

A circular letter was sent to some thirty or forty members of the Chamber explaining to them the advantages of having a big capital ready for investment at a minutes' notice. The idea was to get cash pooled together and held available for any first opportunity to invest.

The reception given to this new recognized as stupendous idea was at first decidedly cool. Most of the members who received the circular and who attended that first meeting shrugged their shoulders in apathy. They could not see any advantage in the putting down of good money and tying it up for an indefinite length of time when that capital could very well earn its way somewhere else.

At this juncture, however, Mr. Gil J. Puyat, president of the Chamber, brought out a letter containing an offer to sell thirty thousand sacks of California rice at ₱8.50 a sack. The members excitedly tried to raise the money among themselves, and actually did—among only five members—but by then the rice had been sold to someone else.

Now the idea was understood.

THE member held a second meeting. This time they raised ₱250,000.00 in pledges

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Sonnet To Farmers

*FOR you who have withstood the tragic year
in your appointed task to till the land,
we cry our psalms of joy through grateful tears
for your true courage where you bravely stand;
for you are that heroic quantity
who are the nation's flesh and blood and verve,
because in sun and rain you patiently
labor as only patriots work and serve!*

*But some of us would rather see you fall
too far below their vaunted social cast,
because each one has an inglorious soul
see social justice with an eyeful lust.*

*Yet you are heroes in the world of strife,
for you sustain the breath of human life!*

—C. M. Vega

Invitation To Doom

This is an invitation to doom:
For I am not a native of earth,
Nor a native of sun and stars—
I am nothing but a grinning loon,
Being a prized citizen of moon.

Where I come from
Are no stomachs to satisfy—
No vanity to tickle;
No steel safes to line with gold and silver.
We have nothing but lacerated hearts—
Mangled souls.
We have no victuals
For hungry entrails:
We have nothing but dreams
For idle dreamers of sun and stars—
Nothing—yes, nothing but gloom;
Nothing but greenish-blue tears
Of the ugly, pock-marked moon.

Now, I ask you:
Will you kindly honor (and obey)
This invitation
For you to join my doom?

—Hernando R. Ocampo

Mrs. Perez, the first woman bureau director in the Philippines, is facing the limelight without blinking

VERY few Presidential appointments have been as well received as that of the first and only woman bureau director in the Philippines, Asuncion Arriola Perez, of Gasan, Marinduque, recently named Director of the Bureau of Public Welfare under the Department of Health. The career of Mrs. Perez, who has been serving the public since 1922, is a record not only of personal achievements but of the participation of women in the affairs of our government.

It is a credit to Mrs. Perez, and mayhap is the basic stone of her rise to success, that she has participated directly and actively in all such movements by our womanhood towards a better and a safer world to live in. To write her up is to write a brief chronicle of woman's activities within this generation of living the democratic way, so called.

MRS. Perez has been described by her interviewers as being endowed with a keen understanding of human nature and with an abundant fund of common sense. Added to this is a good ear for listening to other people's stories first before relating her own, and a wholesome sense of humour which makes her mind ageless and elastic, stretchable to suit circumstances, occasions, and dilemmas. A make-up like this naturally led her to deal with people and more people.

This meant nothing else but social welfare work, and eventually the Executive Secretaryship of the Associated Charities. Once in public office, Mrs. Perez was more than ever in direct touch with the activities of women at work. From then on, her life was an odyssey of movements participated in by the women. Her story can be the story of the achievements of our women in the field of social service.

As usual, interest in social work begins with interest in the welfare of the poor and the unfortunate. Mass workers always call the attention first. So, the group of women factory workers became the initial field of endeavor. These factory women, upon investigation, were found to be working under unfavorable conditions. The social workers picked on these and started to work to have these conditions changed for the better, through legislation, and publicity. Mrs. Perez herself took up the cudgel in their behalf in the Labor Conventions of 1935 and lobbied for their relief, needless to say, successfully.

In 1935, too, Governor General Frank Murphy signed the Adult Probation Bill and made it a law. This was worked for by the women, too, and it provided for parole on probation of adult offenders convicted of lesser crimes and was intended to prevent them from becoming major criminals by contact and association with habitual offenders and hardened jailbirds. With Mrs. Perez worked Mrs. Sofia de Veyra and Mrs. Pilar Lim.

In the same year was started the drive for a Milk Fund for Babies of indigent mothers. Mrs. Marguerite Murphy Teahan allowed her name to be used to ensure the success of the drive. The drive eventually furnished milk to 918 babies. Then came the Child Health Day Celebrations which emphasized our huge mortality rates in infants and aimed to teach our mothers how to take care of their babies and save them for the future of the race. Impetus was

given through Better Babies Contests and the giving of prizes to the Healthiest babies in each community.

MRS. Perez, now very much in the limelight, what with kissing babies here and there and shaking the hands of high officials hither and yon and having her picture taken at all and sundry occasions, was appointed by President Quezon to go to America to study the social and working conditions of the Filipinos there. She made a thorough survey of Filipino homes and jobs in the United States and submitted to the late President, upon her return, such a comprehensive report that he never forgot her ever after. Whenever there was organization work to be done, Asuncion Perez had to be in his committee. Her report included a serious recommendation for repatriation of unhappy Filipinos abroad for rehabilitation in their own native land.

Pet project of Mrs. Perez was the Abiertas House of Friendship. It was scheduled to become the home of many a lost mother and her fatherless children. By 1936, it was an acknowledged going concern and was, until the war disrupted its work, a haven of refuge to many. The interest and hard work that Mrs. Perez put into this project is proof of the side she invariably takes in any fight—the side of the handicapped.

The women took a look at the state of pauperism and vagrancy in the city and found it bad. Again, with Mrs. Perez, they went and tackled the job and, in 1936, made a report, with recommendations on how to solve this problem of problems, which they found, could be resolved into the simple one of employment. A program was then mapped out wherein a beggar could be given work and be enabled to return to respectability, provided the public refrained from indiscriminate almsgiving.

It was in 1936 also that the crowning opportunity for the women to get together came. This was the year of the plebiscite for the grant of woman suffrage. The women campaigned hard to obtain the required 300,000 "yes" votes, and, in May, 1937, the papers announced they had obtained 405,472, a landslide, towards the grant of the right to vote and be voted upon.

The stories of the drive invariably contained the name and picture of Mrs. Perez as taking a prominent part in it. It is no

The Woman Director

wonder, then, that the first newspaper notices of Mrs. Perez as being slated for a job as director came out as early as 1936, when labor organizations with whom she had worked closely openly recommended her for the post of Director of the Bureau of Labor. She had been instrumental, to a great extent, in obtaining for them concessions from President Quezon on a thirty-point demand. In 1938, they were even talking of making her run for the Assembly with their support.

HOWEVER, Mrs. Perez, with her usual common sense, headed off such flattering commendations and went on working. This time, with other women leaders, she howled against the proposed legislation legalizing cabarets within the city. The City Municipal Council had to pay heed. If cabarets are now outside Manila's boundary lines, it is mainly due to this noise that the women made. Again, in October of 1938, the Municipal Board tried to get in a red light district in Manila, and again the women, loudvoiced and decided, won the fight for a clean and honest city.

For a minute, in 1939, the women played with the idea of seriously entering politics and formed the League of Women Voters in 1939. Their activities on the political front were short lived, however, because of the war, although they succeeded in getting a woman into the Congress in the person of Mrs. Elisa R. Ochoa.

Back to work for her beloved laborers, Mrs. Perez was now named to the important committee on the Revision of the 8-hour work law. The committee, which submitted its report to the then Vice-president Sergio Osmeña, heard many arguments for and against an 8-hour working day as against a 48-hour working week. It finally recommended the former as being more beneficial from the laborer's point of view.

In 1940, the women were drafted into working for the amendments to the constitution as recommended by our national leaders, both in the Legislature and in the Executive Department of the government. The amendments were passed by national plebiscite.

Social welfare work, however, was more to Mrs. Perez' liking, and she was allowed to indulge in it on a grand scale when she was appointed by President Quezon to the Social Security Board whose chairman was again Vice-President Osmeña. The Board functioned as a coordinating agent of all relief agencies of the government and as governing body for all such relief agencies. Thus it was that somebody came to call Mrs. Perez the Jane Adams of the Philippines and that James G. Wingo, in January, 1941, named her the Social Worker of the Year 1940.

In 1941, Juan Nolasco, the Director of Public Welfare, was named by President Quezon Acting Mayor of the City of Manila. The admirers of Mrs. Perez immediately put up her name for the vacated post, and she was almost at once appointed Acting-Director of the Bureau. Her permanent appointment today by President Osmeña is really but a confirmation of a position she had won long long ago, before her career was so rudely interrupted.

To what can the success of Mrs. Perez be due? Why was it that, upon mention of her appointment, everyone exclaimed: "She is the logical appointee, the one and only."

BECAUSE, Mrs. Perez was doing the work best suited to her by temperament and training. Because, being in the work she loved best to do, she was able to do it well and with enthusiasm, year in and year out. Because, being endowed with a surprising aptitude for efficient organization, she was able to relegate to the background worthless details in her work and to concentrate on the essentials. Because, she was also endowed with a facility for making friends who stayed loyal and true to her, who continuously had her good and her welfare at heart, who were willing to work for her progress and her promotions. Among these were newspaper people of the better sort. Because, she had a happy and felicitous homelife, thus being able to avoid indecisions and cross-purposes in her career, retaining her farsighted vision unimpaired by petty squabbles.

Asuncion Arriola Perez is bound to go places and do things. She has a knack for getting into the right committees and staying on the correct side of an argument. Which is, the side that always wins. She will bear watching.

Her years of contact with the poor and the needy have gained for her a solid foothold in their hearts. She will be a very useful ally in any political fight. Her present position as the Director of Public Welfare is the gateway of all relief goods sent to us by America. It will win for her other friends and supporters. It is eminently satisfying to many people to know that Asuncion Perez, even in such a tempting post, will stick to her principles and will do her nation and herself credit. More power to her.

Everybody Arrived In Sibulan

BY LYDIA ARGUILLA

IN the first week of October, 1944, Cabalhin and David, combat officers of Marking's Fil-American Guerrillas, camped with their men in Barrio Banca Banca in Laguna. Japs were garrisoned within a radius of two kilometers. There were Japs in Santa Cruz, Pagsanjan and Nagcarlang.

The guerrillas, numbering 250, had hiked from the north all day, arrived after sunset in Banca Banca, a guerrilla "rest camp", dog-tired, and inclined to be careless. They camped right alongside the railroad tracks instead of finding themselves safer spots off the highway in the coconut groves.

Not only that but they also held a program around a bonfire, with guitar playing and singing, though the Jap-wise among them worried over the relaxed, careless mood of the camp.

But so habitual with guerrillas is apprehension that the night did not seem different from other nights in which certain members had had "premonitions" and yet nothing had happened.

The account of how the Japs came in the night along the railroad tracks and were halted by guerrillas who in the dark could not be sure whether they were Japs or other guerrillas and how Japs and guerrillas got all mixed up and tapped one another on the shoulder and frightened each other off in a comedy of errors, and how the various guerrilla groups dispersed in different directions losing one another in the night yet all coming together somehow the next day has been told in two stories published by the Sunday Times.—*Author's Note.*

The third and last story about the incident is recounted here.

III

THE sun was high when Leon Cabalhin and Alfredo David arrived in Sibulan with their men. Looking out of the window I laughed at sight of them in the yard below. Guerrillas always look rough and nondescript but today with those leaves and branches sticking away from their hats, mud caking around their legs and shins and the funny tired smiles on their upturned faces, they looked wilder and rougher than ordinarily.

Cabalhin stood below, feet planted wide and firm, arms akimbo, fists on hips—a characteristic pose. He looked up, lips tight, but merriment glinting in his narrow slit-eyes. Suddenly he tossed his head and broke into loud laughter.

"Come on, Dave," he shouted and together they went up the house, arms around each other's shoulders. Some men followed up. Others distributed themselves in the three or four other houses in the neighborhood.

"Nell, is there something to eat?" Dave asked.

"We can cook again," I answered, "Marcellana, that's your job."

The men found each a place to lie down on the floor. Soon the house was full of sleeping men who had been up all night lying in wait on their bellies, watching Japs sitting on the railroad tracks who took off innocently at dawn not knowing that the guerrillas were all around them.

"Where's Rose? Where's Major Butler?" "I don't know. She and the others passed us twice in the dark."

Dave didn't look worried so I concluded that the situation was not critical. "She'll find her way here."

And she did. Late in the afternoon, toward sunset she arrived with a *bayong* of ripe, delicious lanzones fruit. The headquarters group had been eating nothing but lanzones the whole day. This group which included Rose, the typists, records keepers supply checker, had joined a squad of riflemen headed by a very earnest young man who led them thru brambles and mud, across streams and mazes of trains and once, just before dawn, lined them all up and gave them a lecture.

THERE were grumblers in the bunch. To these he addressed himself particularly. "Friends," he said solemnly. "Comrades, we are here together, whether we like it or not, to live or die together. . . ."

Dropping the elevated tone he continued, "So keep your goddam mouths shut. If you have any ideas come to me. Otherwise do as I say, all of you. Anybody starts trouble, I plug him thru the head."

Rose said they were all impressed. The smart alecks kept quiet after that. They got as far as Lilio, behind Nagcarlang, almost at the foot of Mt. Banahaw. Under lanzones trees in fruit the squad leader left them with a couple of riflemen. "You're safe now. Stay here till we come back. We'll find out what happened in Banca Banca."

Noon passed. The headquarters group got restive. Besides the grapevine system sometimes works very fast in the guerrillas. It did in this instance. Hearing we were in Sibulan, Rose and her buddies came and got to us ahead of the earnest young man who had gone checking up at Banca Banca. I never did get his name.

Ah, circumstance! A genuine raid would have made him a hero. This one made him a fool. His speech and "retreat" were recounted with motions for days after the incident.

SOMEHOW, all in one day, we got reassembled, all except the gentleman prisoner, Redor, who had ambled off in the dark. Months later we learned he had crossed Laguna Lake to Rizal and gone on over seven mountains to Infanta, there joining up with Anderson. How he did it on his bum leg we don't know. 'But nothing guerrillas do ever surprise guerrillas and Redor was as good a guerrilla as the best of us.

Once or twice I've mused: How would it all have turned out if when Redor had said, "Nell? Follow me," I'd followed? Could I have kept him prisoner for our outfit and prevented him from "retreating" clear to Infanta?

Or (and this probability sends Dave and Leon to rolling with laughter) would he have been so mean as to turn the tables and make me prisoner of his outfit instead?

The Scourge That Failed To Come

The Philippines has been spared the scourge that always follows wars. Health measures helped to ward off the curse

BY DR. MARIANO C. ICASIANO

NOW that the war is over we can at last heave a sigh of relief and thank the Almighty that after so many public calamities undergone by the Filipino people they were at least spared from one of the worst—PESTILENCE. Contrary to public expectation borne by experience that in the wake of all wars epidemics always follow, no catastrophe of such kind ravaged the Philippines during the dark years of the war just written in Philippine history.

Looking back in retrospect to what we have done and accomplished besides praying to safeguard the health of the people, there are some salient features of our activity which make us believe that our efforts towards insuring public health have not been exerted totally in vain.

WHEN the Japanese bombs started to fall on the City of Manila on the early part of December, 1941, the civilian population was not caught unprepared on war protection. Thousands of citizens were already trained in first aid work. A good number of first aid stations sprung up all over the city. These and all the public clinics and hospitals took care of the casualties from enemy action. There were many who perished but a good number of them who would have succumbed unaided were saved from a sure death.

When the enemy decided to release the heroes that survived starvation and diseases in the internment camp at Capas, public health personnel received these prisoners of war with utmost care, and through medical aid and good nursing attention, precious lives which otherwise would have been lost have been saved. The Manila Health Department was particularly fortunate in this respect, for out of 7,340 prisoners of war entrusted to it, many of whom were in dying condition, everyone reached Manila alive. This was attributed to the medical skill and devotion to duty of its nurses and physicians. As soon as the prisoners were damped from Japanese trucks at the railroad station in Capas, the dying were immediately given stimulating injections and all the sick cared for as much as the enemy would allow us to do.

Prisoners suffering from communicable diseases were at once separated and efforts were made to give the seriously ill more air

space to breathe and to lie down in comfort in the ill-ventilated freight boxes assigned by the Japanese Army to the prisoners. Physicians and nurses stayed in these boxes throughout the long journey in the midst of the sick, ministering any aid and possible comfort to the needy. At Tutuban station they were met by groups of public health workers from government and private institutions who assigned the prisoners to hospitals, in refugee homes, or restored them to their families. Prisoners having no families to look after them were taken care of, nurtured and treated in convalescent homes until they were strong and able to take care of themselves.

In 1943 came the gradual confiscation of transportation facilities including those used for public health and sanitation. Manila sanitation was one of the worst hit, the people of the City having been accustomed to rely absolutely on the government for the care of their daily garbage problem. The city health department resorted to pushcarts and manual labor and devised every ingenuity in gathering and disposing of obnoxious waste from the community to keep the City in sanitary condition. During those dark days when the Government agencies became more and more helpless the qualities of good citizenship among the inhabitants were demonstrated by taking a hand in the cleaning of the City in their respective localities. Bad elements, as there are always, however, instead of helping, only increased the burden of those who were civic-

minded. Save for certain few districts, the City was kept in fairly clean condition as to avoid the occurrence of serious epidemics.

WHEN in November, 1943, a serious outbreak of cholera was threatening because of the occurrence of this epidemic in Formosa which was the main source of ships coming to Manila, the health personnel of the Government with the help of some private physicians conducted a vigorous campaign of mass immunization—vaccinated almost 100 per cent of the entire population of Manila numbering more than a million in the record time of 46 days, a feat in this kind of work never previously attained in the Philippines and perhaps not even in any other city of the world. This mass vaccination is perhaps one of the main reasons why up to the present time we are set free from what otherwise would have been an epidemic of either cholera, dysentery or typhoid.

In answer to the desperate plight of the majority of inhabitants for medical aid, the city department of health established as fast as their resources permitted, additional health centers for the medical treatment of the population. At the outbreak of the war there were only 16 health centers operating in Manila.

Before the battle for the liberation of Manila took place there were already in operation 63 health centers. One hospital and 5 day nurseries for babies were opened to take care especially of children who due to poverty were doomed to die for lack of milk and medical attention. Deliveries of mothers were attended to in communities by personnel of the health centers. Medical aid was practically the only blessing left uncontrolled and unsuppressed by the enemy. This phase of activity incidentally contributed to some extent to the underground movement through extension of medical aid and the provision of medical supplies to guerrilleros.

In 1944 the scarcity of food was keenly felt in Manila especially among the poor population and before the middle of that year deaths from famine which have never occurred in the Philippines before started to occur. By the end of 1944 the deaths from lack of food reached forty a day. Here, again, public health workers and organizations tried to minimize suffering through the opening of community kitchens all over the city where cooked rice was distributed to whoever may apply for the same in the community; at the beginning, rations were given twice a day and later once a day, until the resources of the Government to procure rice and other foodstuffs were totally paralyzed.

In the operation of community kitchens in the City of Manila not only the Government personnel, the doctors, nurses, dentists and midwives of the Manila Health Depart-

(Continued on page 35)

The Passing Show That Passes Out Cold

BY LAMBERTO AVELLANA

IT was easy enough immediately after liberation. If you had twelve pieces of board nailed together, two or three lights, and your grandmother's favorite bedspread, you had a theatre. With a handful of fiddlers who could scratch "I'm Going To Buy A Paper Doll" out of the guts thrown in, and you had an orchestra. To complete the show, all you needed were six or seven girls who, with every curtain close, could transform themselves from Hawaiian hula girls to Burmese maidens to Chinese dancers to Filipinas and back once again to Hawaiians with a mere change of hairdo. There wasn't even the necessity of changing costumes, there being only one costume required: none.

Psychologically, the stage shows at the time were just right down GI Joe's alley. A trifle groggy with counting too many coconut trees in New Guinea, any girl on the stage, especially if she could sing and dance, was bound to look as fetching to him as any Ziegfeld chorine back home. So the thin girls and the fat girls, the old and the young, all fell in line and danced the "Can Can Boogie". And the GI's daily mobbed the ticket booths.

That was just about the time our wine dealers were busy blinding the rest of the GI Joes with wood alcohol.

There wasn't enough in the theatres, so the vaudeville troops started blossoming out in restaurants. Night clubs made elaborate nightly presentations. Instead of cooks, the entrepreneurs were hiring dance directors. Things got so bad when you ordered a tenderloin steak you got Baby Darling singing the "Trolley Song" on your plate.

But the GI's loved it and they got it. They wanted more. Office supplies stores and auto repairing shops started putting on their little shows while you waited to have your carburetor fixed. A new slant on the stage show business had been born. Then came the *Hurricanes* and the *Atomic Bomb Shows*. And the *Haba Habas*. And now not even the holy wrath of my grandfather, Juancho Nolasco, the City Mayor, can close these little stragglers of an extinct industry.

All the bigger movie houses have closed shop. They're showing movies again. Even the second class theatres are rating first class Hollywood pictures.

AS against Robert Taylor, Alan Ladd, Gregory Peck and John Hodiak our own Leopoldo Salcedo and Rogelio de la Rosa had to give way. Theatres removed the patched-up scenery and put back the silver sheet.

Now the GI's have gone home and the impression they take home with them is none too flattering. They will always remember the Philippine stage shows as something shot out of Coney Island.

They never saw Salcedo in "*Tandang Sora*."

They never saw de la Rosa in "*Don Juan*." Or Bimbo Danao. The GI's ran him hoarse singing "*Quiereme Mucho*". They plied him with corned beef hash to hear him sing "*It Had To Be You*". They never

saw him in "*Tapos ang Boksing*."

Pugo and Togo made the GI's roar with laughter with their off-color jokes, but they never saw Pugo and Togo put on the best stage performance of their careers in *Buhay Alamang*.

They did not see Fernando Poe's *Condemned* written by MaGuerrero.

Or Estella's *Ave Maria* which practically was a four-week pilgrimage to the Lyric.

Or Tolosa's *Dugong Silangan*. They didn't even see our own Bert Le Roy.

Or Anzures in "*Alpaho!*"

Or Arsenia Francisco in "*Mahinhin*."

Or Rosa Aguire's Brilliance in *Matandang Dalaga*.

Or dancer Bayani. The GI's will always remember him dancing "*La Comparsa*" with his wife Nieves because they did not see him in *Pagibig ng Isang Reyna* where he played the part of an old man and got a round of applause every time he died.

Or Katy de la Cruz who then wasn't sandpapering her voice with *St. Louis Blues*—but was taking old mother roles.

Rebecca Gonzales who proved her versatility in *Pintakasi*.

These artists and those productions will be relegated to the department of fond memories. Only when the conversation shall turn to the better things we have done on the stage shall they be raked up. They were, in all sincerity, good all the way around.

IT is to be regretted that these productions were presented during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, and yet it is also true that these productions might never have been a reality had it not been for that very occupation. Before the war, Hollywood and our local studios stifled whatever possibilities there were for the birth of a national theatre. There were a lot of bastard products presented, but hardly anything was there that we could be proud of. The complete cessation of American pictures during the occupation and the retreating out of the Tagalog pictures themselves forced the birth of something that took on the semblance of a THEATRE. We were well on the way towards its perfection when suddenly we were liberated. The next thing we knew, vaudeville had swept everything off in its way.

But at least we have proven one thing: we have the capacity to produce drama, drama in its purest sense, and we have also

developed the fine taste necessary for its appreciation.

This should be the cue for enterprising young people to strike forth once more and start the Guilds and the Leagues and the Associations and the Dramatic Clubs, which, after all, are the nuclei of national theatres throughout the world, and start a National Theatre of our own. At least we should be able to pick up the thread where we left off. The Filipinos are better than mere slap-happy comedians or semi-nude can-canners. We are certainly capable of better things than cheap burlesques. We can produce and have produced gems on the stage. There is very little reason why the same can not be repeated now that we have the added help of new pictures, new technique.

If anything, the four years of occupation has taught the technical men and the artistic minds in the field of Art many lessons in practical procedure. The wealth of available material for stage treatment defies the imagination. The emotional stature of the actors and actresses has been heightened and their artistic perspicacity sharpened. Surely all these improvements on the various departments of show-production should result in much more than on *Haba Haba*.

Which explains the rather frustrated feeling we carry around with us today. There was so much to show to our friends across the seas, yet, in the excitement, we forgot to show them the real thing and just handed them a gaudy sparkler.

WE have very definite reports that Rosa del Rosario has been co-starred with Robert Taylor in a picture for titled *Bataan*. Honestly, we of the movie and stage business in the Philippines are proud of her. As we are of Rudy Robles. And Fely Franquelli. They are vindicating artistically the terrific letdown we handed the American boys when they were here sweating things out.

And yet, here's an even bet that if Rosa del Rosario had stuck it out around here during the liberation days, she probably would have been just another hooper in one of Lou Salvador's stage shows. And Rudy Robles would have been lucky if he had been allowed to play stooge to Lopito.

The passing show has passed and passed out cold. So cold, that Lou Salvador is running as Vice President in the Moncado ticket.

I'd do the same only I'm four years shy of the required political age. Besides, Moncado has never heard of me.

The Filipino
OBSERVER

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FEW teas are rarely as pat as the one given not many days past by the First Lady of the Land to the ladies of the press. . . it was a purely hen affair and Malacañan resounded with the hen's cackles. . . even the fabulous chandeliers jingled in resonance. . . one must suspect by now that there is nothing *sotto voce* with the women writers. . . as Mary Osmeña observed she knew the WW party was on long before the girls actually ascended the richly carpeted stairs. . . Mrs. Osmeña looked disarmingly youthful in a striped yellow silk vestido cut along soft lines. . . she was the ever gracious hostess with that rare gift of distributing herself to her many guests at once. . . one of a handful of our top-flight well-dressed matrons, the First Lady automatically shrugs off any compliment to her well-adjusted looks. . . as we had occasion to observe once, she is very down-to-earth, her bearings good and sound. . . Rosie, cool in a red print dress and artificial flowers on her hair, dropped in for a wee chat. . . the food was simple, planned with gusto and finesse by an ungrudging hostess who gave allowance to the rather strong possibility that the writing femmes might come with a gourmet's frame of mind. . . and so we had Chow Mien choked with chicken, ham, shrimps, pork, onions and crisp minced vegetables. . . and mountains of sandwiches and cookies. . . and a cake so-o-o big and covered with thick creamy icing. . . and ice cream with barquillos that melt in the mouth. . . for ideas, the WW had only, but loads of, nice small talk to digest. . . politics was, to use a happy phrase, millenniums away. . . in this beclouded political day, this is grit pure and simple on the part of the interested parties. . . and now let's see what gives in the list of among those present. . . there was Yay thinner and wearier, khaki-clad, and wearing glasses. . . Lydia in black, hair upfixed, always ready to frown. . . Alice in white and still thinking of going abroad. . . Nina in black and very articulate. . . Sofia in bonbon pink and looking not all like a medic. . . Enriqueta still getting away with her heir-unapparent disguise. . . Estrella in a nailhead dress which she made to sound like fiction—she was to return it to her mother after the party. . . Maria costing a hundred and ten pesillos from jersey frock, to bag, to shoes and telling the world about it. . . Ligaya, exuberant, as always. . . Loreto in her quiet, quiet shell. . . Lina F. overflowing with conversation (thanks to vitamin pills) . . . Lina E. sporting a painstaking hairdo. . . Julie in a staid casual. . . Aurora and Corazon very businesslike what with their offices just a few rooms away. . . Pacita Mendez tolerant and amiable. . . Mrs. Martinez, Miss Guthrie and Doña Pura come with their usual supply of moral support. . . and of course some of the new gals, Nelie, Fely, Nora and Herminia. . . by the way, Esther Lermantoja mentioned to us one day about the prospect of turning out in book form the writings of the late Mila Nieva-Zamora. . . Mila's father, according to Esther, is prepared to shoulder anything to put through this posthumous bit for his daughter. . . Mila, in case you didn't know it yet, succumbed to typhoid while in evacuation. . .

O

THANKS for the peace, thanks for the magic and laughter and beauty that have returned with the peace. . . the women don't say this in words, are even loathe to own up to their new-found ebullience. . . but everywhere you go you see the signs: radiant "new" faces, well-cared for hair, clothes worn with love, little gadgets on hair, on collar, whimsy trinkets, crazy gewgaws. . . ears that take the eye. . . bags bulky with Stateside authenticity . . . shoes glinting wickedly. . . figures held smart and tall in spite of one's few inches. . . and merry chatter no end. . . and sparkling conversation that all but relegates the nightmare of a few months ago into a swiftly receding past. . .

LOOKING at Betty Wright now, you'd never guess she's changed address because her fine home on Taft Avenue was lost in the holocaust. . . Betty's "photo-finish" complexion is a thing of envy, and her figure, too, is at last under control. . . she sports the very new, very short page boy coif. . . we saw her recently in a gold linen dress which buttoned all the way down front. . . come to think of it, who has not been uprooted in this most thorough of all global shake-ups. . . Conching Sunico in her new-found ebullience shows no traces of what it was like when she found herself among the limping survivors from the Malate carnage. . . King and Wilhelmina Kasilag once of Paco are now often seen in the vicinity of Sto. Tomas, King most often lugging a violin case, Wilhelmina always looking newly pressed. . . Alice Feria Obordo also of Paco now lives in Gov. Forbes. . . Alice has a gold bed with a giant size Spanish mantilla of yellow silk for bed cover. . . no, you can't sit on the bed, not with the bed cover on. . . because, to Alice who came out minus a husband and an adopted child, from the Paco massacre . . . to Alice, that might be the last straw, who knows? . . . The list of changes of abode is endless. . . as Yay observed nobody knows now where any body lives and why. . . Wishing will make it so, say the gals who prayed for a "compromise" hairdo and got it. . . newer than the upward fling is the new coif that makes you look as if you have two buns, one on the forehead and another at the nape of the neck. . . to do this without having to visit your hairdresser everyday, get a nice short permanent. . . gather your ringlets into a low bun at the back. . . ditto your curls to form another

bun smack on top of your forehead. . . if you wish, coax a few curls into some sort of top bangs. . . Nely Lacson Gonzales has given up her favorite upfix for this new, intriguing fad. . . Speaking of what's new. . . have you heard of the latest brainstorm in earrings? . . . Pass this on to your private craftsman: actual little silver pitchers polished to glistening, will hold water, and guaranteed to dangle prettily on the ears. . . you do wear earrings, of course, don't you. . . if you don't, you are not of this atomic age. . . and you just can't ignore the bows and bow-knots in all manner and make that stamp you as of this period. . . and buttons used the left-of-center way. . . and belts that are wide and decorated fabulously. . . there are the new "embracelets" for your wrist. . . an embracelet is a gold chain with your name or his name or just plain l-o-v-e in gold letters on. . . gold, in all its gala shades, is back. . . gold kid for a corselet belt, gold lame for wristlet or headband, gold sandals, gold sequins, gold fan pin, gold braids for trimming, gold-plated bands for plastic combs. . . which reminds us, Daisy Hontiveros Avellana must have swiped grandmother's comb when she was not looking and stuck it on her hair when she went to the writers' meeting. . . remember those combs with crown of antique gold? . . . well, they're it. . . they're it by virtue of the atomic bomb sparks that must have strayed from Hiroshima to play havoc with man, mouse and beast. . . Definite sparks from the atomic bomb are the new colors. . . get a load of this: Outrageous Fatal Apple Red, Dynamite Red, Champagne White, Pink Riot, Kitten Grey, Ice Green or even Electric Green. . . Your nail polish isn't mulberry, or old rose, or Cubana or Windsor anymore. . . It is Alert, Honor Bright, Off Duty, Young Red, At Ease. . . get wise and get hep to the new atomic fashion language. . .

—ptg

NEWS: The Return of the Party Dress



The terno that is definitely of this atomic age is here worn by Nena Lerma. Envision yourself in Blush Pink with sequin flowers and glinting butterflies smothering you in riotous abandon. Or in Winter White decorated with appropriate frostings. Or go the whole hog in Champagne White with heady embellishments.



The coming-out formal is traditionally white, and Josephine Cojuangco sticks to that like a nice deb. Of foamy white net, the frock boasts of a decollete neckline and wee puff sleeves. For spark, patchings of delicate lace motifs.



Silky braids coaxed into a fabulous feather is an inspiration that sounds like a spark from Hiroshima. And Violeta Gallego wears the ensemble like the very apt society gal that she is. Note her "biased" chignon with the called-for ornaments.



*Photographs
By Bob's*

What's New?

Black underthings. Yes, and don't be shocked. There's the tailored black robe with gold kid piping . . . and the black slip with gold embroidery . . . and the black lace nightie. . . try it, they say black has voodoo powers. . . Have you a souvenir army scarf? Make it into a bathing suit, a pettislip or a wrap-around skirt. . . a gaudy one makes an interesting yoke for a black dress. . . By the way, you may say that it is stretching one's credulity a little too far if we say that there is something newer than the barebosom fad. . . well, there is, and it isn't what you think . . . it is the cover-up technique. . . they say that Fashion operates with a pendulum motion: skirts up, skirts down, skirts up, skirts down. . . so Amy Porter predicts that smart-fashion money is on the return to the cover-up technique after all this rumpus caused by the un-cover fad. . .



KUNDIMAN

HOTEL

1338 Azcarraga

SOFT DRINKS

949 Benavidez

COMPLIMENTS

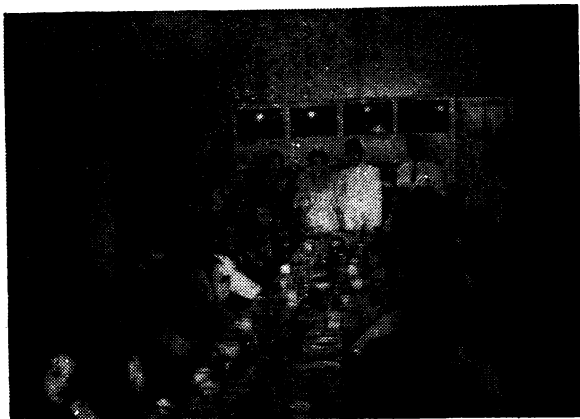
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Manila

JESUS...

(Continued from page 9)

enunciated by Christ two thousand years ago are at last beginning to take root in the hearts of men. For our dream of universal peace will never be realized, until and unless we learn to treat men as individuals and not as anonymous units of society—individuals with desires and ambitions and ideals not unlike our own.

These desires and ambitions and ideals may be modified by the fundamental differences in mental and spiritual make up. But these differences need not hinder the development of democracy as a way of life and as a social faith.

For a democratic society may be likened to an orchestra. An orchestra must have a conductor, but who can conceive of an orchestra composed entirely of conductors? And, although a cymbal player may not need the same degree of skill and musicianship as a first violinist, the music produced by the orchestra will not be so perfect without his participation.

In the same way, there can never be an ideal society composed only of leaders and thinkers. There must also be hewers of wood and drawers of water. There must be hands capable of executing the plans of the brains.

But all men, regardless of all incidental circumstances, must learn to live together in peace and mutual understanding, they must learn to pool their efforts and their resources, if human society is to flourish and men of good will are to fashion a new world of peace and concord. Order, it is said, is heaven's first law. It is also the first law of a democratic society.

ACCENT...

(Continued from page 11)

on the "bare" rather than on the "dressed" side; that is to say, when in doubt whether to wear your jewels or omit them, it is better to go without them rather than to take the risks of standing out like a Christmas tree among people with casual pieces.

As has been mentioned before somewhere in this article, the opera season here in the Philippines does not strictly follow what Emily Post says. Whereas in America and in Europe, the opera is the climax of all brilliance, (that is an out-and-out full-deck display,) in the Philippines, there have been occasions when the "best people" have attended in lesser splendor, to adjust to the conditions, the circumstances, and the local customs. Of course, there had been times when some of our opera nights have been almost as brilliant as those of other countries.

Fashion Forecasts

IT is impossible to talk of fashion trends with mere words. One must either see the actual models, or at least photographic reproductions of them. The latest trends especially are so complicated, with so many coils and sudden sullies all done in lovely miniature sizes, that one can scarcely dare to describe them without experiencing a odd feeling of insufficiency.

The best established dealers to consult are: *The Meridian* the *Estrella del Norte*, the *Levy and Blum*, the *Laperals*, *Pedro Cruz*, *Josephine's*, and the good old reliable *Nakpils* of *Barboza*, *Quiapo* who have been good & reliable since 1886. The late *Teodoro Salgado de Laa* in her time used to be quite a popular & charming old lady to go to when anyone wanted to buy anything in jewelry.

FOR A...

(Continued from page 12)

and intermittent schooling occasioned by the war, students who are originally handicapped were supposed to have been prepared for university education.

AFTER the liberation, the educational conditions are not better off. School buildings, libraries, laboratories, and other essential requirements of educative process had been destroyed in consequence of military operations. For a year now, most of the schools are functioning under the most severe handicaps in our educational history. Classes meet in temporary sheds without blackboards and without chalk; students recite without textbooks or other instructional aids; laboratory classes are held without laboratory apparatus; libraries are not found either in form or in semblance. The school now gives very limited instruction to the already limited foundation of three years of Japanese education.

When all these are considered, it can truly be said that our so-called collegiate instruction beginning next year will operate under the most trying conditions and handicaps, unless something is done to improve the present situation. It may well happen that we shall be giving collegiate education, which in other countries is nothing but secondary course. We shall be deluding ourselves into believing that we are giving college education when in truth and in fact, we have abandoned the ordinary requirements of university training and have gone down to a low level by series of "adaptations and adjustments" in order to suit the material of instruction to the poor preparation of our students. While the form remains, the substance has gone.

In order that the low standard of our education may be improved, it is advocated that a pre-collegiate year be added to the existing requirements in every collegiate course. Such a course should be taken by every high school graduate who desires to study in college and universities. It will be a sort of a vestibule through which all high school graduates desiring to study in college must pass before formal admission to regular college courses. It should be strictly and purely college preparatory course which will provide instruction in those subjects deemed needed by every college student, and in which the students are believed to be deficient, on account of abbreviated education.

The proposal for the organization of a pre-college course finds its justification not only in the emergency conditions which emphasized its imperative necessity, but more so in the inherent conditions obtaining in our educational system.

By historical precedent and deliberate choice we have adopted the American system of education for our pattern. The college books used by American students are generally the ones adopted by our students. Except a few textbooks in social sciences and in law, most of our college textbooks are imported from the U. S.—those that are adapted to the preparation of American students. But there is a huge difference in the nature of preparation of our student and that of the Americans. The American school children who learn English from their swaddles take 8 years of elementary and 4 years of high school, or a total of 12 years of elementary and secondary education. Our students who do not usually learn the medium of instruction until they are seven years take six years of elementary education and four years of high school education—or ten years which is two years less than the preparation of American college students.

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Generally speaking, then and measured by the years of school attendance, our high school graduates should only be in the third year in the American school system; and conversely, a high school graduate in the American system should be a sophomore in the Philippine college or university. In a critical analysis and evaluation of the curriculum offerings, it was found that it may be necessary for our high school graduates to make up their deficiencies by 1-1/2 years in natural science, 3 years in social science, and 3-1/2 years in mathematics.

THE proposal to create a pre-college course as a measure to strengthen the pre-collegiate preparation of our students is premised upon the fact that university education must follow universal standard as distinguished from primary education which must seek adaption to local conditions and national needs. University education is greatly conditioned by the progress in arts, the sciences, the professions. A university student whether he be an American, a German, a Japanese, an African, or a Filipino must be in a position to assimilate and interpret the laws of physics, chemistry, biology, and other sciences. He must be able to understand and appreciate the great literary masterpieces of the ages. He must be able to follow the trends of development of his chosen profession, whether it be medicine, pharmacy, engineering, etc. In other words, a university student is a student of the world affairs—of its arts, sciences or the professions—which do not recognize geographical boundary, race, color or creed. It would be dangerous for us to assume that we are training Filipino students for Philippine life where the laws of physics, chemistry, biology, and astronomy do not apply with equal force as they do to other civilized peoples.

If we admit that university standards of instruction is universal in nature, then it would be necessary for us to gaze around and see what sort of preparation do the other advanced countries of the world give to their prospective college students. In France, they have 12 years of pre-college preparation, of which seven are devoted to secondary work; Germany has 13 years, of which 9 is spent for secondary schooling; Italy has 12 years of which 8 are used for secondary education; and Japan has 13 years of which seven are devoted to secondary preparation. It should be noted further that a portion of the secondary education is devoted to some lines of specialization in the field in which work the students expect to study in the college. Thus in France the last year offers specialization in mathematics and physics; in Italy the last 3 or 4 years are spent for the course which the student will take up in college; in Japan, 2 or 3 years are spent for the pre-college course. It should be further observed that all the countries provide pre-primary education and use their native language as their medium of instruction in school.

The discouraging effects of trying to impose ordinary university standard to the ill-prepared students is revealed in the rate of mortality in the University of the Philippines. In a study involving 12,537 students covering the period for 1925 to 1935, it was found that of the number only 5,266 or 42.0 per cent graduated, 6,623 or 52.8 per cent were eliminated, and 648 or 5.2 per cent were still in the U. P. at the conclusion of the study. For every 10 students who intend to take up law, 7 drop out and only 3 remain to complete the course; for every 10 students in pre-medical course, general course, or business, more than 6 are eliminated; and in engineering, dentistry, and agriculture, only one out of every 2 students ever continue to finish the course.

SWORN STATEMENT
 (Required by Act No. 2580)

The undersigned, Gerardo G. Ledonio owner/publisher, of THE NATION published monthly in English at 983 P. Noval, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act No. 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

Name	Post-Office Address
Editor, Maria Kalaw-Katigbak	880 Santol Sta. Mesa
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| Total | |

In case of publication other than daily, total number of copies printed and circulated of the last issue, dated December, 1945:

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GERARDO G. LEDONIO
 Signature
 Owner, Publisher

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of March, 1946, at Manila, the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-2250222, issued at Manila, on March 1, 1946.

GODOFREDO RAMOS
 Notary Public
 Until December 31st, 1946.

Doc. No. 61
 Page No. 50
 Book No. 1
 Series of 1946.

(NOTE.—This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.)

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 COMMONWEALTH
 OF THE
 PHILIPPINES
 PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION
 MANILA

JOSE SEBASTIAN,
 Applicant
 CASE No. 4494
ORDER

Applicant requests for authority to operate a TPU passenger and freight bus service on the following line:

Divisoria—Sta. Ana via Quiapo and vice versa.
 This applicant will be heard by the Commission on April 5, 1946, at 9:00 A.M. in its offices, 454 Santander, Sampaloc, Manila, at which hearing applicant will present his evidence. Parties opposed to the granting of the application must file their written oppositions and appear at the hearing with their evidence.

Applicant will publish this order once in two Manila-edited newspapers of general circulation at least 10 days prior to date of hearing, and submit proof of compliance with this requirement.

Manila, January 12, 1946.
 FELICIANO OCAMPO
 Commissioner

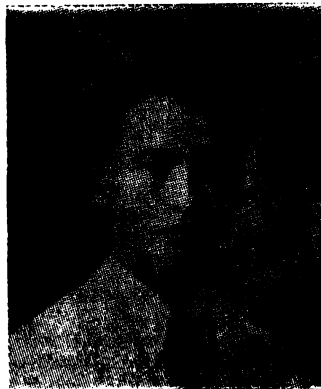
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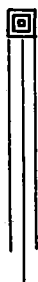
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EVEN with large percentage of elimination, the favored or selected groups do not finish the course within the time prescribed in the curriculum. In the College of Engineering for example, only 6.87 per cent finish the course within the prescribed period of four years. In other words, 93.13% of the students spend five or more years to complete the course which is prescribed for 4 years. In the College of Law only 25 students out of every hundred complete the course in 4 years. In the College of Pharmacy, 51.28% do not complete the course within the prescribed time. All those data seem to show the futility of permitting the high school graduates even with 11 years work of elementary and secondary schooling to study in college which maintains the ordinary standard of education.

In view of the poor educational conditions now obtaining in our country and our desire to maintain a standard of university instruction comparable to, if not better than, those found in other advanced countries, it would seem that the organization of a pre-collegiate course will in a certain measure improve the system of university education and turn out men and women whom we may readily expect to be real leaders in arts and sciences and the professions.

TWO HEAD...

(Continued from page 13)

"Now—drinking," said Joe. "I'm drunk."

I was about to raise my voice in polite protest.

"Yes, I am," Joe continued. "It's a shame. But I've got good reason to. A very good reason. I drink—to forget."

I edoed forward on my chair. Poor man, I thought. Some unthinking girl has broken his heart. "To forget?" I asked.

"Yes," said Joe. "I drink—to forget my Captain."

"Your Captain?" I sat back, disappointed.

"My captain," Joe worded his statement with great care, "is the meanest man alive. To him I could not say, in accents tender, 'Oh Captain, my Captain.' Of course I am no Whitman," said Joe modestly, "but then my Captain is no Lincoln."

He leaned back, and relaxed. "Ah, cushions!" sighed Joe. "When I played *Hamlet* at school," said Joe, "there were cushions like these on the stage." He brooded a while.

For a moment, a feeling of dismay seized me. He'd probably insist on reciting the soliloquy now. But instead he said, "From *Hamlet* to Holes."

"Holes?" I asked, puzzled. I had never come across such a name in all the plays I'd read.

"Holes," Joe explained, simply. "Latrine holes. My Captain makes me dig them."

AT this crucial state of affairs, Bert ambled into the yard, and his progeny let out a whoop and raced to meet him.

"Joe's here," I said. I had to say something, didn't I?

"Well, Joe," Bert disentangled himself from the children. "What do you know?"

"Bert, old pal, my best pal," Joe embraced my husband with fervour. "How's tricks?"

"Fine," Bert answered.

I asked, "How about lunch?"

"Wait," said Joe. "I must talk to Bert. Matter of importance. I must tell you," said Joe, "about my pal Jim. Jim Revere." He turned to me. "He's a Mexican."

"Revere?" I said.

"Yes," answered Joe. "R-I-V-E-R-A."

Revere. See?"

"I see," I told him.

Joe elaborated on the subject. "My old pal Jim. No finer man alive."

"Wait a minute," interposed Bert. "I thought you said I was your best pal."

"I distinguish," said Joe. "You are the friend of Joseph Head, the actor. Jim," he pointed out with irrefutable logic, "is the pal of Joe Head, buck private."

"And now," I was being repetitious, "shall we have lunch?"

"One moment," Joe held up his hand. "Have I told you," he asked Bert, "of the one-man war my pal Jim staged against the Japs?"

"No, you haven't," said Bert, the obliging host.

"If you'll excuse me," I gathered up my hungry brood, "I must see about lunch for the children." I went into the kitchen and proceeded to do so. I didn't eat, though, because I hated to spoil the looks of the food arranged so appetizingly on the platters. I wanted our eccentric guest to admire them first.

By the time I had shepherded the children back to the porch, Joe was in a mellow Wood. Magnanimously he offered to raise money for us, "many, many pesos," by shooting craps. "Like taking candy off children," was how Joe described it. "But not from my own outfit. Never!" he declared.

Bert, the honest soul, hesitated. And once again Virtue was triumphant; our pocketbooks remained depleted.

"Name the sum," Joe announced, grandiloquently. "I'll get it for you."

"Well—really," Bert turned to him, and stopped. Joe's head was bowed as if in pious meditation, and his eyes were closed. Joe had passed out, cold.

HE left him, stretched out in graceful abandon on the couch, and went into the dining-room. Our lunch was spoiled. The flowers on the table were wilting, the food was cold, and my temper was boiling. It hadn't helped matters any when afterwards when we went to rejoin our Sleeping Beauty and found that his cigarette, left unnoticed, had burned a hole in one of the cushions.

When much, much later, he revived sufficiently to sit up, slowly he turned to Bert, held up a reproving finger, and asked, "Now what was I saying before you interrupted me?"

Bert tentatively made mention of craps and Joe's offer to us.

"Money?" queried Joe. "Craps?" His voice was indignant. Stuffing the several pairs of dice and the pack of cards back into his pockets, he declared, "Craps? Never touch the damn things!"

The situation was saved by the welcome though noisy arrival of the jeep. "Sorry we're late, ma'm," explained the Southerner. "The jeep broke down."

"That's alright," I said. Fervently I hoped it wouldn't break down *this* time.

Joe turned to us, his relieved hosts. "Thanks for everything," he said. "One of these days," he promised graciously, "I must invite myself over for lunch."

His comrades-in-arms helped him down the steps and into the waiting jeep. I held my breath, and didn't feel really at ease until the vehicle had roared away from our yard and was safely out on the street.

Downstairs in the yard, the children were engrossed in a fascinating game. Their clothes were torn and dirty, and they were busily making mud-pies.

March, 1946

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Laurels FOR RACOR.....

EXCERPT FROM NOVEMBER 1945 ISSUE OF

SIGNS

OF THE TIMES MAGAZINE,
The National Journal of Advertising Displays, in an article written by BERWIN LENTZ, recent Manila Visitor.

I visited the Reliance Advertising Corporation (Racor), which was recently founded by four young Filipinos. I saw there some excellent sketches for proposed store-fronts, bulletins and posters. In years to come, this concern will undoubtedly make a genuine, lasting contribution to the design of a new and better Manila.

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It's away from dusts and noise—

DE LUXE ROOF GARDEN

A place for you to dine and
your loved ones.

CHINESE DISHES OUR SPECIALTY

5th Floor Cortez-Ochoa Building
240 Dasmariñas corner Rosario
With Special Elevator Service

TO AUSTRALIA...

(Continued from page 15)

After sitting in bucket seats amidst baggage in troop carriers, this was a special treat indeed. Y.W.C.A. General Secretary Miss Milicent Jones got us an interview with extremely busy Prime Minister Chifley.

The Prime Minister was most cordial. I think he was rather glad to have us break into his strenuous struggle with the strike problem. He even took time to pose for a picture with us and inquired into the conditions of the Philippines. His parting words were: "Your visit to Australia has been a great success and will serve to strengthen the ties forged between the Commonwealth of the Philippines and the Commonwealth of Australia in the course of our recent struggle against aggression."

We wanted one more day in Canberra, to enjoy its quiet atmosphere and the comfort and restfulness of the Y.W.C.A. Leave House; to listen to cultural lectures and to meet the city's "who is who." But Sydney would not listen to our appeal. We learned later that the Sydney Association which is in a big metropolitan city like San Francisco, is not organized to make program changes easy. Her memberships are scattered in wide areas and her out-of-town clubs are many. To change our date of arrival would have involved changing all the plans for Wollongong, Newcastle, Curri, Cessnock, Maitland. Notifying them of the change would have been too upsetting.

SYDNEY, however, more than made up to us for our disappointment in not having stayed in Canberra a day longer. She had a varied schedule of activities for us including a visit to the zoo, which we would not have missed for anything. Sydney looks like an American city. It has speed, clothes, manners, escalators, pleasures, motor cars, department stores, moving pictures and soda fountains.

The regional office of the Y.W.C.A. arranged for us to make side trips to smaller city and country associations, where we met the wives of miners, steel manufacturers, and farmers. While Angela Ramos and I did Newcastle and the Coalfield towns, Paz Cuerpocruz and Nena Florendo went to Wollongong and helped install a new Y.W.C.A.

Just when we were getting attached to Sydney and the many friends we made there,

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CAMEL HAIR POMADE

**Look for this Registered Trade Mark in Every Cover and
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we had to return to Brisbane for the home-ward trip. The two months allowed by our passport was about to expire, and we had to hurry on.

Gorgeous Brisbane is the one city in Australia that reminded us so much of the Philippines. The houses, the palms, the ferns, the bananas, papaya, the chacaranda (cabbalero to us), and the climate are like ours.

WE left Australia reluctantly with deep gratitude in our hearts and a big lump in our throats. It was like parting with a beloved family who had given us new life and new hope.

On the way back we followed a slightly different route, this time stopping over for two days in Biak and for short stops in Hollandia and Fitzhaven. Then by-passing Leyte we flew straight to Manila.

As our plane hovered over Manila waiting for a landing place we saw our desolate city again. A new feeling came over us. We viewed it with less hopelessness. Inspired by Australia's success only 157 years ago, in building a nation in a virgin land beyond the seas, we felt that from our ruins, we too can rise up and build a better and greater Philippines.

HOW LONG...

(Continued from page 16)

diately after her marriage she made efforts to look at life the way her husband did—as a serious and dreary business where merriment and fooling had no place.

FOR a long time she lived thus in shameful withdrawal from the brightness of the laughing sun, the lusty ways of a life beautiful with song. She taught her children to respect their new father and never to fool around when he was in the house. When she was still a widow she did not expect her children to heed her. Neither did she mind them at all. She believed then that children should be allowed to shout and play and curse and run around and fill the house with their healthy peccadillo. But now at a look from her she expected them to behave like angels.

She launched upon a new life of correct and well-mannered behavior. This was quite a task for a woman who had loved life so much. But for a time Baricta succeeded—or so, she thought. A new woman emerged: tall as ever and strong-armed, but silent now and serious and when she talked her language was well-guarded and clean and one could no longer smell the rich aroma of her vitality. The expletives and cuss-words which adorned her language in the past were purged from her system completely as it were.

And lo! the life of the village went with the change wrought in her. Children she still brought into the world but gone were her old ways and her old tricks of entertainment and the whole barrio knew that something was dead and lifeless without them. People feared that they could no longer make her laugh aloud as of old or show them her strong buyo-stained teeth again.

Her children chafed under the restraining eyes of their mother and knew that there was something amiss and wrong. What it was they did not at once discover. In their hearts they resented the intrusion of the stranger whom their mother wanted them to call their father. They did not like him from the start and they did everything to make him uncomfortable and vicious.

One day Baricta caught them pouring

Casa Curro

RESTAURANT & FIRST CLASS BAR

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90 ROSARIO

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COLUMBIA BAKERY

331 P. Campa

Manila

- AMERICAN LOAVES
- PASTRIES
- CAKES
- PIES
- COOKIES

BIRTHDAY & WEDDING CAKES OUR SPECIALTY

sand upon the hair of the sleeping step-father. She caught them red-handed and she pulled them out into the kitchen where she took a piece of stick and made them lie down on their bellies.

Down, she commanded sternly, down, you rascals.

ONE by one they did—threestronghusky boys in a row. They covered their eyes and waited for the stick to descend with Baricta's rising wrath. But the mother, looking at her children thus, could not help remembering how once they were babies in her arm and now how strong and grown-up they all were. Something in that moment broke her long fast from laughter and life. Jesus God, she exclaimed, how long you are. And, throwing the stick away, she began to laugh aloud and lustily. Her laughter rose from her big and ample bosom, up her thick and robust throat and came out booming from her mouth. She shook all over: her arms and belly, her hair and cheeks, her legs and thighs and torso were shaken with long lusty thunderous laughter.

And suddenly her husband awoke with a start. He stood up and confronted the mad and frenzied woman who was shaking with uncontrollable mirth.

What in hell is all this about, he asked, indignant.

You will never know, she said—and added in her heart, damn you!—and she laughed and laughed again defiantly at her husband's outraged face, until she was red all over and tears were misting her eyes.

THE PUBLIC...

(Continued from page 17)

towards a pool. Ten percent of the pledge was paid up; the rest was to be handed in when called for. The members then sat down and elected a Board of Directors, namely: Dr. Victor Buencamino, chairman, and Ramon Araneta, Felipe Roman, Florencio Reyes, Lino Gutierrez, and Cornelio Balmaceda, members. Mr. Balmaceda was ex-officio member as manager of the Trade Service Department, which had conceived the brilliant idea.

It was this board which was informed, through Chamber President Gil J. Puyat, of the arrival of five ships loaded with surplus army supplies. Four of the ships were in Leyte, one was in Subic Bay, nearer Manila. The Board decided to ask for the ship manifests or lists of the cargo so it could make the necessary calculations prior to making a bid to purchase. Upon receipt of the papers, the Board made tabulations, and then worked towards securing the total capital. Finally, the Board signed the formal contract of purchase with the office of the Foreign Liquidation Commission.

This paper work over and done with, a new Board of Governors was elected to handle the business the huge volume of which can be judged by a perusal of the lists. The five ships contain trucks, tractors, lumber, cement, hardware, road rollers, concrete mixers, scrapers, prefabricated houses, building materials, electrical supplies, and sundry others.

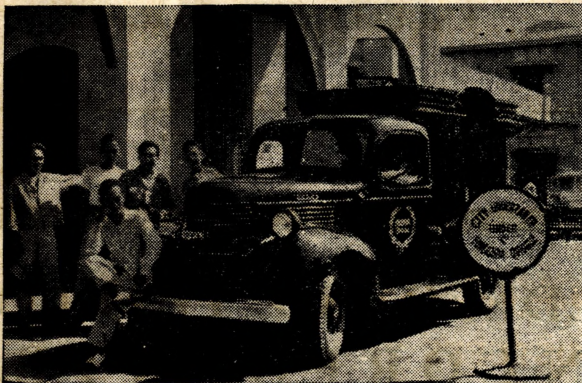
The new Board of Governors elected are: Gil J. Puyat, chairman, and Felipe Roman, Dr. Victor Buencamino, Ramon J. Araneta, Mateo Occeña, Enrique J. Montilla, Florencio Reyes, Daniel Aguinaldo and Cornelio Balmaceda, members.

THE bid had really not been exclusively the Chamber's. It was shared, and is still shared, by the Philippine Exchange, which

SIXTY-SIX
Years!

of friendly and uninterrupted

S E R V I C E



PICTURE OF A NEWLY ACQUIRED FUNERAL CAR BY FUNERARIA QUIOGUE, CITY UNDERTAKERS, FOR BURIAL OF CITY INDIGENTS.

FUNERARIA QUIOGUE

AZCARRAGA

CORNER

BENAVIDEZ

is a subsidiary of the Philippine National Bank, and by the National Trading Corporation, a 100 per cent government controlled organization. It is highly significant to notice that the money put up, which amounted to nearly ₱3,000,000, had come from substantial Filipino pockets only.

A spokesman for the Syndicate again emphasized the fact that this cargo of material so essential to our rebuilding could have been taken to another country and unloaded there. No one Filipino businessman would have dared to handle the transaction alone. Without the Syndicate, he said, without this cooperative venture, our stride towards normalcy would have been delayed many many months. The success of this experiment, he also said, will pave the way to others of the same nature in the future, ensuring thus that Filipinos will handle volumes of business which formerly fell into alien hands. The aliens have long been adopt in the processes of pooling resources together and reaping the benefits thereof.

Now, we told the spokesman again before parting, it is obvious to all that such a cooperative move will be advantageous to you business people. The gains from it are apparent, no end. But how about us, the consumers. Have you provided for us, too?

THE SCOURGE...

(Continued from page 21)

ment and of the Bureau of Public Welfare and the Red Cross, but also ladies associations of health centers and some charitable organizations helped in this noble task without compensation.

When the bombing of Manila by the liberating forces started, first aid stations in all health centers and other stations were again organized. Casualties were given first aid in the centers and brought to hospital when necessary. It is to be mentioned in this connection that the vast majority of cases were not due to the effects of bombs but shells from anti-aircraft guns of the Japanese forces which were emplaced all over the city including congested areas, schools and churches.

OUR present problem of public health is not less difficult than that of the past. Our main concern is the rehabilitation of all agencies and professions related to public health as well as the building of a virile race in a healthy community. Our medical and

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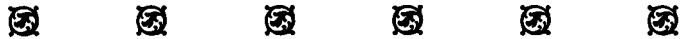
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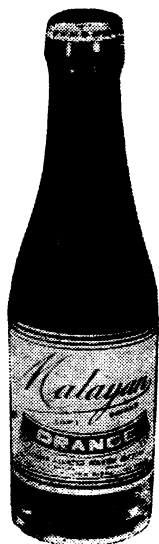
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other allied professions must be placed on their feet. Our medical agencies and institutions must be rehabilitated. Medicines and medical supplies must be made available for all people in need. The masses must be nourished. Families must have that feeling of security and financial independence which are essential to mental health.

Veneral diseases which are on the increase especially in cities and big towns as an aftermath of war must be suppressed, if we are to get rid of insanes and cripples in the succeeding generations.

Measures to rehabilitate our public health agencies have already been taken with the initial aid given by the American Army and the work along this line is gaining momentum from day to day. Very much, however, remains unaccomplished and the aid of every agency and individual in the community is needed.

The task ahead is gigantic. However, if we were able to survive in the past in spite of numerous odds against us, there is no reason why we cannot conquer the future. With trust in God, coupled with courage, determination and hard work, we may yet build in this side of the world a race of vigorous and contented people, living in a healthful and prosperous community.

MARIA WENT . . .

(Continued from page 9)

view, claimed descent from the Spanish General Moncada. Don Sergio has not yet made any committments.

What are they doing now? Emilio Abello has a law office sion up on the Monte de Piedad Building. Arsenio Beonifacio, idem, on the A.P. Reyes Building on Calle Raon. Jose Figueras has a grocery store in the garage near his house. Claro M. Recto is writing a book, or books. Teodoro Evangelista has taken unto himself a bride. Jorge Bocobo is still recuperating. Arsenio Luz is writing letters to friends in America.

A bad miss: the newspapermen's oversight of Mauro Mendez' statement at the Cabili press conference that "There is no government of laws; it is always a government of men."

Tom Benitez was among those four foreign service pensionados denied visas by the State Department. "Mere service is sufficient, etc.", he was told.

So Chioco is now the manager of the Naric. Now, let's see. How did that happen? Wasn't there a certain Tanco somewhere in the building before?

Capt. Elpidio Valencia, aide-de-camp at the Palace, is currently being accused of sabotage in connection with the election efforts. Why this is so can best be answered by the Captain alone and a certain beauty.

Following is the line-up of the Casa Roxas on the Azcarraga for their "Happy Days are Here Again", when thorns shall be roses and beggars shall be princes of the land: Interior, Paco Zulueta; Finance, Gregorio Anonas; Instruction, Kalaw; Justice, Hontiveros; Labor, Vicente de la Crpz or Paguaia, whoever does not become Senator; Internal Revenue, Bibiano Meer; Customs, Congressman Arnaldo; Floor Leader, Vicente Francisco; Senate President, Jose Avelino or Mariano Cuenco, whoever will receive the higher votes: technical adviser to Malacañan, Sergio Osmeña.

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 Assistant Secretary to the President.... Francisco Zamora
Office of Foreign Relations—Malacañan
 Commissioner..... Vicente G. Sinco
**Bureau of Civil Service—Corner Aviles &
 San Rafael Streets**
 Commissioner..... Mariano Gonzalez
 (Officer-in-Charge)
 Deputy Commissioner..... A. Mata
 (a) Administrative Division..... Ruben Ledesma
 (b) Examining Division— Chief Examiner..... Gregorio Rasalan
 (c) Investigation & Law Division.
 (d) Salary Board—Malacañan Annex
 Secretary & Executive
 Officer..... Ladislao Yap
**Budget Commission—Cor. Aviles & San
 Rafael Streets**
 Commissioner..... Ismael Mathay
 Deputy Commissioner..... Pedro M. Gimenez
**Institute of National Language—95 San
 Rafael (Retoño Bldg.), San Sebastian**
 Director..... Lope K. Santos
 Secretary and Executive Officer..... Jose G. Panganiban
**Philippine Sugar Administration—Malaca-
 ñan Annex**
 Philippine Sugar Administrator..... Gil Montilla (Actg.)
 Assistant Sugar Administrator..... Vicente G. Bunuan
 (Actg.)
**Bureau of Census and Statistics—Ma-
 lacañan**
 Director..... Horacio Lava
 Assistant Director.....
Philippine General Hospital—Taft Avenue
 Director..... Augusto Villalon
 (Actg.)

II

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 (Actg.)
 Undersecretary..... Marciano Roque

III

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 Secretary..... Jaime Hernandez
 Undersecretary..... Jose M. Hilario
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 —Port Area**
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 (Actg.)
 Deputy Insular Collector of Customs.
**Bureau of Internal Revenue—1067 Arlegui,
 Sta. Cruz**
 Collector of Internal Revenue..... Jose Leido
 Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue..
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 Asst. Treasurer of the Philippines.... Vicente G. Gella
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 quieta Streets**
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 (Actg.)
 Assistant Bank Commissioner.....
**Bureau of Printing—Cor. Azcarraga & Que-
 zon Boulevard**
 Director..... Amado Jacinto
 Assistant Director..... Felipe A. Largoza
**Government Service Insurance System—
 Customs House Bldg.—Port Area**
 General Manager..... Mariano G. del Ro-
 sario (Actg.)
**Division of Purchase and Supply—Old Bili-
 bid Prisons**
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VIII

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 Secretary Marcelo Adduru
 Undersecretary
 Bureau of Immigration—138 Bustillos
 Commissioner E. Fabre
 1st Deputy Commissioner Alfredo Catolico
 2nd Deputy Commissioner

IX

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 Undersecretary Teodosio R. Diño
 Bureau of Coast and Geodetic Survey—O'Racea Bldg., Binondo
 Director Glen W. Moore
 Assistant Director Andres O. Hizon
 Bureau of Aeronautics—Malacañan
 Director Gregorio Y. Zara
 Philippine Army—Ang Tibay Shoe Factory Bldg., Grace Park
 Chief of Staff Major-Gen. Rafael Jalandoni
 Deputy Chief of Staff Brig.-Gen. Macario Peralta, Jr.

X

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 Undersecretary Jose Guidote
 Bureau of Health—Colegio Medico Farmaceutico Bldg., 879 Lepanto
 Director Felipe Arenas

Bureau of Public Welfare—Cor. Legarda & San Rafael Streets
 Director Mrs. Asuncion Perez
 Bureau of Quarantine Service—Customs House Bldg., Port Area
 Chief R. Abriol (Actg.)

XI

GENERAL AUDITING OFFICE—Old Bilibid Prisons
 Auditor General Paciano Dizon
 Deputy Auditor General Juan Concon

SUPREME COURT—Malacañan Annex
 Chief Justice Manuel V. Moran

Associate Justice

Roman Ozaeta	Guillermo F. Pablo
Ricardo Paras	Gregorio Perfecto
Delfin Jaranilla	Emilio Y. Hilado
Felicisimo R. Feria	Cesar Bengzon
Mariano H. de Joya	Manuel C. Briones

PEOPLE'S COURT—Bilibid Prisons
 Presiding Judge Leopoldo Rovira

Associate Judges

Ricardo Nepomuceno	Jose S. Bautista
Arsenio P. Dizon	Salvador Abad Santos
Florentino Saguin	Jose P. Veluz
Pompeyo Diaz	Antonio Quirino
Fortunato Borromeo Veloso	Tiburcio Tancinco
Jose Bernabe	Clementino V. Diez (Actg.)
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Building The

DUE to the increase in size of our *magazine*, plus trouble with printers, strikers, paper hoarders, and other kindred pests, our January and February issues were delayed. We have amalgamated them all into this number and labelled it: March, knowing a rose, by whatever name, will still smell sweet.

DEFINITELY a feather in our cap is the promise (duly notarized) of **LAMBERTO AVELLANA** to conduct an exclusive feature for us on drama, the theatre, the movies, the stage. Avellana's qualifications as dramatic critic are varied and various. He is actor, producer, director, playwright, backer, loser, what else. We believe good, sound and fair criticism can come only from the possession of a complete background of the circumstances of production and creation. That background, we have reason to know, Avellana possesses far and above many other critics. Mahjongg and poker notwithstanding, we shall make Avellana give and give good every issue.

DURING those days not so long ago when the Filipino writers in English turned patriotic and decided to turn their talents into the writing of Tagalog, among the most successful was *Tarrosa Subido*. (She is the Post-lude in the Post. Her husband is the Post Data.) Tarrosa has since realized that Tagalog is as splendid a vehicle, if not more so, as English for us writers trained to write in English. Having never disagreed with her—gentlemen, she has a tongue—we took her aside one night and asked her to please come out and say what she had to say. Here it is. Someday, we shall be very proud of *Tarrosa Subido*. She's got what it takes to get there, if you know what we mean.

CHAPLAIN (Lt.) Hopkins is a well-known American composer who has had his works printed by Theodor Presser and other better class music publishing houses in America. The library of the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Philippines used to contain his works, mostly choral and piano compositions. His latest and some say his best production is his music to Rizal's Last Farewell, which he has dedicated to the heroes of Bataan. He was very favorably impressed by our achievements as a musical people.

POST graduates of the University of the Philippines know *Dr. Antonio Isidro*, that simpatico professor of the College of Education. Unlike many in his calling, Dr. Isidro is a progressive thinker, free of mental and financial fetters. His is a mind pure in the idealism of his profession. It is versatile and flexible, curious and exploratory. Hence the why of his many eye-opening expositions. His long stay in America in the University of Chicago, his wide circle of friends of many species, his international household, all have made of him one of the most broad-minded university blue-stockings we know.

THERE is no one among our writers, both men and women, who can successfully do the type of sparkling witty writing that **DAISY HONTIVEROS AVELLANA** has

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NATION

lately been doing. Not a wasted line or phrase anywhere. If you think this kind of humour is easy to achieve, we dare you to try it. Daisy, do your GI's really say those lines, or do you just make them up as you go along? Our GI's, they have most of the time been monosyllabic.

DR. Mariano Icasiano is the head of the City Health Department. He is very popular with writers because he never says what he does not mean and never gives a promise he cannot fulfill. If you have tried what it is to go around a-begging for intelligent compositions and being always left holding the bag on deadline day, you will understand and condole with this our very compressed complaint. Dr. Icasiano's office is the only place in the whole wide world where we saw shinning spic and span garbage cans. If that isn't practice above theory, what is.

NINA Estrada Puyat is back with the second instalment of "Accent on Glitter". The first, published December, gave the history of gems and precious stones, where they come from, superstitions connected with their use, etc. Readers of the second instalment who have not read the first should look it up for a complete picture of this interesting study on jewelry.

WE are proud to confess that we owe the suggestion of a name for the personality of the month to a rabid Nation reader who threatened to boycott us unless we ran Judge Jesus Barrera who, in case you didn't know it already, is emerging as the leading champion of the tao. We would have boycotted ourselves if we didn't catch on fast enough. I. V. Mallari was cooperation itself; he came across hours before the deadline only to rush the manuscript back to Judge Barrera who, after reading it, sent us the following personal annotation:

"Please note some of my enmendations which, I believe, must be made to tone down some passages. Even with these, I sincerely believe your composition makes me more than what I really am and would want said of me. I much prefer I be spared unnecessary publicity—in fact I am getting too much of it already—but rather have more said of the movement itself. We, the present leaders, are but incidents and hence focus must be drawn to the ideologies rather than to personalities. However, in view of what you said you must have this and urgently, I am returning it to you as per your request."

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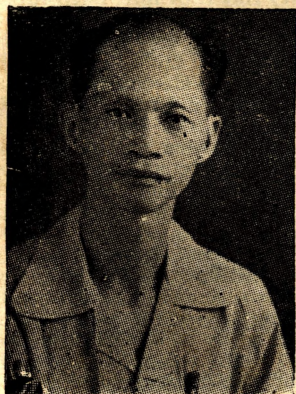
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Maria Kalaw-Katigbak
Editor

Paciencia Torre-Guzman
Associate Editor

Liberation's Ultimate Meaning

WITH gratitude and thanksgiving, the Filipino people will remember the liberation of their country by the American forces over a year ago. They will remember it not only for a short time, but as long as they have memory and a sense of appreciation. Like the Fourth of July to the States of the Union, the date will be celebrated through the length and breadth of the Philippines from year to year, if not in public, then in the heart of every Filipino. It will be celebrated especially by those who actually witnessed the dawn of that happy day after passing the dark, seemingly endless, and death-haunted night of Japanese terrorism.

It is no exaggeration to say that that single act of America would have sufficed to immortalize her in the Islands. It would have been enough, in fact, to rear for her in every home and hamlet a monument far more lasting than brass because such monument would not be subject to the changes and ravages of time.

But liberation, to be complete, should not mean merely the freeing of people from Axis tyranny and bondage. It should mean much more than the mere destruction of Japanese militarism and all the hateful and horrible things that it stood for, or the crushing of Nazism and all its attendant evils.

In the words of the late Wendell L. Wilkie, it should mean the giving to all peoples without further bloodshed "freedom to govern themselves as soon as they are able, and the economic freedom on which all lasting self-government inevitably rests." It should mean creation of "a world in which all men everywhere can be free."

Bluntly, it should mean the end of colonialism and imperialism both in the East and the West, and the universal recognition of the inalienable right of every people to forge their own destiny and live in liberty and independence.

Independence And Directives

THE Philippines will have her independence in a little over five months. That is strictly in accordance with the Tydings McDuffie law. So sure is the United States of granting that long-coveted boon on July 4 that, commenting on persistent talks of delay from American and Filipino sources, High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt has categorically stated there will be "no ifs nor buts."

Needless to say, the Philippine Independence law was an enactment of the American congress. It enjoyed the full and hearty approval of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt who, like the good democrat that he was, firmly believed even before he reached the White House that the Philippines deserve to be free.

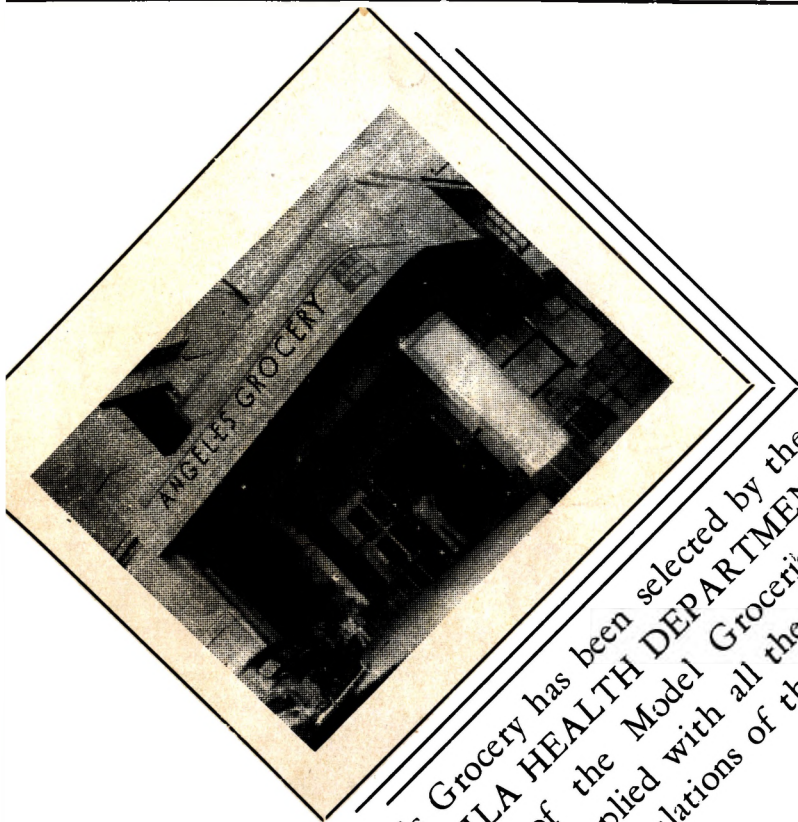
However, it seems that as the country approaches with eagerness and enthusiasm the day of its freedom, the American government feels unhappy about it. Hence, instead of extending quick, concrete, and constructive help in the tremendous work of rehabilitation, it has been saddling the Osmeña administration with directives and restrictions. Some of them, incidentally, vividly reflect lack of confidence in the ability of the Filipino people to handle their own internal affairs.

The latest is the rather absurd, not to say insulting, proposal that an extra-territorial court be established here to try collaboration cases. All those accused of collaboration must be tried right away without regard to the evidence and, if possible, convicted. Creation of an extra-territorial court, now a "definite possibility," is something which out-and-out imperialists in the United States never thought of doing even when they held the reins of government.

One of the most serious implications of the plan is that the People's Court and the Solicitor General with his corps of special prosecutors have fallen down on their thankless jobs. Such an accusation is as gratuitous as it is unfair. Too well the public knows that both are exerting their utmost to expedite collaboration cases. The trouble is not with them, but with those who often forget that the court is not a star chamber and the Solicitor General is not a public persecutor. Whether they like it or not, both judicial bodies have to be guided by the law of the land.

Worth remembering by those who want to sit as judges is that the adjective or procedural law of the Philippines, now commonly known as the Rules of Court, is patterned, almost in its entirety, after that of the United States. It is not inquisitorial. It observes what the American Constitution enjoins—due process and all other pertinent provisions in the Bill of Rights. If there has been any delay in the disposal of cases, it has been due, as the People's Court has taken pains to remind its Washington critics, "to the policy ... to respect the constitutional rights of the accused—rights which not even an extra-territorial court can safely ignore."

Instead of telling the Philippine government what to do and not to do in matters purely local and internal, would it not be infinitely better and juster for the Washington administration to give right away to the Philippines the facilities she urgently needs for the rehabilitation of her people and the reconstruction of war-devastated areas? That certainly would be far more in consonance with the American spirit of justice and would be much more deserving of the Filipino people's gratitude than occasional directives and restrictions however well-meaning they may be.



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Above picture was taken after the nomination of General Roxas in the National Convention at Famous Santa Ana Cabaret.

*Front row, left to right: Congressman Cojuangco, General Roxas, Ex-Mayor Morato.
Back row, left to right: Director de Leon of L.V.N., a friend army officer and Jubilant
Johnnie Canson.*