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WOMAN'S Home Journal

(Official Organ of the National
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THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

ON OUR COVER this fortnight is Mrs. Carmen Aguinaldo-Melencio who needs no introduction. Her husband, Consul General Jose Melencio for New York has left for his assignment abroad with Neny, their younger daughter, to keep him company before Mrs. Melencio and Amor who is still finishing her law studies in U.P. can manage to join up. In the meantime there is much to do here for Mrs. Melencio what with her social welfare work taking up practically all of her time. The War Veterans, to mention her chief preoccupation now, seem to tie her very much to grinding office duties. Bustling about thus from noon till night should handicap this vital woman in more ways than one. But no. Consider that one hilarious night in Malacañan when the party decided to have the "Lanceros" by all means, and everybody, as you can imagine, was dressed to kill except Mameng Melencio who was in a white sports dress which she had worn to office all day. This "catastrophe", far from spoiling her poise, made her the gayest, ablest Lanceros-participant that evening.

NEWSPAPERS OF OUR Federation representatives now at their tasks in America come pouring everyday. The write-up of Mrs. Ramos by Bessie Hackett with the press release boxed in the same page, also Friends in America (page 27) will give you an inkling of how very smoothly things are going for our women ambassadors abroad. The latest cables, for instance, mention Mrs. Legarda as heading a committee sponsoring a cultural symphony concert in New York. Miss Mercedes Evangelista is now the recipient of a scholarship from the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs. The scholarship will

(Continued on page 25)

A SONG, A FLOWER AND A SIGH

THE PEACE OF A WORLD CAN HANG ON A WEDDING PICTURE—WHO KNOWS?

I FOUND a picture, one day, among the clothes I was sorting in my aparador. We had been through a fire, you know. As so many others have. And the clothes I had managed to save out of it were the clothes I would not have worn any more, but when the fire came, there they were, there was no time to reach the clothes more presentable and more deserving of salvation, because they were hanging upstairs, and the stairs had already caught fire. And you know how it is, how you get a sudden quick thought of well, this will be better to wear than nothing. But I had acquired more clothes, you know, and I was sorting my bureau so I could give some clothes away, and as is usual with women who are house-cleaning, deciding to keep them anyway for remarking just as soon as I had decided to discard them.

Well, there was this picture.

It was taken of my husband and me when we had just gotten married. It was a little picture, rather yellow now, and rather ridiculous looking. You know how it is, when you are very young, and the photographer rather scares you, and you wear a smirk, or else wear a frown. And when you see it you think it is good enough, especially if it flatters you a little, but there comes a time when you look back at it, and remember the occasion when it was taken, and you wonder how the photographer could have ever thought that you looked like that.

Well, then, there was this picture. And somehow it seemed to me that I could hear that phrase in my mind again, you know the

one that goes: the peace of the morning befriend thee, and the light of the sunset, and the happiness of the sky. I found that phrase once when I was young, and it seemed to me a lot of things bothered me, including religion. I found this phrase in a religious book, and it has always touched me, in that although it seems such a happy saying, it always leaves me so sad.

That was what came into my mind now. We looked so young. There I was, wearing a sad looking smile—the photographer had caught me probably with a twitchy nose, and there was my husband, wearing a frown. He always frowns when you take a picture of him, I never can get to know why.

For a long time I looked at the picture. There are times now when I get a new dress, you know, or perhaps we feel especially felicitous, and I broach the subject of a picture taken, but although we plan on it, somehow we never seem to get around to it.

I put the picture away, finally, making a note to remember where so I could show it to my husband later.

In troop my children, the two of them. Maybe to troop envisages for you an army, a host of children, not just two. But you should know my two, like to wear the big bakys of the older people, and they delight in the clatter and the clump, and to them a soft noise is no noise, so they always try to be as loud as they can. They jump on me and they chatter at me, and somehow, in that and the rest of the things there are to do I forget about the picture.

But that evening, after everyone had gone to sleep, I was listening to the radio, you know, liking that time of the evening when it would almost be midnight. Liking that time because now at last there was a little breather from the closeness of the humanities. You know the feeling you get sometimes, as though there were too many people in the world, including yourself, and if for only a while you could be alone, you would love it so much.

MY husband was also awake, reading a book over which he kept snorting. Then over the

radio came the old songs. The songs we sang when we were young. Bing Crosby, you know. He is of the old and young. We all know him. And the tears and the memories.

I wondered whether my husband heard. I looked over at him, and he had laid his book aside, had laid one arm athwart his forehead, and lying thus, was looking up at the ceiling. I turned the radio down a little more, so that the song seemed even whispered. Sometimes, you understand, I pretend an indifference toward the old songs, saying they are sentimental, they are trite. But actually, when I am alone with myself, I think I must admit I love them. I was courted with them. I got married on them, you know. The sentimental songs, the ones that say I'll be loving you always, and tears for souvenirs, the ones that croon: rock me to sleep in my old mother's arms.

We associate them so much with the things we did when we were young. Reminiscing about those days, when the crowd you are remembering with is the cynical crowd, the ones who pretend to be amused and scornful of the things that are silly and make for no percentage except romance, I am inclined to be cynical myself, and wonder in tones of Did I ever do that?

But here you know, with the children asleep, and the house seemed to gently snore and heave with slumber, and my husband there with his arm heavy on his forehead, it was nice to remember. The days when you were young, indeed, when the dew was on the rose, and laughter was enjoyment, not mask. Somehow, I meant to talk to him, to my husband lying there, to ask him to talk to me, to ask him if he were listening to the same songs I was listening to, and if for him, there were any memories to match those that were in my mind.

Then somehow, a perverse wish to be silent possessed me. On top of the faded tapestries of memory, like a super-imposition, came the parades, the crowded pageants of my today's hours and minutes. The unromantic semblance of the daily working hours, the unimaginative line-up of the minutes of life.

By Estrella Alfon Rivera

I thought of that picture, you know, back there in my aparador, thought of it with a positive ache helped along by the softly intoned music. There was a mirror on the wall and I studied myself in it, with the light on my head, but the light did not reach too well into the shadows, and it seemed to me there were the blue of sleeplessness on lids, and on my mouth hung the droop of many tired years.

I began to feel a resentment, and I wished that I could find somehow, some release out of this, this state that was somehow between peace and restlessness. And because the music seemed to disturb me, I petulantly turned, and with a quick hand, switched the radio off.

There were other days after that. There were other nights. The radio made a habit of singing those deeply sentimental songs. But where they had aroused sentimentalism, that had been replaced by a resentment.

One night, we went to a show.

You know how these movies are. It is the nearest to old-world magic we can find in our modern lives, and that is why sometimes I object to them. Especially after bending over a hot stove, it is not very much fun to look at a show where the heroine cooks everything with a flick of her fingers.

The story was not very much. But there was a scene you know where the heroine and the hero sail on a lake in a boat, and they pass under some heavy foliaged trees. For a while, a short, but prolonged on the screen, while they stop under those trees. They do not kiss. They do not even hold hands. But they look at each other, you know, as though all earth and all of heaven were compassed in the glance.

It is just another of the Hollywood hokum and stuff. But somehow it was happily done, you know how they do these things. And when the picture was over, and we were going home, the scene lingered.

UNDERSTAND, it was not perhaps any extraordinary scene. It was just that it came

at a time after all that sentimental little turmoil I had been having, and it seemed to be the top of the pile, the very straw. We even as I held my husband's arm, I noticed this silence between us. I liked the silence. It was a heavy rather antagonistic silence. I know that I liked to have a quarrel, or some scene, or any opportunity to have a real emotional break. One in which I could shed my tears, and spout out a few of the words, a little of the resentment in me.

But all through the way we were silent. And when we reached home, we repaired to our room as though there was nothing anymore, not on this world, in this day, in this room, anything to talk about.

And as I was putting my dress inside my hanger, there was an opportunity to look at the picture



My husband was also awake, reading a book. Then over the radio came the old songs, the songs we sang when we were young.

again. As I looked at it, once more, studying it in the light that seemed to give it every breath and movement, I felt all the resentment in me for all the ordinariness of life, for the betrayal of all that is romantic to the plainness of the plebian. You see, I kept looking at my face only, in the picture, and as I know it looks in mirrors. I have aged, I said to myself, I have grown old.

And so I turned to my husband to fling the accusations of betrayal at him. And so you know, such a strange thing happened. I happened to see, for the first time, I think, although I had been looking at the picture rather closely, for the first time I looked at his face too. In the picture. The frown, the beetled brows that had not quite succeeded in the at-

tempted smile.

And when I turned to look at my husband, I saw also his face, his now face, his today face.

And I recalled like a fleet glance the look he had as he had listened to the radio's music. The arm flung on the forehead. And the silence as we had come out of the show. The silence, yes.

I did not say anything. I gave him the picture, and watched his face as he looked. And because a fear had grown in my heart, I asked him a question. I said, weren't we silly? Weren't we silly-looking when we were young?

I wanted, you know to hear his voice. But he didn't answer. He looked at his picture, and even as I had, he looked in the mirror. And then he smiled at me, and gave me back the pasteboard rectangle, and he said, Let us have this framed.

You understand?

**THIS IS ONE BIG PILE OF MONEY
WHICH MAY NOT EVEN BUY A
CHUPA OF RICE FOR EVERY
WAR VETERAN.**

ONLY A MILLION

By Yay Agustin

To a cohero a million pesos is enough money for anything, but by the time *balitang cohero* finishes with asking how and speculating where the money went, every committee member's name will be mud that another million won't clear. The law, classifying who is entitled to a share of the million is so loose—perhaps "all inclusive" is the term needed—that it would take a billion to make a showing let alone do anybody much good. There has been uncharitable comment that the congressmen merely made a fine political gesture as empty as political promises are assumed to be. However, where would the congressmen get more than a million? Like harassed housewives, they count their pennies because a bread-winning nation is still out of a job. What funds there are will spread but thinly.

And no funds in the country will spread more thinly than those appropriated under Republic Act No. 1 for the "relief and rehabilitation of indigent war victims including the widows and orphans of members of the Usaffe, Volunteer Guards, Bolo Battalions, Guerrillas and similar organizations."

The widows alone, "included" cept tnat everywhere we turn, among the thousands of indigent there they are. The recent Ft. Santiago Memorial Fund of P103,000 barely benefited 500 widows, how many widows we have? Ex- It relieved the 500, without reha-

bilitating them; and thousands upon thousands of other widows, knowing only that they are widowed but not always sure where their husbands died, struggle along unaided.

If the Veterans' Administration moved a little faster, it could cut local misery by half but it is a ponderous machinery straddling an ocean and accomplishing its good in its own way and in its own good time. Over here we clamor, "What good is the hay when the horse is dead?" but in Washington, D.C., the pension mill grinds slowly and exceedingly fine. For those embittered at the moment, this factual story may give comfort: One of the VA's officers brought a long search to its successful conclusion just before the war by paying the accrued pension, totalling thousands, to a woman found in an interior barrio in the Cagayan Valley. Her husband was killed in the Revolution, fighting on the American side. She knew nothing of pensions, filed no claim, lived on unattached and in the very simple barrio manner. But the VA found her and paid her what was due her, which through 40 years accumulation had become a sizeable fortune. However impatient we may be, it is to be admitted that the VA, hidebound with rules, snowed in with papers, limited by the primary action of other agencies, nevertheless does all that it is permitted to the best of its ability. Even if it takes 40 years.

Meanwhile, as the VA plods along scrutinizing every case with a Sherlock Holmes microscope,

there is this million-dollar Hot Potato that a newly appointed disbursement committee would gladly drop tomorrow if it could. It is a *walang salamat* job, all censure and no praise to follow. For every 10 people helped, a hundred will be passed by. Divide a million bucks by a million people, then stretch one single peso as far as it will go... The most that the committee can do is to give priority to the neediest cases. In the storm of disappointment, they will have this little consolation: unable to help all, at least they helped those in direst straits until the money gave out. At the first committee meeting held at Malacañan on September 16th, I showed up bright and early sparking with ideas. So did Father Cipriano Arella, chaplain at the 1st General Hospital. He envisioned veterans' hospitals throughout the Philippines so that the disabled could be nearer their homes and the hospitals more accessories to out patients. And I was sure we could drop the Hot Potato into the competent, organized hands of such established welfare agencies as the Bureau of Public Welfare, the Catholic Women's League, the YWCA and the YMCA; it seemed simplest and quickest to make allotments to every organization with specific veterans' projects already initiated. The allotment would give each project a boost and such organizations would continue on their own initiative to carry the projects along long after the allotment were spent. The Rehabilitation and Relief committee would

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Yay Agustin is shown at extreme left. In her well-known style she presents the "Million-peso Hot Potato" for the layman's appraisal.

The CHILD And His LANGUAGE

By Dr. Antonio Isidro

THE LANGUAGE THAT A CHILD USES IS NOT INHERENTLY HIS. TO MOTHERS AND TEACHERS REVOLVES THE TASK OF SHAPING A GROWING CHILD'S LANGUAGE.

THE MOTHER, because of the primacy and constancy of her contact with the growing child, has a profound influence in its future attitude and personality. Recent researches in the field of psychology have revealed the importance of early childhood. It is now generally known that the personality or misconduct of an individual has its origin and roots in what we are prone to call the period of innocence. On account of this fact, it is well to consider some aspects of human development which might affect favorably or unfavorably the child's later life.

One of the important characteristics of the human being is his language. While physically man may sometimes be inferior to other animals, his power of articulate speech raises him above the category of the lower animals. Because of this faculty, we have gradually gained control over our environment and made tremendous progress in arts and sciences—in civilization itself.

The development of language in the valley of tears; others starts from the very moment the child is born. He announces his indicating a gush of air rushing coming with violent cries. Some outside; and others take them to mean as the first sign of language interpreting his grief upon his arrival that will equip him in the struggle

or existence. At his birth, the matter of imitation. What a child hild is already possessed of the or how a child will speak is, in a physical apparatus for oral speech large measure, conditioned by his —his mouth, tongue, larynx, lips, brothers and sisters—in fact his vocal chords, etc. All of them are home and community. apparatus ready to be used at the In the Philippines because of proper stages of development, the nature of our language proper. What language he will speak will lems and our cultural development, depend upon the environment in the child has several possibilities which he is going to be reared. in language learning. The parents Thus normally a Filipino child may teach him to speak in the ver- will speak the Filipino language, nacular. To the great majority of a Chinese will learn Chinese, a us it is the most natural and the German will use German, and an easiest. Some, especially the edu- American child will acquire the cated parents, may teach the child English language. A Filipino child how to speak a foreign language born in America will learn to —English or Spanish, assuming speak English like an American; that the learning of the native and an American child reared in language will take its natural Pangasinan among Pangasinan course in the child's contact with children will learn to speak Pan- his playmates in the neighborhood. gasinan. This fact projects the Others may choose to teach the fact that language learning is a

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This may be just another happy gathering of children where in they sing, dance and recite poems, but to one interested in their growth this is an important event in the child's language development.



Once With A RIGHT HAND

HE WAS standing close to her, a dark cloud on his brow. Their words fell in a flux of growing intensity neither one could help. His words slowly cut into her like thin knife screams, cutting the flesh of her rationale. She berated him with an overmastering passion, her lips frenzied with tumbling syllables of anger.

"You've a nerve coming home like this. And I, four months gone with child." She put her arms on her waist akimbo. But he felt tired, terribly and incred-

ibly tired and he drew his lips in an acute line of silence, trying hard to control whatever he wanted to say.

"Why don't you speak? I know your ways. Coming home and at the door you greet me with your slow shakes of head, telling me wordlessly you've not found a job. I know it now, you understand, I know it. You don't try hard enough."

Still he remained motionless in the ramparts of his silence.

"Not speaking, whetting my cu-

riosity with this gesture of implications. You should be in pictures. Act like Leopoldo Salcedo. Artist." Her lips curled in sarcasm.

He turned on his heel, walked across the room and looked out of the window, indifferent to the heavy flow of city traffic in the spasmodic spurts of morning. She pulled him by the arm.

"Why don't you answer me? You were responsible for the child I'm carrying now. The child you curse me with."

"Don't talk like that," she shouted.

"You're shouting," she cried. "You're raising a scandal. I didn't want you to touch me. But you forced yourself upon me and coerced me. Two months and you're still jobless. What do you want me to do? Kill myself?"

"Please don't speak like that." "God knows I've tried my best. I..."

"Desecrating God," she said Suddenly she raised her arm, her right palm opened.

Strangely enough, though the movement of the forthcoming slap was materially rapid, his eyes seemed to see it with a slow motion and he could feel in that bloodless hand, the ashen color of her despair, the recent week in the hills where they heard the rumble of friendly and antagonistic guns in hot argument, the exultation of their first day and first hidden moon and first burning kiss, the seeming wedding of their pulsing arteries and hands, their first laughter when Magdalena, their first born arrived, the swift steps of the short and squat invaders on the night of January 2nd in the first year of war, the enforced long periods of long talks up to midnight to exile ennu, the shifting unreality of searching parties looking for a suspected member of the underground in the sleepy town where they had evacuated, the rising prices of fresh carabao milk, the friendly games

of three and sevens with besmeared American cards, the flickering light of oil lamps in the small hut by the shallow, silent river, riving the brown eternal hills.

He remembered that bright, sullen December morning when he had accompanied his Uncle Simeon and his cousins Maria, Miriam and Marta and how they were crowded atop the bundles of personal belongings in the bursting truck and how they were met by a very good friend of his Uncle and how

they were lodged in the street leading to the lake town and how he had shuttled between the evacuation center and the city, trying to hold on to his job until he got his three months' advance pay from the government office and he remembered the time he nearly got killed when invading planes flew over Quezon city and bombs burst around him while he lay in a muddy gutter for that was the same day — twilight — when they were invited by Maria's friend Trinidad to a tea party which in reality was not a tea party for there were cakes and cookies with butter and tea and coffee and when he saw Trinidad, straight and slim with her curly hair and fair face and lovely curve of neck, he just stood stock still and lost his voice and Trinidad herself looked at him with a half-curious and half-interested look and when the guests were separated in several clumps, he had sat down beside her and he said that his cousin Maria should have introduced him to her before this and he could feel a hard lump in his throat and the tumultuous flow of his blood and he had bantered with her and after that he had made it a point to see her every afternoon when he came back from the city and after a week asked his cousins to in-

the sleepy town they had evacuated to was hardly ever bothered by the enemy because the town mayor had pledged to them that the people were law-abiding and that he would be responsible for his countrymen for any atrocities committed, he had taken Trining to the river's edge; in one of those soft moonlight nights and in the shadows made by the coconut trees, standing like sentinels, they had kissed and she had clung to him with a tension and she did not complain that he nearly bruised her lips nor that his exploring tongue was like a snake as he had expected and it was in that night she asked him never to leave her and for weeks torn between the dilemma of going to the hills and joining the resistance movement and staying with her, she had carried a ghost of a smile until finally they agreed to get married and return to the city.

Now he shouted at her: "I told you I tried my best. Can I help it if jobs are still scarce. I'll go to Phibsec tomorrow and get a job with the Army."

"Promises," she said. "Promises and promises. That is what you've been telling me ever since we got married. Where has it gotten us? Tell me, tell me?"

By Manuel A. Viray

A STINGING SLAP ADMINISTERED ONCE WITH A RIGHT HAND COULD—BUT DIDN'T—SPELL FINIS TO A MARRIED LIFE THAT HADN'T QUITE BEGUN

vite her and her family for a picnic in the river shore and they had lain there in the morning, quietly and deeply conscious of the tightening cords that were slowly binding "this love of ours."

He remembered this now as he noted with fear the flashing fire of her dark eyes. Trining said: "Desecrating God. I know your type. You never give a hoot to the children."

And one twilight when even

In love begins responsibility. It was this overmastering passion that led to the rutted road winding through city areas into the hospital where he had taken her on that midnight when the country was under the shadow of the invaders and all the shiny, sleek cars were in enemy possession and caless never ventured except during day time and if they did it was because they carried Japanese soldiers and so, that night, he

had to call for a weather-beaten tricycle and in the early morning as he waited in the ante-room of the now miserable hospital he could just imagine how she labored hard and long and when finally he was called by the nurse to look at his baby he saw how she took after Trining's father with the wrinkled skin and he had kissed Trining tenderly on the forehead with a silent prayer on his lips his heart exultant and proud and they had laughed together and when he registered their first born, Trining had agreed to call her Magdalena.

Then Magdalena came in. The resemblance between mother and child was very remarkable and he noticed that his child only was like her grandfather in so far as her noble forehead was noble. But the forehead was smeared with streaks of mud.

He remembered the streaks of mud that was in his child's cheeks as they walked through the hills while the Battle of Manila was raging and they were fleeing the fatal implications of the Shimbun Line and they walked on steadily from early morning up to noon, dodging the cruel thorns of still wet trees, fearing the sudden appearance of the Japanese patrols from the tall, sharp talih grass while over their heads shells traced lines of hot argument and it was only when they reached Novaliches that they breathed a sigh of relief because a lumbering U. S. Army truck had taken them right into the fringes of Quezon City and when they saw their house it was all charred and in ruins, the pillars twisted like suffering skeletons and they had stayed the first night with a neighbor of theirs — Aling Tiburcia, the healer — and after that he and his child foraged for fuel and every cold dawn he had to join the file before the artesian well in the neighborhood because the city's watermains were being put into shape and they reached into their mealy savings of rusty coins.

"You know how much money I've left," she said. "Only two pesos. Do you think that's enough?"

"What shall we eat the day after tomorrow? Will you tell me that?"

The slow motion of her arm burst into a stinging slap and he could feel the intensity of her anger as he had never felt it before. Before she could slap him for a second time, he rushed out, slammed the door violently and clattered down the steps, her words pursuing him.

He walked hard and fast, his steps eating the city dust and pavements. He was nearly ran over by a careening caretela which swerved from a big Army truck, but he was not even conscious of it. Two blocks. Three blocks. Under the harsh morning light, he walked like some somnambulist, knowing not whether he was going. Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. His swinging legs responded to the urgency of his escape and it was only when he came to that area past Quezon Boulevard and seeing very few people about that he felt very tired. His gait slackened and he turned right. Unknown to him, Trining had followed him.

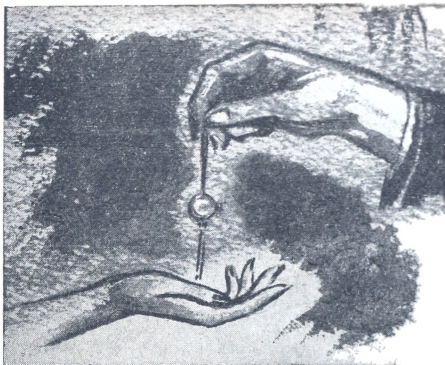
He picked his way on the side of the wide street, skirting the foul smell of the garbage can and the hopeful vendors of coconuts, sugar, and dried fish. He turned right and crossed the Boulevard. She was afraid he would glance back but he never did.

Then she saw him enter the church. There was only a scattering of people, kneeling in the church and after genuflecting, he chose the bench nearest the altar and prayed. In that moment she saw him in agony, lines of hope replacing the lines of despair on his face. His hands were clasped together and from his soundless, moving lips she tried to decipher what he was trying to say.

It was a moment sacred to him. This was a phase he had never showed her... a phase of his life that she knew she could not touch. But she could not come near him and much as she wanted to kneel there beside him, she could feel the tightening cords of shame in her heart. Slowly she turned away, a feeling of guilt cutting her like a keen, sharp blade. She could feel the lingering pain in her hand, the right hand she had hit him with once. A sudden warmth pervaded her breast and an exultancy seemed to greet her as she imagined how he could land a job today, if not today, tomorrow. She walked on home resolutely.

The Watch

By Frederick Howard



held the watch up by its gilt chain, then laid it in her hand.

WHEN she came home he was standing in their bedroom, turning the watch this way and that, examining it under the light in that typically cool and careful way which she knew so well.

She kissed him lightly on the cheek. "So you bought a new one?"

He nodded, held the watch up by its gilt chain, then laid it in her hand. "They said it wasn't worth repairing the other. You do break things easily, don't you?" His smile softened the reproach.

She inspected the watch. It was too big—a dull thing with a round, stupid face. It had a busy, vulgar way of ticking. She had wanted one of those delicate platinum-cased watches; one that would have been a slender jewel on her wrist. Why was it that he never had enough imagination to understand what she wanted?

"It's nice," she said. "Thank you." She laid it on the table beside her bed.

That night—she was convinced

that the ticking of the new watch disturbed her. Through the clou- dy hours, while he slept beside her, the watch siily marked and mocked at the boredom of life.

It happened that the measuring of time was now beginning to have a new importance for her. When a woman starts to fall in love with the Other Man in this overformalized world, a watch becomes a necessity.

All love affairs are comedies in which Time plays the malicious part of commentator. This epi-

IT'S A WISE HUSBAND WHO NOTICES THAT THE TIMETABLE OF A WOMAN'S LIFE CHANGES THE MINUTE THE OTHER MAN ENTERS.

sode was like all others—tenderly, madly, laughably like them all. It began, of course, because

neither the Woman nor the Other Man was entirely honest.

They met in a wartime way which made the Other Man appear to be a hero. At first this misunderstanding embarrassed him. Then he became flattered by the implications of the mistake and accepted the heroic role. It is not merely the privilege but also the obligation of a hero to make love when a beautiful woman becomes interested in him. The Other Man made love to the Woman with increasing ardor, and with increasing belief in his own sincerity. For her part, she was now impelled to adopt the role of heroine. To his mannerism of adventurous romance, she began to respond with the manner of high tragedy, with little hints of unhappiness nobly and sweetly borne.

They were really two simple and charming persons. They were not aware of being in the grip of a hoary marital tradition when they confessed to each other that their marriage partners did not understand them.

Naturally, it was for some weeks a gay affair—a midsummer madness. They talked and sighed, met in absurdly secretive

places, teased each other, were loftily "sensible" through long afternoons, kissed and parted when Time (the sniggering intruder!) poked out his watch-face to remind them of real life.

Yes, the new watch had its uses. It brought the Woman home, flushed, beautiful and safe. Her husband was away a great deal, but neighbors must not observe any change in her daily timetable.

But sometimes she forgot to wear the watch. Once, when she was very late returning, she found her husband had come home unexpectedly. Her heart beat faster then, for this had been a day of special loveliness; of the most tender traffic in illusions. She knew there must be a happiness in her eyes for all the world to see.

All the Husband said was, "You left your watch at home. Don't you like it?"

The difficulty with these affairs is that they will not remain fresh and gay. Like the green leaves of spring that march so obstinately into patterns of richer color, and on to the russet of autumnal death, the prettiest illusions of the human heart insist on being taken seriously.

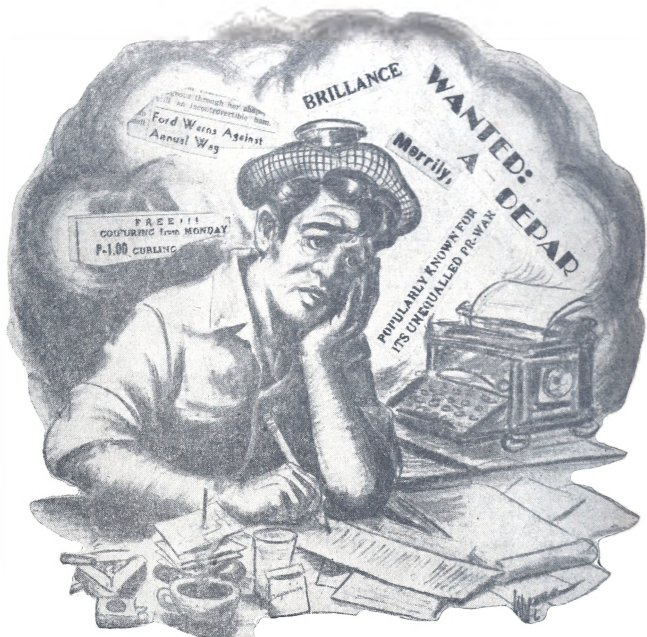
From this, the Woman and the Other Man could not escape. Their talks became more urgent, their sighs more eloquent. From being in love with the idea of

(Continued on page 24)



All love affairs are comedies . . . This episode was like all others—tenderly, madly, laughably like them all.

**SUGGESTION FOR
A NEW HOBBY:
HUNTING FOR
PRINTERS' ERRORS.
IT'S SOUL-SATISFY-
ING. TRY IT.**



Your Slip Is Showing

By Anatolio Litonjua

ONE of the richest sources of unconscious humor today is not Bob Hope or Joe Miller or the hubba-hubba shows as you would think. The printed page offers to the casual reader an infinite treasure of wit and humor all the more effective because it is indeliberate and, by its very nature, effortless. Such humor as is found in typographical errors sometimes is downright obscene to be reproduced.

How those imps of the composing room creep into the most carefully read copy nobody could say. As the wag would quip, there's many a slip 'twixt the copy and the printed sheet.

Typographical boners have, since the invention of the printing press, caused many an editorial grey hair. There's the classic story of Henry L. Mencken, the enterprising former editor of the American Mercury, who offered several thousand dollars to anyone who could prove to be a perfect proof-reader. As far as we know, nobody to this day has called the bet.

To the newspaper and magazine extracted from the Manila press of reader who finds devilish glee in today. The present limited facilitating out typographical blun-ties that go into newspaper proders, there are untold riches to be duction in addition to sheer care-

lessness on the part of some proof-readers have made the local press a heaven for hunters of printer's errors.

An assiduous aficionado of the sport itself, we treasure a good number of choice boners just as others collect matches and rare stamps. There was that which appeared sometime ago in Vicente del Fierro's column in the Star Reporter. The pundit of Zambales was raving in his usual spluttering way on the freedom of the press or the rare pleasures of gormandizing—we can't recall just now—and one of his statements as it appeared in his column follows:

"We can shat often, if that is what you want and we can speak

the time." Then there was the straight news item of the activities of women guerrillas during the Occupation. "Many Filipino women succumbed during the interim between Pearl Harbor and a year ago this month," the reporter wrote. Added he, "Most prominent of loving women guerrillas is Yay Agustin, of the pre-war Herald, now Mrs. Marking Agustin."

Society items do not escape typographical garbling resulting in facetious puns and double entendres. Choice samples: "Miss J..... W..... Joiner was married to Capt. D..... M. Miller of the Army of the

(Continued on page 28)

Women And Reconstruction

WHILE THE MEN ARE BUSY BLUE-PRINTING THE NEW CITIES, IT SHOULD BE INCUMBENT UPON OUR WOMEN TO BRING UP OUR NEW CITIZENS WHO SHALL INHABIT THESE CITIES.

By C. V. Pedroche

ONE of the most significant social estimates of this generation, to quote a morning daily editorial, is President Royas' address before the U.P. Alumni gathering held recently at the Manila Hotel. The President enumerated the manifold symptoms of decay in our society, indicating diagnosis and, like a good doctor, outlining long-range recommendations for treatment and recovery.

He saw the world as it is today—pretty sick and grievously ailing—and drew up a picture of it in words that are realistic and vivid. But much more than mere word-description, much more than mere oratory, he impressed us with his knowledge of social causes when he said: Clear away the debris of destruction; build again the rubble into stones; raise new buildings in place of the old—the tragic effects of war will still be here. These effects are much deeper than the heaps of ruins in cities, the rusting machinery in our factories and mills. We face the truth that the dry rot of enemy occupation has eaten deep into our moral fiber.

No amount of reconstruction and planning will do us any good if we do not fight this decadence from the roots. And the weapons with which we should fight it should be laid in the hands of our women who, because of their peculiar position as shapers of character and moulders of happy homes, can help us a great deal during this period of national convalescence.

Indeed, this matter of virtue which, as the President said, had little immediate survival value under the Japanese rule, has been outmoded. Little of it remains with our people now and we have come to accept the "easy advantage" of ill-gotten wealth. Impatient for immediate personal rehabilitation, we see no reason why we should wait. Sometimes, since we may not all be in a position to benefit from the comparative safety of bribery, not all of us being in government offices, we go out of our way to force fortune to smile upon us: we have sufficient arms to do this with—if fortune does not come of her own free will we might as well go after her with carbines and revolvers!

The result, what though the means be perilous, is often quite a haul. Did it cost the lives of two or three human beings? What is that to me? Life is dirt cheap. A news item in one or two dailies, maybe the picture of the corpse in the papers—and then everything is forgotten. In the meantime you are sitting pretty on your booty and to hell with your morals and conscience. We do not even seem to know what conscience and morals are. Or maybe we really know but at the same time we know, too, that these are minor imps which might just as well go jump into the river or, if they so choose, go straight to hell.

And the soul? What about the soul? When a man is hungry and he has no place to sleep in, no home to return to after the day's weariness, no mother's breast to rest one's aching head upon, such a shadowy thing as the soul is of minor importance. For one must eat and there is no way out of the puzzle except through such age-old expedients as graft, looting, stick-ups, corruption, bri-

bery, evasion, thievery, and murder—while the police goes chasing its shadow in the dark.

This, indeed, is a sick world and the picture is discouraging, to say the least. There are some who believe that this is merely a passing era, a transition period brought about as an inevitable consequence of the war and that it should be allowed, in the absence of practical palliatives, to spend itself and run its due course. But, I am afraid, we must insist that we should do something about it before it totally undermines the foundation of the national character. We cannot build a new and better city upon a foundation which is slowly but insidiously being run through with spiritual rot and moral decay.

This attitude of indifference is regrettable. There are people we know who would rather sleep it off, as it were, in the hope that they

might some day wake up and find things normal again. We have hopes, too, of things straightening themselves in their appointed course, but at the same time we believe that the world is in bad need of immediate treatment. There is no doubt that man's intelligence will ultimately solve the world's problems of peace and reconstruction but also we believe that we should not allow these ills to spread out and imperil the whole nation unnecessarily.

In the meantime, then, what to do? As we said a while back, we should place our weapons of defense and control in the hands of our women. While our planners and builders are busy blueprinting the new cities, it should be incumbent upon our women to bring up the new citizens who shall be worthy to inhabit those cities. While our leaders are busy slapping



Soothing home surroundings help much in this period of national convalescence.

the political and economic destiny of our Republic, our women should busy themselves with the task of moral reconstruction.

The home is not merely a shelter—should not serve merely to house the body, but should actually be a training school for virtue, good citizenship, and happy living. And our women should be the moral leaders and tutors of this unhappy generation.

This is an unhappy generation indeed—unless we do something about our children. Look about you and you will see that people have become callous to violence and destruction. We have fortified our hearts with a thick encrustation of superb defeatism. Our youths are inclined to look upon morality and virtue with superior contempt.

The war, of course, has brought all these but it is not too late to strengthen the home front from which, naturally, we should wage the battle—the counter-offensive, as it were, against the new enemy. Let us see now how our women can help in this tremendous task.

First, let us realize that a home is never too small for a woman to be able to make of it a center of living, a good and happy living. There are two definite centers to a home of quiet which is the living room. From both of these centers a woman can begin her work of reconstruction. A woman knows that if she is a good cook she will never have trouble with her husband and her children. Too often children and husbands stray away from home because of bad food. If a woman knows how to cook well and gives her children the right kind of diet she need have no worries about their social behavior.

It is not, however, only the kind of food that must be cooked and served. It is in the way it is cooked—from the point of view of sanitation and cleanliness, that is— that determines in no small measure the behavior of children. Have you ever stopped to consider the importance of sanitation in the home? A woman is never too poor to consider the definite advantages of cleanliness against filth. Sickness is the direct effect of insanitation and sickness determines the future of children. An abnormal child is inclined to look at the world from a distorted point of view and psychologists will tell you that the world is what we make it. To a child embittered by constant sickness, by the sight of dirt and indecent en-

NEW APPROACH TO HOME OWNERSHIP

FOOD FOR THOUGHT TO OUR LEGISLATORS

Col. Lawrence Westbrook, writing in Collier's on post war housing, disclosed that while 85 per cent of the American people prefer owning homes to renting them yet census proves that 56.4 per cent live in rented homes. This fact strikes us as even truer with us here in Manila. Who, for instance, loves to throw away three hundred pesos a month for two rooms with facilities? Facilities here should be enclosed firmly with quotation marks. We know, we've tried them.

What help is there for people who can set aside three hundred pesos a month so that pinching thus they can at least own a roof tree come millenium? Actually nobody can seem to answer this question for Manila residents at least. In States the Wagner-Ellender Bill has been introduced in the Senate. Lower income people may now avail themselves of home-ownership on easier terms. The size of down payment is whittled down by increasing the length of period in which the mortgage may be paid off.

Then there's the Mutual Home Ownership Plan which works this way: "An individual or a group puts up the capital for the purchase

of land and the construction of several hundred homes. The large-scale operation lowers building costs, and eliminates big sales commissions and speculators' profits. This gives more housing per dollar. A family subscribes to an amount of stock equal to the value of the property occupied, and pays for it at so much a month. In addition to amortizing the indebtedness for the stock, the payments pile up reserves for maintenance and repairs and for losses occasioned by vacancies. After the stock is all paid for, the occupant pays only his share of taxes, insurance and operational expenses.

"In the average rented home, maintenance, repair and vacancies cost the landlord approximately 20 percent of the money he receives in rent. Government audits prove conclusively that mutual home ownership reduces these costs by at least one half, and the saving is credited to the residents. Furthermore, everything over and above the money required for actual operation of the project is invested in readily convertible securities, and interest is also added to reserve funds for ultimate distribution to each family.

"A resident—and this is the ba-

vironment, the world will naturally look unkind and cruel. We see in these children, frustrated and brought up in unhappiness, the beginnings of crimes and of social delinquencies. By our lack of foresight and our indifference to the cleanliness of the home we unwittingly sow the seeds of discontent and discontent is the beginning of evil.

A good housewife will be able to keep her kitchen clean. Not only her kitchen but the whole house and yard. If all wives can do this the whole neighborhood will surely be preserved from blight and ultimate decay. We shall then be saving the entire district from turning into an unredeemable slum. And we shall be saving our children from the inescapable destiny of slum children: crime and delinquency. Because, you see, slums are breeding places not only of diseases but of crimes. There being no place in a slum district for

wholesome recreation and other outlets for the physical energies of growing children, they would naturally seek other kind of games which slums can easily offer: they play gangsters with wooden pistols.

And they play with superb realism... and they grow up well-seasoned in the ways of criminals and peculiarly equipped with the necessary background of cruel and adverse environment. We little realize it but the beginning of all this is the home and women owe it to society to keep the home safe for their children.

The other and more important center of repose—the living room. From the kitchen the movement is towards the dining room. From the dining room, if it is a good meal, the children and the parents should find a period of well-earned quiet in the living room. They should sit around, specially of evenings, in the living room and

rest. They can either just sit and rest and not talk at all or relate stories and incidents of the day to one another. The father and mother being tired can listen to the happy babble of children's voices and feel happy in their hearts for having given this joy to their children—and to themselves.

And the children, by nature exuberant—if well fed and scrubbed, that is—will never tire of talking about the day's adventures. If they had had a good meal and their digestion is normal they will laugh and sing and shout and run around but rarely will they fight. Too often pugnacity and ill temper in children are signs of bad digestion or other abnormalities, which are directly traceable to bad cooking and insanitation. The mother may now gather her brood about her and tell them stories with moral lessons or stories to make them laugh. Laughter is a

basic principle of mutual home ownership—never acquires title in fee simple. What he has is the right of perpetual occupancy as long as he keeps up his monthly payments. Anything else would lose the benefit of the system, for with an individual in full control of his property, the community could not enforce high standards. Lack of uniform maintenance, for example, or sale to undesirable tenants might well result in neighborhood blight. Residents may have a voice in management from the first but the man or group that put up the original capital has the final word until the protection of the investment is assured. Then the community assumes complete control, subject to payment of the remaining debt, and operates through a board of directors and various committees.

"The relationship between the corporation and the occupants, in fact, is much like that between a mutual insurance company and its policy holders. Just as policy acquirees a cash surrender or paid-up insurance value, so does the stock build up equities. If circumstances force a family to pull out after the first year, it will receive the cash value of its equity, plus its balance in the reserve."

(Continued on page 25)



“POLITICAL LEADERSHIP for WOMEN”

The First Lady pins the corsage donated by Mrs. Pura Villanueva Kalaw on the No. 1 barrister of the year, Miss Gregoria T. Cruz before a big crowd of women representing all fields of endeavor.

**“THE TIME HAS COME TO GIVE WOMEN A
FAIR CHANCE FOR POLITICAL LEADER-
SHIP.”—GREGORIA T. CRUZ**

ONE lunch hour at Casa Curro witnessed an overwhelming gathering of women headed by the First Lady. Lawyers, doctors, educators, writers, social workers, feminists, students, etc. all took time off to do honor to a member of their tribe, Attorney Gregoria T. Cruz whose having topped the recent bar examinations over some 250 examinees made celebrations in order. The women also took advantage of the occasion to dust the altar of women's achievements, bringing out anew each piece of endeavor that made definite contribution to the march of times.

The No. 1 barrister of the year is not affected by the distinction she has earned for herself, for her sisters in the law profession, and for the women as a whole. In her speech she betrayed a bit of sensitiveness particularly on a point wherein a newspaper columnist had taken a dig at women lawyers by calling them “Hanggang Bar Lamang”. She also spoke on women in politics, in peace, etc. To record a forceful piece in all its charm. The Woman's Home Journal here prints in full her viewpoint on a number of things:

ONE day a war widow approached a lawyer to have a power of attorney drawn. When she noticed that it began: “Know all men by these presents”, the woman immediately raised an objection and desired that the word women be added. The lawyer replied, suppressing a chuckle, “Don't you know, Madam, that Man embraces women?”.

Let this audience be forewarned, therefore, forearmed that my having made good in a written examination does not mean that I can do as well in after-dinner talks. Frankly, speech-making is a little off my line. When I was in college, I tried to avoid

public speaking of any sort. So, don't you expect too much.

As I look around, I could for a moment believe that we were living in a manless world, a world wherein that specie called “MAN” does not exist. But such could not be the actual fact. No matter what we, women, might do or say, no matter where we might go, never could we shut out men. For men realize that they are part and parcel of a woman's world, and they try to make the most out of this. They are everywhere, they have always something to say for or against any feminine movement. They have even gone to the extent of label-

(Continued on page 33)

PRESS RELEASE

STRENGTHENED by the hardships and trials of war, the postwar world with courage, declared Mrs. Narciso Ramos, wife of the Minister Counsellor of the Philippine Embassy at Washington before the Fall World Fellowship luncheon of the Y.W.C.A. in that capital last October 18.

She extended the "boundless appreciation" of the Filipino people at this time. She extended the "boundless appreciation" of the Filipino people at this time. She extended the "boundless appreciation" of the Filipino people at this time. She extended the "boundless appreciation" of the Filipino people at this time. She extended the "boundless appreciation" of the Filipino people at this time.

Other guests included Mrs. Melquiades Gombos, wife of the First Secretary of the Philippine Embassy and Mrs. Leopoldo Ruiz, wife of the commercial attache.

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Mrs. Ramos In Washington

By Bessie Hackett

(Washington Post)



Mrs. Angela Valdez-Ramos, wife of Minister-Counsellor Narciso Ramos, is now part and parcel of Washington life.

BEING welcomed by members of the Philippine Embassy staff this week is a slender, dark-eyed woman with a gracious manner and ready smile—Mrs. Narciso Ramos, wife of the recently appointed Minister Counsellor from the new republic.

School teacher, politician, social worker, housewife and mother is the rather imposing career record of this pretty little woman from across the Pacific. Accompanied by her two daughters—Leticia, 16, and 11-year-old Gloria—Mrs. Ramos arrived at National Airport Monday and, fresh from the ruins of Manila, is still slightly breathless over "such beauty and cleanliness everywhere."

The former Angela Valdez came by her school teaching naturally. Her parents had been teachers in the Province of Ilo-

cos Norte during the Spanish regime. With the American occupation of the islands at the turn of the century, they were among the first Filipino teachers absorbed into the new system of education.

Fourth child in a family of eight, Angela had ideas of becoming a lawyer. However, after several years of preparatory law at University of the Philippines, she switched to education. It was during her student days that she began working with a group which became the nucleus of the

YWCA in the Philippines. And it was then, too, that she met a young law student from Pangasinan Province also interested in "Y" activities—Narciso Ramos, whose studies were punctuated by trips to international student conferences.

A year after Angela's graduation in 1926, the couple married and moved to Lingayen, where Mr. Ramos practiced law and his wife taught English in the women's clubs.

In 1934 Mr. Ramos threw his hat into the political ring and was elected to represent his district in the National Assembly.

With reelection, the family moved to Manila and Mrs. Ramos became a university professor. During the war, with other Filipino women, she established a relief center near the war prisoner camp in Tarlac. She also learned to knit, using string and unraveling crocheted dollies to refashion into socks and shirts for the children.

Mr. Ramos, active in the underground, refused to occupy his seat in the Assembly under the puppet government and the family was subjected to frequent investigation by the Japanese. Several months before liberation, they fled the nightmare of life in the capital and returned to Pangasinan.

Through five consecutive terms

(Continued on page 28)

TO DEFINE

YOU ARE A SOLDIER.

You are in your foxhole, and there are lethal objects hitting around your area. You feel afraid. Perhaps this is your baptism of fire or perhaps you have been through this before. It does not matter, because the fear is still there. You are afraid you may go out before you have fired a shot. You think your luck can hold out only so long.

There is a burst of machine-gun fire from the ridge to your left. Some of your comrades who are creeping toward it are hit; you hear someone cry out; you know more of them will be hit unless someone wipes out the nest. You sit, shivering between bursts, and then a force which you never thought existed sucks you out of your foxhole and out you go, dodging and groping along the cratered earth, taking advantage of every rise of earth and cover. You stop within grenade distance of the emplacement and you heave three grenades, one after the other. You hug the ground and then curse yourself momentarily for having stuck your neck out.

The grenades explode; the troops press on and you drag yourself after them.

One more chapter in the struggle. All in the day's work. But no. Some field officer has been observing you and has put you down for a decoration. Days later, long after the deed has been performed, you are yanked from the lines, given a thorough scrubbing and set before a formidable array of brass. A white-haired old general with a chestful of decorations calls your name. You manage to walk forward somehow, and he pins something bright and metallic on your chest. You can't see what it is because you observe something vitally interesting in some distant object. Your thoughts whirl, a haze gathers, things don't make sense.

* This is a true story, observed first-hand by the author during the liberation days in South Manila.

Until later... then, everybody crowds around and you start wondering whether all the things they are saying about you aren't true. Very humanly, your ego inflates and remains inflated until you think of the performed deeds just as daring, only no one saw them do it. You think of the civilians who carried water to a thirsty soldier, of the Igorot mountaineers who trudged stolidly through shellfire to bring ammunition where it would do the most good. There are so many of them that finally you feel a trifle guilty and you sneak into your quarters and put away the medal.

At night you try to sleep but a question keeps drumming into your head: How, then, to define a hero? Does the difference in wearing apparel aid the fact that you do not pack a gun immediately set you apart as being incapable of the performance of a heroic deed? Are medals and citations only for the chosen children of Mars? Who decides whether this act merits more than that? Who crowns heroes?

IN February, bleeding South Manila heard of only one haven from advancing American soldiers. People followed grimy fingers pointed to the Settlement House in Paco. Many came with their families, pushing previously deprecated pushcarts with what they had saved. Sometimes there were silent forms in these pushcarts. Others walked quietly, carrying in their arms bloody stumps of what had once breathed and pulsed with life.

Many also came alone.

There were not many children left at the Settlement House those hectic pre-liberation days. Generous women of the Association de Damas Filipinas had made the erection of the building possible, but none of them dreamed of the part it was later to play with another silent actor.

The women who had made the building possible had meant it to care for and house orphaned



First Scenes . . .



of the battle of Liberation



of the Philippines

A HERO

By Mario P. Chanco

waifs. They had planned it for children against whom fate had already called two strikes. On the grassy lawns of the building, they hoped to nurse the orphans to some form of achievement that would help offset their handicaps.

By late 1944, hunger had stilled many of the sprightly voices that had once rang across the Settlement House corridors. Those who remained were gradually wasting away. They no longer leaped and skipped about. They moped about their rooms listlessly. Getting up in the morning and going to bed at night was effort enough for them. Even the sight of motorized columns of Japanese streaming past the main road failed to awaken in them anything more than a listless apathy.

A week before liberation, the children there grew accustomed to the noise of demolition charges and the orange color of the sky at night. They were watching the death of a city but at the moment their thoughts must not have been concerned with anything save a morsel of food to put into their hollow bellies.

Yet, on February 9, they began crowding downstairs to escape from what suddenly loomed more frightening than hunger. Throughout that day, American artillery began seeking out Japanese positions in the vicinity of the Settlement House.

Wait. In the vicinity of the Settlement House would be an understatement. For all around it there were Japanese emplacements. The Paco railroad station, where two 37th Division men were later to win the Congressional Medal of Honor, was barely a stone's throw away.

There was hardly a building around the Settlement House that did not contain some military objective. Mortar emplacements ringed it. On the west end, facing the main road, stood one cannon. Two blocks back, the Japanese had emplaced a 90-mil-

limeter anti-aircraft gun which they used as a howitzer. Throw in about a dozen machine gun nests. Snipers in ceilings of deserted houses. Mines at every street corner and side road.

And a bunch of slant-eyed fanatics determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But when all the damage and the shelling, the burning and the slaughter had abated, the Settlement House stood apparently unscathed. Burned houses and the pungent smell of death rose around it. True, the second story had collapsed partly from the impact of a brace of 105 millimeter shells; the roof upstairs was peppered with holes and the iron sheets had been ripped off, unkindly, but conclusively. The building licked wounds in varying degrees, but not one of the occupants had been killed.

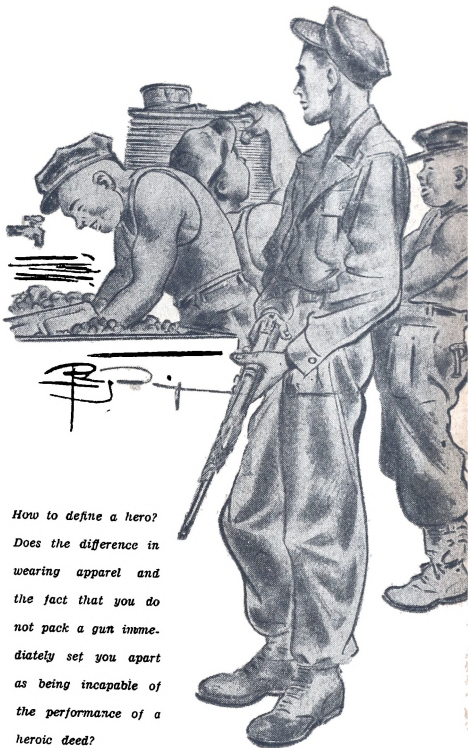
And now begins the story. That evening, the first refugees streamed in.

They trailed blood behind them and they sat stolidly while the doctor flashed his light against jagged wounds to probe for guilty pieces of steel. Many were too far gone for human aid. The doctor looked at his young wife and said a few words. The rest moved aside to make way for newcomers.

Here was a woman with her left arm almost severed by a chunk of mortar shell. She looked dumbly at the doctor as he prepared to amputate but her cries of pain were perhaps more imaginative than real. There was little left to cut.

Saturday, February 10.

THE Americans came. They looked in dismay at the blood-spattered floors and the doctor who kept going after death with a toothpick. They left a few medicines but they could not stay long. Snipers lurked around the area.



How to define a hero?

Does the difference in wearing apparel and the fact that you do not pack a gun immediately set you apart as being incapable of the performance of a heroic deed?

"Go over to Pandacan," one said. "Cross to the other side. The Japs might start shelling here any time."

The doctor looked at his two young children, at his wife. He looked past them into the corridor and into the crowded room, where the smell of death had surreptitiously crept in while his back was turned. More were still to come. He looked at his children again, and he shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said. "I have to stay."

But he accepted a cigarette, inhaled deeply and went back to work.

There were only three assist-

ants. His wife, was there, and there had come a young doctor and an interne. More came in the afternoon. The old men and women were especially pitiful sights. Here was an invalid, once a husky man. Months ago a stroke had rendered him as impotent as a day old infant. His two daughters struggled with the chair he sat on. Yet he had no wounds on his body. From the surrounding houses came more bloodied souvenirs as the caravan expanded till the halls would hold no more.

Close by there was a large mansion. The people who had one

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VERY MUCH PHOTOGRAPHED THESE DAYS IS MRS. DE LEON, THE FORMER LOURDES ADRIATICO, WHOSE PRESENCE AT STATE FUNCTIONS IS A MUST, HER HUSBAND BEING THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF MALACASAN. Deriving inspiration from the native anahaw leaf, the terno above is in beige embellished with gold sequins. Count exactly five besequined leaves for peplum, camisa and panuelo. Directly at right is a pink panuelo-less, its draped skirt rather unorthodox but very successful especially as a topic of conversation. Next: the current black favorite is worn by Mrs. de Leon at its simplest. That fabulous glitter for the hips is about its only extravagance. The last terno at far right is a dream in pink and blue. The unusual print is delicately traced in sequins for camisa wings and bodice. A corsage of self-print, cut-out and stiffened, makes back decor complete.

—Photo by Bob's





WHAT TO KNOW ABOUT FROZEN MEAT

PRESERVATION of meat and other foods by freezing during the winter months has always been a common practice in rural communities. During recent years freezing plants with locker space for rent have made it possible for farmers to slaughter and use frozen meat all year round. Town and city families have been quick to see the economy of buying quarters, halves or the live animals, then freezing or storing the meat in lockers until used. There an increasing number of these plants.

The length of time meat can be held in lockers depends upon several factors, though in general

beef will keep longer than pork. Rapid chilling after slaughtering, proper wrapping to prevent moisture losses, quick freezing and a uniform low temperature in the lockers are all important for good preservation of the meat. Thawing and re-freezing are undesirable, since this impairs the quality of the meat and gives an opportunity for increased bacterial action. Meat should be cooked as soon as it has thawed. Meat may be thawed before cooking or the cooking may be started while the meat is still frozen. Soaking the meat in water to hasten thawing impairs the flavor and should be avoided.

STATISTICS ON MINERALS

YOU can't eat calcium pills all your life, besides it doesn't taste like food at all, that's why you always call it "medicine" even if it is food. Following are foods which are excellent sources of calcium. They are listed alphabetically, if they were placed in the order of importance, milk in its various forms (other than butter) would head the list of common foods, and green leafy vegetables would rate among the next best.

EXCELLENT SOURCES

Amaranth
Brocoli
Buttermilk
Cabbage
Chard
Cheese (American, Cheddar or Swiss)

Clams	Maple syrup
Collards	Okra
Cress (garden)	Oysters
Dandelion greens	Parsnips
Kale	Romaine
Milk (whole or skimmed; evaporated, condensed, and dried)	Rotabagas
Molasses	Soybeans (dry or as green vegetables)
Mustard greens	Soybean flour
Orach	Sweet potato tops
Sesame seed	Turnips
Tendergreens	_____
Turnip tops	
Water cress	

GOOD SOURCES:

Almonds
Artichoke (globe or French)
Beans (common or kidney, dry or fresh, shelled; also snap or string)

Burdock (roots)
Cabbage (headed, especially green)
Carrots
Celeriac
Celery
Cheese (cottage)
Chickpeas (whole)
Chicory (leaves)
Cottonseed flour
Crabs

Cream
Eggs
Endive or escarole
Figs (dry)
Kohlrabi
Leeks
Lettuce (head or leaf)
Lobster

WE once gave the tip on making empty coffee jars, some thirty of them, grow vines (and occasionally flowers plucked from the garden) for the window sill. At a Senator's home we saw the other day over a hundred cherry tin cans painted green, white, yellow, blue and red and planted with "tigre" to decorate the bay windows. Nothing is thrown away these days you know.

TO set your curls, wind loose strands on two hairpins, but first dampen with water or cologne. Brushing afterwards makes the curls more manageable and easy to fix.

A little ammonia added to clear water cleans oil-painted walls beautifully.

THERE is one thing in the house that can never seem to stay neat: hubby's ash tray. Put a little water just enough to cover bottom of ash tray. This way you can be sure the cigarette ashes stay where they should be.

LIGHTING in the kitchen is very often taken for granted. Besides the general ceiling fixture that diffuses light in all directions, you need additional light on work surfaces, including the sink and range.

WIPE light bulbs with soapy sponge, then clean with damp cloth; dry. Clean glass and pottery bases the same way. Brush silk shades.


TEENAGERS must learn the potency of the word NO, advises Helen Wright who has made teenage behavior her special concern. She suspects that it is at this stage when girls and boys, (girls mostly) find nothing to say no to. To develop the habit, make it tip-of-tongue to say no when you need most to say no, by practicing it. "Alone in your room, say no to yourself with a definite downward inflection."

Teenagers may realize soon enough that at times when they

plies if you go to bed this summer without washing your face.

Twenty minutes a day of summer care will save you frantic hours of getting your skin and hair back into condition when school opens. Those twenty minutes will provide time for a daily bath as well as to wash your face twice, brush your teeth twice, use hand lotion twice, first pushing back the cuticle with a towel and cleaning under the nails with an orange stick. And finally, time to brush your hair a hundred strokes. Save up minutes for a utility and a shampoo once a week. A utility manure includes shaping the nails, cleaning up the cuticle, removing stains from under the nails and giving them a brisk buffing. Perhaps hair suffers most from summer skipping. Protect it from too much sun, but do your shampoo during the day so your hair can dry naturally without artificial heat. During vacation there's no excuse for those just-before-bedtime shampoo schoolgirls are wont to indulge in.—Catherine Edwards

TIPS to Teenagers



might be tempted to say maybe or yes or well — those are the times when they might have said no and be the better for it. "For instance, when someone asks you out and you have homework, when a guy asks for a stray kiss, when a gang is bent for a place you know is wrong — the times you feel no, say no.

NO IS A GOOD WORD TO KNOW. It can do you a good service. Practise it. (And this holds not only to teenagers, we believe.)

GOOD LOOKS

SCHOOL GIRLS, tuck this on to the corner of your mirror:

All work and no soap means clogged pores. The skin works harder during vacation time than at any other time of year, for you are more active physically and more of the body's impurities are eliminated through the skin. So take advantage of being at home to give your face two or three soapy scrubs a day instead of just one.

Vacation slack snobs up at school. If the result of skin neglect were apparent the next day or even the next week, you'd have none of it. But don't wait next term about muddy skin and pim-

SMALL FRY TRENDS

V-notches set off the frilly lace yoke, and a dainty hemline. Puff the sleeves so, and imagine your little one skipping rope, lace and frills whirling gaily.

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Espanita Vidal, leading lady in Palaris Films' "Awit ni Palaris," has been signed up by M.G.M for a Spanish picture to be filmed in Mexico.



Carmen Rosales (right), one of our top-notch movie actresses, together with Susana de Guzman, local playwright-directress. Carmen is currently appearing in "Kaaway ng Bayan."

Crab (Alimango) Adobo

- 4 big female crabs
- 6 cloves garlic
- ½ cup water
- Salt, vinegar and pepper to suit the taste
- 1 cup lard

Clean the crabs (alimango) very well, being careful to brush or scrub the shell very well. Remove the claws. Open, cut into halves and remove the coral (aligüe). Place coral together in a cup. Season coral with the juice of 2 medium sized calamansi or one native lemon (dayap). Set aside until ready to use.

Put the crabs in a frying pan or carajay. Add the minced garlic, salt, pepper and vinegar to suit the taste. Add water. Boil from 10 to 15 minutes or until cooked. When cooked remove the broth; add the lard and fry for about 5 or 10 minutes. Add broth to coral mixture then add to the fried crabs. Let boil until sauce is thick and lard shows on top. In case lard is not enough add as desired.

Note: Native vinegar gives this recipe a better taste.

Pickled Tulya

- 2 cups tulya meat
- 3 or 4 pieces pepper (sili labuyo)



- ¼ cup shortening
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- ¼ cup sifted cake flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk diluted with flour
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ cup sugar

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually; cream light. Add egg, beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with diluted milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Add vanilla. Place in 2 small greased layer pans, or one 8-inch square pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for approximately 20 to 30 minutes (time depends on size of pan). Cool. Ice with any type of frosting.

- ¼ cup chopped onion leaves
 - 1½ cup sour vinegar
 - Salt and pepper to suit the taste
 - 1 jigger whiskey or gin
- Remove the tulya from the shells. Blanch the tulya meat. Mix vinegar, salt, whiskey or gin, onion leaves and the pepper (cut into small pieces). Add this mixture to the blanched tulya.

Oysters may be used if desired.

Stuffed Chicken Soup with Asparagus

- 1 big hen
- ½ kilo ground pork
- 1 cup porked sausage or
- 4 or 6 pieces oxford sausage

- ¼ cup grated cheese
- ½ cup ground ham
- 1 cup chopped apulid
- ¼ cup chopped green onion
- 1 can green asparagus (medium sized)
- 1 kilo meat bones for broth
- 1 cup chopped celery or
- ½ cup chopped kinchay
- 2 table spoonful white wine
- 4 eggs
- 4 table spoonful butter
- ¼ cup onion juice
- 3 table spoonful Perrin sauce

Kill, dress and clean a big fat hen. Remove the bones, being careful not to cut the skins. Soak over night the boned chicken in this mixture:

- Juice of 3 California oranges
- Salt and pepper to suit the taste
- Juice of 1 big onion
- 4 table spoonful brandy
- 4 table spoonful Perrin Sauce
- ¼ chopped kinchay

Place chicken in the frigidaire. If no frigidaire or ice box is available, soak early in the morning

(about 7:00 o'clock) until afternoon around 3:00 o'clock. While waiting for the time mix together the ground pork, sausage, hana, apulid, celery or kinchay, cheese, green onion, butter, onion juice, wine, perrin sauce, eggs and enough salt and pepper to suit the taste. Set aside and when ready stuff the chicken with this mixture. Wrap stuffed chicken in clean cheese cloth and boil with meat bones. When cooked remove pan, unwrap and fry. Thick-en soup with mashed potatoes or cornstarch. Add asparagus together with juice.

Slice stuffed chicken and add soup just before serving. Serve hot.

Stuffed Fish

- 1 big sized fish (banbangin or apahap)
- 1 cup chopped boiled shrimps
- 1 cup chopped cooked ham
- 1 cup chopped apulid
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 eggs (raw)
- 2 hard boiled eggs

Pecan ICE CREAM

- 1 tall can Libby's Evaporated Milk
- 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup coarsely chopped pecans
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Sold milk. Soften gelatin in one tablespoon cold water. Dissolve in hot milk. Cool. Place in freezing tray in automatic refrigerator, until it freezes around the edge. Meanwhile brown nuts in butter. Remove the milk to a chilled bowl and whip until stiff. Fold in sugar, vanilla, and nuts. Return to freezing tray and freeze hard. Time for freezing—3 to 4 hours. Amount—Serves 6.

- Salt and pepper to suit the taste
- 2 table spoonful onion juice
- 1 table spoonful toyo

Enough butter and calamansi juice for rubbing fish

RECI

Clean the fish thoroughly. Open fish and remove bones and spines being careful to keep flesh as much as possible intact. When ready rub flesh with butter, salt, pepper and calamansi juice.

Mix together the chopped shrimps, ham, apulid, celery, toyo, onion juice and 2 eggs. Stuff the

stomach of fish. Sew together opening and steam fish. When cooked place on a platter and garnish with the 2 hard boiled eggs.

Serve with the following sauce:

- 1 tablespoonful flour
- 1 can sweet peas (small)
- 1 small onion (chopped)
- ½ cup water
- ¼ cup milk
- 2 tablespoonful grated cheese
- 6 tablespoonful salad oil or butter
- Salt to suit the taste

Heat the oil or butter in a frying pan. Saute onion until golden brown, add flour water and milk mixture. Cook until thick enough to pour two or three minutes longer. Add sweet peas and pour over the fish just before serving.

Rolled Meat Loaf

- 1 kilo sirloin or tender-loin
- 6 pieces chorizo Bilbao
- 6 pieces oxford sausage
- 4 hard boiled eggs
- 8 pieces chinese sausage
- ½ lb. bacon
- Pimientos morrones
- 4 sweet pickled cucumber

Slice the meat for rolling. Cut the chorizo, oxford sausage, chi-

PES

of meat comes out and sauce has boiled thoroughly. Then remove fire and continue cooking over live charcoal until tender. When ready to serve remove string, slice and serve with sauce where cooked.

seeds are removed. Add this colored fat to the shank mixture. Lastly add the ground peanuts.

PESA (DALAG)

1 fat dalag
Ginger
Raw rice
Potatoes
A few grains whole black pepper
Toyo sauce
Pork fat
Garlic
Rice water
Cabbage
Pechay

No clear-cut measurements are given here, leaving this consideration to the discretion of the cook, who can always size up the right quantity called for. For 1 fair-sized dalag 1 1/2 cup raw rice is reasonable. And now for the method of preparation: Clean the fish well, scrub with salt to remove slippery membrane. Cut in desired pieces. Soak in toyo. When preparing the rice for the day's meal, save the water; this is your rice water. From this rice that is being washed to be boiled, set aside the amount you need for the Pesa. Put fat in the earthen pot produces more tangy results. We have tried the frying pan for sauteing purposes, later on transferring the concoction into a "ca-serola" to accommodate the soup and everything, with pleasant results.

TO MRS. CONCEPCION CALDERON-MARTELINO, OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS GOES THE CREDIT OF STARTING THIS SERIES OF NATIVE HOMEY FOODS. SHE SENT IN THE RECIPES FOR THE CRAB ADOBO, THE PICKLED TULYA, THE CHICKEN SOUP AND THE ROLLED MEAT LOAF. WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INVITE THE READERS TO SEND IN RECIPES OF NATIVE DISHES WHICH IS NOT ALWAYS COMMON KNOWLEDGE AS ONE MIGHT EXPECT. THE VEGETABLES COOKED IN COCONUT MILK, FOR INSTANCE, IS ALWAYS AN ENIGMA TO THE HOUSEWIFE WHO DIDN'T GROW UP TO COCONUT AND ITS HUNDRED AND ONE USES. THE KARI-KARI, A NATIVE FAVORITE IS NOT WRITTEN IN ONE UNIFORM RECIPE. EACH COOK, IT SEEMS, HAS HIS OWN TRICKS. THIS ONE THAT FOLLOWS IS ONE OF THE TRIED AND TRUE WAYS OF COOKING KARI.

KARI-KARI

nese sausage, bacon, hard boiled eggs, pimientos morrones and pickled cucumber lengthwise. Spread out meat and dust with salt and pepper. Arrange the other ingredients on the meat as desired so that when cut it produces a nice effect. Roll meat then tie

7 cups broth
1 beef shank
2 large eggplants
1/3 cup roasted ground peanuts
1/3 cup roasted whole peanuts
2 cups sitao
3 tablespoons bagoong
1 banana heart
1 1/2 cups tripe
1/3 cup achuete
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut beef shank to desired pieces and boil in enough water till tender. (Boiling takes about 5 or 6 hours.)

In a saucepan, saute garlic till light brown, add onions and cook for three minutes. Add the sitao cut in strips, the banana heart which has been sliced in 1/2-inch rounds, the whole peanuts, the eggplants, beef shank and tripe. Season with bagoong and cover five minutes. Add the broth from the beef shank and cook for half an hour more.

In the meantime, place 3 tablespoons lard in a saucepan and add the achuete seeds. Heat five minutes. Strain to be sure all

3 tablespoons cornstarch
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup Libby's Evap-
orated Milk diluted with
1 cup water
1 beaten egg
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix cornstarch, sugar, and salt together. Add diluted milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick; cook 5 minutes longer. Remove from heat. Pour over beaten egg. Cook 2 minutes longer. Add vanilla. Pour into individual serving dishes. Chill. Top with a spoonful of drained Libby's Fruit Cocktail or other Libby's Fruit Amount—Serves 4.

around with string to keep in place. Place the rolled meat in an earthen pot (paso) add water, about 1/2 cup, strips of bacon, 4 table spoonful tomato sauce, 4 table spoonful perrin sauce, 1 bay leaf cut into pieces and two whole onion and salt to taste. Cover tight and cook over fire until juice

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MANILA, PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 6)

(Continued from page 10)

thereby get more than their money's worth out of the original million for limited aid and incidentally rid themselves of responsibility.

But though the sum is limited, and the scope too broad, the provisions for disbursement are strict. The One Million is strictly emergency funds to be handed out to those in need of immediate aid; and though it disappears like a drop of rain into the desert, and once disbursed comes to an end, here and there it will do its limited good. Almost P100,000

tion of needy cases, one supervisor, 10 senior and 13 junior social workers will cost P40,000. Travelling expenses will cost P20,000; that's what the budget says; if it costs more, 24 social workers will walk. For the office of the social workers, there will be allowed 24 desks and 48 chairs, P3,048. The incidental items of administration and communication are as follows: Freight, express and delivery charges, P1,000; postal, telegraph, telephone, cable and radio service, P2,000; illumination and power service, P1,000;

love, which is a state of grace, they had fallen in love with each other, which is a state of bewilderment.

The Other Man grew insistent. He had to go away, and he urged the Woman to go with him. When they met now, the hours were a gray misery of argument and in-

decision. At last the choice was made. There was nothing joyful about it but only a dulled relief at having accepted the inevitable. The Woman told the Other Man she would go with him.

After that, there remained to her a whole day in which to take leave of her home. The husband was away. It would have been intolerable if he had been here in these last days of exhausting decision, she thought. With a forced briskness, she moved through her house, packing her clothes, setting things in order.

what people think as long as her own conscience is clear. Dr. Antonio Villarama, secretary of health and public welfare, had his own battle to fight, holding his own against Mrs. Quezon who is nobody's fool, certainly not Dr. Villarama's. Dr. Guillermo Rustia, at one time the 5,000-membership of the National Eugenics Association, served as moderator—"We will leave that till later; we will do this now." He had to be elsewhere, but he dared not leave lest he miss something. Mrs. Manuel Moran, as lovely as ever, and Mrs. Angel Tuason, who cancelled a regular appointment to be present, discussed details of each suggestion presented, unaware of Dr. Rustia's heavy disapproval which removed itself from them to me when Mrs. Ernesto Rufino and I dared agree on another point when we should all have been listening instead. (The trouble with professors like our old cronny Dr. Rustia is that they get the habit of demanding strict attention until one can hardly say, "I think so, too.") In fact, only professors are supposed to think.) Quietest of the committee was Mrs. V. Vda. de Simon de Jesus, widow of the General.

With a strict budget to follow, the one duty to which the committee is most sharply alert is that of watching for financial leaks down the line, the bane of all welfare administrators. Will the aid go to the right persons? It must. Does each receive enough, too much, too little? Care must be taken, judgment exercised meticulously. However thankless a job, it can still be done right.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It was decided subsequently not to give loans but to apply the sum on direct relief and work relief.

It was a sunny day, and the house seemed more cheerfully attractive than it had been for many weeks. Insects droned in the bright flower beds, as the Woman paused by her bedroom window, absently winding her watch and looking down upon that garden. There was the toolshed where the Husband had worked so enthusiastically; the hammock under the tree, where he liked to laze away the Sunday papers. She turned away and wandered restlessly through the rooms. As the hours passed, a mood of confidence returned. She wrote a note to leave for the Husband. She was surprised to find how it was to do this.

At the end, she left the house in breathless haste. The last hours had sped faster than she had realized, and the watch told her that she would be late at the rendezvous. She was to meet the Other Man in a cafe near the railroad at six o'clock. Her watch showed ten minutes past six when she arrived there.

The Other Man was not there. This surprised her, for he had hitherto been most punctual. She ordered coffee, and sat down in a shaded corner of the cafe. She was conscious of excitement now. Her hands and knees trembled. She imagined the waitress regarded her curiously. Every time she looked at her watch—and this was often—it seemed the girl noticed and smiled to herself.

And now the Woman began to decide that it was anger which made her tremble. The Other Man had kept her waiting forty min-



Holding on to his crutches for dear life, a war veteran hopes a miracle happens soon—not after 40 years.

will go for overhead that could have been saved and applied directly as aid instead had it been possible to divide the million into allotments; but P900,000 goes directly into the hands of the desperately needy — or some of them, at least—and that is good enough.

This is the exact budget outlined for Republic Act No. 1: For cash and/or outright material relief (food, clothing, medical treatments), P471,952; for work relief, P100,000; for loans to needy war widows and orphans pending the receipt of the benefits coming to them, P200,000; for transportation of stranded and indigent persons to their respective hometowns, P150,000. For investiga-

supplies and materials, P10,000; repair of furniture and equipment, P500; other services (in case they forgot something), P500.

The Act is a most sincere effort to reach out and help the forgotten. It is going to be hell on the committee members to stretch it everywhere, and they are going to be criticized and accused and they know it. Yet not one member, from the chairman, Mrs. Aurora Aragon Quezon, to Chaplain Arcilla withdrew from the committee. Mrs. Asuncion A. Perez, a seasoned welfare warhorse if ever there was one, sat silent and wise through the first meeting; she has tackled tough jobs before; she never expects thanks and she doesn't care a fig

—forty swift blows in the face of romance. He was a coward. That diffidence of his which she had thought so charming, was only cowardice. His thoughtfulness was only lack of decision.

He was old too; many years older than she was. Undoubtedly he was selfish and vain. And she... quite suddenly she knew that she did not want him to come now. She arose hurriedly and fled.

She was calmer when she reached her home. Methodically she burned the note which she had written for the Husband. She unpacked her clothes. She undressed, put on a negligee. She sat by her window. The garden was caught in deep twilight, and the skies stooped in quiet gray. Only the ticking of her watch was loud. She unfastened it and flung it on the bed.

She could feel no pain, but only the emptiness were pain had been. There was—and she almost faced it—a relief in being delivered from the fret of love. Her mind made one conscientious effort to dwell on despair and loss, but she could not accept the thought. There would have been some grandeur in making of this a moment of high tragedy. But she knew it was not so. Her heart told her that she was a mouse that had come back quickly from the threshold of danger to the safe walls of home.

She heard her husband come in, and now for the first time there were tears in her eyes. She did not turn when she heard him enter the room behind her.

"You are late this evening, aren't you?" she asked in a steady

voice.

"No dear. The usual time." He was moving about the room. How well she knew those quiet movements; that reluctance to intrude upon "one of her moods."

"Hello!" He had paused. "There must be something wrong with your watch."

"Wrong?"

"Yes. It is nearly an hour and a half fast. You must have overwound it or dropped it or something."

The woman did not answer. She stared into the darkening garden.

"Did you hear me, dear? I said your watch was fast, it is ticking away wildly. Perhaps they sold me a dud. Anyway, you never really liked it, did you dear?"

She did not answer at once. A tear trickled down her nose. She dabbed at it with her handkerchief and then turned to face her husband. She summoned up a slow smile. "Of course I like it," she said. "It's a wonderful watch."

(From *Cosmopolitan*
October, 1944)

WOMEN AND RECONSTRUCTION

(Continued from page 13)

Judge Almeida. Lopez has always an understanding heart for juvenile delinquents. She typifies the role of women in moulding future citizens worthy to inhabit a big and greater city as envisioned by our planners for the country's rehabilitation and reconstruction.



tonic. This is the time, too, for her to teach them to love God, respect their elders, be good to

one another. Her voice should never be raised in anger. It should be soft and kind and modulated to suit the quietness of the place and soothe the eagerness of the innocent faces upturned in wonder and belief. She can teach them the simple virtues of kindness, truth, and love.

From this simple picture of quiet domesticity our children shall grow in stature as a people and our women can rightfully say that they have had a hand in the molding of the character of these new citizens who shall inhabit the new cities of the Republic.

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

begin January, 1944.

ANOTHER glowing tribute to Mrs. Legarda regarding her participation in the international Assembly of Women is contained in this excerpt: "Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda, president of the National Federation of Women's Club of the Philippines received the longest applause of the day when in a balloon-sleeved native costume of black muslin embroidered in white, she asked help for her people who suffered more destruction than Warsaw, she said."

THERE would be less heartache and disappointments if the beneficiaries of the Million-Peso fund had the knowledge and understanding that Yay Agustin has of the thankless job that now faces the newly appointed disbursement committee. "For every ten people helped a hundred will be passed by," says Yay who sets forth bright sparkling ideas on what to do with the Million Peso "Hot Potato."

DR. ANTONIO ISIDRO was a fellow-pedestrian in that famous Quisao lane when he found himself "held up" for an article. Days later he made good his promise by sending in "The Child and His Language" (page 7). Dr. Isidro was formerly assistant Director of Private Education, is currently an instructor in U. P.

A BIT of sideshow is Anatolio Litonjua's contribution for this issue. That his oppus was not concocted at the spur of the moment is proved by his being prepared for the contingency of an illustration such as the one in his article. Those boners came in an envelope which came together with his piece.

SWEETNESS and light clothed a subtle warning in "A Song, A Flower And A Sigh" (page 4) which only Estrella Alfón Rivera can weave with a deftness all her own. It is a prudent little piece. Conrado Pedroche, Mario P. Chanco, Manuel Viray, C. M. Vega all rallied this fortnight with their usual best.

—P. T. G.

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BATAAN PENN. ORANOC. NASUGBU TEXAS LOS ANGELES **The Club Woman's Bulletin Board** MANILA BOSTON NEW YORK CAGAYEN

Our bulletin board this time will be filled up to a great extent with the officers of women's clubs which have been re-organized or have a new set of officers:—

Guinayangan, Quezon:—Concepcion M. Salumbides, president; Apolonia C. Arana, vice-president; Felipa L. Marquez, secretary; Victorina R. Garcia, assistant secretary; Isabel T. Ramos, treasurer; Salome C. Pujalte and Anicieta R. Molines, assistant treasurers, board of directors: Enlilia N. Salumbides, Angelita C. Cambroner, Anicia G. Salumbides, Ramona T. Ingles, Soledad L. Garcia, Teresa R. Tubaga, and Natividad L. Espino.

Malvar, Batangas: Miss Rosario L. Trinidad, president; Mrs. Ana S. Villapando, vice-president; Miss Angelita Aranda, secretary; Miss Isabel Visaj, treasurer; Mrs. Victoria Cantero, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Encarnacion M. Tizeon, Mrs. Ana S. Villapando, Mrs. Felipa L. Leviste, Mrs. Encarnacion M. Lantín, Mrs. Consorcía Paz, and Miss Rosario L. Trinidad. The club organized a cooperative store, known as the Malvar Central Co-operative Store to help the people buy goods at a reasonable price. Most of the members of the cooperative are clubwomen.

Baguio, Mountain Province: Mrs. Florencia C. Cruz, president; Mrs. Virginia O. de Guia, vice-president; Mrs. Rosal C. Rimando, secretary; Mrs. Eden A. Villanueva, assistant secretary; Dominga Gonzales, treasurer; Mrs. Vitaliana Gorospe, Assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Anatolia Lopez, Mrs. Florentina Lamug, Mrs. Jose Flores, Dr. Josefina Gorospe, Dr. Acena Cuesta, and Mrs. Tomas L. Ri-

de Ubando. The Baguio woman's club is responsible for the puericulture center and the Baguio Maternity House. Food production and assistance to war widows and orphans are other primary projects of the club.

Lalio, Cagayan: Mrs. Catalina A. Dupaya, president; Mrs. Luisa A. Camacho, Vice president; Mrs. Pilar A. Divain, Secretary; Mrs. Rosalia D. Rosales, assistant secretary; Mrs. Andrea I. Aguinaldo, treasurer; Mrs. Cecilia D. Siriban, assistant treasurer; directors: Mrs. Reginalda Q. Sorita, Mrs. Corazon Rosales, Mrs. Mercedes Siriban, Mrs. Dionisia F. Guzman, Mrs. Elisa C. Catral, and Mrs. Casimira S. Dupaya.

Camalangan, Cagayan: Tomasa V. Tolentino, president; Florentina Pasara, vice president; Arsenia Pagdauan, secretary; Adela Tuzon, treasurer; directors: Mrs. Celestina N. Jurado, Mrs. Felicidad Oandasan, Mrs. Florencia Aguirre, Mrs. Juana de la Cruz, Mrs. Primitiva Cabadon, Mrs. Caridad Villaflo, Mrs. Francisca Roa, Mrs. Francisca Torres, and Mrs. Caridad Bejer. The main objective of the club at present is to raise funds to establish the Puericulture Center.

Sarrat, Ilocos Norte:—Mrs. Melesia A. Petel, president; Mrs. Guillerma P. Zabala, vice president; Miss Guillerma Racela, secretary; Mrs. Lourdes M. Agcaoil, assistant secretary; Miss Ana Pascualan, treasurer; Mrs. Mercedes Victoria, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Florencia R. Reyes, Mrs. Rufina G. Legaspi, Mrs. Micaela Agcaoil, Mrs. Consuelo P. Onevedo, Mrs. Maria G. Racela, Mrs. Victoria P. de la

vera.

The following is a brief report of the activities of the members: (1) Reorganization of the club after liberation (2) Helped the soldiers in the form of food, clothing, and immediate needs, (3) Distributed UNRRA goods, (4) Organized Junior Woman's Club, (5) Planted national trees, (6) Helped organize the Puericulture Center.

Balaon, La Union:—Mrs. Hipolita R. Wellborn, president; Mrs. Matilde Basconillo, vice-president; Mrs. Catalina A. Lopez, secretary; Miss Socorro Lopez, assistant secretary; Mrs. Maria G. Olivar, treasurer; Mrs. Clara C. Octaviano, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Miss Socorro Tadian, Miss Matilde Turaba, Mrs. Severa Ordinario, Mrs. Emeteria Ordinario, Mrs. Paula R. Callado; and Mrs. Buena P. Lopez.

Santa Maria, Pangasinan:—Miss Mercedes C. Cerdeña, president; Mrs. Leodegaria M. Supnet, vice-president; Mrs. Fulgencia P. Tanco, secretary; Mrs.

Bernarda H. Ibañez, assistant secretary; Miss Librada Apiado, treasurer; Mrs. Bernarda H. Ibañez, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Felicidad L. Rustria, Mrs. Sulpicia C. Ordunez, Mrs. Maria V. Rodriguez, Mrs. Fideia C. Callanta, and Mrs. Silvina M. Gutierrez. Soon after liberation the club was activated and one of its first activities was to send the following delegates to request for relief goods from the PRRA: Miss Mercedes C. Cerdeña and Mrs. Felicidad L. Rustria. However, the request was not favorably acted on and they appealed to the provincial governor, who gave them a bale of UNRRA goods which were distributed to 138 members. Then the club re-organized the puericulture center, and raised P1,079.05 from benefits and voluntary contributions.

Loreto Woman's Club, Manila: Mrs. Ana L. Molina, president; Mrs. Esperanza Paras, vice-president; Mrs. Genoveva Lectura, secretary; Mrs. Angela Martin, treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Arsenia Pereria, Miss Lolita Francisco, Mrs. Vicenta L. Cruz, and Mrs. Victoria M. Limpin. The club is sponsoring a well-organized nursery class, and has provided for a temporary playground for the children of the

(Continued on page 28)

TALK DELIVERED BY MRS. CONCEPCION FELIX-RODRIGUEZ, ADVISER OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, TO THE MANILA CLUB WOMEN RECENTLY



Mrs. Concepcion Felix-Rodriguez

Permit me to tell you in a few words the beginning, and what I consider some outstanding achievements of the Manila Woman's Club. These, I hope and believe, will serve as a pattern and inspiration for our future activities.

On March, 1912, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, distinguished president of the U.S. General Federation of Women's Club visited Manila. At that early period, her object was the study of woman suffrage for the Filipino women. The outcome of her visit was the formation of a Society for the Advancement of Women. This was the forerunner of the present Woman's Club of Manila, which was incorporated on June 9, 1913.

That was more than 33 years

★ ★ For a fit that would do justice to your figure, see ★ ★ ★

CAROLINA'S
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ago, and in that long span of time, our organization has undertaken and accomplished many benevolent works for our fellow women. Allow me to recall to you what I believe the ten most outstanding accomplishments of our organization:

First: the establishment of Day Nurseries for which the Philippine Legislature appropriated the sum of P5,000.00. At these day nurseries working mothers left their infants to be fed, cared for while they are at work.

Second: the establishment of the Legal Aid to Indigent Women. This clinic was under the administration of Attorneys Natividad Almada, now Judge Lopez of the Municipal Court and Felicidad Legaspi.

Third: the segregation of women prisoners from Billibid prison and quartering them at the Correctional Institution at Mandaluyong. This action was made possible by Governor-General Davis who set aside P60,000 for that purpose.

Fourth: the appointment of women to be members of such important boards as the Playground Committee, School Textbook and the Public Welfare Boards.

Fifth: the Philippine Girl's Training School at Mandaluyong. After the tragic fire on May 12, 1933 where 11 unfortunate girls were burned to death at the Training School for Wayward Girls, the need for a safe place of confinement for these unfortunate girls was deemed imperative.

Sixth: the appointment of policemen primarily to protect women and girls.

Seventh: the propagation and fostering of vegetable gardens, conservation of food and the sale of liberty bonds. At that time the first World War was reaching the United States and here in the Philippines we were actively helping America prepare to win.

Eighth: the visit to the Cullion Leper Colony on January 1, 1915 at the invitation of the Secretary of Interior Winfred Dennison. That visit resulted in the improvement of living conditions of the lepers. Our Club donated P300.00 to be spent for stage fittings for an open air theatre.

Ninth: the beautification of the City of Manila and the erection of a Flower Market. It was our Club that first proposed in 1916 to construct a wide double highway from Luneta extend to Cavite. Dr. Rebecca Parrish also

THE National Federation of Women's Clubs, (which includes all the affiliate clubs of the country) has several friends who are currently in America. We are sure that our readers whether a clubwoman or not will share with us our enjoyment of the news we receive about them. We shall endeavor to include in every issue something about them.

We begin with Mrs. Legarda, our president who sailed on the S. S. President Madison to represent the Philippines in the International Conference of Women in

launched the proposition to make Manila the Fire Tree City. It was also suggested to eliminate dead end streets and convert them for vehicular traffic or make them into playgrounds for children. We also suggested the erection of a modern band stand at the Luneta, which as everybody knows was completely lost during the battle for the liberation of Manila.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the Woman's Club of Manila was the launching of the campaign for "Equal Suffrage". In an open meeting in 1915, Mrs. L. L. Shuman petitioned for the establishment of a Committee to handle the extension of Women's Club to the provinces. It was agreed to establish vegetable gardens in the provinces and to establish Women's Clubs to conserve and produce food. The government cooperated in the enterprise by giving an office in the Ayuntamiento fully equipped, and P2,000.00 for travelling expenses and purchase of plants, seeds, etc. Many members travelled (without remuneration) to near and far places. The plan was very successful. Out of those Clubs emerged the NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS of the Philippines, organized in 1921, and which on April 30, 1937, carried a special election on equal suffrage by a majority woman's vote of 447,407. For this reason the Federation is credited with being the brain child of the Woman's Club of Manila. The mother club also donated P500, saved from its own headquarters fund for the purchase of a headquarters for the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

I hope that the short sketch I presented of the achievements of the Manila Woman's Club will serve as an inspiration and guidance for a bigger and better Manila Woman's Club.

Friends In America

New York. Since the liberation Mrs. Legarda has been working for the Symphony, the NFWC, the National Council of Women, and many others—without a single minute of rest—until she rested even during her first days out, and so energetic that she immediately started a travel-diary. We have our fingers crossed, hoping the first part of this diary has not been lost in transit. To date we have not received it and neither has anyone seem to have seen it among the things she has sent, and she repeatedly told us that she was sending it.

The Washington Star, one of the leading dailies of Washington, D.C. printed a glowing report of

Mrs. Legarda's speech at the Assembly before the board meeting of General Federation of Women's Clubs. The Star said: "No more appealing personality was presented to the international assembly of women at its final meeting than Mrs. Legarda..."

"The Philippines is still the baby of nations. It is still in diapers and needs more nursing bottles to make it grow," she said. "Her message to the federation emphasized the desire for better understanding between the women of America and the women of the Philippines. She reiterated her statement made the day before that American films and American literature have given

(Continued on page 31)

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YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING

(Continued from page 11)

United." "Miss A. S.
and Mr. G. L.
were recently married at the Sto.
Tomas chapel in Manila. The
couple spent a short honeymoon
at Tagaytay, then returned to the
city where they."

A movie column in the Evening
News had this: "Ex-child actress
Shirley Temple's latest measure-
ments: height, 5 feet, 2 inches;
weight, 101 pounds; waist, 24;
bust, 32; hips 35; neck, 12 1/2;
and wrist, 6. Authority for this is
RKO's wardrobe mistress." Little
Miss Marker is certainly growing
up but what are nips?

A. H. Lacson of the Liberty
News is another columnist done
wrong by thoseimps that spring
up unexpected from the printed
page. In one of those periodic
railleries on his good friend, Con-
gressman Jose Topacio Nueno,
Lacson set forth with a left-hand-
ed compliment of Nueno whose
"anties have convulsed even his
most sedate colleagues in the As-
sembly."

Anties in his panties, arsenic?
The restrictions of the headline
sometimes lend unintentional
twists to a perfect headline. Con-
sider, for instance, the following
two-decker in a front page of the
Manila Times:

Roxas To Honor
McNutt, Good
One of the headline boners ap-
peared in the Manila Post some
time ago. Sprawling across two
columns was the following head-
line:
Rites Held Today For Petro-

leum Who Died Due To Red Tape
At Hospital
The Philippine Army News
Digest is not above committing a
prize boner or two weekly. Said
the Digest: "From Manila, last
Friday, President-elect Roxas sent
a letter to President Truman
thanking him profoundly for the
Rankin bill."

Did they possibly mean "litter
of pigs"?

There are boners which could
not be classified in the pure realm
of typographical errors since they
appeared in the original copy or
press release. Malaprops and
fauvism prepositions are frequently
the bane of newspaper writers and
press relations officers.

An ever-alert deskman at the
Times spotted the following ribald
piece in a mimeographed press re-
lease from the Manila police
department: ". . . the woman was
raped with the point of a gun."

"He suffered several black
eyes," said an unedited story of a
labor riot.

O. P. G. of the Manila Courier,
writing the sidelights on the in-
dependence day ceremonies, ob-
served:

"Generally, the public did not
mind neither the heat nor the
rain. But particularly, the fair
sex complained of the prickly
heat that melt their makeup, and
of the rain that washed it."

The precise meaning of "prick-
ly heat" must have been lost in
the harried reportorial mind.
Carlos Moran Sison, an other-

wise impeccable young man, wrote
in his column that "A week ago,
our mother dropped us in the of-
fice at eight o'clock in the morn-
ing. . . ."

You mean the stork dropped you
in, Carlos?

Then there was the press re-
lease written by the henchman of
a political mogul—you know one of
those men who hang around news-
paper offices to wheedle publicity
for their bosses. He submitted a
lengthy literary gem which men-
tioned among other things the
"trepidation and concupiscence of
the governor which incensed the
ire of his rival."

The most heavy wine in our col-
lection, however, is of recent vin-

tage. It is a United Press dis-
patch published in an afternoon
daily relating to the apprehension
by the Tokyo police of the ab-
ductor of the 11-year-old daughter
of a Japanese millionaire.

"The abductor," the news item
sobberly announced, "is Yoshio
Higuchi, 22, former convict. He
was apprehended in a village in
Central Japan. The hide-out of
Luis Taruc, Huk su-."

When the editor comes upon
such blunders that spoil an other-
wise perfect edition, he'd need a
deadpan (please, proof-reader,
deadpan, initial letter is *d* not *b*,
and don't forget the first *a*) and
a calm disposition to keep him out
of the nouthouse.

MRS. RAMOS IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 15)

in the Assembly. Mr. Ramos' stanchest campaigner has been his fragile-looking wife, who consistently took the stump in her husband's behalf, sandwiching political speeches between English classes at Far Eastern University. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ramos campaigned in the recent presidential elections, dividing their district in two, each taking half.

Although this is youthful Mrs. Ramos' first trip to the United States, it isn't the first time she has traveled. In 1937 she accompanied her husband to an international YMCA conference in Mysore, India, and last year was one of four delegates invited to attend a YWCA gathering in Australia.

The Ramoses at present occupy the Washington home of a Filipino friend, but are in search of a more permanent location. The two girls are excited over everything and the radio particularly intrigues them. "It keeps us laughing with the queerest advertisements," they explain.

Letty is enrolled as a senior in Central High and Gloria is a sixth grade student. Their 18-year-old brother, Fidel, is at West Point. "He is one of the first students sent here by the republic," says his mother proudly.

"He was an engineering student and topped the competitive examination which made him eligible to an appointment."

When she left the Philippines Mrs. Ramos was second vice president of the Pangasinan Federation of Women's Clubs, a board member of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and vice president of the YWCA. All

groups refused to accept her resignation.

"They think I can continue to help them over here," she smiles, "and perhaps I can."

THE CLUB WOMAN'S BULLETIN BOARD

(Continued from page 26)

neighborhood.

Morong, Rizal:—Mrs. Amparo de Francisco, president; Mrs. Elpidia Raymundo, vice-president; Mrs. Gregoria F. Patag, secretary; Miss Mercedes San Juan, assistant secretary; Mrs. Emilia Mateo, treasurer; Mrs. Estelita Atendido, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Ambrosia Alegre, Mrs. Eugenia Bonifacio, Miss Mercedes San Juan, Mrs. Damianna Francisco, Mrs. Sofia Bautista, and Miss Ines Francisco.

Angadan, Isabela:—Through the request of the club president, Mrs. Asmeralda C. Mari, the Philippine War Relief gave a box of medicine to the club. The use of this medicine was instrumental in saving the lives of about 200 women and 600 children suffering from pneumonia and dysentery.

Panganiban, Camarines Norte: The Jonapa Woman's Club of this town celebrated the third anniversary of the late Mrs. Maria Adea- Evia, the founder and former president of the club. She also founded the Labo Woman's Club. The late Mrs. Evia was very active in the campaign for woman suffrage, and was one of the first woman councilors elected.



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AT THE BETTER STORES

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From Brother To A Star

By C. M. Vega

WE are the brown brothers
of the earth:
brothers of the whites
and the black,
brothers of all mortals
and immortals—

we are members in the Brotherhood of Men.

You cannot mistake us,
for the earth is our color...

We are proud purely
of the brown earth
as we are proud
of our race!

You will know us—
by the smell of armpits
and our dreams
between a twilight and a leaf;
from the fields and the Escolta
and the plains—
you will know us!

Brown men, women and children
with brown sinews and poetry
tuned to labor and song and God:
you will know us!

You will know us:
in the ricefields,
in sun and rain,
in Congress and barong-barongs...

We are your relatives
who broke soil and sprinkled blood
and tears for water
in Mindanao and Corregidor,
in the mountain fastnesses and Bataan
that the stature of men and Democracy
may touch a star!

We are your brown brothers
from Mactan to Tirad Pass,
from Capas to San Francisco;
brown brothers who licked the dust and death
in the shadow of the heartless barbarian!

We are the brown brothers
of the earth:
brothers of the whites
and the black,
brothers of all mortals
and immortals—
possessed also of feelings
and passions and joys
and hopes and faiths
and dreams and tears
as are other members
in the Brotherhood of Men!



FROM A CLUB WOMAN

FIELD OBSERVATION

By Solita N. Bautista

FROM our Club Women's backyard there are plenty of surprises. Long before the Food Campaign started their backyards have been always filled with fruits and vegetables. Besides their varied projects of Nursery, Illiterate Classes, Diet Kitchen, Needlecraft, Sewing, etc., the club women engaged in planting.

From my conversation with these women I found out that they are best informed on the proper time of planting vegetables, whether native or introduced, in order to obtain products of high quality. I have learned that when the climate is strictly tropical,

plant growth under normal condition is active throughout. Our vegetables, though, seem to be active all the year round. Nevertheless, vegetables like other plants which grow to a greater or less extent during any part of the year, thrive better in some months than in others. Hence production is largely influenced by climatic changes which are either detrimental to plant growth or cause the plant to attain excessive growth with corresponding low yield.

Cowpeas—the highest yield can be obtained by November.

(Continued on page 33)

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SILHOUETTES



E. Vidal



⑥



E. Vidal

BUTTERFLIES in their gorgeous array find felicitous field on a white bouffant skirt and on a trim, panelo-less camisa. Reader Miss Lim sent in this sketch.

⑥

THE unpredictable dash of shocking contrast finds expression in this dress in the form of vivid chevron stripes for the whole of right shoulder.

EMBROIDERY is every couturier's delight, but how to use it with telling effect is another story. In the dress above, decoletage becomes a virtue when set off by embroidery, that straddles shoulders and what passes for sleeves. Embroidery for the hemline in this case is a necessary adjunct to the simple draped skirt. Note the basque bodice and the nipped-in waist.



E. Vidal

LEFT:

THIS frontal attack on the dressy side of dressing comes in gay plaid buttoned on to the basic dress with two giant square buttons. Your basic attire for this may be black or white or any plain color that echoes the plaid.

⑥

RIGHT:

GAY December nights provide cool alibis for trim little suits, like this. Wear vivid, contrasting epaulets for shoulders and equally vivid buttons. Keep the three-quarter sleeves, they are a "must" for this scheme at least.



E. Vidal

At Last!

A deodorant cream that really prevents perspiration odors and keeps the arm-pits soft, and smooth. Amolin Cream is delicate in texture... pleasant in fragrance... without medicinal odor.

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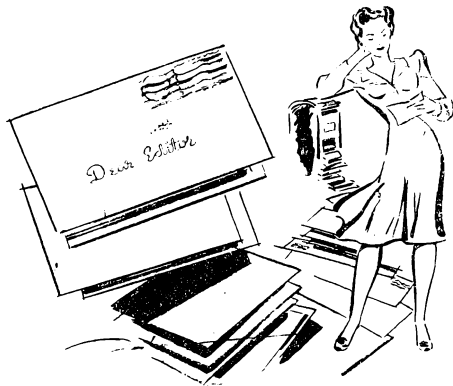
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Sole Distributors

BOTICA BOIE

95 Escalota



Letters to the Journal

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is wonderful. I think you are particularly wise in devoting a few pages to fashion, since they will always be of interest to women. But I miss one thing in these pages,— fashion sketches. Why not include them as a regular feature of your magazine? So many times, our women are at loss when it comes to ideas for their clothes, — and that goes even for our modistes. I am sure your readers will greatly appreciate the help they can derive from your magazine through

such sketches.

—Salvacion S. Lim
Legaspi, Albay

Dear Editor:

I am sending my congratulations to you for your magazine. It was a blessing in disguise the moment I got hold of one! It helped me a lot and built up my morale during my convalescing days. The magazine is highly entertaining—and I can see that it will become a favorite among our women, both young and old. I enjoyed it so much so what I was

inspired to write a poem: "Of brave Men and Gentle Women", which together with another one, I hope you will kindly consider to include among the many contributions for your magazine.

—Fely R. Maliksi
708 R. Hidalgo
Manila

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is one of the best magazines in the Philippines today. By its name, it may be implied that only women should read it. But I found out it is not only for women. It is also for men. I don't know if others would see

it like I do. What with your September number containing the question on liberalizing the divorce law: Congressman Florentino Crisologo vs a super-superb (wonder if there is such a word as super-superb?) on his side of this divorce law question.

It should not be WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL. It should have another name. With its present name, only women or girls and a few men or boys would be curious to open it. I mean—well, I am only SUGGESTING.

—Anacleto M. Aguihon
Sgt., MPC, P.A.

making the proper contacts is Mr. Pete Gamatero.

Both Mrs. Legarda and Mercedes spoke to various groups. At the time Mercedes wrote she has just received an invitation from the women of Stockton and Long Beach to address them, and assuring her of their desire to raise funds for the NFWC. She was also interviewed over the radio.

Mercedes visited Petring de Josa, daughter of our NFWC treasurer, who was taken ill on her trip and has been confined in a hospital ever since. Petring is on the road to recovery, and is grateful to Mrs. Alfafara who helped to get a blood donor for her.

And now we come to Maria Teresa and Tony Escoda, Jr., children of our beloved Mrs. Escoda. They are in America also to continue their studies. This is made possible by the Escoda Memorial Fund, contributed to chiefly by army and civilian people who were grateful for help they received from the Escodas while in Philippine prison camps, and by friends of these men.

Tony, as they call him now, although he is still Sonny to us who knew him in his infancy, is staying in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, in the home of Mr. Charles E. Griffith, the vice president of the Silver Burdett company, textbook publishers of New York. Mr. Griffith is at present in Manila, where he counts with numerous friends having first come in 1923, then in 1926, 1929, 1931, and 1940. He was responsible for the collecting and publishing of the Progressive Music Series Book which is widely used in the elementary schools here.

Tony is enrolled in the Glen Ridge High School, and has won everyone he meets. Two days after his arrival he took out a card from the public library, and came home with a pile of books.

The principal of the High School assigned to him the recital of the allegiance to the flag and the night before, he came to Mrs. Griffith and wondered if it was proper for him to have accepted that assignment. Tony said, "I love the American flag, but I am now a citizen of an independent country, and I wonder if it is proper for me to recite the allegiance to the American flag."

Maria Teresa (more commonly known as Baby or Bing) is enrolled in Barnard College and stays in the Barnard dormitory. Last month she was guest at a radio program in New York and was interviewed by Walter Kierman.

Miss Elvira Llanes is staying at the International House in New York City—and is enrolled in the New York School of Social Service.

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 27)

false impressions of the country."

The Washington Star reported growing interest in the Philippines and in Filipino women among Washington clubwomen. Washington women are anxious to cooperate with the General Federation of Women's Clubs in its efforts to help the Philippine Federation to rebuild its Manila clubhouse destroyed during the war.

From Miss Mercedes Evangelista who is another delegate to the Assembly in New York, we hear more news about Mrs. Legarda and herself. In California the two were guests of the Alta Mina Woman's Clubs at San Leandro, and the San Francisco Federation of Women's Clubs. This Federation has decided to include among

its principal projects, assistance to the NFWC. After the Assembly in New York, Miss Evangelista is going back to the West Coast to organize the women clubs among the Filipinos. The American Women's Clubs are agreeable to the organization of a Federation of Women's Clubs in the United States to be affiliated to the NFWC.

Mercedes stayed with Mrs. C. T. Alfafara, a prominent woman leader who helped a great deal in collecting the clothes that the Philippine War Relief distributed. Mrs. Malva who was in Manila not long ago is also a leader, specially among the farmers. She invited Mercedes to her lovely home in Salinas. Another Filipino who is giving valuable aid specially in

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SHOES SANDALS
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For the price of one pair you buy elsewhere you can have 3 pairs of different styles and colors one to match each occasion when you buy at

FLEUR DE PARIS

DEPT. STORE
CENTRAL HOTEL BLDG.
Ground Floor

lived there laid out on the ground floor, no longer able to object to the hordes that came rushing in from all sides. Children staggered around the milling throng, crying for their fallen parents. Mothers pushed blindly forward, calling for lost members. There were a few who had crept from beneath piles of dead to stumble, crawl, half-walk into the house. Now weak from hunger and loss of blood they were powerless to stop the hordes that trampled upon them.

The looters were there. They spread rumors about how the Japanese would shell the area and watched the people blunder about in terror. Meanwhile they calmly stopped over piles of precious belongings, appropriating whatever caught their fancies. The street-corners were littered with abandoned pushcarts. Next morning, these stood empty.

There was a little moonlight then. Fires were still burning in buildings where desperate Japanese continued to resist. Northwest

TO DEFINE A HERO

(Continued from page 17)

from the Singalong Church, a crimson line of tracers stretched out toward the Settlement House. The doctor heard more screams and he called out hoarsely, "Men! For God's sake, help us with the wounded..."

A few came forward. A flashlight picked out tired faces from the pitiful multitude that called for help.

Their cries turned the doctor's blood cold.

"Doctor, my baby..."

"Doctor, please..."

"Here, doctor..."

He bent over still bodies, slithered over the intestines of a man who had stepped on a land mine.

"This one. This. Yes. Yes. I'm coming... God, we've run out of bandages already."

His wife was misty-eyed, but she continued to direct some girls engaged in stripping off pieces of cloth from her discarded clothes. These were hurriedly sterilized and rushed to the makeshift operating room.

Today, the hospitals of Manila are pleasant sights. White sheets and smell of disinfectant pervade their atmosphere. At the Settlement House in February, the sheets were red and the smell was the smell of death. Sometimes it seemed the smell was alive, but fingers that stretched out to you and tried to pin you down.

More, yet more came. The corridors and the reception hall littered them. They were twelve dead in front and all had their salvaged goods with them. The doctor was slightly puzzled. Was life not enough to be thankful for? That middle aged man who came in this morning, the one with the expensive looking suit and the portfolio. He looked wealthy but he was breathing his life away in a dark corner of the operating room. What was wealth now? Many would trade their last possessions for a drink of water. Why all the pots and pans, the bundles of clothing, the blood-soaked dolls? What was there to cook, and who was in the mood for play?

No water. Some of the men had dug a shallow well in the compound and the people had promptly stampeded it into a muddened

pool, potent with disease. Yet many drank the slime, and were glad to get it.

No toilet facilities. Not even the stench of death could overcome that which came from the living.

The doctor left the operating room and looked at his charges with quiet despair. Where were the field hospitals? The bandages? The medicines? The disinfectants? The food?

It was more than 72 hours since he had closed his eyes. Save for a few mouthfuls of cold fish and rice, he had not eaten. At Capas, he had seen men die violently but there was nothing to compare with this carnage. A soldier had to die. He knew that. But the civilians... who was to answer for them?

The sanitary conditions were awesome. He knew that unless something was done immediately an epidemic would break out. A few people were crossing to north Manila but every hour brought ten to take the place of five. The operating room was never empty. Ample grist stood by to feed the insatiable mill.

MORE Americans were moving forward to do the dirty mopping-up. Several squads of the 145th and 148th Infantry regiments of the 37th division stopped by the Settlement House to share their rations with the refugees. They were hungry themselves and did not know their kitchens would come up but they willingly gave. They forged ahead to fight, some to die.

There was a strapping young Texan who watched with unashamed tears as the doctor examined a particularly ugly head.

"My God," he muttered. "For three years I've been fighting in jungles wondering what in hell I was fighting for. Now I know."

Days later, some medicines arrived. Husky Red Cross men dashed across the open field in front of the Settlement House where snipers still lurked. A path was beaten across the grass. Endless litters of wounded and dying civilians followed.

The doctor had lost his voice and he could not talk above a whisper but already some color

had gone back to his cheeks. The rooms were still full and it was an insult to call the place anything more than an emergency hospital. But much had improved.

At night, shells still whistled overhead and there were occasional Jap mortar shells landing five blocks distant. But the initial terror had abated.

Yet there were times when it seemed the earth could not hold all the dead that the living consigned to it. On these occasions, especially when additional burial grounds appeared to have been mined, flame throwers were used. It was a ghastly job, and never fully accomplished its mission. But it was effective in combatting disease. The sun and the elements would do the rest. Meanwhile, the dead would have to make way for the living.

By now the PCAU had come. Conditions still left much to be desired but now the doctor and his wife could catch brief cat-naps. They were both haggard and undermourned, and the strain of the last few weeks had not been kind to their health. But they had lived.

The last two enemy strongholds in the Finance and Agriculture Buildings collapsed. More and more supplies poured into the Settlement House. The refugees began trekking to north Manila. Soon the area looked clean again. Several doctors came to relieve him. Nurses arrived. The storeroom bulged with all manner of goods for the people. The job was done—ironically and conclusively, when there were few to benefit by it.

It was late May, 1945. On the front steps of the Settlement House the doctor flushed under his captain's uniform and looked long at his wife and children.

"It will only be a few months," he said. "The work here is done. In America I hope to learn more things that may help our countrymen."

He bent down and kissed his wife. The truck waited for him outside, and as he got in he looked back and waved a hand at the little gathering that still lived in the Settlement House. Many thousands would never know where he was going and many more would forget him and the small acts he had done for them.

The shibboleths of charity and the generous spontaneity of war, after all, are the jokes of peace. The heroes and the soldiers know that, Man, is, in the last analysis, still a basically selfish creature.

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POLITICAL LEADERSHIP FOR WOMEN

(Continued from page 14)

ling us women "mysterious" simply because we often fail to conform to the pattern of behavior that they have set for us. Let any one of us do something which men do not like nor expect, and watch out for the howls that will surely come from the masculine world. Take the recent bar examination, for instance. I happened to top it and because I am a woman, I have been chided for doing the unforgivable—that of leaving behind my supposedly superior brothers, members of the so-called stronger sex. You must have read Carlos Moran Sison's writeup in the *Star Reporter* wherein he says that no matter how we women might vociferate about our having equal intelligence as the men, experience tells that, as far as the law profession, is concerned the women are: "hanggang bar lamang". Notice the change in expression. It is no longer "hanggang pier lamang" for us Filipinas but "Hanggang bar lamang". Mr. Sison further says that no woman has so far made a success of herself in the practice of the law and he wonders why. We, certainly, do not admit the truth of his statement, but granting that he is right, he supplied the answer to his query when he says, "Some of them make good in government service, in research work. After some years, what happen? They get a husband." Therein lies the difference between a man's achievement and that of a woman. We, women, do not achieve as greatly as men do because we do not get a wife, we get a husband. Until such time as science or economics corrects this blunder of nature, we shall, no matter how you or I might dislike it, remain the inferior sex. Nevertheless we have this to console ourselves with. No man may rise so high that his wife may not call him down...

But this is no time for talks but a time for action. Let us leave men in the delusion that they are what they believe themselves to be, and that we women are what they regard us to be. Let us turn to actual facts, to the frightening things that are happening to the world.

Our man-ruled civilization has reached an impasse with the invention of the atomic bomb. If we are unable to prevent World

War III, our civilization is doomed. Statesmanship has been reduced—or elevated—to the single process of keeping peace. Pacifism has become the vital factor of life and its issue cannot be separated from that of feminism. Without the active participation of women in political leadership, it seems impossible to meet the gigantic crisis we are now facing. Of course, the Philippines is young and almost a non-entity in the international world.

And right here we have so many problems to solve. We have the strikes, the Huks, the guerrillas, the veterans, Manila's bad elements, the Parity Bill, the military bases, and equally important to the women—the panuelo-less terno or the terno-less panuelo. The old policy of aggression must be replaced by a new policy of housekeeping. Women are called to occupy commanding posts in political life.

It would be a mistake to believe that this issue has been solved by giving equal voting power to women. Women's votes have sometimes contributed to stress the masculine character of modern politics. For women instinctively hate wars, but love warriors. Witness the millions of women that rave about Errol Flynn, John Wayne, Clark Gable, and our own Rogelio de la Rosa. Women are attracted by the type of man whom they can trust to give them protection in times of emergency. Dictators and strong men have often won women's votes because a fighter appeals to women more than a compromiser. The last election proves that.

The question is no longer one of equal votes but of equal opportunities. Of a fair chance for women to occupy political key positions. England's next sovereign will apparently be a queen, another queen Elizabeth.

Why should not we Filipinas aspire to the presidential chair? Thanks to the broadmindedness of President Roxas, we have now a woman governor, a woman mayor, a woman judge, a woman bureau director, and policewomen around. Why not a woman president?

The time has come to give women a fair chance for political

leadership not for the sake of feminism but to save the peace and civilization confronted by the threat of an atomic deluge.

For women's proved talent for national and international housekeeping in a planet that is swiftly shrinking to household size is needed now than ever. If we have the wisdom to put that talent to greater and more intelligent use, perhaps the peace of the world without which neither our civilization nor ourselves, nor our children can long survive, may at last be kept.

How to Tell A Joke

HAVE YOU ever wondered why your best jokes fall flat? Why hands rise to stifle apologetic yawns and attention wavers whenever you attempt a humorous yarn? Well, it's ten to one you talk your stories to death, my friend. And the fault lies not in your subject matter but in your own bungling, long-winded manner of presenting it.

Listen to any witty after-dinner speaker to any successful comedian and note how skillfully he pares away every unnecessary word and phrase to streamline his story. Introduction, dialogue and details are all cut to a minimum.

In short, the point's the thing! Everything else is but a build-up. And the more you ramble and improvise before reaching this point, the more obscure it becomes and the less likely that joke is to register on the laugh meter.

Here, then, are a few time-tried tips to remember when you undertake your next joke:

1. **BE BRIEF:** Cut out every superfluous word from your story. Don't ramble; don't hem and haw. This is the sure mark of an amateur.

3. **BE CONCISE:** Try to choose brisk colorful words that will exactly convey your meaning and heighten the point you wish to make.

3. **SPEAK CLEARLY:** Don't mumble, or swallow your words as you talk. And, for the love of Mike, don't snicker at your own wit.

4. **BE SURE TO DRAMATIZE THE POINT OF YOUR JOKE:** This should come in your final sentence as a punch line and you give it your all. Indeed, the seasoned speaker will pause, for emphasis, just before reaching this climactic sentence, and then let it come forth sharply. And with a bang!

FIELD OBSERVATION

(Continued from page 29)

Seguidillas—Good yield can be obtained by planting any month except summer.

Cucumber (Pepino)—High yield can be harvested from December, April to June.

Eggplant—Amr time except summer.

Lettuce—Can be made during season of abundant moisture and cool temperature.

Onion—Best planting, in October, November and December.

Raddish—Favorable in May, September, March.

Tomato—From about the end of rainy season.

Watermelon—Harvested October to March.

From our Diet Kitchen Club women may remember some common methods of cooking vegetable such as:

Baked—Wash vegetable and place on a pan or rack in a moderate oven.

Boiled—Wash the vegetable and cook it in the skin or pared, whole or pieces, in boiling water until tender.

Buttered—Heat the boiled or steamed vegetable in butter or melted butter over the hot cooked vegetable.

Creamed—Combine the cooked vegetable whole and in pieces with white sauce.

Curried—Add curry powder to the white sauce and prepare as for creamed vegetable.

Many women are now pickling now that vinegar is cheap.

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vernacular and the English simultaneously, either because of the elders' familiarity with the foreign language or on account of the belief that teaching the child in English will help him much when he goes to school.

The Filipino child of the pre-school age should be taught first in his native language, be it Tagalog, Ilocano, Visayan, etc., before he learns a foreign language. Such a procedure will lead to proper mental development, eliminate the cultivation of undesirable attitudes and place in the proper educational level. To teach him a foreign language before he has mastered his mother tongue is fraught with limitations and disadvantages.

Teaching the child two or more languages at the same time may lead to mental confusion and language difficulties. Language is a highly complicated mental process. It requires strenuous mental efforts. Although the adults take for granted the difficulties of language learning because they do not see or feel the mental exertion involved in speech, the child in learning a language experiences a severe test. Studies have shown a high positive correlation between language and intelligence. In fact, the intelligence of a child may be indicated by the ages at which he begins to speak. If one language requires great mental efforts, two or more languages will cause undue mental burden upon the growing mind. Studies show that when two or more languages are learned simultaneously, mental confusion results. Mental tests reveal that when a child is tested in either of the languages learned, he is inferior to those who have learned only one language.

Language, as previously pointed out, is learned by the simple process of imitation. What a child hears is impressed in his mind and is later expressed in his language. A young child who is just beginning to speak will utter any word he hears from his elders. Lacking in experience and weak in foundation, he does not distinguish the difference in nature and meaning of words and expressions that he hears around him. *Tubig* connotes the concept of water; *glass* signifies the concept of a container of water; *bata* means a boy in his mind; and *fish* is meant something to eat. To a beginner in language learning, *tubig* and *bata* are not identified as Tagalog words; and *glass* and *fish* are not

THE CHILD AND HIS LANGUAGE

(Continued from page 7)

known as English words. What he develops is the concept of water (*tubig*), child (*bata*), glass and fish and he will use them together or in company with others to express his ideas when occasion arises. Thus a three-year old child who is reared in the atmosphere of early bilingualism may say, "I want some *tubig*," or "Put the *tubig* in my glass," or "The *bata* drinks *tubig* and eats fish." These sentences are of course a jumble of English and Tagalog words joined together to express some ideas. To us they sound funny; to the child they are a continuous expression of a thought, ignorant of the fact that words of the two languages are mixed. While these are perfectly natural with the child, the use of the mixed language does not and cannot meet the desirable standard of speech. Those expressions are unacceptable in English and certainly ridiculous in Tagalog. A child that mixes English and Tagalog words in a sentence is confused. He is neither good in English nor proficient in Tagalog.

Language is commonly said to express the soul of a people. Because of its intimate relations with the hopes and sufferings and with the feelings and emotions of the people, it is wrapped up with their attitude and personality. So dear is the language to man, that a common medium of expression is considered one of the earmarks of a nation and a revival of the native language of a once subject people is sought as the first symbol of their emancipation. For parents to foist the importance of a foreign language, by deliberately ignoring the native tongue, if not despising it, is to create a bad impression in the young minds. The child may get the idea that what is his own is not good, and what is foreign has intrinsic value. The effect is believed especially disastrous when the parents deliberately teach the child foreign language and prescribe the use of the mother tongue at home. In the last analysis, this practice may create a feeling of inferiority complex. He may be

ashamed to speak in his native tongue; he may take false pride, masquerading his ability to speak English or Spanish. In its broader implication, the child may despise what is native and may glorify what is foreign. This attitude is undoubtedly far from our desire; we can never foster a feeling of nationalism which is indispensable in building a nation.

The teaching of English to a pre-school child on the assumption that it will help him in his studies when he enters school is believed unfounded. On the contrary it may place him at a disadvantage rather than at an advantage. The normal Grade I class is composed of children of various social groups, the majority of them do not know how to speak English. Consequently, the usual procedure is to adapt the teaching technique to the children who do not know English at all. Teaching English takes a painful and prolonged course, requiring patience and ingenious devices to hold the attention of the pupils. A child who knows English may get bored in the difficult task of the teacher and may lose interest in the class instruction itself. He will listen to what he has learned years before. If the teacher sees that the boy has acquired a relative mastery of English as compared to his classmates, he will be promoted to Grade II, and if he still shows comparative proficiency in English he may be promoted to Grade III. For these rapid promotions the parents will feel jubilant; they may think that their child is bright or even a genius.

But this is an educational fallacy. The promotion or acceleration of the child from Grade I to Grade III because of ability to speak English is not true education. It does not mean that the child has developed the needed skills, attitudes and knowledge expected in each of the grades. The promotion from one grade to another does not mean anything, unless it is accompanied by the minimum accomplishment prescribed for the grade. It does not signify any-

thing, unless it is assumed that education is merely a foreign language learning, which is an unfortunate and untenable concept of education. While language ability is one of the criteria of an educated person, true education requires much more than mere ability to speak a foreign language. Education is concerned with the cultivation of ideals, acquisition of knowledge and formation of habits. Without these as the end products of the educative process, education cannot be considered to have taken place effectively no matter how fluently a child may speak English or Spanish. The proof of this statement is obvious in the fact that American children have to stay one year in each grade to be exposed to the proper educative process notwithstanding that they learn English from the start; and likewise a Filipino child who knows English cannot be accelerated in the American school simply because he happens to know how to speak English. It is therefore clear that a child's mastery of the English language which may cause his acceleration in school may in the long run create false impression and misleading sense of educational values.

The attempt to teach English or Spanish before one's vernacular is mastered cannot be justified on psychological grounds. A foreign language is best learned when one has built a solid foundation in his mother tongue. It is an elementary principle of psychology that learning takes place from the known to the unknown. One must have a foundation in the vernacular before he can make the easy interpretations of the unknown foreign tongue. In making comparison, contrast, analysis and synthesis, the child will need some understanding of the vernacular. Foreign language learning on account of its nature, requires greater mental maturity. The older the person, the greater is his ability in learning a language. This is contrary to popular belief that language is best learned at an early age. This common conception is only true with oral language, which is only a phase of language. The other elements of language such as reading, vocabulary development and writing are best learned when the child has attained considerable maturity. The assertion is supported by the findings of several studies in the field of foreign language learning such as those of Buswell, Cheydeur, Fraser, Crawford and Thorndike.

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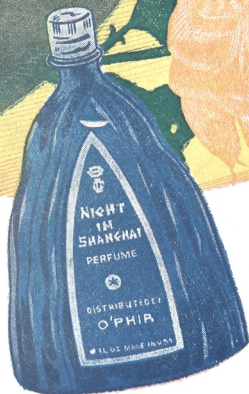
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