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journal

30 Cts.

April 30, 1947



Congresswoman Remedios Ozamis-Fortich



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(PHILIPPO)

TUNE IN ON KZRH EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT AT 8 P.M.

W O M A N ' S HOME JOURNAL

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THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

CONGRESSWOMAN REMEDIOS OZAMIS-FORTICH should have graced our cover issues ago, but this was one instance where the spirit was willing but the photographers wouldn't cooperate through no fault of their own. The news photo flashes taken of the woman solon certainly weren't cover material. Finally, Mrs. Fortich hit upon the system of making the studio print copies of her close-up by the dozens and much against her will, she took to lugging these photographs in her handbag and carrying them wherever she went. This way we were able to make her come across when we pursued on time before she explained for the homeplace for the Holy Week. She autographs her pictures with plain "Remedios". She has three children, two girls and one boy—all very fine specimens of the citizens of tomorrow. "I have to work hard, I have these children to bring up properly." Our lone Congresswoman is mother first, lawmaker afterwards.

Had the government body not gone up to Baguio to hold some of its deliberations there, we doubt if Manila would have bothered to flock up there they way it did especially during the Holy Week. The planes made record flights of as many as nine a day with every reservation taken up weeks in advance. We had no such reservation but the FEATI can and did make room for the press. There are many angles on Baguio, a daring one could be on how money flows from the vacationists' pocket, but we chose "How is Baguio" and gave it a civil answer. Almost every one who went up came down with at least a set or two of Ilocano woven things. This industry is flourishing all right. But we

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Igorrot-weaving is flourishing. No vacationist leaves the Pine City without making purchases of these textiles.

This is your world for the duration of your vacation. Your bedroom is the hotel. Your dining room is a restaurant a staircase away or an eating nook a few doors down the road. Your eating nook is also your sitting room; here friends gather and talk for hours on end. The marketplace is still where it has always stood. So does the church.

Speaking of transportation facilities, Baguio has far better and more numerous cars now for hire than ever before. They charge only five pesos by the hour and that's something you have to bear in mind when tempted to generalize about prices in this costly highland resort. A five-peso meal, however, leaves very much to be desired although it goes without saying that the meal is far more substantial than a handful of strawberries which costs the same.

There is a Chinese restaurant which has caught the visitors' fancy. Maundy Thursday it was filled to the rafters, people being told to wait for hours for their food. There's one restaurant that can feed you on short notice though, only its tables are never empty. Hence consider yourself one of the favored few if you have a cou-

they know so well when hungry company descends at half past one at noon.

All your hard-earned pesos go into lodging expenses, what with a hotel room costing at least twenty pesos a day per person, meals decidedly not included. The hotels are still makeshift. A pre-war Baguio hotel room costing less than half the current price had its own bath, tub and all, and all the running hot water you wanted. Not the Baguio hotel room of today. Bath is reached by queuing. Your room, though, has tap water. The two faucets to the wash basin are still labelled "hot" and "cold" as of old, but here's the catch: one faucet is cold all right. The other marked "hot" keeps its promise only after it has made up its mind to do so. It yields warm water only after the tap has been kept running for about ten minutes. This method is not highly recommended because many times during the day taps in Baguio run dry. But of course there's the room boy who can fetch a glass of hot water in the record time of say, half an hour.

So much for the hotel room. It has a bed with a mattress and so long as the Sandman does not fail you, you won't be sleepy-eyed to miss the beauty of the surrounding scenes which is still Baguio. The burned pines are still charred and the flower-covered homes that dotted the hillsides are missing, but homes for government officialdom have been put up and they are very comfortable inside, although outside their gardens are still mere plans. The army compounds are best kept, Camp John Hay is a dream. The mission and the colleges run by the Sisters are tending their gardens and the riot of blooms surrounding them is a sight to behold.

President Roxas, during his brief stay in the Pine City over the Holy Week, took cognizance of Baguio's needs and has taken steps in this direction. He called the Malacañan landscape adviser, Louis P. Croft and from all indications the latter is now at work on plans for Baguio City.

To date, plans for Baguio's reconstruction include: (1) the establishment of a sanatorium similar to the famous health center in Monrovia, California where the late President Quezon found added lease on health. This will be built some ten kilometers outside the city. Tuberculosis patients look forward to its establishment

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HOW IS BAGUIO?

"BE kind to Baguio," called back a Pine City resident in parting. We can not fathom just why she had to think of this cute little phrase to add to the usual "good-bye, come again." It was to a group of writing people she addressed this and that, we thought, meant something. Maybe she had cause for apprehension, too. Come to think of it, maybe Baguio City is not quite half-ready to accommodate vacationists after the fashion of a bygone era. And this ravaged city is not to blame.

Hence, the hitherto rhetorical question "How is Baguio?" has recently become more than just a phrase uttered for the sake of small talk and amenities. When people ask this question they want a detailed answer and no fooling.

Baguio is fine, is wonderful, is deliciously cool, you answer, doubtless reminiscing the smooth

Post-War Baguio Is A New Story.
See Pages 18 And 19

one-hour airplane trip, the soothing quiet of the surrounding hillside, the clean-blowing mountain air, the prospect of rest if only for a weekend and the decided lift which a change in altitude always seems to bring.

And so you find yourself on Session Road. It is a very short road now, this Escolta of the City of Pines. The crumbling ruins of its edifices stand ghostlike over the hastily rehabilitated establishments which are mostly dress and haberdashery shops, eating places, a drug store, a movie house, Chinese stores, a hotel—the "El Monaco" to be exact, a night club—the one and only nightclub in that vicinity, a bowling alley and a garage of cars for hire.

sin or a brother who can put you up. That he has only a barong-borong to share with you is enough blessing, taking into account that food certainly will not be your problem. There was the adventure of two newspaper girls who wandered from eating nook to eating nook one noon hour, their better halves having temporarily forsaken them to attend a Buaya luncheon. Every place was filled so as a last resort they hied to the El Monaco nightclub which also serves meals in the daytime. This, too, was overflowing with, of all people, the Rotarians. To their dismay, they realized that they must inflict upon a housewife-friend living somewhere on Session Road the very tortures

Looking At You

Your Character Is Reflected In Your Posture. Take Stock Of Yourself, Then, And Make Plans To Do Right By Yourself And By The World You Live In.

WERE you to sit on some vantage point and watch the world go by, the procession of humanity, as it passes by in review, would be an open book. For one thing, looking detachedly at other people's gait, their carriage, their bearings, you will be able to tell who is happy and who isn't; who is well-adjusted and who carries a chip on his shoulder; who is battling against a cruel world and who is taking everything in stride.

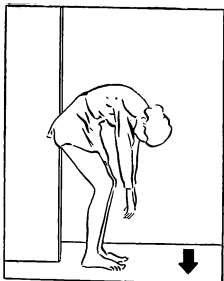
It is said that your character is reflected in your posture. A slouch is easily evanescent, insincerity. A head shooting forward much ahead of the body calls to mind the turtle and his ways. The question mark posture is just that. Reminds you of all the doubting Thomases. The selfish and the grabbing betray it in their posture somehow, in much the same way that carelessness and an indifference reflect them selves in hundred ways in one's mannerisms.

Whereas she who walks like a queen can not fail to have a personality that is smoothly balanced and a life that is well-organized. She values herself highly because she has not done anything to cause self-reproach or self-indignation. With her all's right with the world. No wonder, she walks as God's chosen child.

Good adjustment and hence smooth sledding in this best of all possible worlds can be attributed mostly to good health. While there are many factors that go into the building of good health, exercise is stressed by authorities as the factor that sets the ball rolling. It assists in conditioning the muscles hence its indispensability to the health plan. Exercise should be fun. It should not be something that one does willy-nilly.

The first and primary warning to people who look upon exercise as something that you take or leave or as a distraction that you splurge on when in the mood and forego entirely when not

religiously everyday. And it is not necessary to join a gym or an expensive health club although these are not objectionable if they encourage you to perform your



Looking at you now in this pose doesn't augur much, but let the results justify the means.

the artist to draw sketches which will serve as guides to the instructions here given for the corrective exercises mentioned above.—P. T. G.

1.—The Sway Back

This condition sets in when the lumber region of the spine curves too far inward. To correct: stand about four inches from a wall, feet about four inches apart. Bend the knees slightly and outward by rotating from the thighs so you feel as though coccyx or "tail end" of the spine were being drawn down and under. Keep the heels down. Press the small of the back flat to the wall, slowly straighten the knees, counting eight. Hold the position, drawing in the abdomen, chest high, and breathing naturally—and count eight. Relax. Repeat four to eight times slowly. Practice until the Perfect Position can be held without effort. There will then be no difficulty in mastering the Perfect Position without the aid of the wall. (This exercise has been found to correct constipation and hence it is highly recommended for that trouble.)

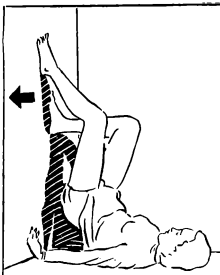
2.—The Weak Tummy

The Wall Climb here illustrated is excellent for reversal of the blood stream, for prolapses and weak abdominal muscles, also for the sway back and for general relaxation and circulation. Lie down sideways next to the wall. Swing the body into position with the legs up the wall as though sitting on the wall—arms relaxed at sides. Then, relax knees to chest. Walk up the wall as high as you can. Walk up the wall as high as possible until you are resting your shoulders, legs straight

(Continued on page 14)



The Arm Swing promises to give you a good shoulder line, one unburdened by the cares of the world.



The Wall Climb is easier to execute than walking on your head to achieve a good reversal of the blood stream.

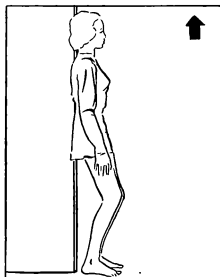
feeling like it, is, as doctors' advice runs: "Exercise regularly but moderately."

Most people who are cooped up in offices or tied to busy desks forego exercise entirely for weeks and months on end and then go on an outing one weekened and indulge in the most violent exercise imaginable as if to make up for past negligences. Both extremes, doctors would tell you, are unwise, if not actually dangerous.

A successful system would be to plan one's daily conditioning exercises and execute the plan

daily dozen with zest because of the stimulation that company gives. At home and just as you wake up, a space on the floor is all that you need to keep in trim. A carefully worked out system carried out before an open window and ten minutes each morning will launch you on a very healthful plan that will yield results.

Exponents of moderate daily conditioning exercises that can be carried out in the home are only too emphatic in that in order to make our bodily organs function properly and operate smoothly and naturally, enable us to sleep soundly, exercise is necessary. Doctors do stress this especially for those over 30 or 35. Of course there is no age limit to conditioning, and everybody can benefit by it. The daily dozen exercises which even school children are familiar with are recommended for general conditioning. Corrective exercise for developing good posture are numberless. For the benefit of the women who may be afflicted with a Sway Back, Bulging Tummy, Broopy shoulders and Over-luscious Curves, we have asked



For the Sway-Back, try this. There are other things it corrects. Read instructions.

A Song For INIANG

By C. V. PEDROCHE

THEY had been a happy couple and when Iniang died, Nory, her husband, missed her so, indeed. Iniang was a pretty woman with a small nose and long straight hair. She had little freckles on her cheeks which she tried hard to hide with rouge and powder. Nory was thin and curly-haired. The most striking thing about him was his nose which was rather sharp and well-formed. He had a penchant for white camisa de chino and khaki pants which he would fold under the pillows after the day's work so that in the morning they would look neat and newly-pressed.

Nory was a good husband. He had a passion for little household details which otherwise his wife could not look after. Such things as corner shelves for the books, fancy picture frames of bamboo which Nory himself fashioned, clothes hangers, and the arrangement of empty bottles inside the lencana. He had a collection of these small bottles of all shapes and descriptions, of catalogues which he ordered from big department stores in America, and books which he seldom read.

Iniang was a good cook but Nory was a better one. As long as he was not busy at all in the house doing something else he would attend to the kitchen. Of course it was Iniang who went to market. There was something else he could do well—design his wife's dresses. He was good at this sort of thing and he had a collection of the latest styles which he kept in a paper-bound album with a cover which he himself illustrated with fancy cubistic flower-designs. Iniang would invite her friends and show this to them. Nory was something of a tailor, you know, both his father and mother having been in that trade. He made his own pants and polo shirts.

He was a good husband, indeed, and Iniang worshipped him and was rightly proud of him. They were very happy for many years. Their first unhappiness was when Iniang's first child was born dead. Poor Nory had been preparing for the child for a long time. He bought a bolt of diaper-cloth, one roll of absorbent cotton,

a can of Mennen powder and a few other necessities in preparation for the coming childbirth. And on top of this, he fashioned out of plywood a hope-chest for the future heir. It was a beautiful box, no doubt copied from one of the many catalogues in his bookshelf, with a stand to hold it above the floor. He painted this box with two or three different colors to make it look attractive and gay. Despite this, however, an unfortunate thing happened while he was making it. A curious neighbor, seeing Nory working on the box, remarked, rather out of turn but without any unkindness intended: It looks like a coffin to me, my dear fellow.

Now that the man had said it, Nory thought that it did look like a coffin. Even after he had painted it with gay and attractive colors, the look persisted. But Nory was not one to let this hamper his style. He kept on working until it was finished and he carried it up to the balcony to dry in the wind.

THE child was born dead. That was their first unhappiness but if Nory felt it, he did not allow it to bother him for long. He had work to do and he went about his household pottering as usual with greater efficiency and zeal. It took Iniang several months to recuperate from her confinement but these were months which gave Nory one more opportunity for service and tenderness. There was nothing his wife could want which Nory was unable to give her. He cooked for her the most appetizing foods she could think of, tended her, and prepared her first bath of lukewarm water perfumed with vinegar and gogo bark. After this ritual, Nory went under the house and built a smudge over which he threw some dried lanzones peelings. The perfumed smoke coming up through the bamboo floor would now cleanse Iniang of the last traces of her confinement and waken her sluggish blood into life once more.

He was most tender to her after that and was ever near her to ministrant to her littlest wish.

Not even a paid nurse, Iniang told her friends, could do what her dear Nory did to her during her confinement. Why, she said, with tears shining in her eyes, he even washed my hair!

And then Iniang was with child again. This time Nory was very careful. He would not allow her to work at all. She must rest, she must eat well, sleep well. To give the child, he said, more strength to survive this time.

Oh, but Nory overdid his care. He performed the household chores all by himself. Everything—even the washing of the dishes and the cleaning of the yard. Careful now, he would say. Remember the precious burden—we don't want to take any more chances.

By the time the baby was about to come, Nory sent all the long-kept diapers to the laundry and dusted the hope-chest where he kept all the things which he intended for the first one. All at once, he thought again of the man

who remarked about the box looking like a coffin. He could not help thinking of this. He shut his eyes and tried to shake off the thought but there was nothing he could do about it. He thought of the first one, lifeless and livid, and suddenly the grief which he had kept in his heart for almost three years sprang into his eyes. When he looked up from his dusting, he found that he was crying.

When he heard his wife coming up the stairs from the first floor of their house, he wiped his eyes hurriedly, but his wife saw him. It's nothing, he said in answer to her unspoken question, a mote must have gotten into my eye.

SHE came to him solicitously and bent down to kiss him. In the evening the first pain came. I think, Iniang said, my time is nearing. Towards morning she stood up and went down to the kitchen to drink. Ordinarily she would have shaken Nory up and asked him to fetch her a glass of water but she found him snoring so softly by her side she just did not have the heart to wake him. When she returned, however, she found him sitting in his bed, looking around.



"GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying."

—Robert T. Herrick

S EVEN spinsters in a row! That's the record in our family. I am sure my unmarried aunts and cousins will wring my ears blue when they read this. Why do I have to poke my nose into their pies? Why can't I mind my own business? But this is for their good and for the rest of their tribe, the tragically unlucky unmarried old maids.

My "tias" and "primas" were young and beautiful once. I saw their maps in the old dusty family albums and I am convinced that even if one uses the present-day standard in judging pin-up girls, they were not hard to look at.



'TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME'

By EULOGIO M. DUA

Beauty and brains? They had years sloshing diapers in the sink both. Their only failure is they have not been able to make the two ends of their matrimony lines meet.

The tragedy: They are now wasting their precious remaining years and knitting socks and sweaters for their nephews and nieces, children not their own. And what is lamentable is their nonchalance.

They simply ignore the "crime" they had committed against church

and society.

Why do they refrain from marrying? Was there a shortage of men during their time? Were the men less dashing then? Less romantic, less venturesome? There must be a reason or two for this social discrepancy. Let's snoop around and read their private diaries. Let's pore over their old love letters. You don't like to fall on the same stone, do you? Then profit from their experience.

What is it now, sweet? he asked.

Nothing, she said, I just went down for a glass of water. I felt thirsty.

Nory stood up and went to the window. Please, he said, please stop it. My wife has just died. Will you play a sad song for me? Not a dirge, just a sad song.

How about the pains? False alarm, I think. But I feel all out of sorts and I would not be surprised if it comes today.

The band leader consulted with his men and finally they broke into a slow sad rendition of You Are Always in My Heart.

The child never came. Iniang died in the afternoon. The doctor said it was her heart.

After the song Nory gave them a peso but the band leader refused to accept it.

A few days later, Nory was cleaning up the house. It was the town fiesta and it was a day after the funeral. Suddenly jazz music broke in upon Nory's quiet preoccupation. A band was playing under his windows and the song was Roll Up the Barrel.

It is our contribution, he said. May we share in your bereavement?

Nory knew then that everything was not yet lost for mankind. He went quickly back into the house because he did not want to show the men the tears in his eyes.

idealist by inclination, she made it a habit to place each matrimonial specimen under her powerful imaginative microscope and magnified even little defects, deformities, and shortcomings of our gallants. Result: Imperfect suitors turned about face, faced the music alone, leaving Tia Corita still a spinster at 46!

Our next "spinsterial" specimen is Prima Toyang. She's an antique. Age, 42, still straight-haired, never had a manicure, never had a rouge. She belongs to a phylum I may dub, "religiosa," class "conservativa," the pious, conservative one-man woman type. My underground study of her life reveals that there were four contenders for her hand, who offered and tempted to middle-aisle with her but she had been "delivered from all evils."

To her, there was only one "saint" who was worth his salt and that was Ciriaco, Acoy for short. Since her Acoy is now out of circulation, having been decapitated by Nips (May he R.I.P.), my poor "prima" had been bidding her time, waiting for the duplicate copy of Ciriaco but no "homo sap" of Acoy's type ever showed up to cross her path again.

Poor Prima Toyang, she never realized that there are more big fishes to land if she only knew how. She ought to have gone to other meadows and made hay, much more hay while the sun was still shining. There is however, a ray of hope for if life begins at 40, she has started only two years ago.

And then there is Auntie Maring, a typical misplaced, mal-adjusted member of the spinster club who up to this writing, is ably rubbing elbows with the local "abogados" but unable to land a better-half for herself. She is in an odd position. She has many friends both in the lower and upper strata of society. She is looked up to by everyone in the community, being the only woman-lawyer in the pueblo...

L ET'S learn a lesson from Tia Corita. My notes reveal: She is an unmarried maid of 45, 5-foot-2, at present a school marm with the proverbial goggles. She belongs to phylum "selecta," class "idealista," the truly genuine choosy, selective type. In her high school and college days, she was the "sweetheart of Sigma Chi" but...

She wanted a Hollywood-made Prince Charming. Specifications: Must be "tall, dark, and handsome, willing and able." But being a botanist by vocation and an

B UT Dan Cupid, who had been undkin this time, shuns her. Local Romeos are afraid even to approach her balcony. She is too much for the town's dude. She is a "sour grape" to the indigent dashing lads. To them, she's not only unapproachable but indeed beyond their reach. The sugar tycoon, the rice magnate, and a couple of big shots of the town, who

(Continued on page 23)

A GREAT DAY

For The Philippine National Red Cross
And For The Filipino People

April 15, 1947 is a date to be remembered in the history of public service in the Philippines, for on this day the independence of the Philippine National Red Cross from the American Red Cross was proclaimed amidst formal ceremonies held on the lawn of Malacañan. Said Mrs. Quezon, chairman of the executive committee, about the recognition of the PNRC as an independent Red Cross society: "One of the greatest and most worthwhile achievements of the Filipino people."

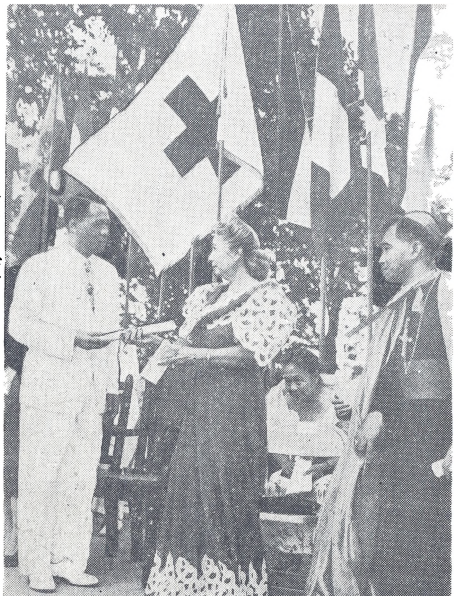
The proclamation of independence which was read by Emilio Abello, chief of the Executive Office, was preceded by an invocation by Monsignor Mariano Madriaga, bishop of Lingayen, after which Manuel Lim, as chairman of the committee on PNRC Independence Ceremonies and First National Convention and member of the Central Executive Committee of the PNRC, and Commissioner Robert C. Lewis of the American Red Cross, Far East Theater of Operations, representing Mr. Basil O'Connor, chairman of the League

of Red Cross Societies, and chairman of the ARC, gave short remarks.

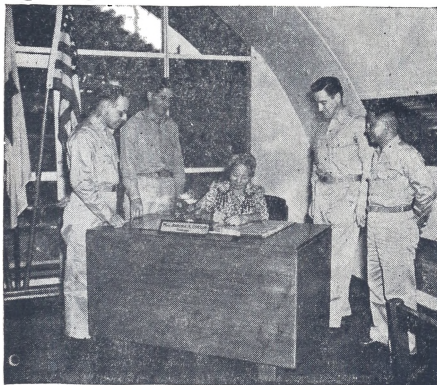
After the reading of the independence proclamation, the flag ceremony which was the highlight of the occasion, and in which Mrs. Quezon was the chief participant, followed. Vicki Quirino, daughter of Vice President Quirino, who was dressed in Filipino costume and escorted by three Red Cross workers in uniform, handed the Philippine flag to Mrs. Quezon, who placed it among the flags of 64 member-nations of the International Red Cross Society.

Mr. Joseph O. Bessmer, official representative of the International Red Cross at the ceremonies, transmitted the latter's hopes that our young organization may accumulate the vital forces of its people and all its resources and enthusiasm in the attainment of the lofty objectives before us.

President Roxas, who was the chief speaker for the occasion, promised continued government cooperation with the young organization. He lauded the American



Mrs. Quezon is shown above receiving from President Roxas a parchment copy of the proclamation of independence of the Philippine National Red Cross during the colorful ceremonies held at Malacañan. Bishop Mariano Madriaga of Lingayen who gave the invocation at the start of the program is also shown in the picture.



MRS. AURORA ARAGON QUEZON, PRC chairman, was among the first to donate to the 1946 PRC national fund drive. She is shown here endorsing a check of \$1,000, while Red Cross officials look on. From left to right are: Winthrop H. Swett, fund raising supervisor; Glen A. Whisler, PRC manager; Mrs. Quezon; Philip Ryan, ARC official; and Dr. J. H. Yanzon, PRC assistant manager. President Roxas lauded the services of American officials of the Red Cross.

Red Cross for the services it has rendered to the local agency and credited the former with the speedy progress and expansion of the PNRC. "The independence of the Philippine Red Cross," the President said, "does not in any way mean that it shall be divested of international responsibility and prerogatives. We are a signatory to the Geneva International Red Cross Convention and as such we owe certain international obligations." For this reason, while taking justifiable pride in being able to serve the greatest interests of our people in a completely independent status, we should never be oblivious of the fact that we have international commitments to be observed and adhered to."

A three-day national convention of the 109 PNRC delegates from its provincial chapters opened at San Beda Hall on April 16. In her keynote speech, Mrs. Quezon

said that the convention was called to allow the people, through their representatives, an opportunity to discuss the program of service offered to the nation by the PNRC and to work for its improvement and gradual expansion.

Mr. Lewis of the ARC paid tribute to the PNRC. He said: "We all know that by the end of the war your society had been stripped of nearly all. There was one great asset, which could not be taken from you—faith and belief in the Red Cross movement. With that as a starting point you have rebuilt until now you stand as a highly respected independent Red Cross society. You have every reason to be proud of your accomplishments."

Glen A. Whisler, PNRC adviser, said that the measure of Red Cross strength is taken by the yardstick of active volunteer participation.

THE RECONSTITUTED PHILIPPINE RED CROSS

NOT long after MacArthur's liberating forces raised the American and Filipino flags in Manila, another banner, the Red Cross banner, found itself waving over the prefabricated huts housing the national headquarters of the Philippine Red Cross on San Rafael street.

To the newly liberated people who had just emerged from the devastation of war, sorely distraught and in dire need of help in the solution of their many problems, the Red Cross emblem meant a great deal more than temporary relief from the oppressive burdens that the war had left upon them; it meant, and does mean, a reassurance of peace, of goodwill and brotherhood among all human beings, and a good deal of other things.

The Philippine Red Cross, like all other Red Cross societies throughout the world, is an instrumentality of service, through which those who are in a position to help may assist those who are in need of help, such as the victims of natural disasters, disabled veterans, ex-guerrillas, ex-servicemen, PA men and their families, war-widows and orphans, war-brides, men and women who are in one way or another connected with the armed forces, and the civilian population in general. The services of this organization are given free, without discrimination as to color, creed, social or political standing.

The reconstituted Philippine Red Cross formally opened its doors to the people on March 25, 1945; since then firm and wide steps have been taken towards the revitalization and expansion of its program of service to the people of this country. The records in the PRC national headquarters will tell you the rest of the story.

Since the reconstituted Philippine Red Cross started operations after liberation, upwards of 30,000 families have been assisted in various ways by its Home Service Department alone. This department assumes the obligation of assisting servicemen and

ex-servicemen and their dependents in filing claims for government and military benefits; giving counsel and advice in relation to personal and family problems to the service-connected civilian population; guiding families going through a period of readjustment occasioned by the last conflict; assisting servicemen and their families in preparing welfare reports, which are very helpful in determining the nature and extent of the assistance they need.

The Military Welfare Service of the Philippine Red Cross con-

tributes no little amount of assistance to the Philippine Army and its men, and to disabled veterans confined in various military hospitals, in the way of recreational, vocational and welfare services. PRC Military Welfare Service field stations provide recreation halls and craft shops to hospitalized PA men; in this way, the long and dreary hours of hospital life are brightened up and put to useful advantages. Military Welfare Service representatives of the PRC assist ailing veterans—sometimes at their bedside—in filing their claims against the government or the Army, or in other ways, such as writing letters for them, or in working out ways towards a solution of their problems. Through arrangements made by the PRC Military Welfare Service, local movies, training films, Filipino stage plays, and lately USO shows, are shown in army camps and hospitals.

To promote safer and healthier living among the people of the

Philippines, the Safety Services of the PRC has trained more than 10,800 men, women and children in first aid, swimming, life-saving, home and farm accident prevention. In May last year, the first national safety school ever conducted in the Philippines was held in Iloilo, where more than one-hundred selected young men and women from all parts of the country received training as volunteer safety instructors from Philippine Red Cross safety experts. After satisfactorily passing the safety courses, these trained instructors in turn teach the gospel of safer living among the people in their respective provinces.

Also in line with the health and educational programs, the Nursing Department of the Philippine Red Cross issued certificates to 4,885 graduates of the home nursing course. With a view to promoting and assuring a high quality of instruction to

(Continued on page 26)



President Roxas congratulating Mrs. Quezon as chairman of the PRC executive committee; PRC representative distributing rice to indigents; the PRC comes to the aid of homeless men, women and children in typhoon-stricken area in Cagayan valley.



where the players were synchronizing a staccato rhythm. The colors of the girls' dresses flared brilliantly. The backs of the young men were smoothly bobbing and turning from my sight.

Involuntarily I whipped out a cigarette to quell the gathering tenseness which the infectious music and young laughter had aroused. I saw above the broad shoulders of a slick haired young man a pretty triangular face with high cheekbones, bee-stung lips and large laughing eyes, and framed by dark curly hair cut two inches above the shoulders. She was wearing a green dress with padded sleeves. I thought she was smiling at me as she moved a hand in greeting before she was turned around, but I heard Pedro say softly, "Hi, I-sabel," while he put the gift beside the other packages on the long rectangular table with the marble top.

"She is pretty," I said. "You should have seen her mother. Placed side by side, you would have thought the two of them were sisters. The same eyes, fine bone structure, full lips, naturally curly hair." "Why, where's her mother?" "She died last year when the

mine and Alberto's." "I won't eat her," I laughed, "you are like one of the Allied Powers, selfishly trying to insure the frontiers of its spheres of influence."

The music stopped. I noticed that there were only about twenty people in the hall. They formed small islands of conversation. They were talking and laughing. The young men were smoking.

"At least I may dance with her, may I?"

"Don't talk about power politics to her. She's just naive."

"You mean waf," I said as we went over. Pedro introduced me and she said "You're the architect going to the United Nations convention" and I said "Yes m'am" solemnly so that Pedro had to say "He is impish. Don't let his mock solemnity frighten you" and I asked for a dance as the maracas teasingly preluded a rumba.

"She dances pretty well," I commented when I joined Pedro. "She is not so simple minded. She laughed over my jokes. She is gay."

"Must be because of the party. The spirit of rejoicing in parties is very contagious. Besides it's her birthday."

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Birthday Parties Are Puzzling Things: Flowing Happiness Sometimes Hold A Cruel And Treacherous Undertow.

By MANUEL A. VIRAY

PEDRO'S FRIEND handed over through the window of the taxicab a small ribboned package with a soothing blue wrapper. "Give her this," he said.

"I will," Pedro said, his words fragmented by the wind as the taxicab whisked us from the lonely street curb. It was almost seven and we were in a hurry since the birthday party was supposed to start at six. The early evening dark was opaque. Above us, to the west, there was a wide swath of clear sky sprinkled with unfortunate stars. Thick black clouds were slowly hemming in the stars with vicious nebulosity. The taxi rolled smoothly, turned around the rotunda and veered to the right.

The big green house was ablaze with lights as the car whirred to a stop. Sounds of shuffling feet

moved with the rhythmic drum beat that dominated the oomphompha of the bassoon and the fretful restlessness of the flutes. The laughter of the young matched the gaiety of the hanging gay crepe paper converging from all sides of the white ceiling into the center lamp. Only a few girls were sitting the dance out. The rest had their left arms, some delicately, some intimately, around their partners' shoulders. The soloist of the orchestra was now capering with wild abandon on the narrow platform of the dais

Americans hit Bocoa. The Japs killed her."

"Oh".

"Maybe she is still alive. I heard though, a rumor that they killed her, along with two guerrillas in San Francisco del Monte."

I did not say anything.

"Don't get any ideas." Pedro jolted me from my concentrated attention. I was assiduously following the movement of the padded shoulders of the green dress. "Besides, she is a good friend of

"She seems to have forgotten the family tragedy."

"Maybe." We leaned against the window, quietly smoking cigarettes, the white dimity curtains and night wind brushing our faces. "It would not have happened, you see, had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence. Her father is a major in the army. You know how it was during the occupation. He escaped to the mountains, too. Commanded a guerrilla outfit. Left his wife, I-sabel, Roberto—that's her brother, at an evacuation town. Naturally the Japs looked around for her father.

When January came around, they became frantic and failing to capture the major, they asked his wife about his whereabouts and she said she didn't know. While they were talking, Roberto crept downstairs and fled, but not

before they had noticed the rustling sound."

Somebody nudged Pedro by the arm and said "Let's get some punch."

Pedro disregarded the invitation and continued: "Who was that?" asked the Japs running to the door and seeing the vanishing shadow. "That's my son," she said unafraid. "He's only sixteen. Boys are frightened, especially with you around, you know how it is." They told her: "Maybe he warn your husband."

She said 'No'. But they took her in. Roberto did go to the mountains and told his father about the incident."

The orchestra was now playing a modernized polonaise.

"The town mayor who was a good friend of the family told the Japanese he himself was guaranteeing the conduct of the townpeople. He worked for the release of Isabel's mother and she should have been set free along with two other suspects on Christmas Day in 1944, mind

you."

I lighted another cigarette, while the dancing went on.

"But at the time a new unit of the Japanese came to the town. They commandeered all the big houses including Alberto's place which adjoins the major's place. As luck would have it, while some of the soldiers were busy digging the earth on which to put up a kitchen, shed, they found a box of ammunition and two Springfields. The Japs suspected both families of treacherous intent and activity. A day after the bullets and guns were found, Isabel learned from Aling Tasia, who usually brought food to Isabel's mother at the garrison, that the latter had been taken to Manila for further questioning. Nobody knows what happened to her. Since Alberto is also a guerrilla, Isabel assumed he should have dug up the bullets and rifles. He knew, she believed, all about the capture, since intelligence sent to the mountains was carried out in a fast manner. Even the major knew about it."

A tall gangling youth with restless eyes and thick eyebrows tapped Pedro from outside the window. When he turned around, Pedro said, "Hello, Bobby."

He introduced me to Roberto as the music stopped. Isabel raised her hands and said would we please go to the dining room.

As I sat down, Roberto, who was at my left whispered, "Has Pedro introduced you to Teresa." I said no and as I turned to my right, Roberto said "Tessie, may I present my friend Herminio."

I smothered a whistle while Roberto jabbed my ribs. She was breathtakingly beautiful. You know how it is. I could not keep my eyes off her even when Isabel, as Pedro accented her name, blew out the candles on the cake.

I danced with Teresa a great deal until the party was about to break up.

"Why don't you open your gifts," cried a girl in the congerie, where Isabel was sitting down. The party was not the formal kind since I noticed that everyone seemed to talk to everybody else with that familiar tone so common in a small, select party. I-sabel went over to the table, where the orchestra players were busy scooping their ice cream and munching cakes and sandwiches.

"It's beautiful," the girls cried his over a make-up set.

I-sabel opened a plastic handbag. Somebody said "There's a

zipper at the side. I wondered what it's for." Isabel unzipped the handbag and pulled out a cute umbrella the handle of which was white ivory and measured the length of the bottom of the bag. "Tricky," I said. "Maybe you can find a jeep in the umbrella," Roberto said.

"Bobby!" Isabel said archly but in fun. "It's from Lita." She turned to look for Lita who was at her side very much pleased. I-sabel kissed her fondly to the sound of an approving chorus.

"I wish I thought of buying that" said a sallow young man in blue slacks, but Roberto glared at him.

She then picked up the be-taken ribboned package. Unlike the other gifts there was no card outside the box. She opened it. On top of the velvet were a gold necklace and a ring. Before the card slipped, she said "It's from..." She strangled the sound in her throat. Impulsively she swept the package away and sobbed. She almost tumbled forward had she not gripped the marble edge of the table. Her hands were ashen.

"It's from Alberto," said the sallow youth who had picked the card up.

Isabel fled from the hall into a room, her handkerchief over her mouth, trying to stifle her cries.

Roberto looked around. "Alberto is not here, is he?" he said angrily. "Who brought this in?"

I looked at Pedro involuntarily but he didn't say anything. I knew that glassy look in his eyes all too well.

A few minutes later, we left. At the next street corner we were able to board a jitney. We were the only passengers.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Alberto and Isabel were engaged."

"Oh. You mean they quarrelled and he was returning the ring and necklace."

"You can't blame I-sabel for believing Alberto was directly responsible for her mother's execution. She can't love a man who has killed her mother."

"Blood is stronger than love, huh. But why didn't you own up? You brought the gift."

"I didn't know Alberto would pull a thing like that," he said.

Thomas Hitchcock's advice to his sportsman son, Tommy Hitchcock, Jr.: "Lose as if you like it; win as if you were used to it."—Newsweek.



WHISTLE STOP

By Maria M. Wolff

Published by Random House, Inc., New York

Reviewed by Pura Santillan-Castrene

When Whistle Stop came out, Sinclair Lewis said: "I suspect that in Whistle Stop we may have the most important first novel of the year, and that in Marita Wolff we may salute a young author whom everyone must know. Her story is equally notable in its portrait of hard-boiled contemporary small-town life, and in its creation of a loose woman whom you rather want to see go on being unrepentant, and of a man who is cruel, shiftless and drunken, yet bulkily and sympathetically a real human being. They are very exciting, these people."

The picture presented of the townspeople is not very pretty, but breathes of pulsating reality, of a life fully and excitingly lived. The people are real people, in all simplicity as well as complexity, with real, human problems, mostly ugly, stark, un-

refined, but nonetheless sympathy-arousing because they are so true.

A rather unfamiliar and unsavory aspect of the story—brother and sister are deeply in love with each other—is very artistically but feelingly told in delicate scenes where only subtly is the real relationship suggested. Paradoxically, this seems to be the only refined part of the story,—for it is a harsh story.

Yet, for the rough material handled, the author managed with a great deal of feminine artistry to not shock unduly even when she is talking of tough human vices, selfishness, cruelty, lust, revenge. She pictures, gently enough, the bewilderment struggles and conflicts in the human heart. She is unusually good in the analysis of feminine psychology, and the inconsistencies of her femal personages are very understandable, even when the complications to which they lead are sometimes terrible.

An Avery Hopwood Award book, Whistle Stop is definitely a well-written story revealing true social conditions in a small American town.

PHILIPPINES

DR. ENCARNACION ALZONA, first and only Filipino woman delegate to the UNESCO, was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, at the 25th commencement exercises at the Philippine Women's University on April 19. Mrs. Aurora A. Quezon, honorary president of the PWU Alumnae Association, performed the investiture of the hood on Dr. Alzona. Mrs. Quezon herself is a holder of a Doctor of Laws degree, also honoris causa, from the same university in recognition of her philanthropic movements and humanitarian services. The degree was conferred on her in 1940.

MRS. JOSEFA JARA MARTINEZ, former executive secretary of the YWCA, was awarded a diploma of Master of Arts in Social Work, honoris causa, for distinguished and meritorious services in social work, at the 40th commencement exercises of the Centro Escolar University last April 20.

ANGELINA A. ARCILLA topped the list of 37 candidates who passed the examinations for physicians given by the board of medical examiners last February. Miss Arcilla obtained a rating of 48.38 per cent. Fourth in the list was another woman, MRS. TRINIDAD L. CONCHU-DE LA PAZ, who obtained a rating of 82.31 per cent.

ENGLAND

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, heir to the British throne, symbol of a war generation bent upon great reforms and one of the world's most popular girls, celebrated her twenty-first birthday last April 21. She was scheduled to broadcast a speech to the British Empire, on this occasion. Legally, she became responsible for all her actions like every other citizen and she may now serve as regent in the event of the king's absence or incapacity. She will continue most of her studies, with special attention on constitutional history. During the past weeks, Princess Elizabeth has been very much in the limelight because of her rumored engagement to Prince Philip of Greece, nephew of the Princess' cousin, Lord Mountbatten.

UNITED STATES

MARGARET TRUMAN, daughter of the president of the United States, made her radio debut as a singer recently and was

WOMEN in the NEWS

hailed as another Galli-Curci, whom she resembles in appearance and voice. A Washington music critic said that Miss Truman's voice has the same warmth, the same natural impulse to sing, the same beauty of quality that tugged at the heartstrings of all Americans 25 years ago when Madame Galli-Curci was the rage. Margaret, it was revealed, started preparing for her musical career at the age of 7 and has been taking voice lessons during the past 7 years.

MARGE HURLBURT set a new women's international speed record of 337.636 miles an hour over a standard three-kilometer course, flying a clipped-wing Corsair. Miss Hurlburt, who is a school-teacher by profession, battered by 45 miles an hour the former record of 297.271 set by Jacqueline Cochran in 1937.

candidate in his place, but the purge directive forbids a purgee's relatives from running for public office. Mrs. Narushima solved her problem by divorcing her husband.

Japanese women with babies on their backs shouted "Down with the Yoshida Cabinet" as they mounted the speaker's platform at a mass rally sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Women's Rights. Participating in the rally were 1,500 women who afterwards marched along the streets, demanding the formation of a democratic government.

NEW WOMEN MEMBERS OF U. S. CONGRESS

TWO newcomers, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, are among the seven American women members of the House of Representatives in the 80th United States Congress

which convened early in January, 1947.

The two new members represent widely different geographic areas of the United States. From the small town of Tuxedo in New York State comes Mrs. Katherine St. George, Republican. Active on her large farm, she has an intimate interest in American country life, as well as a special concern in veterans' legislation and foreign policy.

The new Democrat, Mrs. Georgia Lusk of New Mexico, comes from the vast southwestern section of the United States. A former teacher and state superintendent of public instruction of New Mexico, she is deeply interested in advanced public education and health measures.

Colleagues of the new Representatives have established milestones in the political history of American women. Dean of the group, Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, the first Congresswoman elected by the Democratic Party, is serving her 12th term. The other woman Democrat is Helen Gahagan Douglas of California.

Other Republican Congresswomen are Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, a veteran in legislative service since 1925; Frances Payne Bolton of Ohio and Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, both selected the first time in 1940.

The growing interest of American women voters in world affairs was responsible for their unusual activity in the 1946 national political campaign in the United States. Women party leaders concur generally that in no previous campaign had so many women of "outstanding minds, character and background" participated in election activities—either as candidates or as supporters.

(Continued on page 21)

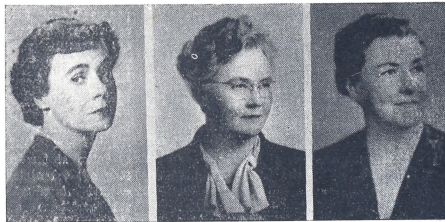


Margaret Truman with her father. Note resemblance to Madame Galli-Curci, famous Italian singer.

JAPAN

65 women filed papers among 1,500 approved candidates for the House of Representatives in the nationwide elections scheduled for April 25. The list includes 27 among the 39 present women members of the Diet.

Mrs. Neruko Narushima, wife of a former Diet member, divorced her husband in order to qualify as candidate for the post vacated by her husband. Narushima, democratic candidate for the Japanese House of Representatives from the district of Chiba, was purged from the electoral lists due to his wartime activities. Friends urged his wife to be a



Two of the new women members of the United States Congress, Representative Katherine St. George (left) and Representative Georgia Lusk (center) are shown with veteran congresswoman, Representative Mary Norton (right). (USIS)

FILIPINO NURSES at International Convention

ONE of the important international conventions to be held soon will be that of nurses from all over the world who will meet first in Washington, D. C. on May 4, and then in Atlantic City, New Jersey, beginning May 10. The Filipino Nurses Association, which is the national nurses' association in the Philippines, is sending six official delegates to the convention—Mrs. Genara S. de Guzman, president of the FNA, Marcela Gabatin, first vice-president, Mrs. Conchita Baradi Ruiz, executive secretary, Atty. Julita V. Sotejo, chairman of the educational section of the FNA, Librada Javalera, and Basilia Hernandez. Mrs. Vitaliana Beltran and Mrs. Vicenta Ponce have been appointed alternates.

The convention is under the auspices of the International Council of Nurses which was founded by Ethel Bedford Fenwick, SRN, of Great Britain. The current president of the Council is Effie J. Taylor of the United States. The first vice president is from South Africa, the second vice president from France, the third vice president from England, and the executive secretary, from the United States. About 5,000 delegates are expected to attend this nurses' convention, which is held every four years. The 1947 congress will be the first in 10 years, the last one having been held in 1937. No congresses were held during the war.

The International Council of Nurses is composed of national nurses' associations from various countries. The Philippine National nurses' society has been affiliated to it during the past 18 years, which is a credit to the local organization.

Prior to the congress to be held in Atlantic City, the Board of Directors and the Grand Council will gather in Washington, D. C. on May 4, for purely business meetings. Each member country is entitled to send the president of its national organization to this meeting. The president, treasurer, executive secretary and chairmen of all committees of each national organization member will make their reports (in writing) at this meeting. Resolutions from the national organi-

Philippine Association Sends Six Of Its High-Ranking Members To World Confab Of Nurses



Mrs. Genara S. M. de Guzman, president of the Filipino Nurses Association, is shown in the above picture giving advice to two new members. Mrs. de Guzman as president of the local national nurses' association will attend the business meeting in Washington which will precede the Congress in Atlantic City.

zations should be on the agenda at this time, and after approval by the Board of Directors, will be transmitted to the Grand Council for adoption. The election of international officers will take place at the meeting of the Grand Council on May 7-9. Reports from the board of directors will also be submitted, general policies and work for the next four years will be outlined, also on these dates.

The Grand Council is composed of the international officers, national presidents and 4 official delegates from each member country.

On May 10, all official delegates will leave Washington for Atlantic City where the congress will be held. While attending this congress, the delegates will be the guests of the American Nurses' Association which will provide the necessary transportation and accommodations.

Miss Sotejo, who is also a lawyer, will preside over one of the meetings on May 12 in the General Assembly Room of the Convention Hall. The speaker will be from Belgium and the opener and leader of the discussion will be from Finland. The subject to be discussed will be Professional Education.

Mrs. Vitaliana Beltran will open and lead a discussion on morals (Ethics of Nursing) on



Three other delegates to the nurses' convention in the United States: Atty. Julita Sotejo (top) Mrs. Vicenta C. Ponce and Mrs. Conchita B. Ruiz.

May 15. A representative from the Netherlands will preside, while the main speaker will be from France.

The Filipino Nurses Association was organized in October 1922 through the efforts of Miss Alice Fitzgerald, who in 1922.

was sent to the Philippines by the International Board of Health of the Rockefeller Foundation at the request of Governor General Wood to study nursing and health conditions. Today, the FNA has members scattered all over the Philippines, all doing their share in making the country a healthier place to live in.

Former presidents of the FNA include the following women, all leaders in their chosen profession—Mrs. Rosario M. Delgado, Mrs. Socorro S. Diaz, Miss Rosa S. Militar, Miss Cesarea Tan, Miss Maria Tinawin.

The delegates to the forthcoming International Council of Nurses' Congress besides being the officers of the national organization are also leaders in their profession, as may be gathered from the records of some of them.

Atty. Julita V. Sotejo is the principal of the Philippine General Hospital school of nursing, chairman of the educational section of the FNA. She graduated valedictorian from the school of which she is now the principal and topped both the board and the civil service examinations for nurses. Later, she graduated valedictorian from the Philippine Law School, and placed sixth in the 1937 bar examinations. A Rockefeller fellow, she obtained her master of science degree in 1943 from the University of Chicago.

Miss Marcela Gabatin is acting chief nurse of the bureau of health. As pensionada in 1941, she specialized in public health nursing administration in the United States, getting her CPHN title from the University of Oregon in 1943 and her B. S. in public health nursing from Columbia University in 1945.

Mrs. Ruiz graduated from St. Luke's Hospital in 1928 as salutarian and topped the Civil Service Examination for Nurses in 1934. She topped second place in 1941 when the Public Health Nursing Administration examination for pensionados was given.

While in the United States, Mrs. Ruiz took post graduate work in Public Health Nursing at Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York in 1933. Before this she worked as private nurse in the Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C. and as staff nurse of the Riverside Hospital, New York. From the United States, Mrs. Ruiz sailed for Paris and Brussels, Belgium in 1933. (Continued on page 26)

WOMAN'S WAY

THE OTHER DAY I was surprised to find out that all my neighbors are also earning money to supplement their husbands' incomes and thus meet the still very high cost of living in the city. But while I go out every day from Monday to Saturday, they stay at home and make their money there.

There's my next door neighbor Aling Pacing. Her husband is a government employee and she has seven children. Add to these two facts the information that this family is also a liberation fire victim and has therefore to start from scratch. With the help of her sister, a childless widow, Aling Pacing has opened a sari-sari store. Although the profits are small they take care of at least the food and other everyday household expenses. The rent and other big items such as clothing, shoes and the older children's school fees are paid for from her husband's salary.

Because of very stiff competition (there are five such stores as Aling Pacing's on our block, two owned by Chinese), my two neighbors have to work hard and think up of new items to sell every day. They open their store as early if not earlier than the others to catch the trade of passersby, they comb Divisoria for lower prices and for goods that are different from those sold by their competitors. Lately, they have added viands (*ulam*) to their usual "line." You can buy any of the three or four kinds of foods that they sell in any quantity to suit your purse or your needs. If you like to buy only the *sabao* (soup) but not the *laman*, they will give it to you.

Just across the street from Aling Pacing is another woman who earns money through her cooking. She

cooks foods only for lunch and she has regular customers who get two or three kinds from her every day, from Monday to Saturday. Her family eats for lunch and supper whatever she has prepared for her customers. She confesses that she does not make any profit on her "rations" for most of the time her capital (the money she spends for the marketing) just returns, but we reason out that neither does she spend any money for the meals of her family.

Living on the same street as this woman but a few doors away is another housewife who pays the three hundred peso rent on the accessories that her family is occupying with money that she makes by receiving boarders in her home. Most of her boarders are employees in nearby stores and bachelor professionals who live in quarters devoid of cooking facilities.

Housewives who have cooking specialties find it very easy to earn money at home. News about the excellence of a food product gets around very quickly. There's the woman in our hometown who makes very good *chorizos*. She earns more money selling them than her husband who is the secretary of the municipal board. This woman's *chorizos* even are sent to Manila by plane.

A woman in Negros makes nothing but *baratillos*, which are now sold in cans. Another specializes in pancit and fresh lumpia, which travellers who stop in her hometown never fail to buy and take to their destinations.

Here in Manila, several women occasionally make money at home by baking cakes for such occasions as weddings, birthdays, graduations, parties. Believe it or not, one wom-

an in San Juan specializes in lechon—pig suckling, chicken, pavo, capon, pork leg. She has a big yard so she had a pit dug in one corner and here, with the help of her two boys, she makes lechon every Sunday morning. Last Christmas, she received 27 orders for lechon, 20 for sucklings, 7 for capons! She had to hire about 20 people to help her.

There was a woman who used to earn money by darning other people's torn clothes. She had such a way with her darning that the mend was almost invisible. Being a widow and with no children, she started by darning the clothes of her nieces and nephews. Word got around that she was a wizard at this kind of work. Soon other women, at first just her relatives and friends, later even more acquaintances, sent her difficult-to-mend clothing and household linens and paid her well for her work. She is dead now and many miss the kind of service that she used to render. It is to be admitted that fine darning is an art that is fast disappearing—very few of us moderns have the patience required by it.

After reading this article, take stock of yourself. Do you possess any specialty in cooking or sewing, for instance? It may mean money to you. Perhaps your husband and your children and your friends who have tasted it have praised your blinings or your *puto* to the skies. Why not make and sell them?

If at present you have no specialty to speak of, learn one. Can you do a fine seam? Learn to make pinafores and play-aprons for little girls, overalls and playsets for little boys, with cunning hand embroideries or appliques. Buy one well-made imported pinafore and take it apart, then use the pieces as patterns.

Doing things yourself instead of paying others to do them for you is one way of saving money or beating the inflation. How do you know you can't make a thing unless you try? —Soledad H. Leynes

LOOKING AT YOU

(Continued from page 5)

(counting eight). Slowly slide the heels down the wall, keeping the knees straight and allowing the spine to lower the body vertebrae, until the back is flat on the mat again (counting eight). Release knees to chest. Repeat four times slowly. The important point in this exercise is to keep the coccyx or the "tail-end" of the spine up as long as possible, so that the small of the back (lumber region) is gently forced outwards. (because of the position of the pelvis in this exercise, it is excellent for a uterus which is tipped forward).

3—**The Droopy Shoulders.** Round shoulders can be overcome by learning to expand and develop the muscles of the chest, to contract and strengthen the back and shoulder muscles. The "arm swing" is excellent for correcting this condition. Most important, it raises and confirms the contours of the bust. With your back about three to four inches away and at right angles to a door, sit cross-legged tailor-fashion on the floor. Extend both arms above the head with a gentle swing, keeping the elbows straight—palms facing forward. Stretch and reach back as far as you can after each swing. Do this three times, then relax and drop the arms to the side. Repeat complete movement eight times—not too fast. Don't dare let the head poke forward.

4—**The Over-luscious Curves.** "The Spine Roll" will make your spine more flexible, and straighten out those over-luscious curves. Take position against a wall, bend the body over with the hands touching the floor, knees slightly bent, in a relaxed position. Gradually straighten the spine, rolling slowly up the wall, vertebrae by vertebrae. Continue until the body is in an erect Perfect Position, count eight, relax. Repeat this exercise eight times.

Bragging may not bring happiness, but no man having caught a large fish goes home through an alley. — The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest (Harper).

Don't marry a girl because she looks sensible, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

The Recorder.



Truck garden of Mrs. Matias Ruam in Barrio Umatang, Piat, Cagayan. Mrs. Ruam is a member of the local women's club, one of whose projects is gardening in connection with the Food Production Campaign. This garden supplies the Ruam family not only with fresh vegetables but also with a little income, for what they cannot eat, they sell.

'SEEMS TO ME

By PIA MANCIA

THE Town Hall director has invited the Filipino women writers to take part in the meetings in any one of the three capacities: speaker, moderator, interrogator. Seems to me this is a good idea.

Of course many of us who write—or think we do—are really only brave in print. We are a shy lot. Anything but speaking before a public, please. We would prefer to write three, four, even five, articles to making one little bow before a criticizing audience who, we fear, would be so disillusioned after hearing us that it may not read us anymore.

Still we cannot gainsay the fact that the Filipino writer—and even the woman writer who has, often enough, been relegated to the background by our men critics—is coming to his own bit by bit, and his voice is getting to be a more and more potent factor in the shaping of public opinion. People are becoming conscious of the significance of the written word, and with the post-war importance being given to the world-wide dissemination of information to foster international understanding there will be greater and greater roles to be played by the writers.

Add to this fact that of the oft-repeated coming-to-the-front of the women all over the world which has appreciably affected also the status of the Filipino woman. Her voice is definitely listened to now, more than at any other time, in matters of national import. She is taking part in important conferences, and does these affairs honor; she is in many a worthwhile movement, ready with her practical suggestions; she is really so ubiquitous that one wonders how she ever "does it."

All right, then—considering all these facts, the women writers cannot just plead shyness, or disinclination to get into political wranglings, or desire for independent movement as "creative artists" when they refuse to express their vocal opinion in matters affecting their country. Short of moralizing, I would remind them that it is really part of their civic responsibility and duty to give well-thought-out views on many pressing questions of the day. Incidentally, there is nothing that

crystallizes an opinion more than carefully threshing out the pros and cons of the question. Even if it were only a matter of thinking aloud, such a weighing clarifying issues and makes always for better understanding.

We so-called women-writers (the "so-called" is purely mine), should really do something to merit the attention we are getting. Why, even the President is cognizant of our existence—witness the full-hearted support he is giving the awarding of prizes for writers which is being sponsored by the Philippine Women Writers' Association. Also,—thanks to the continued efforts and zealous work of Mary Kalaw-Katigbak, able president of the Association,—Rotary, so I hear, is going to give a year's scholarship to one of the deserving woman writers. It will be recalled that Rotary was partly responsible for sending Julie Palara to the United States last year. Writes Julie, from Columbia University: "All this seems to be a dream—taking notes for a lecture from such people as Paul Gallico, Martha Foley,—they were simply glorious names to me before, who are so real now. And the books I can read, the concerts I cannot attend—even for these I am grateful—the

art exhibits. This sounds a bit too nobbish, it really isn't. One just feels a growth from within, a groping, yet not a groping, because there is deliberate spontaneity of movement towards something definitely higher—truly, I am grateful."

"Seems to me, but, of course, this is only a fancy, that one of the greatest gifts of God to man is the friend. Perhaps this thought—altogether an obsession with me—has been born of the fact (for which I am very humbly grateful) that I have been unusually fortunate with friends. Or, perhaps it is the influence of Emerson, whom I swear by, and whose exalted view of friendship is almost unearthly. Or again, it may be because, recently, a kind priest, concerned, it appears, over my spiritual state sent me a Companion to the Summa of St. Thomas of Aquinas in which there is a beautiful, almost ethereal description of true friendship. It bears quoting:

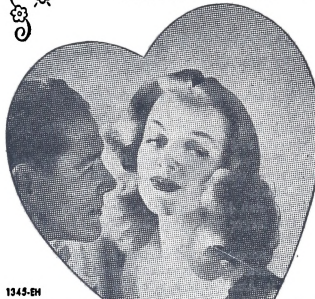
"There is a difference between having friends and owning friends. Selfish love has no regard for the substantial nature or personality of the thing or person loved except as it belongs to or is a part of the one loving. In contrast to this is beneficent love which includes the true love of friendship and the love we have for God... It does not aim at knowledge, but rather sees in futile or useful, friendship is a the loved one another self. It is truly lovely gift from Heaven.

a multiplication of self rather than an aggrandizement of self; it promotes the intimate union demanded by love through union of will. This other self is the object of my efforts precisely because he is another self. What he desires is my desire, what offends him offends me, what thwarts his happiness thwarts mine, for we are one."

And in that, for me, lies the joy, but also the pain of friendship. When a friend comes sharing a bit of happiness or good fortune, the heart opens up in the glow of the sharing. But deep sorrow, the complicated entanglements of life, the puzzling why of existence, the inevitable unfairnesses which come as part of daily living—these strike one with a sense of utter futility, a realization of inadequacy, almost of cruel frustration. One allows the friend to talk away his sadness, his disillusion, his confusion, his hodge-podge of psychological twists, in the hope that the out-let of expression may serve to dissipate somehow the pain, the chaos, even the frustration. Perhaps the dreary recitation would be as an anodyne deadening all active sensation, all spiritual suffering. Perhaps, even, some form of sublimation would present itself whereby a rechanneling of energies, thoughts, deeds, creations may serve to fill the gap of unsatisfactory living. One does not know. What one does is that, assimilation, but rather sees in futile or useful, friendship is a the loved one another self. It is truly lovely gift from Heaven.



What men like about women



MEN are funny creatures.

They are attracted by little things—a rippling laugh, a sunset smile, a lingering perfume

Cashmere Bouquet brings you a soft scent in its finest imported talc. Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc after your bath.

Let its coolness ripple down your skin, leaving you fresh and dainty for hours.

Now you can feel new confidence in your beauty, thanks to "The Fragrance Men Love."



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Club Women's Bulletin Board

We are quoting herewith the latest report of Mrs. Gregoria F. Patag, Secretary of the Morong Woman's Club, Morong, Rizal: "The Woman's Club of Morong, Rizal held a Benefit Ball under the management of Mrs. Esperanza Angeles, the President of the Puericulture Center on the night of February 1, 1947. The activity was indeed a great success. It swelled the fund of the Club for the maintenance of the Nursery Classes and the Puericulture Center.

The factors that contributed to the success were the two orchestras hired by the Club namely the Maxifeli and the Keenwood String Circle; the systematic organization of the work assigned to the different committees as Music, Refreshment, Invitation, Entertainment, Light, Transportation of visitors; the splendid spirit of the active members of the Junior Woman's Club in the sales of tickets in Manila and in the neighboring provinces of Rizal and neighboring towns and barrios of Morong; the ever helpful attitude of the patrons. That grand ball was attended by a good crowd from different towns and from the City.

In conclusion, Mrs. Amparo de Francisco, the most able and spirited President of the Morong Woman's Club wishes to express her thanks to Mr. Vicente Garcia, the Division Superintendent of Schools for Rizal for granting us the permission to use the school building, to Mr. Eugenio Aquino, the District Supervisor of Morong for endorsing our written permit favorably to the Superintendent, to all members of the Senior and Junior Woman's Club particularly Mrs. Emilia Mateo, Mrs. Estelita Atendido, Miss Juana Francisco, Miss Felisa Bambo, Miss Marcelina Tunque, Miss Rosario Fernando, Miss Filomena Garcia and others who helped a great deal in the performance of their tasks."

Mrs. Luna V. Garrovillo, Secretary of the Dipolog Woman's Club wrote to us about the glad news of the reorganization of the Dipolog Woman's Club, Zamboanga. They reported immediately to the Federation and informed us that luckily they

still have in their custody their Membership Certificate.

Some of the recent activities wherein the club actively participated were the Red Cross Fund Campaign, the raising of funds for the Puericulture Center of Dipolog, and for the provincial capitol. Their present activity is campaign for the Boy Scout Fund Drive.

The newly elected officers of

Sub-Secretary—Miss Nemesia Bustaleno.

Treasurer—Mrs. Sagrario Frias

Board of Directors:
Mrs. Vicenta B. Saile
Mrs. Elvira Recaido
Mrs. Luzbella Leyson
Mrs. Angelina Bernedo
Mrs. Trinidad Araneta

A very nice letter came from Mrs. Rosa F. Guardiano, pres.



Members of the Women's Club in Batawan, La Union.

the club are as follows:

President—Mrs. Juanita Pinoy.

Vice-President—Mrs. Carmen R. Azuna.

Secretary—Mrs. Luna V. Garrovillo.

ident of the Cuyo Woman's Club, Palawan who informed us that now that the war is over and they have survived it's ravages the women of Cuyo again reunited and formed the old Cuyo Woman's Club. It appears from

CLUBWOMAN'S LITANY

By Mrs. Charles Bednar

The Woman's Club teaches me to give graciously of what is mine.

To pour my strength into three great channels of life: My family, my church, and my world.

It demands that I feed my family physically, mentally, and spiritually and urges that I courageously serve my church with steadfast heart.

But added to that, my club directs me in service to my world. It shows me the larger view that lies over the horizon outside of myself.

It teaches that I am a necessary part in a pattern devised and perpetuated by women of all classes and creeds who believe that all the best in America is a priceless heritage worth working for and defending.

What do I owe a club with principles such as these? Not lethargy, not acquiescence to lesser demands, and not efforts beneath my abilities.

If I am a true clubwoman, I will give unstintingly of what is mine.

a letter addressed to the club from Dr. Salvador Ibanez, Chief of the Cuyo Hospital, that the most important and pressing problem in the community is teaching the mothers regarding the proper care of their babies and especially availing themselves of the hospital services. For this purpose they are now planning a celebration of the National Hospital Day on May 12 which will be featured with a baby contest and a program designed to combat the "fanaticism and ignorance which hinder their physical and social progress."

The officers of the Paclasan Woman's Club, Paclasan, Mansalay, Mindoro, are the following:
President—Mrs. M. P. Fabella.
Vice-President—Mrs. Rosario T. Corea.

Secretary—Mrs. Consuelo M. Villamin.

Asst. Secretary—Mrs. Gertrudes D. Talento.

Treasurer—Mrs. Petronila D. Noche.

Asst. Treasurer—Miss Consuelo Torrifel.

Members of the Board:
Mrs. Petra Dimatulac
Mrs. Mercedes M. Corpus
Mrs. Leocadia S. King
Mrs. Juliana Cahoyon
Mrs. C. Cabrera
Mrs. Demetrio Dimatulac

A letter, from Dr. Nina Nicolas informed us of the complete list of the officers of the Caloocan Woman's Club

President—Dr. Nina Nicolas.
Vice-President—Mrs. Anastacia Lui Hernandez.

Secretary—Miss Concepcion Rey Hipolito.

Treasurer—Mrs. Eleuteria Duque.

Public Relations Officer—Mrs. Armando Malay.

Adviser—Mrs. Paz Cuerpocruz.

Board of Directors:
Mrs. Marina Lerma Bayle
Mrs. Anita Ang
Mrs. Constance Herrera
Mrs. Paz Cuerpocruz—Honorary Chairman

During the Clean-Up Week the members of the community were duly informed by the club and a good response was received from all. According to the letter of the

INSTALLATION CEREMONY FOR WOMAN'S CLUB

(The new officers to be installed stand facing the Club in a semi-circle. The installing officer addresses them from the side of the group. The officers stand with the incoming president in the center of the group and the former officers on each side.)

INSTALLING OFFICER:

The Woman's Club has set forth clearly the scope of its work, its objectives, purpose and goal. We can serve our community, our country, our state, and our nation more effectively when we work together and, with one purpose in view, unite in self-development and in service. Let us say in unison our collect.

CLUBWOMEN: (in unison)

COLLECT

By Mary Stewart

Keep us, Oh God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed. Let us be done with fault-finding, and leave off self-seeking. May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face—without self-pity and without prejudice.

Each house tidied up considerably and every yard is commendable with dug-up pits for rubbish. Smoking up these holes fumigated the environs and the riddance from mosquitoes and insects will surely encourage housewives to keep up the practice. The club has received considerable support from Mrs. Paz Cuerpocruz, a member of the Board of the NFWC and an honorary chairman of the club.

MAASIN WOMAN'S CLUB

President—Mrs. Luz Enag-Gonzalez.

Vice-President—Mrs. Rosario Labata.

Secretary—Mrs. Matilde L. Pajao.

Sub-Secretary—Mrs. Natividad F. Gonzalez.

Treasurer—Mrs. Dolores S. Calapre.

Sub-Treasurer—Mrs. Beatriz Fernandez.

Auditor—Mrs. Wenceslina Espina.

Board members:

Mrs. Teofila Gonzalez

Mrs. Maxima Fernandez

Mrs. Leonila Piao

Mrs. Donata Gonzalez

Mrs. Cecilia Montescalros

Mrs. Blancaflor Uy

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous. Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle. Teach us to put into action our better impulse, straightforward, and unafraid.

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create difference, that in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common human heart of us all—and, oh, Lord

God, let us not forget to be kind.

INSTALLING OFFICER:

When you join the Woman's Club you agree to contribute generously your time, energy and thought, realizing
(Continued on page 23)

WE have been hearing so rarely from Mrs. Pilar H. Lim that every letter anyone of us receives from her is very welcomed. We know, though, that the NFWC is always foremost in her thoughts and so is she, not only among the NFWC women, but among the Filipina women in general.

The latest we have from Mrs. Lim is a letter she sent to Mrs. Henares from her home in 1330 So. Wilton Place, Los Angeles 6, California.

March 28, 1947

My dear Conching:

It has been my pleasure and privilege to work for our Federation although so far away. Those projects and those campaigns, in which all of us Filipina clubwomen worked together, sometimes rewarded by success, other times disappointed by either indifference or even failure, have been to me fountains of comfort and courage during the grim war years and now that the war is over they have become my inspiration and the springboard from which I have launched a more gigantic campaign—that of securing aid from our American sister clubs.

As you already know the North Carolina Federation of Women's

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

Clubs was the very first to send our Federation material aid, and recently the California Federation made it a state project to collect used clothing and funds for rebuilding our headquarters. Mrs. Legarda and Miss Evangelista were very instrumental in securing this project and we are all so happy that the majority of the clubs have enthusiastically responded. This is due mainly to the dynamic leadership of Mrs. Clara O'Neal who fortunately for us was appointed chairman of the project.

So enclosed is the bill of lading of almost two tons of clothing both used and new which have been donated by numerous clubs around Southern California. As the boxes came pouring into my home, I felt that through all ruin and suffering, there was still abundance of good-will, warm friendship and the spirit of service and help specially here

in the United States. The Americans deeply appreciate the courage and loyalty of the Filipinos during the war years and there are only a few of them who don't understand what a difference it would have made had Bataan and Corregidor not made the heroic stand that is now an epic in history.

We all hope that our Federation will find in these clothes a source of material aid and spiritual balm and I know that with you and Trining and the wonderful women in your Board of Directors, the distribution will be efficient and equitable.

Please give my love to all of our clubwomen, tell them that I am always thinking of them (tho I am a terrible correspondent) and that sometime soon I shall be back home.

My best to you and yours.

Affectionately yours,
PILAR H. LIM



Mercedes Evangelista, executive secretary of the National Federation of Women's Club, who went to the United States with NFWC President Trinidad Legarda, is shown in the above photo arriving in San Francisco. To her right is Mrs. Roberto Regala, wife of the consul-general there, then Mrs. Estela Romualdez Suli and Mrs. T. Baja. The others in the picture are the Regala children.

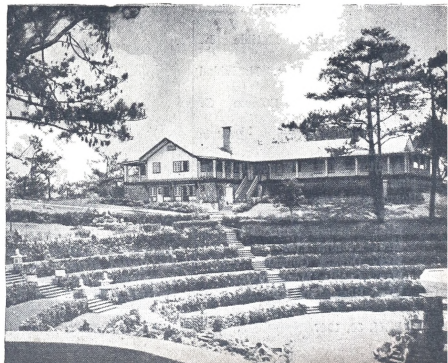


BAGUIO

If it's the soothing quiet, the cool, clean-blowing mountain air and the wondrousness of creation that you go to Baguio for, the charred pine trees and the housing shortage should not bother you. As the photographs here show, Baguio is as you take it.

Reading the pictures counter-clockwise, we begin with the plane photographed just as it was about to land on scenic Laon-Laon. This, we are told, is a good 1,000 feet below Baguio City. The Teachers' Camp is forlorn, with only the former P. M. A. barracks to show skeletal remains.

Cabinet Hill is spruce, spick and span. The new construction looks like story-book houses. The Amphitheatre and the abode of General Moore offers a view which makes up for all the charred ruins on Session Road. The American Embassy is a sight for sore eyes...

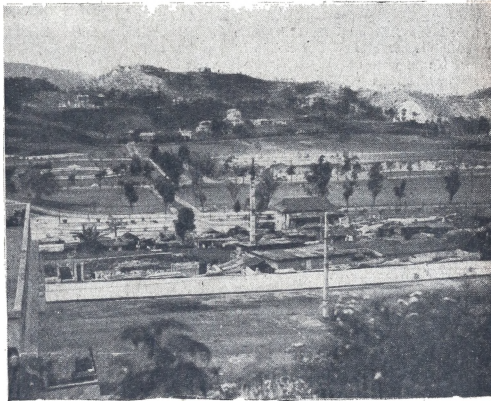


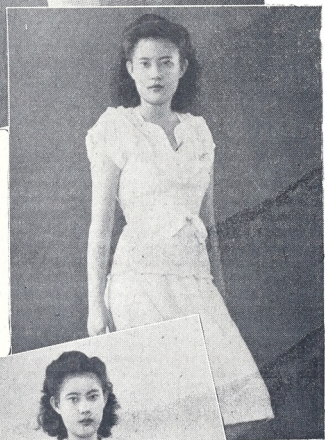
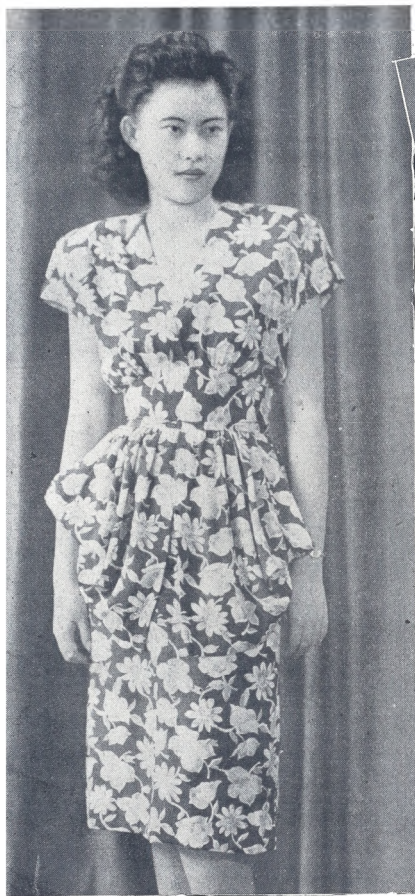


BECKONS

stark white against the green of the mountainside. The Guest House where the President and his entourage took up quarters is big and rambling. The surrounding grounds are perfect for outdoor entertaining.

Burnham Park is still sorrowing over the past. The water in the lake isn't beautiful anymore and the grasses grow in careless abandon. The Baguio Church looks untouched. As of old, it overflowed with worshipers over the Holy Week. Note the crosses on the churchyard, landmarks of Liberation. Session Road came to life when hordes of Manilans jammed Baguio Holy Thursday and Good Friday. Here the pedestrian lanes are made use of religiously. The ruins of the Rocas Mansion is but one graphic example of the thousands of other edifices of beauty and grandeur which were lost in the war.





SUMMER FASHIONS

Miss Alice Velasco, recently elected Pearl of the Orient in connection with the 40th Anniversary Celebration of the founding of Centro Escolar de Señoritas, models on this page four interesting summer creations. In the large picture, above, she wears a pure silk Ceil Chapman original featuring the very fashionable hip-drapery. In the smaller pictures, from top to bottom, she wears a two-piece all-wool suit, showing the new Bolero style—very appropriate for cool Baguio days or for ship travel to the south; a Henry Rosenfeld original in pastel-colored cotton with rick-rack trimming; a Sax original teen-ager, in white Luana with dainty lace ruffles, just right for graduation or summer parties. (All models from SAX'S Inc.) (Photos by Mayflower Studio).

BEFORE our house was burned we used to get mad at the outmoded pieces of furniture that cluttered up our sala and bedrooms and yet we could not throw them away for they were still in very good condition. Now—we yearn for them, and our favorite pastime is remodeling them and putting them into new uses, alas! only in our imagination.

You are very fortunate if your house has not been burned during the liberation and how much we envy you if you possess some extra pieces of old furniture. The new furniture, locally made, that we see in the shops here in Manila, are not only very expensive but made in pre-war styles and scales that are out of place and out of proportion in our smaller, temporary home. The less expensive ones are so badly made, out of the cheapest of materials, that it is not worthwhile buying them. The imported ones, of chromium and imitation leather or of steel, are too elegant-looking for our taste and too expensive for our purse. We very much prefer the army camp chairs that fold up and can be put out of the way when not needed. We see these folding chairs even in the "best" of homes.

Good old pieces of furniture, made over, are very much better than inferior new furniture. If you can get hold of some real antiques, thank your lucky star! These pieces are usually made of first class wood that resist white ants. The very old ones have no nails; if their legs have become wobbly, a little glue will make them steady again. Remove the old varnish and just polish with a

good furniture polish to bring out the patina.

Do not be afraid to put a piece of furniture to some other use. A wooden trunk, for instance, when slip-covered, may be brought out into the sala to become a sofa. An old iron bed, the broken celojia (still expensive to replace) of which was covered with boards from an empty box, became a couch in the sala of a friend's new home. She made a thin mattress filled with estofa (strips of cloth from a dressmaker) to place on top of the hard boards, then covered the whole bed with a plain-colored, beruffled skirt. Fat pillows covered with bright-

flowered chintz make this "couch" very comfortable.

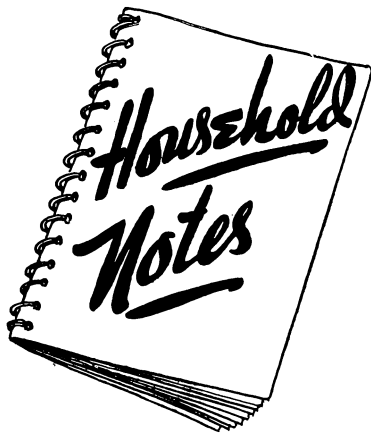
We are not ashamed to admit that in our own house, the upholstered sofa in the sala used to be the front seats of an automobile. The cover of the backs was a skirt—red roses on navy background. The seat of the sofa we covered with a cotton material in plan navy. Our coffee table in front of the sofa is an antique, and used to be a jeweller's workbench. The small bench in one corner was an indispensable part of most bedrooms in our mothers' time—holder for pillows, blankets and folded mats during the daytime. The vase on the tall rattan round table covered with a chocheted tapete is really a redoma. That small basket with the trailing vines (there's a small bottle filled with water inside the basket) used to hold Grandmother's hechos.

Many of our visitors refuse to believe us when we tell them that our modern bed is really a papag—and a broken down one at that when it was given to us. The mattress on top of the papag is also a gift, and torn at several places. We covered the mattress with a silk-like army tarapal which needs only wiping with a wet cloth when it gets dusty. What make the bed look "modern" are the shelves (of white pine, from an empty box given to us) in an intricate design against the sawali wall at the head of the bed. Very decorative on the shelves are our display of empty

beer cans (one in gold, one in gold and blue, one in red and yellow), empty shampoo bottles (the new ones are beautifully designed), a small pail of soap flakes (cost—P1), two or three squat wine bottles (now empty), large tumblers with flower decorations, pocket books and magazine digests, boxes that used to contain dusting powder, cans that used to hold cookies and candy.

The magazines from abroad always carry pictures of rooms from which you may get one or two ideas that can be carried out in your own home. We are looking for an old wall clock because we want to use the case as a miniature cabinet to hold small bottles of spices. We got this idea

(Continued on page 27)



WORKING STUDENT MAKES the GRADE

"I'm an office worker and go to school in the evening. After a back-breaking day, I felt like I'd been thru a wringer and often missed classes."

Then my doctor recommended VITAEWINE. With the first bottle, I increased in weight. Now I feel as sprightly after office hours as at 7:00 in the morning. And I'm even a candidate for class honors".

(Sgd.) LUISA M. GARCES

Do you feel jugged out after a days work? Doctors recommend the delicious tonic



VITAEWINE

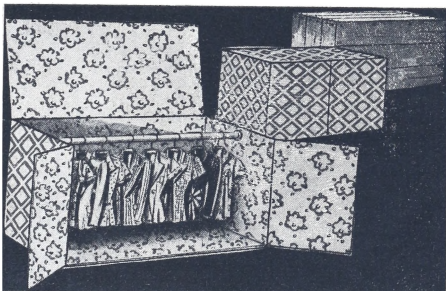


It will restore lost vitality and failing energy. In these days of high-strung activity, the human body burns up more energy than it receives. Recharge it, pleasantly, easily with VITAE WINE.

At your druggist or from
METRO DRUG CORP.

880-882 Rizal Avenue

"Ask your Doctor—He Knows Us!"



From packing box to blouse closet. Box was covered inside and outside with wallpaper or cretonne, the top and the front hinged so that they can be opened, as shown, and a rod inserted at top.

COOKING



When you see ground beef, do you think only of *sopa de picadillo* and fried beef patties? Cheer up, for there are many other ways of using the economical hamburger. Here are a few, starting with the basic recipe for

HAMBURG PATTIES

- 1/2 kilo ground beef
- 1 teaspoon fine salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- Lard

Combine ground beef and seasonings. Handle as little as possible and avoid pressing the meat firmly together. Shape into 6 or 8 patties. If liked, moisten with a little tomato juice. You do not have to use egg or flour or bread crumbs to bind the beef—the patties will not fall apart during the cooking.

Place a little lard in a skillet and when hot add the patties. Turn when brown on one side. Do not overcook as ground meat dries out quickly. Remove patties from the skillet. Pour a little *toyo* into the skillet and heat. Pour over the patties. If desired, garnish with fried onion rings.

VARIATIONS: Add 1/2 cup of potato and a little minced onion to the above mixture. Mix lightly with fork. After shaping into patties, coat each with fine bread crumbs and pan-broil. When cooked, add 1/2 cup boiling water to fat in the pan and pour over the patties.

Add 1 cup cornflakes, crumbled very fine, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, and 1/2 cup milk to the ground beef. Mix lightly, form into patties, and cook as in above recipe.

BROILED HAMBURG STEAK with Onion Rings

- 1/2 pound ground beef
- 1/4 cup ground suet (beef fat)
- 1 cup soft, fine bread crumbs

- 6 strips bacon
 - 6 slices Spanish onion, 1/2 inch thick each
 - 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
 - 3 tablespoons butter
 - 2 tablespoons onion juice
 - Salt and pepper
 - 1 tablespoon water
- Saute parsley in butter and add to beef, suet, crumbs, and seasonings. Shape into 6 flat cakes and wrap each cake with a slice of bacon. If you have a broiler, lay onion rings in pan and place a pat-

rice mixture. Put tomatoes in a deep skillet, add 1 teaspoon salt, a little pepper and the sugar. Place the stuffed peppers on top of the tomatoes, cover and simmer for 1 hour, basting occasionally. Serve with string bean salad.

The above beef-rice mixture may also be used for stuffing cabbage leaves. If liked, sauerkraut and water may be used instead of the tomatoes. This dish improves with re-heating.

on one half of each circle, moisten edge with water, and fold pastry-half over filling, pressing edges together with fork dipped in flour. Prick tops to allow escape of steam during the cooking. Brush with milk or with glaze mixture made by mixing 1 beaten egg yolk with 2 tablespoons milk. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes, or until browned. This recipe will make 8 large turnovers. The pastry may also be cut smaller, about 3-1/2 inches in diameter each, or into oblongs which become squares when folded.

Fillings: Canned or bottled mince, jam, thin slices of American cheese, or ubi jam.

HAMBURGER

Economical and Versatile

ty on each ring. Broil 5 minutes on each side. If you have no broiler, pan-broil the patties first, then saute the onion rings in the remaining lard in the pan, being careful not to break the onion rings, then on serving, arrange patties on top of onion rings.

BEEF DOVES

- 1 cup ground beef
- 1/3 cup uncooked rice
- Salt and pepper
- Cabbage leaves
- Tomato Sauce (1 small can)

Mix beef and rice and season. Parboil cabbage leaves for 2 minutes in boiling water to cover to soften them. Drain. Place a tablespoon of the beef and rice mixture in each leaf and roll up as you do *lumpia*. Tie with a piece of thread, if necessary. Arrange these roll-ups in a sauce and pour tomato juice over them. Simmer for 1 hour. Serves 4.

HUNGARIAN STUFFED PEPPERS

- 3/4 pound ground beef
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 4 peppers, medium sized
- 2-1/2 cups stewed tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
- 6 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup rice
- 1/2 bay leaf, crushed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Add 2 teaspoons salt to boiling water and add the washed uncooked rice. Boil until done. Combine meat and rice and season with salt, pepper and bay leaf. Saute the onion in a little lard and add to the beef-rice mixture. Parboil seeded peppers for 5 minutes, then fill with the beef-

SPAGHETTI AND HAMBURGER

Cook spaghetti according to the directions on the package. Drain and set aside.

Saute about 1 cup minced onion in a little lard or butter. Add 3/4 pound ground beef, and when the meat is browned, add a small can of tomato sauce. Add the spaghetti, mix well, and heat thoroughly. Serve immediately.

If desired, the beef may be formed into small balls and browned, then cooked in the tomato sauce. The spaghetti is added to the mixture and heated through. This makes a far more attractive dish.

* * *

For MERIENDA

To celebrate a special occasion with a merienda, here are a few recipes for "eats" you will want to serve:

TURNOVERS

- 2-1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1/2 to 1 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup cold shortening
- 1/3 cup cold water (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening until pieces are about the size of small peas. Add the water, a small amount at a time, mixing lightly with a fork. Handle as little as possible. Wrap in wax paper or in a damp clean towel and chill thoroughly.

Roll out to 1/8 inch thickness on slightly floured board and cut out 6-inch circles. Place filling

SUGAR COOKY STARS

- 2-3/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add the baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, creaming until light. Add the eggs and beat well. Add vanilla. Add flour, in small amounts, mixing after each. Chill. Roll 1/8 inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with floured cookie cutter in star shapes. Decorate, using colored candies. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven for about 12 minutes. Makes 3 dozens.

FAVORITE CAKE

(2 eggs)

- 2-1/4 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2-1/4 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternately with the milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans

TO THE VIRGINS

(Continued from page 7)

are all very married would like to play with her, make her only a "querida." But Auntie Maring knows her onions. She preferred to pursue Portia's path to the last of her spinning days and beat the proud men in their own game.

Now for Cousin Consuelo's case. She belongs to a class of avid man-haters, who lost their faith in Adam's ilk. In her dairy entry for January 1, 1920, I copied the following new year's resolution: "To avoid the company of men. Man is faithless. Man is heartless. Man is a heart breaker. He is ungrateful, inconsiderate. My dog, Bantay is more faithful,

more grateful, more friendly, much more loyal and understanding. Bantay stays with me. Bantay loves me, adores me, worships me, never leaves me..." Now I understand why Cousin Consuelo, is a withered flower of 50 still loves candies and spends more of her precious time petting and fondling puppies in their kennels.

There you are ladies, the tragic of my unmarried relatives. If you are in the same boat, it is high time you make up your mind at this crossroad. Why wait for the dead? Why waste your precious time on dogs? Why look for your equal? Why so choose? Princes

POOR INDEED
Who is the richest and who is the poorest person in all the world? I call the person with a loving mother rich, and the person without a loving mother I call

the disappearance of the sun.
Buddha: Quoted in *Mercure de France*, Georges Bonneau.

GOOD PROSPECT

Marriage seems to be a health-preserving state for women. Out of 100,000 women at the age of forty, 74 more single and 140 more widowed women die than married ones. There is a further claim: married people of both sexes provide fewer candidates for insane asylums than others.

H. G. Beigel: *Marriage—Fables, Facts and Figures.*

marry peasants and ladies marry rogues. Take love as it comes along and remember what Poet Robert T. Herrick said to the virgins to make much of their time: "... be not coy, but use your time; And while ye may, go marry; For having lost but once your prime You may forever tarry."

INSTALLATION CEREMONY

(Continued from page 17)

that only by cooperation can we hope to achieve our goals. You have indicated your faith and trust in these members by electing them as officers for the _____ Club of the _____.

Will you pledge to them now your loyalty and assistance in the fulfillment of their duties? If so, please indicate by raising your right hand.

(MEMBERS RESPOND BY RAISING RIGHT HAND.)
(INSTALLING OFFICER INTRODUCES EACH INDIVIDUAL BY NAME AND TELLS WHAT OFFICE EACH IS TO ASSUME.)

in moderate oven (35 to 30 minutes). Spread with Lemon Fleck Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

LEMON FLECK FROSTING

- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- 4 tablespoons butter
- Dash of salt
- 3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice

Cream together orange rind and butter; add salt and part of sugar gradually, blending well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with lemon juice, until of right consistency to spread. Beat until very smooth.

MAY ADD ANYTHING ELSE DESIRED. CONTINUES, ADDRESSING THE NEWLY INSTALLED OFFICERS.)

In accepting this trust you have accepted at once a privilege and a challenge. Yours is the responsibility of planning, of service, of fellowship. As competent leaders you will meet the challenge and strive diligently to comply with every call and duty.

"Study to show thyself approved." We cannot serve until we know. With knowledge we can do our part. With love for our work we can put forth every endeavor to accomplish the end for which we seek. Do you as officers accept this task?

NEW OFFICERS: (in unison) We do.

NEW PRESIDENT:

We accept this task with gratitude for the opportunity for service. We believe in the importance of the work. We pledge a fair portion of our time in acquiring information and rendering service to our community, co-workers, and associates, in order to achieve a better life for all.

INSTALLING OFFICER:

I do declare you regularly installed officers of the _____

Woman's Club.

(ALL SING CLUB SONG)

(Adapted from Installation Ceremony for Federation of Woman's Clubs by Mrs. Sue Stewart Brame, Jackson, Mississippi.)

DISTINGUISHED HANDS

Require CUTEX

This Nail Polish of fashion flows on the nail smoothly and easily—leaving a jewel-like lustre on every fingertip. It's long-lasting—does not chip—and gives your hands that distinctive appearance.

CUTEX is made according to a new formula in five new sensational shades in hand-some, novel bottles.

Select your polish for its wear as well as its beauty, and buy the polish that gives you both.



Ask for Cutex today
...and follow the Style

CUTEX
FOR LOVELIER NAILS

CHILD CARE



THE hardest question, according to Dr. Benjamin Spock, for a doctor to answer, in a book or in his office, is how much covering to put on a baby. All he can give, he says, is some rough guides, for no two babies are alike. Here are his suggestions:

A baby under 5 pounds hasn't a very good system for keeping his body at the right temperature. The best place for such a baby is the hospital where he can be given expert care.

Between 5 and 8 pounds he doesn't usually need to be heated from the outside. He can take care of himself in a comfortable room, say 68 to 72 degrees, with one or two light wool blankets, and his cotton sleeping clothes. By the time he weighs 8 pounds, his heat regulator is working well, and he is getting a layer of fat that helps him stay warm. He can sleep in a room 60 degrees in temperature, in cool or cold weather with only a thin wool blanket

over him.

Babies and children who are reasonably plump need less covering than an adult. More babies, according to Dr. Spock, are overdressed than underdressed. This

is not good for them. For if a person is always too warmly dressed, his body loses its ability to adjust to changes. He is more likely to become chilled. So, in general, put on too little rather than too much and then watch the baby. Don't try to put on enough to keep his hands warm, because most babies' hands stay cool after they are comfortably dressed. Feel his legs or arms and neck.

tanned; (3) a severe sunburn is just as dangerous as a heat burn. When you put a baby out to sleep in a carriage you must take into account how much sunshine he will get on his skin, especially if you are putting him in a new spot in a season when the sun is bright.

You can begin exposing the baby's body to the sun as soon as he weighs about 10 pounds. This

HOW MUCH CLOTHING?

The Less Your Baby Wears The Better For Him

Best guide of all is the color of the face. If he is getting cold, he loses the color of his cheeks, and he may begin to fuss too.

FRESH AIR

A baby should get plenty of fresh air. Babies, like older children and grownups, who are outdoors a good part of every day look more healthy, have better appetites, have more protection against chilling.

Every baby weighing 10 pounds or more should be outdoors when it is not raining or when the wind is not cold for 2 or 3 hours every day, preferably with very little clothing on him so that he will get the full benefit of the sun's rays.

The best time to have the baby out is in the middle of the morning when the sun is not yet very hot or in the middle of the afternoon before it becomes cool. If you can afford a baby carriage, you can push him around and get some exercise yourself. If you have a yard, you can park him in it for more than three hours at a stretch, even put him to sleep there if it is shaded.

means that he is plump enough so that he won't get chilled when he is partly undressed outdoors. In cooler weather you may be able to expose his legs alone. You will have to wait longer to expose his face, until his eyes are no longer bothered by the bright light. This varies in different babies. When you expose his face, turn him so that the top of his head is toward the sun. Then his eyebrows will shade his eyes.

Begin with 2 minutes and increase the exposure gradually—2 more minutes each day is fast enough. Divide the time between the back and the stomach. Dr. Spock would not advise going beyond 30 minutes of full exposure in summer. Don't get the baby over-heated during his sun bath—put him on a table or on a pad on the ground where the air will cool him, not down inside his crib or carriage.

When the sunshine is intense, a baby should be in the shade all the time for he may get enough reflected glare to give his tender skin a burn. A baby who is old enough to sit up and crawl around needs a hat in a sunny place.

SUN BATHS

Direct sunshine contains ultraviolet rays which create vitamin D right in the skin. So, on general principles it's sensible for babies and children to be in the sun for part of the time.

There are three cautions to observe when exposing a baby directly to the sun's rays: (1) Avoid burns by exposing the baby's body very gradually; (2) excessive exposure is unwise even when the skin has been gradually

TRAVELING WITH A BABY

Do not travel with a baby unless it is very necessary. If you must, choose the shortest route or the fastest means of transportation and the best accommodation that you can afford. Find out from the transportation company what conveniences will be available to you, particularly in regard to preparing the baby's formula if he is bottle-fed.

If you are going traveling over 1 or 2 feedings, wrap 1 or 2 bottles, well refrigerated, in 15 lay-



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A Nestlé Product



SAFE COVERINGS

If you can afford them, all-wool blankets are better than those of part wool and part cotton, for the all-wool ones give the most warmth with the least weight. Best of all are the knitted ones (shawls) which are thinner and can be wrapped more easily around the baby when he is up than a thick, heavy blanket. Avoid coverings that are heavy and relatively airtight, such as solid-feeling quilts, for the baby might be suffocated with them.

All Blankets, quilts, sheets, should be large enough, to tuck securely under the mattress, so that there is no danger of their coming loose and working up over the baby's head. Waterproof pads and sheets should either be large enough to tuck in securely or should be pinned or tied down at all corners so that they will not come loose. The mattress should be firm and flat enough so that the baby's face cannot get down in a hole. It is better to use no pillow in a crib or carriage, unless someone is constantly watching the baby.

When putting on shirts and sweaters with small openings, remember that a baby's head is more egg-shaped than ball-shaped. Gather the sweater from hem to the neckline into a loop, slip it first over the back of the baby's head, then stretch it forward and bring it down past the forehead and nose. When taking it off, pull the baby's arms out of the sleeves first, then gather the sweater into a loop as it lies around his neck. Raise the front part of the loop up past his nose and forehead, then slip off toward the back of his head.

ers of newspapers, each bottle separately bundled so that you need not unwrap the other.

If you are traveling for several days, it is more complicated. Under difficult circumstances, the easiest way is to shift the baby to an evaporated-milk formula about a week before starting, so that he will be used to it. Bring along a day's supply of empty sterilized bottles and nipples, as many cans of evaporated milk as the baby will need feedings on the whole trip, and a quart of sterilized water in a sterilized bottle. You will also need your funnel, measuring spoon, bottle and nipple brushes, can opener, etc. An electric bottle warmer will be very handy. Keep all these things in a basket with a cover, separate from the baby's clothings.

Disposable diapers, if you can get them, will be a great help. Also, tissue hankies for any wiping job.

With a small child, don't forget to have handy his favorite toy, and a few new playthings of the kind that take a lot of doing to keep him busy and amused.

It is better to keep a small child from drinking water of doubtful origin and eating unusual foods. Bring your own water in a thermos. When buying food in public places, avoid particularly cakes and pastries with moist fillings, milk puddings, cold meats, cold fish, cold fried eggs including sandwiches and salads

that contain them. These are the foods that are most easily contaminated with poisonous bacteria if carelessly handled or not pro-

perly refrigerated. Better stick to hot foods, fruit that you yourself can peel (oranges, bananas) balut and boiled eggs, puto seco and other foods that are not geasy.

INSOUCIANCE

A friend of ours who has returned from a visit to Hollywood tells us that the technical people out there—the cameramen, carpenters, and so on—have a rather detached attitude toward the stars they work with on the set, that they don't look upon the glamourous performers with the breathless awe that a steady reader of Miss Luella Parsons might suppose. He told us, specifically, about an actor in a mystery movie who was called on to crawl through a dark, eerie attic, lighting his way with a pocket flashlight. The property department had done a thorough job on dust and cobwebs, and the actor took quite a beating on his way through. When the take was run off, it was found that the beam

of light from the flashlight was too faint to create the proper effect, and the director saw he'd have to shoot the scene again, with more juice. He called in the electricians and put the problem up to them, and they decided to run an insulated wire up the actor's trouser leg, across his back, and down his right sleeve to the flashlight, thus providing juice enough for a more powerful bulb and a strong beam. The actor was thereupon told to sit down and wait until fresh dust and cobwebs had been installed. When that had been done, there came, from the shadows beyond the wet, the head electrician's order: "O.K., boys, plug in the actor."

(THE NEW YORKER)

Somehow, when we see a woman who has been married and divorced a number of times, we are reminded of the man who was always failing in business.

E. W. Howe: Quoted in Post Biographies of Famous Journalists.



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was Nurse-Supervisor from 1935 to 1941 of the Community Health Service Center in Manila and suburbs and took charge in training nurses for field work. Later, she was detailed as Nurse-Supervisor of the Urban Health Demonstration Unit and held the position until liberation when she became chief nurse of the 71st Evac. Hospital (U. S. Army). She has been Nurse-Supervisor of PCAU 20 and the Bureau of Health until she took over her present work as Executive Secretary of the Filipino Nurses' Association.

Mrs. Vicenta Ponce, second vice president of the Filipino Nurses' Association, is also the official delegate of the City Health Department, in which she is the chief nurse.

Mrs. Ponce graduated from the Mary Johnston Hospital in 1920. From 1920 to 1940, she was connected with the Bureau of Health and the Philippine General Hospital. In 1937, she was sent as official delegate of the Bureau of Health to the Japan Educational Federation Conference.

history of American women. Dean of the present congressional group is Representative Mary T. Norton of New Jersey who is serving her 12th term, having been elected to the 69th Congress in 1924, and re-elected to each subsequent Congress.

The veteran feminine legislator has a number of important "firsts" in her political career: Mrs. Norton was the first woman to be elected to Congress by the Democratic Party, and the first to become chairman of a congressional committee. As head of the District of Columbia Committee, she served as unofficial "mayor of Washington" for six years. In 1937, Mrs. Norton was appointed chairman of the Labor Committee. In this capacity she championed the epochal Wage and Hour Bill, which created a large measure of financial security for

millions of workers in the United States.

Helen Gahagan Douglas of California is the third woman Democrat in the 80th Congress, serving her second term. She was a singer and dramatic actress preceding her political career. She made important contributions to California legislation through studies of the state's great migrant farm-labor problems. In Congress Mrs. Douglas has been a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. She also serves as alternate delegate of the United States to the General Assembly of the United Nations. In the Republican group, Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts is another veteran.

(Continued on page 27)

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

porters of candidates and policies. In the 48 states of the Union, 300 women ran for both state and national political posts, with 15 seeking congressional seats.

As a result of the congressional elections, seven American women are members of the House of Representatives of the 80th United States Congress which convened early in January. Two of these are newcomers in the national legislative body, one a Republican and the other a Democrat. Their freshness of viewpoint will be reinforced by the seasoned experience of the remaining five who are incumbents, some of them veterans in congressional service.

FEMININE BLOC ALMOST EVENLY DIVIDED

The entire feminine congressional bloc is composed of four Republicans and three Democrats. The 79th Congress, which set a new record with its feminine membership, had six women Democrats and five Republicans. Nominations of opposite political parties, the two new Congresswomen also represent widely different geographic areas of the United States.

From the small town of Tuxedo in the rural region of the Ramapo Mountains in New York State comes Mrs. Katherine St. George, Republican. Active on her large farm where she has been successful in the breeding of sporting dogs, she brings to the new Congress an intimate interest in American country life. She also is concerned with veterans' legislation and American foreign policy.

Mrs. St. George, slender, blue-eyed and blonde, was born in England where her father was

European editor of the American magazine, *Forum*. Her family returned to the United States when she was two years old. In her pre-Congressional career, Mrs. St. George was prominent in state political affairs in New York, and with her interest in public matters, has combined family life. She has a daughter and two grandchildren.

The new Democratic nominee, Mrs. Georgia Lusk of New Mexico, comes from the vast southwestern section of the United States, where individualism in living corresponds to the ruggedness of the desert and mountainous terrain. A former school teacher and the wife of a western rancher, Mrs. Lusk was elected state superintendent of public instruction in New Mexico first in 1930, and again in 1942.

The state of New Mexico has been of national interest to American educators because of the unusual problems arising from its complex population, which is Anglo and Spanish-American and American Indian. Actively promoting advanced educational legislation in her own state, Mrs. Lusk as superintendent secured recodification of New Mexico school laws, free textbooks, a retirement program for teachers, and rural and community health improvements. She is the mother of three sons, all of whom were in military service in the war. The eldest was killed in action in the African Theater.

DEAN OF WOMEN LEGISLATORS

The two feminine newcomers in Congress have as their colleagues women members who have established milestones in the political

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

(Continued from page 21)

from a magazine. Another magazine idea we would like to carry out is to use an old picture frame as a serving tray.

The complaint of most housewives nowadays is the lack of space for this and that in their respective homes. Do you realize that a door can be fitted with shelves to hold odds and ends that are scattered here and there because they lack a home of their own? The inside of a door opening into the bathroom or bedroom may be converted into a "medicine cabinet" with half a dozen shelves or into a "clothes closet" with porcelain or metal hooks nailed in a row. Place a slanting, narrow shelf at the bottom for shoes and slippers.

Walls, according to one interior decorator, are most often

just wasted spaces. Why not put up shelves on them to take care of your books, magazines, sewing box or basket, writing equipment, and many other things that have to be out of the way when not used. Shelves can take the place of tables.

Windows are also "wasted spaces." Now that barred windows are the rule as a precautionary measure, you can combine safety with usefulness and beauty. Instead of the usual perpendicular bars, use horizontal shelves, maybe 4-6 inches apart, supported by boards of the same width as the shelves. Cover the outside with wire mesh. Then display your best glasses, small pots or vases, decorative objects, in the squares.

* * *

Relieve INDIGESTION
Diarrhea
 AND OTHER STOMACH DISTURBANCES
 with
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 Made in U.S. for METRO DRUG CORP.



A member of the Cadet Nurse Corp of the United States serves a patient his lunch. The Cadet Nurse Corp, now that war is over, finds itself a vital home front factor.

milies, she may, through her knowledge of other community services, supply the guidance needed in cases out of her own field, or she may notify other agencies of cases needing their specialized attention.

The visiting nurse likewise plays a vital role in helping private doctors and public health officials ward off sickness, and is indispensable in the control of tuberculosis and various communicable diseases.

First Association Established in 1886

The first Visiting Nurses Association in the United States was established in Buffalo, New York, in 1886. The success of the work of the Buffalo agency encouraged other areas to set up similar establishments, and by 1912 there were about 800 agencies in the United States using visiting nurses' services.

To coordinate the work and set up standards for these scattered health programs, leading American nurses met at a convention in Chicago, Illinois, in June, 1912, and founded the National Organization of Public Health Nursing—the NOPHN—the headquarters of which are now located in New York City.

The general purpose of the NOPHN is to promote high standards of efficiency in public health nursing and to act as an information center. To accomplish this, various publications are made available both to members and non-members. Its monthly magazine *Public Health Nursing* contains the latest information in the field gleaned from nation-wide sources. In addition to this regular periodical, it issues, at nominal fees, pamphlets and bulletins covering all phases of public health work, including administration, mental hygiene, communicable diseases, industrial nursing, and nursing education and supervision.

The NOPHN has grown steadily in strength and scope as the field of public health work has expanded. It has kept step with the rapid developments in preventive medicine and the significant social and scientific movements of the time. During the war, the NOPHN helped to organize public health services in parts of the country where the influx of war industries had created great and sudden overpopulation with its attendant evils of inadequate housing and hospital care.

Visiting Nurse

THERE are approximately 25,000 public health nurses in the United States, working in crowded cities, small towns, or remote country districts. They may be employed by the school or the county; they may be industrial nurses or part of a city Health Department. Or they may work for a Visiting Nurses Association, as privately financed public health agencies in the United States are usually called.

Women employed by these Visiting Nurses Associations are graduate registered nurses with specialized training and experience in the field of public health. Many schools of nursing in the United States offer post-graduate courses of theoretical and practical training in public health work. Three institutes in the country now offer a basic professional curriculum leading to a degree preparing their students for practice in the home, the hospital, or public health agency. Nurses, also may acquire the necessary additional training on a

part-time basis while on the job.

Services Extended to All Who Are Ill

Visiting Nurses Associations are privately financed, and they extend their services to all who are ill regardless of the ability of the patient to pay. Financial support for their work is provided in a number of ways. Part of their funds may come from fees paid by individual patients. A number of insurance companies contract to pay for the care to certain types of their policyholders. Money may come from foundation endowments and part from county or state Health Department funds set aside for their purpose. About half of the money used by these voluntary agencies is received from contributions from individuals or from the Community Chest funds for charitable purposes collected in annual drives.

The job of the visiting nurse is important both to the community and to the nation. Her services may include general medical and surgical nursing, ma-

ternity nursing—including prenatal care, child and orthopedic nursing. Often, she must also counsel a family on problems relating to physical and mental health.

Educators in Public Health

The visiting nurse plays the role of educator in the field of public health, instructing families in the fundamentals of home nursing or teaching infant care. By group teaching, expectant mothers may be given the opportunity to receive scientific information, ask questions, and share in the discussion of mutual problems. The visiting nurse knows that health begins at home and that well-balanced and nutritious meals are essential in keeping the family health up to par. Therefore, she helps promote better health by guiding families in budget and diet planning.

The visiting nurse often acts as the go-between for individuals and other community welfare services. From her personal and intimate contact with indigent fa-

Need for Services Increased

Peace has not brought any lessening of the need for public health nurses. Thousands of disabled veterans require and will continue to require home nursing, and the end of the war has increased rather than relieved the nursing shortage in the United States.

Retirement of older nurses, advantage taken of educational opportunities offered veterans by many demobilized nurses, rest periods found necessary for others, and an increased marriage rate are contributing factors in the situation. The NOPHN estimates that an additional 40,000 public health nurses will be needed in

the United States.

The NOPHN Committee on Postwar Planning has developed an integrated program for nationwide action in the field of public health. Its main points are:

- (1) Maintenance and development of nursing services;
- (2) A program of nursing education;
- (3) Channels and means for distributing nursing services;
- (4) Implementation of standards to protect the best interests of the public and the nurse; and
- (5) An information and public relations program.

The role played by the visiting nurse will be a vital one in this entire program.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

(Continued from page 27)

teran among feminine lawmakers, having served continuously since 1925. Besides being an expert on veterans' affairs, Mrs. Rogers, a grayhaired and energetic woman, is a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. A member of the Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation in the 79th Congress, she was sent to Europe in 1944 on a government mission to confer with Army and civilian officials in the war-stricken countries. She also attended the Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace held in Mexico City. One of Mrs. Rogers' outstanding achievements in wartime legislation was her authorship of the bill creating the Women's Army Corps.

Frances Payne Bolton of Ohio, also in the Republican group, and elected first in 1940, has a keen interest in public welfare as well as international relations. As a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, she made a noteworthy wartime tour of 20 countries of Europe and Asia in 63 days.

Particularly concerned with public health and nursing, Mrs. Bolton sponsored the Cadet Nurse Corps legislation, which provided for the training of thousands of young women to meet the critical shortage of nurses during the war. In her home city of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Bolton endowed the School of Nursing at the Western Reserve University, which bears her name.

An unusual business career was

the experience of another Republican Congresswoman, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. Prior to her political life, she was an executive for printing, publishing, telephone and woolen companies in Maine.

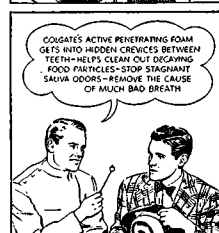
First elected to Congress in 1940, Mrs. Smith has been the only woman member of the House Naval Affairs Committee. As a committee member, she visited the Pacific War Theater in 1944, and in 1945 went to Hawaii for a special inspection of the naval area.

FIRST CONGRESSWOMAN ELECTED IN 1947

As a whole, the new women Representatives are considered typical of the high quality of the 38 American women who have served in the United States Congress since the election of the first Congresswoman in 1917. She was Miss Jeanette Rankin, Republican, of the western state of Montana, where woman's suffrage was granted in 1914, six years before the national constitutional amendment provided equal voting rights for all women in the United States.

The nation's Congresswomen not only constitute specially elected legislators, but are looked upon as reflecting the viewpoint of average American wives and mothers. Only four spinsters have been elected to Congress, while the majority of Congresswomen have reared families and made homes. They also bring to Con-

(Continued on page 31)



SOMETIMES friendship was very deflating, Cory reflected, as she walked down the raspberry-colored hall of the old-fashioned apartment house where she lived. "Until this dinner party tonight, I felt like somebody, or anyway, like myself. Now I feel a crumpled-up sprinster. That's what I mean about friendship, or how does Ellen do it?"

Outwardly it had been a pleasant evening like hundreds of others she had spent at the suburban homes of her married friends. There had been cocktails, and long dresses, and dinner, and conversation with highballs later. Cory had exchanged rather shy "Hi's" with Ellen's two children; Ellen had sat beside her while she did her hair, which she wore short and brushed smoothly over her nicely modeled head, and said, "You know darling, Ben's a real person. He's not spectacular, but he's genuine. You could do worse.



but it wasn't always possible.

The sight of her apartment soothed her. Its walls were off-white, and its decor consisted of a few good modern pieces and some old family heirlooms—well, somebody's family heirlooms—from the auctions. Her colors were odd blues and purples, and there was a Rivera drawing of the volcano that had suddenly bloomed in a farmer's field, ancient and terrible magic grown from an unknown seed. She had bought the drawing when she was in Mexico the spring before last, but she had to turn her mind from that, because of the reason for her going. It had been to forget Varian Krees, or at least, to get over him; she didn't even now, really want to forget him, inconvenient as remembering was. It was Varian who stood in the way of her marrying someone like Ben, and becoming what her friends called a complete and happy woman.

Marriage Is A Long Way Off

And I happen to know that he's terribly—well, interested in you."

"How do you know?" Cory asked.

"I can just tell," Ellen said. Cory sighed. People were always telling her that the man they had invited to be her dinner partner was terribly genuine as though she were apt to turn him over and look for a label.

Of course, she already knew Ben Tillot. They had met at Ellen's some half-dozen times when Ellen had insisted to her husband that they couldn't let poor Cory languish alone in the city on this night and Cory had been unable to sound convincing about having other plans. And Ben was very nice indeed. He was, Cory thought as she was going downstairs to the sound of cocktails, a composite of all the nice people asked to meet her, because she was Cory Kennedy, who was almost thirty and not married yet. He was between thirty-five and forty, wore glasses, had a small mustache, dressed carefully, and had a guaranteed durable set of prejudices and opinions that served in lieu of ideas. At the same time, he was kindly, generous and decent.

If she married Ben, she would become, in the eyes of her friends,

When A Girl Is Almost Thirty, Unmarried And Not Interested In The Eligibles Of Her Set, She's A Failure In The Eyes Of Her Friends. Cory Couldn't Tell Them That In Her Heart She Was Already Married.

By HAMLIN HUNT

a success instead of a failure. It was a strange conviction women had that if another woman was unmarried she was a failure and must be miserable. Cory usually felt she had a fascinating life, but going to dinner at Ellen's made her wonder.

She couldn't even slap them down with a dazzling career, like Marcia Allen's. Marcia was also a college classmate, and unmarried, but she was in the fashion business, so she always wore marvelous clothes, went everywhere. Cory preferred her own career, with its carefully selected jobs, but she felt it would be unkind to tell these people—most of whom seemed a little disappointed in life—that she earned four or five thousand dollars a year in her casual way, lived as she pleased and could take a trip on the spur of the moment.

So she sat there and was Ellen's spinster friend, who did some sort of office work in the city, and

seemed to be a quiet little thing, not bad-looking, and with a sort of a sense of humor. Ben sought her out, and had even bought her a gardenia and escorted her home.

She said good night to Ben downstairs in the mock-marble foyer, instead of asking him up to her apartment, as he obviously hoped she would. He was more persistent than was his custom, and finally said, "Then it's dinner on Friday? I'll call for you at the office, or here?"

"Here," she said. "Good," he said. "I'd like to to have you to myself for a little while. We never seem to have any time alone, do we?"

"I don't suppose we do," she said. Lately she had been making it a point to see that they didn't, because she could tell Ben was about to ask her to marry him, and she didn't know her own mind about him. She preferred to get out of situations by avoiding them,

She thought: He might still come back someday.

She began to settle back into being herself, and at home. She kicked off her shoes and put on a pair of sheepskin-lined slippers. She tried to undo the feeling of failure the evening had given her by using all her favorite ruses. She got a book of poetry and a new murder and put them on the stool beside the bathtub. She poured a tumblerful of sherry and set it beside the books, the cigarettes, matches and ash tray. She filled the tub to the brim with hot water, and eased into it, and devoted the first few minutes to cold cream, bath salts and expensive soap, and the next hour to more intellectual pastimes.

But when she got into bed the feeling swept back over in a gigantic wave, and she felt worthless and inconsequential. Look at poor Cory, she thought, using the words of all her worried, married friends. What will become of her?

She woke the next morning and got ready to work with the same feeling of despair still clinging to her, thinking: My seventy-sixth job. Maybe I'm not the steady, reliable kind?

Though, when she was feeling better, she made a wonderful saga

of her seventy-five previous jobs. She had met some fascinating people, and done a lot of interesting work, and she changed jobs with a purpose, for she had her own philosophy about working.

"I work so I can stop working," she said honestly. "Sometimes I love what I'm doing, but after a while tired of the same desk, the same view out the window, and then I know it's time to take a trip, if I can afford it, or else time to find another job."

She had no dependents, and she could take chances. So Cory had worked in all kinds of offices, and for all kinds of causes. In time, she had come to have special qualifications that could always keep her employed at a good salary—she could edit manuscripts, run a fund-raising campaign, and put a book together.

That was how she had met Varian Krees. Someone had sent him to her to help him with his book. She had come down in a rattling elevator one night after six and seen him waiting in the lobby, hunched against the wall, newspaper in one hand, cigarette burning—you had the feeling he could wait for days in just that way, comfortable in his gray suit and crepe-soled shoes, and chocolate in case of emergency.

He looked up at the sound of the elevator. "Miss Kennedy?" he said.

"Yes," said Cory.

"Jim Banks sent me to look

you up," Varian said. "About a book. We'll go and have drinks and dinner, okay?"

"Why not?" Cory said, equally direct.

They went to a small bar, and had wonderful old-fashioned, and it was nine o'clock before they went on to shrimps and steak somewhere else.

Varian was what he described as a photographic historian. He traveled, and took pictures as he went. When he came home, he gave lectures, or sold his photographs, and whenever he had a photographic exhibit, he won a prize or two.

"I'm just one step removed from a hobo," he told Cory. "I make a living. If I didn't, I'd still roam. Now they tell me the time's ripe for another book, so I thought I'd get you to help me. After that, I'm planning to try to find out what really makes India tick, and take pictures of the pieces."

There was no satisfactory place for them to work. Thousands of photographs and notes on scraps of paper were unhandy to deal with, so Cory stored them all in her bathroom, which was very convenient, and they worked at her apartment. At first they worked on occasional evenings, and week ends, but Cory became absorbed and gave up her job to work full time.

"Can you afford it?" Varian asked.

"Oh, yes, thanks. I like to make money in lumps, and I have a little saved. When I get paid for this job, it'll be another lump, and I may even take a trip myself before I go back to another job."

"That's the way to do it," Va-

rian said. "That's owning your money and not having it own you. Most girls don't seem to know about it, though."

"Most girls don't earn enough to be able to afford to take chances," Cory said. "I'm just lucky, that's all."

HOW IS BAGUIO

(Continued from page 5)

soon. (2) The Teachers' Camp which is still in ruins will be put on its feet soon. Unlike the old teachers' camp which came to life only in summer, the proposed one will be utilized for classroom purposes during the school year and be used by the teachers in summer.

When Kennon Road is once more opened, the high cost of living now in Baguio might drop. Kennon Road is the shortest cut to the lowlands and the flow of products up to the mountain city

will be greatly stimulated with increased transportation facilities. Vacationists, though, do not find the still-closed Kennon Road an impediment. They either suffer the rough bus ride through Naguilian or take the plane. In short, people will go to Baguio as long as they want to, regardless of anything that may be said pro or con as to conditions currently obtaining in the mountain resort. Baguio is there, it beckons to the world once more.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

(Continued from page 29)

gress the benefits of varied professional achievements. The congressional jobs of women members have included, in addition to home-making, law, journalistic work, the theater, playwriting, and commercial fields. Among earlier Congresswomen, college graduates and non-collegians were about equally divided, but in recent years high-ranking university graduates have predominated.

The feminine legislators add smartness and a touch of color to the usually somber congressional scene, as well as dignity and sincerity. What the Congresswoman wears is not important to the service which she renders the people, but the inquisitive eyes of the American press and of other women are invariably turned to the garb in which the

feminine lawmakers appear on the opening day of Congress. Usually they choose well-tailored black costumes, brightened by a frivolous hat, costume jewelry or contrasting accessories.

While the achievements of feminine legislators in the wartime Congresses of the United States served historical purposes, women members of the incoming Congress also will face critical questions and duties. In addition to its mounting responsibility in foreign affairs, the United States through coming legislation must solve many domestic issues. Congresswomen are expected to press for action on vital questions affecting the public welfare—labor, veterans' affairs, housing, price control and extensive social legislation.

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"I'm lucky, too," Varian said. "It's a great thing to know what you want."

"Isn't it?" said Cory.

A curious silence fell between them, as between who have protested a little too much. Neither looked at the other. Cory pasted a photograph into a space on a typed page.

"It would be even greater if two of you wanted the same sort of thing," Varian said. "But one is usually pushing or pulling the other where he doesn't want to go."

Cory put her paste brush down. "The door's wide open," she said.

"I don't want to go through it," Varian said. "I want to stay on the same side with you... Maybe it did worry me a little to find out but I'm getting over that. Cory, I'm crazy about you."

She didn't move. She couldn't speak. Finally, in a whisper that did not sound like her at all, she said, "Are you? I thought I had the feeling all to myself."

"Did you?" he said.

And then, as though wires had been clipped and freedom let loose, they moved together, blindly.

"So this is what it's all about," Varian said, when she was in his arms. "It's simple when you find out, isn't it?"

"Simple as pie," said Cory. "I'm so glad you got here at last."

She cleared her life for Varian, cutting off other men and dates, even friends, doing only what was necessary and what she

and Varian wanted. She thought about the future very little. This was love, wasn't it? She was old enough now, and sure enough of herself, to welcome love with both hands and without fear. Sometimes she felt as though she and Varian had been married for years. She couldn't remember what it had been like before Varian came: she didn't want to imagine what a future without him would be.

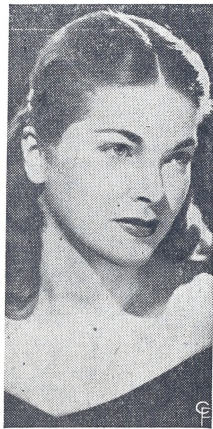
Yet when he got a sudden assignment to India, with a chance to fly to that country with a group of government officials, who were going to investigate famine causes, she had to think about it.

"May be we could waive the three-day laws, and have a few hours as legal man and wife," Varian said, harassing through a mound of legal documents, passports, and papers of all kinds. He looked worried and tired. "If you want to do it that way, I'm willing. I love you, and I want you to be what you want, and have what you want out of life. For myself I'd rather have the day or more it would take to arrange a wedding—just being together, just being happy in our own way. But it's for you to say, Cory."

She felt as pale as a mushroom, and as footed as one in damp earth, unable to move. She had known, she supposed, that separation would come, but knowing in your head, and having it happen in your heart, were two different things.

It would be wonderful, to be Varian's wife and to wear his ring, and have the world know that they belonged together forever. But wouldn't it be more wonderful, in a realistic way, to have as much time with him as she could, and not spend that time signing papers, and standing before frosted-glass win-

A Harvard Choice



EDITORS of the Harvard University "Lampoon" picked this unnamed Ohio Wesleyan co-ed as most beautiful from portraits of nine anonymous campus lovelies. The pictures had been sent to them by the editors of Ohio's "Bijou" with a request that they choose the prettiest girl in the group. (International)

The League of Women Voters is the recipient of a letter from United Nations Department of Public Information offering the facilities of its section for Non-Government Organizations in the dissemination of information about the United Nations. These facilities offered include publications, visual aids, film strip, radio material and posters. The League is planning to cooperate in every way in the aims of the United Nations because they are beneficial to a small nation like the Philippines.

come back, I'll be myself again."

They had never had a more beautiful time together than during their last hours, for they were parting so sure of their love for each other that there was no bitterness or grief in their parting.

It was only after Varian had been gone for some weeks that Cory realized how much she was suffering in his absence: she seldom heard from him, for communication was bad, and she woke at night, listening as if she could hear him shouting at her across space. Sometimes now she wished she could see his ring on her hand, so that he would seem real again. She hated to get his book off to the publisher, because his manuscript was the last tangible bond between them. She was thinner, and paler, and friends asked her, "What's wrong, Cory? Haven't you been well?"

Among themselves, she knew, they speculated on what had happened to her: may have guessed at the truth, but it was only after a long time that they stopped asking about Varian.

"I'm not going to talk about it," Cory said. "I'm not going to say we're engaged, or that we'll be married when he comes back. I'm not going to say anything, and they can think what they like because that's what they'll do anyway."

So she kept silent, and went her own way. She got another job and found it interesting, and one day something seemed to happen to her suddenly: she burst through her shell of grief and was suddenly aware of herself as a member of a fascinating group called the human race. There were a lot of people she liked, and a lot of things she was interested in, and she was alive, and had work to do. And no matter what came of it, she had had love. She had loved to her utmost, and been loved in return, and no one could ever take from her the

dows?

"There'll be time enough to get married when you come back, won't there?" she said.

He looked at her, and she saw with surprise that he was pale, too, and damp, as if from great strain or effort, and that his hands shook. "There'll never be time enough for me to be with you, Cory," he said. "And I'll be back as soon as I can get here."

"I know." Said Cory. "I won't say I'll be waiting. But when you

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safety of heart that love had given her.

It was hard, as time went on, when people began treating her like a spinster again. Sometimes Cory wanted to shout, "Why do you think you have everything out there in Bronxville? I've got a man, too. I've got a home, and a job, and memories, and books, and I can choose my own clothes, and sit in a hot bath for two hours, reading, if I want to! Why are you always saying, 'Look at poor Cory.' There she is, still single?"

I'm wronging Ben, Cory thought about Thursday of that week. There had been no word from there was nothing to look forward to but more of the same emptiness. He's as nice as he can be, she thought. I'm delighted to have a date with him tomorrow night. I may even marry him. How can I possibly know that Varian will come back or that if he does he'll still want to marry

To Write Fashions



WEARING a leopard skin coat and dark goggles, Doris Duke, one of the world's richest women, arrives at La Guardia Field, New York, from Honolulu. She announced that she would leave soon for Paris to do fashion writing for a national magazine. (International)

me? And that evening she had one of those silly experiences that sometimes happen to girls who live alone and haven't even a roommate to call on for assistance.

Cory had gone to bed with her hair done in bobbypins when the doorbell rang, and she answered the door. It might be a special delivery letter.

But this time it was a young man with a bottle in his pocket, who claimed to be looking for a Helen McMartin who was supposed to live in this building. He sat down so readily, taking out his bottle and offering to share its contents with Cory, that it placed of Helen.

"She isn't here, and I don't know her," Cory kept saying. "Don't know her, eh?" said the young man thoughtfully. Well, have a drink anyway."

Finally, thinking to speed him on his way, Cory had a drink. That was a mistake. In spite of her attempts to get rid of him, he fell asleep in the armchair and she grew desperate. Should she arouse the apartment house, call the superintendent, call the police, and generally make a scene? She would be compromised if she did that, anyway. So she decided to let him sleep where he was since it was impossible to rouse him, and in time, even went uneasily to sleep herself, wrapped in a quilt, and staying firmly on top of the bed. In the morning, she woke the young man, gave him coffee, and put him out ruthlessly.

"Go and find Miss McMartin," she said. "An I don't ever want to see you again."

"You won't," he said. "It's the least I can do."

But she could never be sure. Drunks had a way of stumbling back where they had been before, and now she could add one more dread to her list of miner dreads.

So Ben looked very good to her Friday evening, and she made him canapes and good Martinis, and whipped up a bright fire in the fireplace and welcomed him as she hadn't for a long time.

"This is the way it could be every evening," Ben said. "You know what I want to ask you, Cory. You've been putting me off. I'm not so stupid that I can't tell that. But tonight I wonder if you haven't changed, and whether I haven't a chance?"

"May be you have," Cory said. "I'm lonesome, Ben."

"So am I," he said. "And I

think you're wonderful, Cory. I wish you'd marry me."

She was silent for a long time, letting him hold her hand. She even let him kiss her and found it pleased. She was human, and she like men, and she liked being loved. She looked down at her ringless hands, and thought about Varian. It seemed as though she had not thought of him for days, and there was the shock of discovery, now, in remembering him who had left her nothing of himself that could be seen or touched or acknowledged by anyone in the world but herself. Ben would give her a ring but if he did she could never have Varian.

Suddenly it seemed like no exact and self-pity fell away, so that she seemed herself again — Cory Kennedy, spinster, but member of the human race, nevertheless, with all a human's hopes and sense of possible defeat, as well. Who was she to give in to loneliness, and marry for company? Why, she was Cory who knew what love was all about and who might get a letter, any day now, from Varian, or whose doorbell might ring any evening and there Varian would stand, in a crumpled tweed suit, with a bundle of photographs under one arm.

WASHINGTON. — The Department of Agriculture recently announced the allocation of 1,250,000 hundred-pound bags of milled rice for U.S. civilians during the second quarter of 1947. This is approximately 40 per cent of the total allocable supply of 3,183,500 bags during this period. It is three times the quantity received by civilians in a corresponding period of 1946 when supplies were extremely short.

Allocations for the second quarter of 1947 also include 1,504,700 bags for commercial exports and shipments to U.S. territories, 250,000 bags for exports, implemented by the Production and Marketing Administration, to the Philippines, and 178,800 bags for U.S. military and war services.

And if he never came, still she was Cory, and content to stay that way.

"I wish I'd marry you, too," she said gently. "I imagine it would be nice. But I can't and it's late and I'm hungry."

After a long minute, Ben stood up. "Well, we'll go to dinner, then," he said.

And all her married friends would probably go right on saying, "Look at poor Cory!"

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The clinging sheath of a long dress frothy with lace. Take care to have the décolletage right in order to justify use of



Another evening attire planned with exotic whimsey. Glittering sequins for the lopsided strap are echoed in the embellishments for the drape.

fabulous choker with bracelets to match.

can not say the same for the strawberries and the everlasting flowers. They are there all right but as if by device, they are few and far between and prohibitively priced.

But the Manilans did shop all right. There was the First Lady and her entourage shopping at high noon Maundy Thursday. The shops are quite well-stocked in the way of goods which the way of life up there requires. The new houses built for the government officials are dandy affairs. We were asked to the Speaker's house which stands side by side with that of the Senate President's. These are two-story homes with superb appointments. The gardens, though, are still mere plans but the gardeners are now on the job and very soon the place will be a riot of blooms, orchids included.

"Looking At You" p. 5 is an outgrowth of a rather pleasant discovery that many women, although they don't easily admit it, so execute some form of exercise in their own way and derive thereby beneficial results. It is all in really putting a system to work,

taking pains to make it work and then reaping the benefits.

Our inveterate home-maker, Mrs. Leynes, has cooked up ideas on how to bring in the money even if one stayed at home. She has always had an admiration for capable women who raise families and help their husbands besides. So when she read in a magazine that women abroad are actually earning money at home, she lost no time in passing on the word about our own women who are doing same.

Our fictionists Pedroche and Viray have each one of their choice outputs for this number. Pedroche once more sings the tender story of life—and death. Viray starts out with a gay birthday celebration and brings in a surprise undertow in the only subtle way he knows.

The Independence of the Philippine Red Cross has come and has been inaugurated. This is a historical event and the Woman's Home Journal is proud to record this all-important happening (pp. 8-9).

—P. T. G.

SINATRA ATTENDS U. N. SESSION



THE BOBBY SOXERS' IDOL Frank Sinatra (left) is shown with Jo Davidson, sculptor, as they attended a meeting of the United Nations Security Council at Hunter College, in the Bronx, N. Y. Sinatra said he represented the National Conference for Christians and Jews. The teen-agers who attended the meeting were instructed to refrain from swooning or screaming, and they obeyed. Not even a sigh was heard. (International)

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