

# Superman's HOME JOURNAL

September, 1946

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# W o m a n ' s Home Journal

(Official Organ of the National  
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## THIS MONTH'S ISSUE



On Our Cover: MISS LOUISE MCNUTT, daughter of U. S. Ambassador Paul V. McNutt and Mrs. Kathleen McNutt. Miss McNutt majors in good taste, easy good humor and charming conversation. She is active in local social welfare work. She likes the Philippines and is very happy here.

**WE MADE** all necessary preparations to make the appointment with Miss Louise McNutt but, as Fate would have it we were a good hour late and all we had to show for our rather "bad manners" was a humorous little tale of how we got lost and what the MP said. Chancery is something you can't miss amidst the ruins of Malate, but try getting there in a jeep full of photographic equipment atop which sits news-hound Manuel Lagunsad, and Photographer Bob Razon, and an assistant.... and see what a feat  
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**B**Y FAR ONE of the most challenging books that has been brought to my attention since our liberation is Pearl S. Buck's *Of Men and Women*, 1941. A vast deal of plain speaking and truth is to be found in it.

My introduction to the book came about this way. Soon after our liberation, I made the acquaintance of an American girl, a college graduate, who was employed in one of the services of the American forces in Manila. She was then recently married to a medical officer, a gentle, soft-spoken man with the air of a professor. In one of our delightful "just between us girls" chats, she confided to me her disappointment at her husband's refusal to allow her to continue in her work.

"Just think of it. Without my knowledge, he has gone to my chief and told her that I was quitting my job. I have argued with him; I have pleaded with him, but he would not listen to me. So, I wrote to my mother in the States to send me a copy of Pearl S. Buck's book, and I gave it to him to read. Have you read it?"

"No," I said frankly.

"But it is several years old," she added.

"Blame the Japs. For three nightmarish years we were isolated from civilization. I am behind my readings." I confessed.

She lent me the book. On the fly-leaf I read the flattering inscriptions:

"To the Perfect Husband.

"He can do no wrong."

My friend, the young bride, like a trained debater, had cited a famous writer and authority to support her own arguments. Did the perusal of the book alter his views on the disputed subject? Before me is a recent letter from the "Perfect Husband" of my friend telling me, among other things, that his precious wife has agreed to keep house for him in an eastern city where he is to resume his practice.

#### Woman's Place is the Home

He is a man who knows definitely where he wants his woman to be. Home, the traditional sphere of the virtuous woman who should want no more than her home, husband, and children. Should she take part in outside interests, she is likely to be charged with neglecting her home. Some women are so steeped in this idea that it has become a

matter of pride to them to say that they have no other interest but their home.

This is the very attitude that women leaders in the Philippines have had to combat in their effort to arouse the interest of women in civic affairs. So prevalent was their indifference to the outside world that civic movements in our communities have been discouragingly slow and feeble. In our campaign for woman suffrage, one of the greatest obstacles that we encountered came from the women who proudly asserted that they were not interested in politics but in their homes alone.

These isolationists, as one may call them, provided our opponents with strong arguments against our political enfranchisement, branding us a small, ambitious minority confined to the City of Manila. The sympathy and co-operation of the isolationists could have eased our struggle and hastened the attainment of our objective.

However, since the extension of the suffrage to Filipino women, there has been a notable improvement in their attitude toward civic affairs. Under a sustained and intelligent leadership, we hope that they may yet contribute effectively to the solution of many difficult economic, social, and moral problems which the recent war has created in our communities.

If woman's place is the home, then logically a home must be provided for every woman; but is this true in Western society? Is it not a fact that in Western countries there is a considerable number of unattached women who have no homes that need their services? In such society, mar-



### Must Women Just Stay At Home? Read The Views Of A Leading Intellectual On This All-Important Question.

riage is a highly competitive business and not every girl succeeds to get a husband. Miss Buck says that the old-fashioned Chinese are more consistent and charitable than Western man. As they believe that woman's place is in the home, the parents see to it that their daughters are married and placed in homes. Bachelor girls are not found in their households.

Moreover, what is the state of the home in Western countries, especially in industrialized countries, America, for example? The Industrial and Technological Revolutions have taken away from the home its economic importance. The establishment of factories has lured away from it even women and children. If the mother stays at home, she will find it a lonely place, serving merely as a dormitory to its tired occupants.

To a woman with only a normal interest in domestic work, house-keeping is not a full-time job. Of course, there are women who find domestic work satisfying, and who, after their own children are grown up, spend the rest of their lives caring for their grandchildren. Such women form a minority, however.

The loneliness of the home be-

comes more appalling to women who have reached their fifties and their children have left home to establish their own. They have ceased to be indispensable in the home, yet at that age most of them are still strong, energetic, and at their best. If they are unprepared to follow some worthwhile calling, and they have brains, they constitute a discontented and unhappy group. Should not women look forward to that age and prepare themselves to take up some soul-fulfilling work to escape a life of emptiness and loneliness?

#### The Angel Tradition

Man's desire to keep woman in the home led him to invent the angelic tradition. He told her "Stay at home and be always waiting for me. Be lovely and pure and gentle. Then I shall have an angel in my home. You will be my inspiration." She must stay at home for if she went out into the world, she might lose her angelic qualities. He promised to provide her with everything she might need for her comfort and happiness. The practical-minded woman considered it a fair bargain and although she had no idea as to what an angel should be, she agreed to make herself into one; that is, as man

# Women AS ANGELS



Left: Nurses, themselves mothers, caring for children other than theirs. Above: Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda presiding over a meeting of women who find time to worry about other people's welfare.

wanted that angel to be. Miss Buck describes an angel's behavior thus: "She smiles at him in the way she thinks most angelic. But the moment he is gone, she stops being an angel. She yawns, saunters about the house, does what she has to do when she wants to, for being an angel has demoralized her and she does not work as she once worked. She talks over the back fence with other angels, brings her fingernails to a state of high perfection, reads in feminine magazines what angels are wearing this year and how they are doing their hair and what are the latest tricks angels use in charming men, and is, nevertheless on the whole a great deal bored with the whole business."

Man would like to think of woman as an angel, but the fact is she is just a human being. Woman is a stern realist, practical, and unsentimental. Deep in her heart she knows that the role of an angel is ridiculous, but, as it affords her security and many privileges, she is clinging to it. It is the easiest way to get her bills paid, as there are plenty of men who like angels.

Mussolini, Hitler, and the Vichy Government wanted all wo-

men locked in the homes for breeding purposes. They would not appoint woman to public offices except the menial ones which men did not want for themselves.

The angel tradition has weakened the moral fiber of both men and women. In this changing world angels have become an absurdity; they have no place in politics or public offices. Women who have received a modern education and political liberty have no right to claim angelic privileges. For the good of both men and women the angel tradition must be discarded. Miss Buck believes that "a real woman wants none of the false femininity of the angel about her. She likes work at least as well as man does; she thrives on hardships, she enjoys a practical problem to be solved, she loathes the hours she has to spend keeping the wrinkles out of her face, she despises having to waste time on the foibles of fashion. She wants to live and enjoy herself and to feel her good brain working keenly and awfully in all she does. She is hearty and passionate, and by nature an earth-loving creature when she gets the angel out of her system."

## The Plight of the Educated Woman

The educated woman who is eager to use her training and powers beyond the four walls of her home finds a world hostile to her ambitions. Tradition is against her. She is denied a man's chance to work and succeed in her chosen line. Even her fellow women distrust her. Will a woman entrust an important legal case to a woman lawyer? No; she goes to a man lawyer, although there are able and brilliant women lawyers. If she seeks public office, she finds that only subordinate positions, "assistant-something-or-other," are open to her. Men bar her rise any further. She is treated like a political minority.

The absurdity of the whole situation is that democratic countries allow women to cultivate their minds like men. There are no restrictions to them in the pursuit of learning; but when they want to put to use their training, society places barriers to the fulfillment of their ambitions.

In this connection, Miss Buck cites again the wisdom of the ancient Chinese. Among them, women were prepared only for their role in actual life. No false notions were put into their heads. They were taught housekeeping, the care of small children and the like, and they were made to realize that they needed to know no more than that. As a result, they were in general a happy and contented group of women.

## Education for Life

To improve the situation of the educated woman in America Miss Buck proposed a reorientation of education. The antagonism of men to women in public life can be traced in their home environment. The attitude of male superiority has its roots in his early training. While still very young, he learns to assume a disdainful attitude to things feminine, for he is constantly reminded even by his mother not to be a "sissy." Housework becomes "sissy" to him, and fit only for girls. Sensitive to these home influences, he grows up feeling superior to all women.

Miss Buck formulates certain principles on which a school program can be built, which will destroy man's ideas of superiority to woman and establish a harmonious relationship between the sexes. Through education alone

can man be made to realize that woman is his equal and woman can be convinced that she must consider herself man's equal and assume equal responsibility with man. In her opinion, schools should aim "to educate men and women for each other;" that is the "true education for life."

First, men and women should go to school together from kindergarten to the university.

Second, they should be taught "exactly the same things by the same persons." Home-making and child-care, hitherto considered woman's sole responsibility, should be taught to men and women together. It is not wise for women to have exclusive control of children's education. That is a task which should be performed by both men and women for the benefit of the children. The charge which is sometimes voiced that society is tending to be effeminated can be attributed to man's failure to share in the responsibility of home-making and child-care. The reason why some homes are badly managed is that women who ought not to be entrusted with that responsibility are compelled by tradition to assume it, while men who would make efficient home-makers are obliged by tradition to hold jobs for which they have neither inclination nor aptitude.

To realize the aims of this proposed educational program certain subjects in the curriculum must be rewritten. For instance, history. It has been taught as the work of men, and when women are mentioned they are either queens or rebels performing spectacular feats. The truth about women's role in history must be told as Mary A. Beard does in her new book entitled *Women as Force in History*. In the building of nations women have had as great a share as men had. They have gone where men have gone and have done practically what men have done.

Definitely a significant contribution to the study of the relationship between men and women, this book has been adopted by the committee on economic and legal status of women of the American Association of University Women. In the opinion of one commentator, it should be required reading in every college and university throughout the United States. To us living under a new republic, the book is thought-provoking and an exciting reading.



HERMENE GILDO  
ATIENZA, Congressman  
for Manila.

# To Liberalize Or YES

SOON AFTER Manila was liberated, I was, by good fortune, placed in charge of the city government as administrative officer. People came to me with their troubles. Veterans came to me for help and advice. Quite a number came to me with their marital problems. They have been away from home for years. Now they are back from the wars, and they find that their wives have had children by other men during their absence. Some of them were still living with their new mates.

They tried to find out the cause of their wives' infidelity. It was not hard to find. They were given up for dead. Their comrades who have returned home ahead of them have given such convincing versions of their "death", that their "widows" believed them. There was the question of livelihood and support. It was so hard to get along during those days. And these "widows" grabbed the first chance that came along their way.

These are now "fait accompli." They have new mates and they have children by these men. The war-weary veterans cannot find a way towards living with their "wives" again. And they cannot in conscience send them to jail for adultery either. They know deep in their hearts that these women were innocent. What remedy is there for these cases?

Even then, I said to myself: one day, when I have a chance, I shall seek the remedy. One of the problems uppermost in my mind when I ran for the House was the welfare of the veterans, and the bill I presented for the amendment to the Divorce Law was part of my overall program to remedy their problems.

My bill has been widely misunderstood. There is no "liberalization" involved in my proposal. My bill simply would repeal Sec. 8 of the Divorce Law, which provides that no divorce shall be granted until the guilty spouse has been sent to jail after the criminal proceedings for adultery or concubinage. I said to myself, why should we require this condition? If a woman is guilty of adultery, why cannot the aggrieved spouse prove

her guilt in the divorce proceedings, without need of sending her to jail?

If a woman is really guilty of adultery, and her spouse, therefore, under our present law is entitled to divorce, does it make any difference to the public that these facts were proven in the criminal or in the divorce proceedings? It will therefore be noted that my original bill simply sought to provide for an alternative procedure, and did not in any way add new grounds for divorce.

Where is the so-called "liberalization?" One matron told me, that there is liberalization because we would allow adultery to go unpunished. That is a far-fetched observation. No part of my bill affects the Penal Code. Nowhere does it state or imply that the fact that the husband proves his wife's adultery in the divorce proceedings means a waiver of his right to prosecute her criminally. In other words, an aggrieved husband can seek divorce without prosecuting his wife. Yet he may still send her to jail if he wants to. It simply seeks to allow proof of adultery in the civil case, when the husband believes it would be

unwise, indiscreet, inhuman or unjust to send his wife to prison to the eternal disgrace of their children, so that he may get his divorce, to which, under our present law and standards, he is entitled anyway. The same thing works the other way—when it is the husband who is guilty of concubinage and the wife deserves a divorce.

There was a more valid objection on the ground that this may lead to collusion or connivance of the parties. At least under the present law, where the guilty party's liberty is also at stake, we can be sure that any claim for adultery will be contested, and therefore no divorce will be granted without a fight.

I have seen this danger and I have accordingly presented an amendment to my original proposal by providing that no divorce shall be granted "on motion for judgment on the pleadings; on confession of judgment, on any motion dispensing with the presentation of evidence; on default, except where the defendant cannot be personally served with summons; in any case where, in the opinion of the court, there has been collusion between the parties; or, whenever the adultery or concubinage is not proven by competent evidence." Any lawyer will tell you that this should, as nearly as possible, plug almost all loopholes where the parties may connive and therefore obtain divorce by mere agreement.

Now let us get into the more vexing objection raised by the so-called Catholic elements on the ground that the Catholic Church does not allow divorce. This objection is premised on the claim that we should not have any divorce at all, and is clearly out of

order. There is no question now that our present law allows divorce, and to argue on whether divorce is desirable or not at all, is purely academic. It has nothing to do with my bill.

But I am disturbed by the ever-recurring tendency of Catholic elements to get into legislative controversies by invoking the tenets of religion to maintain their position. The great Quezon once had occasion to quote Christ's injunction in the Bible: "Give unto Caesar what is Caesar's and unto God what is God's." Quezon rightly upheld the doctrine of separation of the Church and the State which is the foundation of our present way of life.

Any attempt on the part of the Church to enforce its tenets thru legislative sanction is outmoded, and clearly out of place in our modern set up. The mere fact that the Catholic Church prohibits divorce is no reason why our laws should also prohibit divorce. A real good Catholic who thinks it is a sin to get a divorce will not and should not seek divorce whether our laws are liberal or not. It is the concern of the Church to educate and discipline the faithful to observe their principles. It is not the worry of the government.

I am a Catholic, and I do not believe I shall seek ever a divorce. My wife is a good Catholic and she thinks it would be a sin to divorce me. But both of us agree that this is no reason for us or for our laws and our government to prevent others from seeking divorce if they think it is right and moral, if they believe it is just and proper, and if it is necessary for their welfare

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# Not The Divorce Law

# NO

FLORO CRISOLOGO,  
Congressman for Ilocos  
Sur.



**THE PRESENT DIVORCE LAW**—Under our present divorce law there are only two causes of divorce:

- 1) Adultery on the part of the wife
- 2) Concubinage on the part of the husband

But before the innocent spouse is granted the final decree of divorce it is a condition-*precedent* that the guilty spouse shall have been convicted by a final sentence in a criminal action of adultery or concubinage as the case may be. **THE AMENDMENTS**—If House Bill No. 12 introduced by Congressman Atienza is enacted into Law, Sect. 8 of the Divorce Law is thereby repealed; and there would no longer be any necessity of the conviction of the guilty spouse in a criminal action wherein his guilt is established "beyond reasonable doubt". It would be enough for the innocent spouse to prove by "preponderance of evidence" that the wife is adulterous or that the husband has committed concubinage. Hence, divorce would be granted without necessity of imprisoning the guilty spouse.

House Bill No. 234 introduced by Congressman Calo is still more liberal. It provides for an additional cause of divorce—the absence of the spouse for seven (7) years. Thus, if the wife or husband has been continuously absent for seven years, there is presumption of death; and the present spouse may be granted a decree of divorce and allowed to remarry. Under this amendment adage "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" is no longer the rule; rather it means the "Out of sight, out of mind, out of heart" which means the breaking up of hometies. Is it not possible that a man presumed to be dead after seven years absence may afterwards reappear? And if the wife, meantime, has remarried, she will then have two living husbands. But under the amendment she could no longer live with her first husband because by fiction of law he is dead. What about the children of the first marriage? They have a truly living father, yet their mother lives with another man, her second husband. Is not this amendment a sanction to immorality? Is the

proposed amendment, a realistic remedy to make the union of husband and wife happier?

**REASONS FOR AMENDMENT**—The amendments are meant to remedy ill-fated marriages and to convert broken homes into nests of happiness. Would they? The explanatory note of the amendment says that the criminal conviction of the guilty spouse is the biggest stumbling block of the divorce proceedings because of the disgrace and scandal which attend criminal cases; this explanatory note would imply that the sending of the erring spouse to jail and the proof of his guilt in a criminal action is eternal disgrace to the children; but the same facts and circumstances adduced in the civil proceedings of divorce will not be such an eternal disgrace. If the children are condemned to disgrace by reason of the criminal proceedings, will the children be not likewise disgraced in the civil proceedings? If the imprisonment of the guilty spouse is a scandal and disgrace to the children; will divorce of the parents not mean the same? And will

not the scandal in a civil suit of divorce be the same as the scandal in the criminal prosecution? The authors of the amendments state "The scandal and disgrace which almost always attend such criminal cases are enough deterrent to the institution of an otherwise desirable divorce between the spouses". Is the degree of scandal and disgrace in a civil suit less than that in criminal proceedings?

Congressman Atienza presents the problem of the returning war-veteran who, after years of duty in the front line, comes back only to find that his wife has married another. The reason behind the second marriage is that she honestly believes that her first husband is dead and that, forced by necessity, unable to provide sustenance for herself and her children, she has taken for herself another husband. Is this a valid and good reason for dissolving the first marriage? If we were to believe in such flimsy pretext of dissolving an institution such as marriage, we would have a poor concept of the meaning of marriage and the purposes for which it was instituted, namely, to rear and educate children and to perpetuate the race.

On the contrary, I know of many widows of soldiers and officers killed during the last war who still believe that their husbands are alive and that they would return some day. This is not fiction nor simply the theme of a romantic novel. I know of a certain widow whose husband was killed in action during the Japanese offensive in Pangasinan in the early days of the war. In spite of the testimony of fellow soldiers who took part in the bloody carnage when the officer

was killed, and although until now that officer has not returned, the widow is still waiting for her missing husband to be processed in the Army one of these days. Mrs. Ablan, the wife of famed guerillero Gov. Roque Ablan of Ilocos Norte, told me that still she believes that her husband is alive—somewhere in the caves of the Caraballo mountains—notwithstanding the vain search and the bulletin of Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters that Gov. Ablan is missing and presumed to be dead. These are the types of women of our country who are respected and admired by all! If these women believe that their husbands are still alive,—call it sentimentalism if you will,—could not the woman in the example of Congressman Atienza wait a little longer before dissolving her marriage vows? But she is hungry. She needs food, shelter. Everybody does. The only difference, therefore, is in our concept of marriage. Mrs. Ablan believes her husband shall return and she waits for the day of their happy reunion; the woman of Congressman Atienza's story is practical and because she has found a man who is willing to share in the passions of the world and to support her, she marries for a second time. Under similar circumstances, she may again marry a third time and so on. Woe unto her children. There is unhappiness, through the "realistic wisdom" of their mother.

**WILL THE AMENDMENTS LIBERALIZE THE DIVORCE LAW?**—Congressman Calo's bill, by adding a new ground of Divorce, undoubtedly, liberalizes the law. But my distinguished friend Congressman Atienza of Manila

(Continued on page 32)

THE RAIN was a sad thing to see. The little boy Nioc stood shivering under a tree by the street. His dirty tatters were wet both with perspiration and the cool windy rain of midday. He stood there undecided on what to do next. At his foot lay a bundle of mud-soaked kindlings which he had just gathered from a vacant lot near the National Development compound.

It was past noon now and the little boy felt a rat gnawing at his insides. He knew the unmistakable sign of hunger. He knew it well. How often had he tried to talk with the importunate rodent! He had so often pleaded with it with his tears that he knew almost by heart the dry insolent language of the squeaking rat which would not be appeased.

Calm down now, rodent, please—just in a moment more and you will be fed. He knew it was a lie. He knew there was nothing to feed the rodent with but he would say it just the same and he would swallow a quantity of sour saliva in order to drown the terrible squeaking of the terrible thing. Calm down now, please, and in a moment you will be fed.

...Squeak squeak squeak .....

Nioc was twelve but he was under-sized from malnutrition and a crooked spine. From many years of carrying heavy loads of firewood on his young and tender shoulder bones, he had developed a slightly bent spinal column and fallen blades. His head could have been that of an old man, so pinched were his cheeks, so tight his forehead, and so locked in angry combat the inner tips of his eyebrows. His head was a shapeless thing and horribly inhuman. Toothless at the age of twelve, little Nioc looked like an old skinny beggar.

There was nothing bright in all that dark and twisted form except the eyes but these were bright not with intelligence but with the luster of hunger, privation and disease, for the mind that would have given them the glow of life had long ago ceased to be receptive to the rich warmth of the world.

Nioc was an orphan and he lived with a cruel aunt who had a little sari-sari store under the St. Mesa bridge. At the least sign of disobedience she would unleash the rattan whip which was well-worn but very convenient and very handy.

This whip Nioc soon began to regard as the symbol of the world's misery. He knew by

heart the sound as the whip would sing sharply upon his hide. From years of torture the little boy had learned to bear the pain of lashing without a whimper. His legs were full of long pestering sores criss-crossed on top of one another, for no sooner had one began to dry up than still another would certainly be forthcoming.

The rain fell now in torrents and the little boy decided, since there was nothing else he could

do but to pass.

Listen here, my young fellow, she said, why are you so late in coming? It is past noontime now and I have not had a bite to eat yet. Go home quick and cook the rice.

Nioc ran past the angry woman without once looking back.

The shack stood against the wall of the bridge. From the distance it looked like a pile of grass and sticks and boards. It stood on four bamboo posts and

for floor was a papag of bamboo. It consisted of one small room except that at the back of it was floorless compartment which served as the bataan. The roof leaked terribly and it has been patched here and there with boards and cans and pieces of canvas. Since it leaned against the concrete wall of the bridge, when it rained the water would fall like a sheet of glass on one side of the shack.

Nioc slept on a bench by the papag near the big baskets which

# To Be Homeless

by C. V. PEDROCHE

very well do at the moment, to stay under the protecting branches of the tree. But the rat kept tormenting him. It twisted and squeaked within him and the boy sat on his bundle of wood, bent forward with his hands pressing his sides to keep the rat quiet. He felt faint and the rain to him sounded soft and far away because now he was dizzy with hunger.

He felt as though he were sitting upon a hill and the world was below him, above him and all around him and it was moving noiselessly in circles—in wide monstrous dizzying circles that, strangely, had no centers but were as wide as the universe and as noiseless as shadows in a dream.

Flies from a nearby dung pile buzzed in silly triangles and, leaving the pile for richer pastures, found the sore infested legs of little Nioc. He swung his legs so violently the bundle rolled away beneath him and he fell back against the dung pile. He stood with a curse and stomped around to drive away the great green flies which made a quick concerted attack against his legs.

Soon the rain quieted down and Nioc stooped for his bundle of wood and threw it upon his shoulder. He did not want to see his aunt under the bridge but he had to pass her on his way to their shack.

When the old woman saw Nioc coming she stood by and waited

"... for the mind that would have given them the glow of life had long ago ceased to be receptive to the rich warmth of the world."

A story of a beautiful pilgrimage.







reasoning anger? He did not know.

And the truth was that it was not any one reason at all. It was not any of these reasons. It was all of these but he did not know it. It was all of these really, all the tragic inhumanity of his life, the filth, the whip, the hunger and the sores on his legs. It was the leak in the roof, the smell of dried fish, the rain, the sheet of water on one side of the shack, the rat, the squeaking rat which would not be appeased. It was all these but he did not know it.

He was leaving and this was all that mattered now. Why should he seek for reasons in that moment of decision? He was leaving and this was sufficient.

And so he left.

Towards twilight the boy felt weary from walking. He did not know that the world was so wide and full of wonders. He felt lost and bewildered. He sat on a boulder by the sea. There were great monstrous boats out over the blue water. There were birds flying over them. These boats, he thought, without really knowing, are from other worlds and maybe the people there are kind and happy and they know no dirt and hunger and they live in great big mansions such as he once saw in a showhouse.

The thought filled him with sadness and as he sat there thinking, he saw again in his mind the poverty and the filth of the shack under the bridge. Now he is homeless but this was a far better homelessness than that in which he lived with a cruel aunt. Now truly he was homeless but now also it can be said that the world was his home, the wide wonderful world with the clean blue sweep of sky, the wide wonderful dome of sky above him and the sea and the boats and the far unknown places at the other end of the world.

This truly was magnificent and in his mind the little boy traveled—geographically—and now he found himself in a wondrous city of wide avenues and tall trees and the people here were walking without haste and lingering to talk to one another and there was laughter in their eyes as though their hearts were filled with song. The little boy looked at himself and lo: he was clean and his body was straight and he was walking tall along the avenues in the shadows of the trees.

(Continued on page 28)

smelled of tuyo and other dried her fish.

Today Nioc was hungry and wet and as he kindled the stove he shivered and kept winking back the tears. When the rice was cooked he threw a few lean tuyo upon the embers and in a moment he was on his way to his aunt's stall under the bridge. Usually he ate with his aunt but today, although he was feeling very hungry, he did not want to.

I will eat in the house, he told

But in his heart he knew that he had come to a decision. He was running away. He could not understand what made him decide on running away.

After eating he sat down on the bench for a while and began to cry. He did not know why he was crying. In a moment he wiped his tears away and stood up. He was leaving the infernal place. When he was bundling his clothes he began to think. Why

am I leaving the place? he asked himself. He could not answer the question. It was terrible to be just wanting to leave a place and not knowing why. He knew he did not like it there but was that sufficient reason why he was leaving? Was it the whip, then? Maybe. But then, to Nioc, the whip had long ago ceased to be horrifying. Was it the poverty, the shame, the iniquitous existence—the monotony of the empty hours between beatings and un-



# Wanted: A School For Househelp

*If we consider that the person we are hiring becomes almost like a member of the family, it is no wonder that we should make a lot of fuss before acquiring one.*

By NARITA MANUEL



## Getting A Maid, And, Afterwards Keeping Her, Has Always Been A Housewife's Problem. Here's A Practical Suggestion That Might Help Every One Concerned . . .



**T**HE good ones come very rarely and they usually stick to you longer than the less desirables. And even with these inefficient ones, you have to woo them, cajole and entice them to stay longer, and before you know it, you have raised their wages, which isn't in your budget at all.

The times have changed; the housewife finds today that she has to put up with a lot of things. She can be game about almost all sorts of shortages (which ranges from nylons and ideal houses to hired help), but when it comes to becoming a menial around the house, there is certainly, something rotten in the garbage can.

Those days are gone when a maid can be secured for just three

pesos a month. A ten-peso maid was considered then a family treasure. Of course, these servants have a right to demand higher wages now, and only the housewife knows if they deserve such demands. It is high time that the housewife become more consciously assertive about this big servant problem. If these hired helps demand higher wages, shouldn't the housewife as well, demand better services?

If we consider that a person we are hiring becomes almost like a member of the family, it is no wonder that we should make a lot of fuss before acquiring one. There is no denying that an extra help is a boon to the busy wife, if only for washing the dishes, dusting the

floor and furniture, and sending on errands. But when it comes to caring for the babies and what small children you have, my dear mother and housewife think twice, look and observe.

After going over the personal qualifications, like trustworthiness (this is important, what with her free access about the house and holdups occurring in broad daylight), neatness and disposition, you have a right to know what other skills and efficiency she has. If a maid is hired as a *yaya* then the matter is even more important than when you're hiring a cook.

My father-in-law has a special way of admonishing me when it comes to entrusting my small babies to servants. He has this story

to tell. A family in Mindoro being moneyed had many servants. Their children were taken care of by these servants. There was one baby girl who had a *yaya* of about eighteen. Usually the baby becomes so used to the *yaya* that the child does not like anybody else except her mother and probably the father. And so wherever the *yaya* goes, she brings along the child with her. This particular *yaya* was no exception. She went out one day, carrying the baby with her. The *yaya* slipped, let go off the infant, and stumbled to the ground herself. Afraid of what the family would say, the girl kept mum about the accident.

(Continued on page 30)

# Changing the GOALS of Education

By PURA SANTILLAN-CASTRENCE

PEOPLE the world over are showing deep concern over what may or may not happen the next few years. Russia continues to loom, bigger than life, before the ever-watchful eyes of the Anglo-American allies who do not and cannot understand her. Argentina continues to be a brain-cracker too, and China's disputes are endless. The world looks helplessly on, breathless at possible contingencies, wondering when, if ever, the human heart can have peace once more. And more and more it is turning its eyes towards the educators to solve the problems of war and establish peace. Education is expected now to produce results which would offset previous teachings, correct wrong leanings and conceptions, establish a code of conduct which would ultimately exalt the brotherhood and unity of men.

Take the teaching of history, for instance. In another article I had occasion to point out that it should be taught, without the usual emphasis on national boundaries and not as an instrument of national policy. Emphasis should be given instead to ideologies rather than to peoples, in the goal of effacing international hatreds and misunderstandings. The re-venancing can even go further—in the person of the heroes to emulate. They have always been heroes of war, men of great courage and gallantry, no doubt, but who leave in the minds of students the idea that the greatest national virtue is valor in the face of the enemy, valor big enough to make little of life itself.

The names which have remained in our own minds as remnants of school day nightmares of oral quizzes and written examinations are of great warriors. Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon have fixed themselves in the memory as men of unusual bravery, men whose exploits were told and retold that they might be admired and subsequently emulated. Lately there have been healthful tendencies to debunk these heroes and their heroic deeds, H. G. Wells contributing to the divesting of their honor in no small measure. The disastrous results to humanity of their conquests are being shown, their greed for self-aggrandizement and their lust for power. The havoc and cruelty which their rapine acquisitiveness has caused and which translated themselves into human misery and suffering could not be measured.

This is the right move. These admittedly brave men must be

presented with their feet of clay, their daring set against their ruthlessness, their fearlessness against their conceit and selfishness. A true picture of true values can thus be attained and the student is allowed to choose freely the virtues he would himself exalt.

From the earliest period when the young mind is given its first lessons in history and historical developments, such as in subjects called generally social studies, the attention should be drawn away from deeds of violence and directed towards those of kindness and selflessness. These social studies take up not only history but also government, character education, health, ethics, a whole gamut of promising topics which the teacher of imagination can use profitably to push through an education for peace.

Our history books are mostly books on wars. The other day I searched into the history of the Philippines for information on the trend of education. There were hardly two paragraphs all told in the whole book. The rest told about wars and battles and the heroes in these struggles. Once again I was with Andres Bonifacio, Gregorio del Pilar, Diego Silang, Emilio Aguinaldo. What did education matter?

Suppose in these social studies, history and government are given to focus the attention on pursuits of peace, to foster virtues like generosity and neighborliness, civic-mindedness and unity; suppose that for character education, the names chosen would be those of men who have contributed their gifts to their country in the quiet

Peace Should Be One Modern Goal Of Education.

Education Should Also Re-Define "Success"




Busy college students march undaunted amidst the ruins of their old university. Will the past war which they have experienced throw a new light on their studies?

ways of peaceful living, doctors, educators, writers, social workers, body for the calmness and serenity of congenial living with neighbors and foreigners; then the mind of the young boy or girl will be properly attuned to ideas of the given to their warring needs); suppose that health and ethics are taught to pursue the same path, that of shaping the mind and the

Too great stress is being given (Continued on page 26)

# The Woman, The Commander, and Laughter

The Might That Cut The Laughter Short Was  
Not Of This World . . .



SHE was one woman who seemed to have no fear whatever of anything in the world. Even death itself had no meaning for her and its various forms of threats seemed to fail to bother her. She kept calm even at moments when all the people in Velasco were trembling in fear.

Every now and then things came to pass in Velasco. Terrible things. If it wasn't the Japs, it was the men from the hills. Terrible beings, both. Sometimes in the afternoon long-haired men from the hills would come down to the barrio to visit their folks, or to spirit some "erring" man or men away to their hideouts, or to please themselves with the girls.

Now, this woman I started telling you about, besides being a calm and brave woman, was also a pretty one. In the good old days before the war she always got elected as festival queen or something like that, and it was no wonder, indeed, that men literally came to blows on her account. She was also a very proud woman.

Her name was Matilde.

In their hideout in the hills at night the men would whisper her name and allow themselves the pleasure of caressing her in their dreams, and when the nights were cold and they shivered, they would hug each other still dreaming of her, Matilde, as if that

would keep them warm. She probably did not know it, but somehow or other she fed the flame of their courage, or whatever you call it. She was responsible for their dogged resistance to the enemy, that is to say, their dogged refusal to come down from the hills and give themselves up to the enemy. The mayor had been urging them day after day, through his speeches at the market-place, to come down to town and work peacefully, and all that kind of talk.

But Matilde, the proud and beautiful, incited them to adventurous feats, like hiding in the hills, for instance, and harrassing the garrison force once in a while.

Twice or thrice the men came down from the hills to kill a couple or so of Jap patrols or to attempt to burn the garrison down; these were inspired by Matilde, without her knowing it. If she knew about how inspiring the very thought of her was to the little band of men in the hills, she would have been much prouder.

One day the garrison commander mysteriously disappeared. Nobody in the town was told about it, of course, but somehow or other it leaked out. You could not hide the truth away from the people, no matter how well you kept it. Even long before the retaliatory actions were made by the Japs, all

the people in the barrio knew about it, and everybody was trembling with terrible fear. Of course, there were the reprisals to follow, inevitably, inexorably.

The garrison commander's mysterious disappearance, however, might well be attributed to Matilde, again. It was perhaps, another of those things inspired by her without her knowing it.

The next day all the men and women and children were crammed in the town church. They were questioned, slapped, questioned again, squeezed to offer probable information not about the disappearance of the garrison commander but about the hideout of the men in the hills. All the women questioned were slapped for trembling and crying hysterically. Matilde was not hurt. It might be that the new commander had some sort of respect for beauty, or something like that. He even went out of his way to smile at her when he asked her questions, and the questions he asked her were not the same questions he asked the other women of the town. He was a husky-middle-aged man with thick eyelashes and truculent features. He had a guttural forceful voice that frightened you to the roots, and his very gestures were suggestive of murder. But he softened down when he spoke to Matilde.

What is your name? the truc-

lent new commander asked her, the shadow of a smile playing on his taut face.

Matilde, she said proudly, rather sternly, with a touch-me-not tone in her voice.

Nice name, the commander said. Very nice name. You have no sweetheart?

None, she said, pouting her proud lips that the men in the hills dreamed of kissing.

Very good, the commander said. Very very good. We can use you. What? She said, Use me? Bah!

We can make use of your beauty, Matilde, the commander said. Please be willing to cooperate. (Of course, he did not pronounce his words as they are reproduced here.)

Cooperate? Matilde said, still unafraid, about ready to fight, which made the others in the

feeling of fear, something like a vast veil floating in the air with the lightness of gossamer, and yet heavy with dark portent. Those who were not killed had been allowed to go home, but even now that they were within the walls of their homes the oppressive weight of fear had stupefied them. In their waking hours and in their sleep they could still hear the wild laughter of the new commander. They could not forget the terrible sound of it and the redness of his light bespectacled face and the shaking of his body as he laughed inside the church.

But nothing could frighten our heroine, Matilde. As I have said, she was a brave and proud woman. The night that followed the incident in the church nobody in the whole barrio dared light a lamp, except Matilde. She cooked,

coming up the wooden stairs. There was a knock at the door. By this time the lamp on her table had given out, and in the dark she saw the dull glow glowing from a cigarette, oozing through the cracks in the wall.

Who is it? Matilde said. Captain commander, the voice outside the door said.

What do you want? she asked.

Now, the commander said in his guttural voice, don't make me laugh. I get angry when I laugh. I kill people when I laugh. When I laugh I am not happy.

Well, then, don't laugh, Matil-

de said.

Then you must open the door, the commander said. I am alone.

I don't care whether you are alone or not, Matilde said. How did you know my house, may I ask?

Don't keep me waiting, he said. I don't like it at all. And I don't like that question. Open the door! What do you want?

Haha, the commander said with impatience. I am beginning to laugh. Will you open the door or not?

(Continued on page 31)

## By D. PAULO DIZON

church all the more nervous.

You can help us, the commander said. Your beauty, I mean.

What do you mean?

What I mean is this, the commander said. Do you know what a bait is?

Bait?

Bait, yes, the commander said. With your beauty we can solve the mysterious, err..... I mean, well, we can restore peace and order. With your beauty, I mean. You are willing, of course.

So far as I am concerned, Matilde said with all the hatred in her heart, there is no such thing as willingness. From the looks of him you could tell how taken aback the commander was, and he could have killed her right then and there. His face reddened and tightened and assumed a terrible mien for a while. But after a few seconds he managed to smile. Then, suddenly, he guffawed loudly. His laughter, wild and savage, reverberated from wall to wall. His body shook with his laughter.

At twilight of the day twenty four men were tied at the wrists and were marched off to the schoolyard, and what was heard of them afterward was too gruesome to relate.

The days and nights that followed were very tensely quiet. There hung in the air an intense

she ate, she even hummed a tune, as if nothing happened. Later in the night she read an old magazine by the light of a petroleum lamp, much to the nervous protests of her aging father and mother, who could not eat and could not get out of one corner of the house where they huddled together as if in refuge.

She read unperturbed and on until the lamp began to flicker from lack of fuel. Then she closed her eyes to soothe the strain. She was almost asleep in her chair when she heard dogs barking in the street some distance away. She did not know at first what was coming, but she knew somehow it was coming, coming to her. Nearer and nearer it came. Then she heard the pounding of boots against the ground.

The sound of boots stopped in front of their house, and then before she knew it, the boots were





A number of onlookers watch interestedly at the art exhibit sponsored by the USIS Manila Library. Paintings displayed were done by Miss Anita Magsaysay, a talented young Filipina artist who has since left for the United States to pursue higher courses in art education and in painting. Total attendance at the Magsaysay exhibition was estimated by USIS librarians to have run well over the ten thousand mark.

**T**HE most that can be said about war is that it gives rise to certain activities which take the sting off bite.

One such activity which the United States developed during the war is now expanding throughout the world, with other countries following suit, has been the establishment of information libraries.

Originally designed as emergency centers to meet a wartime need for information about the United States, these libraries were expanded to meet the wide interest they evoked.

The first library was established in London in 1943, with similar centers opening subsequently in Sydney, Melbourne, Cairo, Johannesburg, Capetown, and Wellington, New Zealand.

On September 26, 1945, Uncle Sam's newest information library was opened in Manila.

Since that time, more than 30,000 businessmen, students, teachers, doctors, lawyers, clerks and stenographers, servicemen and housewives have come to the Library seeking information. Some want the latest developments in medicine, some may be studying cooperatives in the United States. Others want to know the latest trends in education and still others just browse through the book-

shelves until they find something that interests them.

The Manila Library has had a vicarious and widely diversified life. Both the prosecution and defense in the trial of Yamashita used the Library's copy of Sheldon Kluck's "On War Criminals—Their Trial and Punishment."

The Library also furnished the commission with other material on war crimes, including the report made by Justice Robert Jackson, chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg War Crimes trials.

AFWESPAC's History section has used Library facilities extensively in preparing its official record of the war in the Pacific. The Information and Education section of the U.S. Army has asked and received information on the Philippines, the Philippine campaign, the Far East, and a host of other items.

The Library also has served simpler needs. A discharged USN lieutenant-commander due to return to his former position as Far Eastern representative of a New York company, borrowed books on engineering, machine tools and other topics related to his trade to keep himself abreast of the latest and newest developments in these fields.

An ex-serviceman starting a trucking company in Mindanao

briefed himself on his new mission with the aid of reference books on that region. And there was the gentleman, probably to settle a wager with some friend, who asked the librarian whether there were more boys or girls born during World War I and its successor. He got his answer, and apparently was satisfied.

One highlight of the library's recent program was the holding in its premises of an art exhibit featuring the works of an up-and-coming young painter, Anita Magsaysay, who left for the United States sometime for advanced study.

Sponsored by the Division of Cultural Relations of the Office of Foreign Relations, the exhibit displayed 45 paintings, 37 in oil and 8 in watercolor.

Response from both the American and Filipino communities was excellent. Many art teachers brought their classes and some came a second time because they were not able to bring all their students on the first visit. For the information of the visitors, all the library's books and magazines on art were placed on a long conference table in the exhibit area. This enabled spectators looking at the paintings to examine the supplementary material at the same time.

Libraries have also been opened

in Cebu and Iloilo, and plans are underway to extend the services to other places as soon as time and facilities will allow.

Reports received from the Iloilo librarian indicate the depth of the informational hunger of the Ilongos.

"From 10 a.m. until closing time at 6:00 p.m., the library is crowded with people of all ages and..... all walks of life," the report said.

"The seating capacity of the library is not sufficient, and readers have to sit on the steps leading to the office on the mezzanine."

In Cebu, despite the heat in the temporary structure housing the library, the response was very much the same.

Although their activities have been more or less restricted by the elements of distance, USIS libraries sometimes go out of their way to help out-of-town readers.

A woman doctor in Cagayan Province wrote asking to borrow medical journals and material because she had read nothing new for three years. She stated that only one percent of their village and property were saved, and that her medical books were destroyed.

Material then available was sent to her several times, and her hus-



Stilled by three years of war, the Philippines are once more emerging from the intellectual darkness of these war years. Because the Japanese destroyed not only books but also library facilities as well, libraries set up by the United States Information Service are helping fill the gap. Libraries have been set up in Manila, Cebu and Iloilo. Reports reaching the city indicate that the depth of the informational hunger suffered has been as great as the material wants—food, clothing, and shelter.

band, a lawyer, made three trips to Manila for the primary purpose of returning material and borrowing more.

Attendance, which fell off slightly during the summer months, has taken a steady upward climb since schools reopened. The diversified nature of the pursuits of both regular and itinerant visitors has necessitated constant replenishing of library shelves.

Apart from the latest in books, a steady stream of American magazines and other periodicals is finding its way into USIS libraries throughout the Islands. The part which these publications play in bringing not only America but the whole world closer to the hearts of the Filipinos may best be seen in the remark of one student, who said "the high prices of these magazines outside... make the library a literal god-send to me."

Writers and teachers occasion the greatest work for the librarians. During the month of June, 55 research questions involving varied subjects were answered by the library. When you consider that keeping a library going involves not merely the mechanics of keeping track of each piece of reading matter that enters or leaves library confines but also

any other sundry tasks as answering questions of schools and other individuals, you can realize and perhaps understand why librarians as a rule are quiet people. They literally find no time to be boisterous.

In the flow of new periodicals and pamphlets, there were also found 436 books for adults and 442 books for children. Though books for the latter have always exceeded demand, the former present greater problems in view of the large number of adults unable to secure reading matter elsewhere. Adult demand, according to Mrs. Abriol, often outstrips the supply. This was particularly true of *Crisis* in the Philippines, Catherine Porter's opus on the Philippine Islands. The Library has only one copy of the book since it went out of print even before the war ended. It was donated by none other than Catherine Porter herself.

USIS librarians are finding that their patrons seem to be losing interest in the war.

"They came in droves last year begging for anything that had to do with the war, especially the war in the Pacific," she says. "A few weeks ago, we opened a little exhibition of posters playing up the war effort. Very few looked at them."

# A Newspaper- man's Prayer


By PEDRO AUNARIO

Father and Lord of my spirit:

Teach me that words can wound as poignantly as a blade, kill as does poison, and rob a man of his honour as does a prowling thief. Guide my thoughts so that the spiritual word may issue forth clear and simple, from the heart. Teach me that an hour consists of sixty minutes and a minute sixty seconds; that the honest and noble thought of a second is worth more than the selfish scheming of an elaborate century. Keep me off from vanity and pride, show me how envy is as leprosy, and make my heart insensible to flattery and praise. In moments of great vacillation, grant that honour be my only guide, conscience my only judge. Deafen my ear to the ring of gold which is unearned by virtue of hard work. Give me strength to earn, by the sweat of my brow, the daily rice for my family. Keep the purity of my affection so that I might not forget to laugh with my children to the end of my days. In the night, when I return to my home in search of needed repose, make the warm caress of my wife and the love of friends fall on my tired brow like a benediction. And when the light of my reason fails, and the flowers lose their perfume, and I feel in my bones the cold breath of the tomb, make the ritual brief, and the epitaph humble and short — HERE LIES A MAN.

# Lazy Daisy

by OSCAR de-Suniga



This is more than a Race Story... It is the  
Odyssey of man at the mercy of life's forces.

WHEN JOSE woke up that morning, it was with a definite sense of heaviness which he could not explain till his eyes lit on the fancy paper wrapper on the top of the trunk. Suddenly he remembered the old man's words: Play on Lazy Daisy. Play on Lazy Daisy, even if you have to borrow the money. That was at the office yesterday while Jose was telling his officemate, Manuel, how dry his holiday would be, and of the salary he had received of which nothing was left but a few pesos and some loose change.

He tried to borrow from his companions, but somehow nobody could afford to lend out any money. The old man, a janitor in the office, who frequented the racetracks, overheard the conversation, it seemed, for when Manuel left he called Jose aside.

"How would you like to have a very happy accident happening to you?" the old man asked Jose in a low voice, his face calm and expressionless.

"Who wouldn't," Jose answered, smiling.

"Well," the old man said, "Go to the racetracks tomorrow morning and play on Lazy Daisy."

"I haven't the money to spare," Jose said. "What I have isn't enough for a decent holiday dinner."

"That is it," the old man said. "You haven't enough. Act on my word, and you'll have more than what you need."

Jose did not answer. He placed his hands in his pocket feeling the paper bills and some loose change.

"Listen, it's secret," the old man

cautioned. "I myself have nothing more than five pesos, but you look me up tomorrow. If I had more I'd place everything on Lazy Daisy."

"I'll see," Jose said, "thank you, anyway."

"Remember, Lazy Daisy," the old man called after Jose as he started to go, "Seventh race in the morning. Play on her, even if you have to borrow the money."

Out in the street among the people loaded with Saturday night bundles in bright-colored wrappers, Jose had elbowed his way, every once in a while putting his hand in his pocket, feeling the paper bills and some loose change—some ten pesos or thereabouts.

He saw the big stores still bedecked with multicolored lights, beautiful with artificial stars. He saw a tricycle and remembered his little boy. His son had always wanted a tricycle since their neighbor's son got one. And Jose had promised to give him one soon. That would cost six pesos or more, Jose thought, again fingering the paper bills and loose change in his pocket. In his mind he saw the image of his son's face, the lips curled up in a smile, the eyes lighted with happiness. He hastened his steps.

Then he was in front of a grocery store, and he thought of purchasing a kilo or two of cheese, a bottle of catsup, a can of sweet pickles, and other things that would be needed for the morrow. He stood long in front of the gro-

cery store, unmindful of the people who jostled him. Again he fingered the bills and loose change in his pocket. He was about to get inside the store when he suddenly remembered the old man's voice: Lazy Daisy. Lazy Daisy.

With a sudden compression of his lips and a reckless determination in his eyes, Jose left the grocery store without buying anything, and on reaching home told his wife they'd have to work in the office the next morning until twelve. There was going to be some extra work and the management had requested the employees to report.

"You could buy those things now," Jose's wife complained; but he only said: "Never mind, tomorrow I'll buy everything," and he went straight to bed.

His little son came up to him. "Where is my tricycle?" "Where is my tricycle?" the boy wheeled in his childish way.

"Tomorrow, son," he had said. "Tomorrow I'll buy you a tricycle and a ball."

All through the evening, until he had snoozed off, Jose was thinking of the old man and his words: Play on Lazy Daisy. Play on Lazy Daisy, even if you have to borrow the money. And this morning when he woke up that was the very thought that came to him. But when he started to dress, he suddenly wanted to tell his wife all about it. He wished he had not lied to her last night.

Throughout the hurried break-

fast Jose tried to tell his wife about the old man and Lazy Daisy, but somehow found it hard to do so. Soon he left the house, fearing he might be late for the seventh race. But when he arrived at the racetracks he found that it was still too early. The first race was yet to be run an hour later, and the people were still loitering around, watching the grooms limber up their horses. Jose loitered around also, not knowing what else to do, watched the boys in silk smoking cigars, whispering tips to well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentlemen.

Some minutes before the first race began Jose felt someone tapping him at the shoulder, and when he turned around it was the old janitor at the office. "Good," said the old man. "Just remember Lazy Daisy on the seventh and you are safe."

"Are you sure she'll win?"

"I'll never go to the office again if Lazy Daisy doesn't come out. Why—She'll win in a walk. Just like that."

"Thank you," was all that Jose could say. And the old man left him, but reminded him once more not to forget Lazy Daisy.

The people were now coming in thick and fast and soon the hippodrome was filled to capacity. Jose felt quite dizzy watching the continuous movement of thousands and thousands of heads, like so many ants hurrying hither and thither. "I wonder if all of them know about Lazy Daisy," Jose thought, listening to the loud humming of the crowd like the droning of so many bees amplified so many times louder.

(Continued on page 33)



# A LEAF FROM A PROMPT-BOOK WHICH ONE MIGHT MAKE NOW FOR FUTURE USE, THAT IS: AGAINST THAT TIME WHEN ONE SITS DOWN TO WRITE THE BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. PAZ POLICARPIO MENDEZ, A GREAT FILIPINA.

This article will not presume to call itself biography. At best it will be just plain notes—flashes, that is—which register in one's mind as the kaleidoscope of daily events slide by offering in its wake glimpses of the achievements of Mrs. Paz Policarpio Mendez as wife, mother, intellectual, feminist educator, women leader writer and thinker. Needless to say, the notes here will be far from complete because not even *The Written Word* which began to extoll the virtues of this model Filipina since her High School graduation in 1921 seemed fast enough to catch up with her top-speed activities and achievements. Mrs. Mendez' biography, when finally written, will be a colossal job for the one who undertakes it.

The nation first heard of Paz T. Policarpio in 1921 when, as a teenager High School valedictorian she denounced libertines, gambling and the cockpit in her valedictory address. *The Philippines Free Press* said of her, "Judging from her picture, you might not expect much, she is so young looking. But her valedictory piece has in it so much that is good, so much that is practical and of common sense, so much that exalts the Filipino woman and her mission that it has seemed worthy of reproduction..." The reprint was a gem of wisdom from one so young.

Entering college immediately, she launched into a scholastic career that was brilliant, to say the least. As a student she distinguished herself in all lines. Her real career as a writer began in this period. Very soon, the newspapers could not refrain from mentioning her often as an intellectual marvel. By 1924, the press notices lauded her as (1) Winner of the contest on short stories about the Filipina, (2) Associate Editor of the *Educator*, (3) Editor of the *Senior's Annual* for 1924, (3) Press Reporter of the *University Women's Club*, (3) Associate Editor of the *Phil. Collegian* (6) contributor to *Manila newspapers* (7) Graduated with highest honors in Bachelor of Science in Education which she took in three years instead of four, giving her a year to spare in which to obtain her master's degree which she did again with honors, (8) Possessor of several medals awarded her for her literary output.

To list a few of the topics she covered up to this period: *The Mission of the Educated Filipino Woman*, *Filipino Women in History*, *Woman's Movement in the Philippines*, *The Literature of the Propaganda Movement*, *The Evolution of the Filipino Dress*, *Leonor Rivera*, *a Victim of Love*, plus articles, essays, short stories

and the usual but nonetheless difficult task of writing daily for the publications. Among her short stories of this period were *The Handsome Face*, *The Flashlight*, *Sampaguitas*, *The Political Martyr*, etc. In 1925 the newspapers tagged her "leader in the intellectual world" and "a radical young Filipina" two accolades accorded her by a crowd of intellectuals who could not help but be impressed. As winner of the much-coveted *Barbour Scholarship*, it could no longer be kept secret that she was "one of only two brightest girls in the Orient". The *Philippine Herald* extolled her thus: "To be in the forefront of the procession of progress and yet not stray away from the trodden paths of fundamental race traditions — this is Paz T. Policarpio in thought and deed."

The new *Barbour Scholar* was in the limelight, a fact which made it rather difficult for her when in August of the same year she realized that she must lose the scholarship in favor of marriage. Mauro Mendez, a new Journalism graduate from States had changed her plans overnight, as it were, and the promise of an intellectual adventure abroad paled as nothing in the face of a more urgent mission. "Spurns *Barbour Scholarship* for Dan Cu-

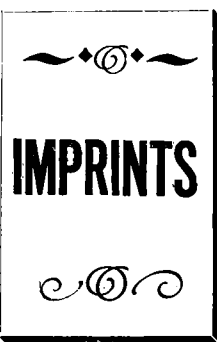
pid" raged the press notices to which she answered "The affairs of my heart are mine and mine alone." Until now, people still quote this to apply to similar cases. A brainy woman settling down to a home and family. This was a picture which became something of a model to look up to for emulation and guidance. Because Mrs. Mendez showed the world that marriage, motherhood and a career can and do mix—and successfully, too.

A young matron, Mrs. Mendez taught school, wrote masterpieces on every conceivable topic under the sun, edited magazines, authored textbooks, delivered speeches over the radio and over plain air, was guest speaker always then as now, and was the most outspoken of the women in all the pressing topics of the day. The fight for woman suffrage revealed the true worth of her relentless mind.

The children came but except for much needed leaves, her career flowed on uninterrupted. Hers is a life very gifted and versatile, there is no way of eclipsing her virtuosity.

Professorships came her way unbidden. She was with the *Sto. Tomas University* when in 1938 the *Centro Escolar University* sought her out to be dean of the *College of liberal arts*. Which probably accounted for her being tagged as educator above all her other achievements.

The *Graphic* conducting in 1941 an Outstanding Young People, explained the conflict the judges had when the selection of Mrs. Mendez as the Outstanding Young Woman in Education came up. One judge thought Mrs. Mendez was over 40 at the time and so left her out only to find out later on that she was only 37. So much achievement in so little time. The omission was an accolade. Another judge who voted for Mrs. Mendez thought of her more as the mother of six children, two of them twins, than as an educator. Still another lauded her more as the author of textbooks. While the last of the four who picked



Mrs. Mendez considered her club activities the most worthy of mention.

The truth is Mrs. Mendez is greatest in all these lines and more which makes classification impossible. Not, many months ago, a local paper featured a picture of the graduation exercises of the *Centro Escolar University*. The photographer caught Mrs. Mendez clad in toga pinning on her daughter Sylvia the accolade of Valedictory honors. To a mother who holds the record of seven valedictories, nothing could be more satisfying, self-fulfilling.

Mrs. Mendez is always available at the *Centro Escolar University*. She still writes at the drop of a hat. Is ever on demand and called upon to give opinions on the harassing topic of the day. Is always one logical enough to address any gathering of women, still prefaces her talks with a radiant smile and a witty "Ladies and ladies..." And if you think she is a seasoned old woman leader you've got another think coming because she does not look a day over 35, if you ask our honest opinion, wears her clothes with taste and could easily be a fashion plate if only she would not oppose the natural course of things along this line so much.

# Pink and Sparkling



MISS JOSIE STA. MARIA in a draped scarf terno achieved in pink jersey with huge oak leaves rich with vari-colored sequins.

MISS PRESENTACION DE GUIA in pastel pink design executed in violet and gold glitter.



# Miss LOUISE McNUTT

# At Home

order



MISS LOUISE McNUTT majors in good taste . . . her casual dark navy dress has one lone ornament, her "watchman" which is a jewelled scarecrow with an efficient watch for a head . . . on her ears a pair of miniature silver fans . . . on her feet shiny black shoes classy with ornate plat'orm soles . . .



# HOME

## Is What You Make It

● HAVE YOU heard of the big tamarind tree right smack in the middle of the bedroom of Mrs. Francisca T. Benitez' barong-barong in San Juan? We have. Although we have not had the pleasure of making an ocular inspection ourselves, we can imagine it, having seen the pre-war Mira Nila and the grounds surrounding it. If the holocaust has been thorough in its job with the stately mansion, we can also imagine why the barong-barong. We have all the sympathy for Helen's mother who can't bear the thought of cutting down the tamarind tree which has grown to towering heights much as her children have grown to their respective stations in life.

● The tree, we understand, shoots off through the roof leaving its trunk to be housed while its branches and leaves spread over the villa as of old. If you had just such a room—a bedroom rather—with a tree in the middle of it, what would you do? Ourselves, we would do a world of things to it. We'd make it look like centerpiece with tiers of shelves round the trunk. We'll have little pots with vines climbing naturally up the tree. Maybe some hanging airplants can be induced to make their habitat on the tree trunk, and, for that matter, why not a woodpecker's hole and a nest to boot?

● If you love bird cages with birds in them hanging in your

room, here's the best alibi for buying all the canaries in town. In one pre-war magazine whose name we can not now recall we remember admiring one very unique idea built around a tree trunk. From the roots up to where the branches began, a huge cage was built

*Native pots strung in threes, vines trailing from them, were used as decorative note one festive afternoon at the Manila Hotel. Group below shows Chito Madrigal, Ruby Roxas, Anita Fragante and Josefina Madrigal.*



around the trunk. The cage was full of birds and not one bickered about lack of elbow room because it was the biggest and most natty iron cage where they could soar and sing.

● THE WAR has been kind to Villa Carmelene, sumptuous home of the Jose Melencios. The swimming pool is intact and is a functional one, not a dry one. The pool is round and there is a pergola lush with ferns at the middle of the pool. You reach the pergola via a bridge which makes you feel as if you were crossing the bridge over a moat of some medieval castle.

● The patio boasts giant garden umbrellas while potted plants seem to have no quarrel with the weather, find no trouble growing. Right in the open there is a nook

which functions as a bar when the need for it arises. Furniture for this patio are all wrought-iron painted white.

● Inside, it's all upholstery and cushions, mirrors, huge reading lamps, cozy sidetables. The chairs have been grouped with congenial conversation in mind and one does not find it hard to find the right nook with the right people.

● Ornate hand-carved chairs, ornate banquet table, and glass cabinets make the few choice contents of the dining room. Costly paintings hang on the walls, the one that caught our attention was the piece on the rice Terraces of the Mt. Province. The Terraces may have been destroyed by the war but here's a record of the wonderful shelves of well-filled fields that seemed to hang in the heavens when war was still an unheard-of thing and the Igorots had no other preoccupation than their terraces.

● The bedroom of Miss Amor Melencio the would-be barrister daughter, occupies practically the whole of second floor. It is so huge it is almost like a ball-room. There's a built-in library full of books. Amor keeps a rose full blown and fresh by submerging it in water in a round glass just big enough to hold the rose. It would take days to examine and really appreciate the things—all manifestations of taste—that this grand mansion holds.

*Glamorous Reds!  
Exciting Reds!  
Flattering Reds!*

... all EXCLUSIVE with  
**TRU-COLOR  
LIPSTICK**

created by

**Max Factor  
HOLLYWOOD**



★ ★ ★ This is the favorite lipstick of  
Hollywood's most alluring screen stars. If  
you admire their soft, smooth, inviting red  
lips, this is the lipstick for you, too. Try it.

*Ask for the Color Harmony shade created expressly for your type.*

**AT LEADING DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES**

# Whatzits For Chic

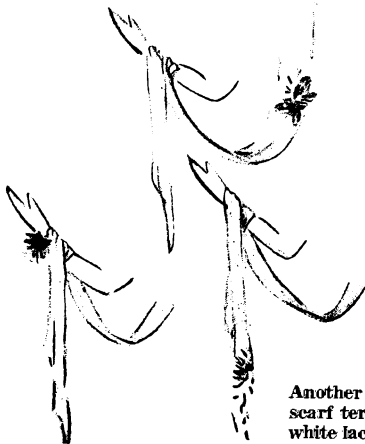
LOOK what a world no longer at war has brought you they are  
brainstorms definitely but to the chic woman of the day, they are  
vitamins some girls have taken to calling their favorite lapel pins all  
sorts of endearing names Miss Louise McNutt has her "watchman", a  
bejewelled platinum scarecrow with an efficient little watch for a head  
Here the artist has captured just a few of the most enchanting fancy pins  
that now flood the stores Look into every shopwindow and, for  
once, know what it is to be befuddled and not really know what you  
want The barbaric luxury of this African enchantress had no  
lure for us at the time of shopping we much preferred ceramic  
"Bambi" but now that we find ourself in possession of the  
African lady, we feel that no choice could be better this perfect  
little savage has a gold chain from ear to ear, sequins and beads  
on her furrowed brow, a gold basket laden with gems on her  
head a perfect foil for the simplest dress the striped  
zebra is a cuddly black and white affair that proves congenial  
with any dress The Eskimo tot has his furry hood,  
nestles snugly without a squawk beside any neckline  
Gleaming Heart of gold studied with sapphires to wear  
outside your beating heart, tiny editions for the ears  
Don't look now, but is that a squirrel or a sk...?  
Whatever it is, it is there in the stores waiting to  
be claimed and if our flair for observation were  
to be trusted, we saw several of these furry-tailed  
creatures pinch hitting for buttons down the front  
closing of a pink casual Silver filigree by it-  
self or with cameo settings are a delicate bit of  
jewelry to wear with afternoon pastels  
Mrs. Angela V. Ramos owns a set which  
she bought in India the bracelet is about  
four inches wide of the finest filigree  
craftsmanship you've ever seen the  
earrings are a whirlpool of discs finely  
wrought The plastic compacts  
are getting to be something you can  
never seem to have enough of.  
Each week, a newer, more  
fetching one than the one  
you have appears on the  
counters what to do?  
ask me another the  
plastic trays, all fancy-edged,  
the plastic picture frames,  
looking glasses framed  
with the same tran-  
sulence and oh  
yes, the plastic um-  
brellas which we  
are beginning to take  
for granted there's some-  
thing especial I like about them...  
under the baking noonday sun they



manufacture for me a  
bit of "moonlight"  
hence I don't mind at all  
if they don't shut off the  
sun completely... these  
candy-colored umbrellas come  
in all shades, but pick an un-  
usual handle if you must be dif-  
ferent... don't you like these  
new plastic bags that gleam for all  
they're worth? I do, especially  
the black ones it's plastic, too,  
this bag that looks like it's been fashion-  
ed out of bamboo splits very neatly  
painted... yellow is the most fetching of  
them all scents and perfumes in all  
manner and make stare at you as you walk  
past window displays haven't you had  
your budget thrown out of kilter yet trying  
to keep up to date on scents?... There's a new  
brand that sells only by the set of three bottles,  
one for morning, one for afternoon and one for  
evening. In practice, you use the evening scent  
for all times forsaking the milder "morning" or  
"afternoon" so that they get milder and milder leaving  
you no other alternative but to buy another set of three  
bottles so you can have a fresh supply of the evening  
scent by the way, the black sequin earrings are no  
mystery sew sequins unto a disc as big as a half peso...  
attach these to an old pair of ear clips and there you are  
speaking of shoes, both the ballet style and the platform  
scheme are high fashions they are on display in the stores...  
but most girls we know prefer to have them made to their own  
whims there are shoemakers all over town who can fill your  
order to the littlest detail all you need is a little ambition to really  
go out of your way and ask who made what shoes, how much and  
how quick the hand-painted designs on the tall platform soles we  
warned you about are now here, right with these shoemakers, to be be  
exact make your own design or clip the model from a magazine and  
set your shoemaker to work

# Two Of Them

black scarf terno with white wings scarf winds around skirts, bodice and dangles prettily at back.



Another black scarf terno with white face bands



CRD

WHEN it comes to vacationing and traveling, women everywhere are doing their best to hurriedly make up for all such activity they couldn't enjoy during the war years.

Looking over the current travel scene, it is not at all difficult to tell the experienced traveler from the inexperienced one, particularly at the end of a journey. By that time the appearances of the amateur travelers are frequently far from glamorous. Taken away from the familiar accessories of their own dressing tables, these inexperienced ladies are inclined to become rather lost as far as the niceties of personal grooming are concerned.

A major cause of this condition lies in the victims' uncertainty about the variety and quantity of grooming materials required for traveling. Often an over-supply of some not overly essential item will be taken along, to the neglect of much more necessary things.

## WHAT TO DO

One way to solve this problem

is to procure a packed make-up kit, specifically designed to meet the needs of travel. But, while such kits are attractive luggage accessories, they are not true necessities. Obviously, the materials which such kits contain are the most important thing. The most luxurious kit in the world would do little to further the traveling comfort of its owner if it hasn't been supplied with the correct materials.

The make-up kits of the travel-wise Hollywood screen stars offer valuable tips to you if you are getting ready to go somewhere for a vacation change of scene.

These kits present abundant supplies of cleansing cream, cologne, skin fresher, hand lotion, and soap. All are invaluable for quick freshening purposes, and such freshening is invariably needed to an extraordinary degree when traveling.

## LIP INSURANCE

Most of the stars also carry lip pomade, which is a first class insurance against the chapped lips which often result under even the best of traveling conditions. Hand lotion can afford a comparable protection to the hands and arms.

As for soap—A personal bar of any kind of soap you prefer will

contribute much more to your traveling happiness than the miniature non-descripts which most travelers find provided for them enroute.

If it is at all convenient to do so, have miniature size supplies of your make-up and grooming materials for use while traveling, aside from the full size quantities you intend to use when you arrive at your destination. Such smaller quantities can be much handier than the full size for use while you are on your way. Don't overdo this matter of smallness, however, by not allowing yourself enough to meet your full grooming requirements.

## PLAY SAFE

If you have any doubts whatsoever about being able to obtain your favorite make-up materials when you arrive at your vacation destination, be sure to take an extra supply of such items along with you. Lack of even one or two such things can mar a trip that might otherwise have been perfect.

—Max Factor



BATAAN RENO MANILA BOSTON  
 PENN. ORANGE NASUBU  
 TEXAS LOS ANGELES **The Club Women's Bulletin Board** New York CORRECTION

June 11, 1946

Mrs. Pura Villanueva Kalaw,  
 President,  
 League of Women Voters  
 Manila, Philippines.

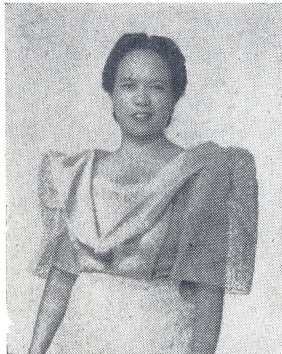
My dear Madame:

A friend has sent me a clipping from the Manila Bulletin announcing the meeting of the League of Women Voters. We have read about the election and how the women voted with great interest.

The names given as officers of the League of Women Voters, were strange to me, but years have pass-



Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda



Miss Mercedes Evangelista

ed when the world has been at war, and we have had no correspondence with the old friends.

I want to congratulate you that you have the vote and have used it so well, and I want to congratulate you again upon your coming independence. I feel sure that the Philippines will rise and be a great nation among the world's nations.

I am sending the clipping to the National headquarters of the League of Women Voters in the United States and am asking them to send you a greeting, and I hope they will.

Our loyalty to you as a people and our certainty that the women of the Philippines will lead always toward better and higher things is something upon which you may always depend. I hope together the better men and women of the world will find the way to live in perpetual peace to make an end of the terrors and terrible tragedy of the war.

I am an old lady now, and they call me an honorary chairman of the League of Women Voters. That means that I am no longer a working member, but I shall never cease to love and admire the Philippines as a country, and the people who live upon its islands.

Sincerely yours,

CARRIE CHAPMAN-CATT

Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and Miss Mercedes Evangelista, Executive Secretary, have sailed for the United States where, as women delegates from the Philippines,

they will attend the International Conference for Women to be held in New York on October. They were the recipient of countless despedida parties from the women's clubs all over the Philippines.

(Continued on page 31)

YWCA NOTES

IF YOU WERE to ask Mrs. Aurelia Castro of the Y.W.C.A. Board of Directors what was the most important event of the last month to report, without hesitation she would say, "Starting the Camp Fund." This is what has happened.

For many years it has been the dream of the Y.W.C.A. to have a camp of its own located where it could be a holiday camp for younger girls, a week or weekend camp for students or teachers or nurses, or members in general. It should be located near enough the city to go out for a brief sojourn or for a long one. Perhaps Tagaytay Ridge, perhaps on Laguna de Bay, perhaps — no one knew just where, but if the Committee started searching the right

spot surely would be found. And of course as always, there must be money. And suddenly money came. It started with a friend in California who heard of it from another friend and sent thirty pesos as a starter. Then someone else heard of it and sent and this was a surprise—a thousand dollars.

Next the Board decided that the gifts that had been given by countries other than the United States should be included. So to the list were added the gifts of the Y.W.C.A.'s of Mexico, Argentine, Chile, Brazil, Australia and China. None of them large amounts but each one representing a much appreciated link of friendship and a very real desire to help. (Continued on page 30)

PARTS  
 TUBES  
 RECEIVERS  
 AMPLIFIERS  
 TRANSMITTERS  
 TEST EQUIPMENT

Let REH Solve  
 your  
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FOOD at Villa Carmelence one lunch hour was a gourmet's choice. The sumptuous spread was not prepared in vain because the visitors needed no urging to "fall to."

The well-appointed table had place mats embroidered in petit point on which were set precious China. The drinking glasses could pass for flower vases. Relish, olives and native acharra and santol (the sweetest you've ever tasted) were spread helter skelter on the table.

The menu consisted of Fish Sinigang, Chicken and Pork Adobo, Sweet Cooked Ham, Fruit and Ice Cream and Ladies Fingers.

#### CHICKEN AND PORK ADOBO

**A female chicken**  
Garlic  
Toyo  
Pork fat and lean  
Nipa vinegar  
Salt

Dress the chicken. Cut to pieces. Clean pork, cut to pieces. Put them together in a kettle. Add to the mixture one-half cup strong nipa vinegar and enough water to cover and crushed garlic. Season with salt. Bring to a boil over moderate fire. When the meat is cooked, remove the broth and put aside in a bowl. Fry the cricken-pork mixture in the same kettle, crushing the garlic thoroughly with the back of the ladle while it is browning. When the odour of finished frying is

sensed, add a little toyo to improve the taste. Put back the removed broth and cook until the liquid is reduced to a seasoned fat sauce.

#### SINIGANG

**A medium-sized fish, preferably apahap**  
Kamayas or fresh tamarind, four to five pieces  
Ripe tomatoes, six to seven pieces  
Onion leaves with tender bulbs  
Two or three stalks of pechay  
A big native sili  
Salt or bagooang

Clean fish thoroughly, removing scales, fins and internal organs. Cut to pieces, sprinkle with salt. Mince the tomatoes. Add to fish in the kettle. Clean the tamarind or kamayas. Add to the

mixture. Then cut the onion stalks and pechay to about three-inch length. Put aside. Put about two and one-half tablespoons bagooang and enough rice-wash to partially cover the fish. Bring to a boil. When the tamarind or kamayas is soft, remove from the kettle and crush in a bowl or cup with a little broth. Add more broth to it and stir. Return the juice to the mixture and throw away the rind. If kamayas is used, crush it and add a little broth and return back to the soup with the rind. Then add all the remaining vegetables and boil further to finish cooking.

The secret of cooking good sinigang lies in the perfect blend of sour-salt taste of the broth coupled with the peculiar taste and flavour of the kind of fish used for this soup. In case the fish HITO is used, instead of pechay and kamayas, fresh SABA OR LATUNDAN banana is used with leaves of sili ang kangkong are added for elaborate cooking. If DALAG or mudfish is used, then we eliminate the fresh bananas or pechay and substitute banana blossom (puso ng saging na butuan). If it is bangus we can use any of these vegetables without spoiling the good qual-

ities and taste of the sinigang. But with bangus there is another kind of sinigang we call SINIGANG SA BAYABAS. With this soup goes grated guava, kangkong, eggplant and sili leaves instead of all the vegetables mentioned with the above kind of sinigang. When it is beef or pork we cook for sinigang, kamayas or tamarind, pechay, kangkong or kamote tops, gabi, radish, tomatoes, and bawar are excellent vegetables to use. If shrimp, only tamarind, onion leaves, tomatoes, sili leaves; two or three stalks of pechay as an optional vegetable. In cooking shrimp for sinigang, cook the vegetables first and when they are quite tender, put the fresh shrimp and after about five minutes take the kettle away from the fire to avoid losing the sweetness of the shrimp.

#### CRAB RELLENO

**Twelve big crabs**  
Onions  
Green pasilla sili (Pukinggan)  
Two eggs  
Green onion  
Tomatoes  
Garlic  
Pepper  
Salt

Cook crabs in scanty water over strong flame, to make the flesh of crabs firm and sweet. Then remove the flesh or crab meat from the shells. Save the shells. Wash tomatoes and cut fine. Cut pasilla sili into fine strands. Crush garlic and cut onions finely. Pound pepper. Fry garlic in hot fat until very brown. Add onion and continue frying for about a minute more. Add tomatoes and sili finely cut and allow to remain in pan for about two minutes meanwhile stirring constantly. Add the crab meat and cook in moderate fire. Sprinkle a pinch of fine pepper. Remove from fire. Put aside. Then beat the eggs stiff. Fill the crab shells with the crab stuffing previously prepared. Immerse in beaten eggs. Fry in moderate heat.

#### BANGUS RELLENO

**A big fat bangus**  
3 Hard-boiled eggs  
Toyo  
Pepper  
2 salted eggs  
Lemon  
Native onions and onion stalks  
Butter

# Changing The Goals Of Education

(Continued from page 11)



at all costs. Get-rich-quick projects attract them; they will use political pull, shady transactions, "arreglos" to effect profit of any kind. The schools must also correct this attitude.

Success stories need not be banned, nor war heroes' stories either, but they should have their own proper little place in the scheme of things. For there are other interesting elements besides success to look up to in the process of living, such as human relations, giving and receiving kindness, quiet, faithful service to country and to the world.

## NEW ELECTRIC RANGE FOR MANILA HOMES

Romance in the kitchen is assured in a new electric range that has invaded Manila homes. The new kitchen appliance combines in itself all of the features that make it the most desirable of its kind.

"To achieve better cooking through better kitchen," the Manila Trading Exchange says, "an electric range should have: 1) a table-top; 2) a modern cabinet; 3) a griddle plate; and 4) a built-in look. It should also be able to barbecue and bake pies and cakes.

It is the "Estate Electric Range" that possesses all these qualities and many more," claims the Manila Trade Exchange, exclusive Philippine distributor. It is said that this finest kitchen necessity is a product of many years of scientific study and development resulting in the development of an electric cooker which is the acme of beauty and efficiency.

The Manila Trade Exchange also carries a large variety of U. S. imported goods from automobile parts to paints and varnishes. It carries also all lines of textiles.

"Our youths who have seen the insecurity of life and living want to be secure now at all costs . . ." Will lectures such as the one shown above help them?

too to stories of success, leaving the impression to the young people that success is all-important, all significant. It gives the idea that the end justifies the means, creating again false values which are hard to correct. "What is success?" I once asked a young man who had just finished his law. "Oh, making money, of course." I was shocked. "Is that the only gauge? What about doing good, being an influence for good....." "Bah, that will come too—later," he dismissed me, but not my doubts. I knew that with his attitude he would make much money, but would never do much good.

Idealism, as impractical as it is, has a big place in education. A young person can never be too idealistic. The three years of intense suffering we have just undergone have made us hard, crass, more materialistic than even before the war. Our youths who have seen the insecurity of life and living want to be secure now

## Old RELIABLE



CHILD PSYCHOLOGISTS have been preaching modern methods which consider corporal punishment taboo. But, however much these new-fangled systems are drummed into us, we all know that we invariably resort to the old, reliable—spanking—at the moment of parental ire.

### METROTUSSIN

too, is an "old reliable" with wise mothers the moment their children start coughing. For chronic bronchitis, asthma and other respiratory congestions, METROTUSSIN'S soothing relief is recognized by physicians.

At the child's first cough, get METROTUSSIN. For Adults, get METROTOS. At your druggist or at

FORMULA: Each fluid ounce contains: Extract of Belladonna 0.0075 Gm., Ammonium Acetate 0.375 Gm., Syrup of Clove 5.00 c.c., Syrup of Thioal (5%) 7.50 c.c., Syrup of Tolu, U.S. Codeine Content 0.01 Gm.

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Escolta

it is. So, still out of breath, we inquired for Miss McNutt. The MP, sensing perhaps that we were on the wrong track summoned enough good humor to say levelly that he was sorry he hadn't seen Miss McNutt come in yet. However, he said, here's the way to the Embassy. And sure enough we found Miss McNutt there coolly waiting. She had the whole day to herself, she said. She started the day easily for us, laughing in easy good humor and quipping in answer to the MP: "Good heavens, one would think I was out all night, and hadn't come in yet..."

Miss McNutt is so photogenic she hardly needs any photographic make-up at all. She posed for at least twelve shots, all of them successful. All the time adjustments were being made by the camera man, Miss McNutt maintained the most interesting conversation. She told us of her visit to the hospital of the disabled veter-

## THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

rans of Bataan and added as a thought what a wonderful thing a group of ladies like the Ladies in Grey in America could do for these poor soldiers. We asked her if the shortage of men in the United States is very apparent now. The ratio of women to men may be on record but actually it doesn't show, she said.

WE ARE a little proud of our two-sided discussion on the divorce question. Both Congressman Atienza (Yes) and Congressman Crisologo (No) were cooperation itself and never forget to enclose their pictures and the hope that they be not reduced to one column. We would like to acknowledge thanks to V.J.G. of the Manila Times, who, because he practically lives in Congress, saved us a lot of footwork. DR. ENCARNACION ALZONA from whose relentless intellect there's no escaping, asks us not to preface her by-line with a title.... "that would make me feel that I have arrived," she says. She has another oppus coming next month, a gem of a biography of a Filipino woman so little known but who forms one of the pillars of our womanhood.

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S PRAYER by the late Pedro Anuarino we regard as a find. According to his daughter, Gely, this piece which was originally written in Spanish was translated just the week before he died. This translation has chosen the Woman's Home Journal for its first vehicle. We have quite a formidable array

of fiction writers in this issue. Conrado V. Pedroche's To Be Homeless is a "must". It is a story of a pilgrimage, if there ever was one. Oscar Zuñiga's race story is a poem in itself, a song of the odyssey of man at the mercy of life's forces. D. Paulo Dizon can not forget a piece of bravery at a time when courage was divine force itself.

WE acknowledge receipt of two charming letters from our readers, the first from Dita Roseburg, 1444 O'Donnell, says "You are to be congratulated for an excellent issue of the Woman's Journal. Last night I had the chance to read the August issue from cover to cover and I thoroughly enjoyed it. It certainly displays a high standard of high editorial skill and attention in its make-up. More power to you." To which we say "thanks, that's quite a standard to live up to." The other letter is from Mrs. Concepcion Sansano-Velasco, 307 M. Earnshaw. It says, "Your magazine, indeed, is one for, of, and by the women. I never thought that a magazine like the Woman's Home Journal would be so exemplary at one in form and in substance. The articles, short stories, features, illustrations, etc. forcibly offer food for thought and suggest wholesome entertainment. But I think your proofreader is trying to outshoot the shooting star. Page 4, for instance.... the write-up of the pictorial of President Quezon, one reads x x x August 27 to be exact.... it should read July 27 to be exact" or "August

27 not to be exact". And some more topographical errors here and there in your or shall I say our magazine.... "Our" is right. And here's hoping you'll drop in any day now like you said to "enlist yourself as a subscriber to a magazine which essentially is of, by and for the women." We got another missive from a circulation agent who complains that our stuff reads like leftovers from supermarkets.... That is very disturbing, indeed, but honestly we are doing our very best to live up to everybody's expectations.

—PTG

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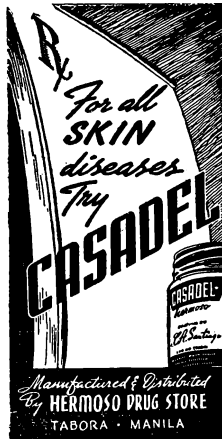
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**A Woman Looks On A Secret In Two Ways;  
Either It Is Not Worth Keeping, Or It Is Too  
Good To Be Kept.**

"GOGO" is good for the hair, still better to wash black dresses with. Prepare as for shampoo, wash black dress in the soapy suds. When rinsing, never wash black or dark dresses with light things from which they could pick up lint. Many a black dress has a tendency to shine when ironed. Press on the wrong side to obviate shine.

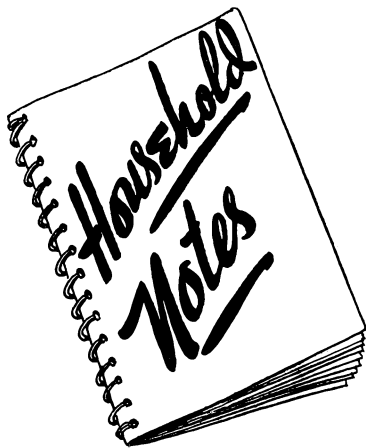
CLOTHES, like people, respond to a little attention. Don't throw them around or neglect them into crumpled heaps in your corner. Don't wear your Sunday best for the house "for just one more wearing at least" just because it is about to go to the wash.

IF YOU use soap for shampoo, do you rub it directly on the

hair? You can't hope to bring out the best in your hair if you do. Melt soap and work up a good lather. Be sure to rinse well, adding lemon juice to the final change of water. And do brush your hair before shampooing. This loosens dandruff scales that wash off easily.

YOU may have heard of the little joke about the fellow who died from eating too many raw eggs. Science won't corroborate this of course but it is a fact that egg whites are more easily digestible when cooked.

CANDLEWAX on your dress? Try this treatment which works on any fabric: scrape off as much wax as possible, then place a blotter beneath and above the



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stain and press gently with warm iron. If any grease remains, sponge with carbon tetrachloride.

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HOW ABOUT chewing gum which you inadvertently sat on, do you know how to remove it? Sometimes petroleum is effective, but look out on what fabric you apply it. On wool, silk or rayon, sponge alternately with carbon tetrachloride and tepid water. On cotton or linen, soften with egg white first, then wash in tepid water or use carbon tetrachloride.

DO NOT destroy scraps when making a dress. They are useful in making pockets, color combinations or patches later on.

DO YOU just use soap for bleaching white fabrics, Try moistening them with lemon juice and see how this makes bleaching highly successful.

NOTE ON STARCHING: Hot starching solution should be used immediately after it is made otherwise if you allow it to cool off it will form a scum that will cause blotches and streaks.

DO YOU knit? Do stitches unravel every time you stop on account of the needle slipping? Try placing a cork over the end of each needle when you stop in the middle.

IF THE barber next door is a live-and-help-liv-fellow, you'll have no trouble getting expert help for your dull scissors. Otherwise, just sharpen them yourself by cutting them on sandpaper, or snapping them together on the peck of a bottle.

BABY'S castor oil is a tried and true household help. It will tighten your machine belt in no time. Saves you the trouble of trying to shorten it which may take hours and unusual patience to boot.

SMART SHOULDERS can never be achieved with poor ironing. Use thick pads of cloth or little

YOUR SEWING machine need not go squeaky just because you can't find 3-in-1 oil. Equal parts clean lard and paraffin oil make a good substitute.

IF YOU are learning to sew at home, silk puckering while sewing is neither the fault of the machine nor yours. Put white paper underneath the material. The paper is easily removed afterwards.

A CONVENIENT aid in sewing is a short apron with the lower part divided into four pockets. In these you can hold your scissors, thread, etc. What's more you can make it yourself.

NEGLECT or oversight or skepticism on your part should not be allowed to shorten the life of stockings, precious that they are in this age of hosiery scarcity. Wash them without fail in warm suds after each wearing.

IT MATTERS not whether it is your favorite dress or not. Dry it on a hanger—adjusting well, fastening clasps and buttons, straightening collars and cuffs. You'll be surprised how easily it irons.

HEATING the floorwax before applying is a definite worksaver. The wax penetrates the wood quickly and buffing or scrubbing to bring out the luster becomes an easy process.

BLEACHING white clothes does not always mean soaking in soap and exposing in the sun. After ironing white fabrics hang them out in the sun for added snowy whiteness.

CALAMANSI yields all the juice it's got when it is heated first before squeezing. To do this let calamansi pass through hot water.

TO BE HOMELESS  
(Continued from page 9)

And soon he turned towards a corner and now he was facing a gate. This is the gate, he said to himself, and he knew that it was the gate which opened to his home. There were flowers in the garden and as he walked the garden path he smelled the good clean smell of cooking. This is home, he laughed in triumph, this is home at last, and he ran towards the house which was clean and erect and welcoming. He opened the windows and he smelled the rain and the smell was sweet. Now, he said to himself, why must this be so, do you think? It has never been like this before, I mean about the rain. It has always filled me with terror. Now it is so sweet and comfortable and so nice to listen to.

And then he remembered the rat. Funny, he said, but I think rats have no place in this city. No dark corners here, no gutters. No stink whatsoever, only the smell of flowers and cooking. But he remembered the rat inside him and he felt dizzy circles over his head and he sat down before a table and began to eat and as he ate he felt the sweet delicious taste of digestive juices spurting eagerly and warmly from exploding salivary glands and he curled his tongue over his wet lips but as he did so he tasted the warm salt taste of the sea and a sudden darkness came over him in wide concentric circles and he was borne away from his vision, and the waves and the winds took him in their arms and wafted him away and away until he was lost and far and the winds were quiet and dead where he lay upon the sand.

• Yes •

(Continued from page 6)

and happiness.

The Moros think it is sacrilegious to eat pork, but this is no reason for my Moro colleague, Representative Datu Piang, for instance, to propose a bill prohibiting the eating of pork. Then we may say, the Moros are a minority, but the Catholics are 80 percent of our people. If that is right, then why not pass a law compelling everybody to go to Church on Sundays and on days of obligation? Every good Catholic is obliged by the Church to observe this. Everybody, even the Catholics, would say, that is preposterous.

The Catholic of course fear that liberalization of the Divorce Law would encourage more violations of the Catholic injunction against divorce. But since when was it proper to have the government, by legal sanction, prevent violations of a tenet of religion?

Since when was it proper for a Church to seek protection by legislation for the enforcement of its doctrines?

What will the Protestants, the Iglesia ni Cristo, the Aglipayans say? Do we Catholics have a monopoly of morality? Are we to mold our legislation to suit the principles of any Church?

Let us therefore face the facts. We have a law on Divorce. On general principles we can agree that today divorce is recognized by our people as legitimate. It is simply a question of deciding whether our law is adequate, whether it solves our present social ills or whether it is outmoded, out of date, and needs some streamlining. One thing I can say. Our divorce Law was enacted during the days when the words "G.I." and "jeeps" had not entered our vocabulary. Now we even call this the "atomic age".

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## WANTED: School for Househelp

Continued from page 10

The baby developed fever, which the hilot ascribed as lagnal laki and not something to worry about. The parents did not worry, much more the *yaya* and the child grew up a hunchback.

That story would not have carried weight with me, hadn't I gone to Mindoro. There I met the family and I saw the baby. She is a deformed girl of about eighteen, now, dwarf-like and so cheated of a wholesome life through no fault of hers. I am sure this is not the only instance where untoward things happen. I can cite more, but that is beside the point. The thing is not to let such an eventuality happen within your home.

Aside from the fact that you have to consider the person you are hiring, you don't even know where to look for such help as you need. Time was when your mother or mother-in-law procured for you the maids you needed. And the maid sent over you have to break them in, they being such greenhorns. You start training them with washing dishes, serving at the table, knocking at the door before entering the room, etc., etc., little tasks which we take for granted that they should know. But when the world that they know is a one-room shack, their chinaware coconut shells and tin plates, and when privacy is unknown to their nature, it is little

wonder that glistening glasses and shiny silver ware frighten them sometimes. Here the housewife must have patience and understanding. She must teach the right things from the very beginning and must be consistent about it.

Where else can you look for a maid? You know it is downright unethical to lure your friend's maid into your household. That would call for an undeclared war and no maid is worth the warfare. What happened to your friend might also happen to you. And loyalty is a trait you expect from your servants. Some maids are not allowed to gossip with the neighbor's hired help. While you don't want a Hazel around the house, neither would you want to be in a position that, for fear of losing your maid, you have to watch over her like a guardian angel.

There must be a solution to the housewife's problem of hiring household helps. She must know where she can turn to when she wants efficient maids for certain household tasks. If she needs a *yaya* for her baby, can she entrust her precious one to that *yaya*? What does the *yaya* know about infant-feeding and child-care? From a cook, you want more than just appetizing dishes; you expect her or him to preserve

all the vitamins and minerals in those dishes.

I have yet to find out if there is an employment agency that can meet the housewife's labor problems. There is one, I think, that can supply you with Visayan maids. I'm not sure, though, that their being Visayan, is enough qualification. Qualifications should point to training and personality and not from the regions they come from.

There must be something better than an employment agency. My humble opinion is that schools for hired help will solve the housewives' problem more directly than an employment agency. If servants want to elevate their calling (we can even stop branding them as servants) attending such schools may justify their demand for higher wages and a right to a better station in life. A young girl would not want to be called just a *muchacha* (although the word is wrongly used if you're Spanish). She'd rather be a waitress, and there you have another girl exposed to greater temptations than are necessary. We must offer something more attractive to these young girls and boys so that they will not consider working as hired help degrading. And so these schools for hired help might be an eye-opener for many of us.

The curriculum in such schools will include such subjects as the student (that is a good name for them) would want to specialize in. There is culinary art for the cook, that includes table service and some etiquette. For those who want to be *amañs* or *yayas*, they should be taught the fundamentals of child-care. That would include infant-feeding, bathing, weaning and a little of child psychology. There may be advanced courses for those who want to be tutors or governesses, requiring from them, of course, higher prerequisites. The length of training will depend on the course and on the student's attainment.

One thing that must be emphasized: the school must not be looked down upon. And it must teach dignity to labor, however humble. It can compete with other schools that are attracting a lot of girls and boys. It can make menial work appear like a vocation and, above all, it can help solve unemployment for young people who can not seem to find a place for themselves in these hard times.

These schools, too, will protect their own students. They can act as placement agencies for their graduates. They can bargain for better pay for hired help. The housewife, in return, can justify the higher wages because she is assured of getting better service.

## YWCA

### Notice

(Continued from page 24)

For sometime the Board had been undecided what to do with a rather unique gift that came last October. By chance a Burmese Colonel, his wife and baby found the Y.W.C.A. as they were returning home to Rangoon from Japan after a year and a half in Tokyo where as a official working with the government he had been related at the same time to an underground movement. With him were about a hundred Burmese young men who had been taken to Japan to study. There they had enjoyed getting acquainted with Filipinos whom they met and with whom they felt a kindred spirit, since all of them were discovering the

educational opportunities which they had been promised were not forthcoming.

This group arrived in Manila with about a thousand Japanese yen which they wanted to dispose of before going on to Burma. They wholeheartedly approved the plan of the Colonel to give the money to the Y.W.C.A. to use as they saw fit. Exchanged into pesos it now adds a Burmese touch to the international assembly of the Camp Fund.

Perhaps someday in the years to come when the camp is not a dream but a reality there will be girls from China and Burma, from Java and Japan from Malaya and Korea who in a few hours will fly across to spend a week or a weekend at the Y.W.C.A. International Camp. It really is not so fantastic to imagine this, is it?

Word has come that in October of 1947 the World's Council of the Y.W.C.A. will hold its first

meeting since before the war, in China. This will be the first time this Council representing the Young Women's Christian Association in more than fifty countries has met in the Orient. Some of the Representatives of the various countries are certain to either come or return by way of Manila. So the Y.W.C.A. of Manila hopes it may be a link between many interesting women of every continent and the women of the Philippines.

A letter has recently been received from the Y.W.C.A. of New York City thanking the Y.W.C.A. of Manila for letting them know of one of the Filipino brides who went to the States to join her husband. It seems that things since her arrival have not been what she hoped for and she has had some bitter disappointments to face. But a job which the Y.W.C.A. found for her, the Busi-

ness Girls' Club who invited her to join them, and the friendly interest of the director of the Y.W.C.A. "Counselling Service" have been of real help to her. The letter ends "The picture is not bright, but we hope some solution will be reached." If you know of any girl in the United States who is finding her dream shattered or her days difficult, write her to hunt up the nearest Y.W.C.A. Perhaps they can be of help.

Mrs. Consuelo Salazar-Perez has graciously accepted the responsibility of being the General Chairman of the Y.W.C.A. Campaign to secure the budget difference for the year of 1947. This will be held September 21 to October 12th. Mrs. Perez with Mrs. Cuerpocruz as her assistant have an entertaining surprise in store to make the campaign one of fun as work. Watch the papers between now and September the twelfth for an announcement.

## Portrait Of A Child

My words, how faint and inadequate  
 To draw one picture of a sweet child:  
 Unruly curls upon her angelic brow,  
 A cherubic smile, a pair of delicate hands,  
 The merry twinkle of her eyes.  
 Her dimpled cheeks, her careless gleam,  
 Her tiny tip-toes flying as they pass  
 Are young and tender as can be.  
 Oh, how I rejoice seeing Beauty walking  
 With nimble feet. Oh, to catch her impish joy  
 Imprison in my hands for just  
 One passing moment of delight  
 Those wee, white fingers,  
 And feel the magical touch  
 Of Childhood, that once was mine  
 In my half-forgotten yesteryears.

HERMINIA M. ANCHETA

## The Woman, The Commander, And Laughter

(Continued from page 13)

The door is not locked, Matilde said. You can open it yourself. You are strong enough to just push it, I suppose.

She gritted her teeth hard and clenched her fist and she felt her blood surge up to her face. The door creaked at it was pushed open and the house shook with every step of the boots. Matilde let her hand pass along the wall, fumbling. Somewhere against the wall there hung from a peg something her brother Marcos had left behind, and when her hand found it in its place, she felt the reassuring protection which her brother could have given her now. She caressed the metallic smoothness of its blade while she waited for the commander to get near enough to her.

You have no light, the guttural voice said.

The lamp has no fuel, she said. It makes not much difference to me, the commander said, standing over her. I can see in the dark.

She almost let her hand fly from the thing hanging against the wall. What do you want? She said.

Haha, the commander said. You ask too many questions. You are the first woman to talk to me like that. But I like you. You are different. You are proud. You are brave. I want to talk to you.

I want to sleep, she said. Do not be impolite, the com-

mander said. Sleep? Haha. My folks are afraid of you, Matilde said. Do not disturb them. Are you not afraid of me?

Why should I be afraid of you? Very good, the commander said. That's why I like you. You are not afraid. You are different. You are beautiful.

Won't you let me sleep in privacy? she said. I am sleepy.

Very well, he said. But you will regret. Haha. I am beginning to feel like laughing. Haha. I am not happy.

Who is? Matilde said.

You will regret, the commander said. When I laugh, you will regret. I want to save you, but you do not appreciate it. I tell you, you will regret. Tomorrow all people in the town will be killed for disappearance of garrison commander. I want to save you, but you are impolite to captain commander. Haha. I am beginning to laugh.

Go ahead and laugh, she said.

His hand suddenly swept through the dark air and struck her in the face. She was thrown against the wall, and for a moment she thought she would pass out. But she was also a strong woman.

The commander then started laughing his wild laughter. He shook bodily as he laughed and his laughter was heard all over the neighborhood, but suddenly it was cut short . . .

## The Club Woman's Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 24)

Wives of Congressmen met last Monday at the Y.W.C.A. to organize the Congressional Ladies Club. During the meeting, Consuelo Salazar-Perez was unanimously chosen President. The officers stand as follows:

President  
 Mrs. Consuelo Salazar-Perez  
 Vice-President  
 Mrs. Ramona I. Alano  
 Secretary  
 Mrs. Nita S. Leuterio  
 Sub-Secretary  
 Mrs. Estrella Sumulong  
 Treasurer  
 Mrs. Aida F. Pendatum  
 Sub-Treasurer  
 Mrs. Nely Atienza

Mrs. Tomas Morato  
 Mrs. Francisco Ortega  
 Mrs. Fernando Perfecto  
 Mrs. Timoteo Ricohermoso  
 Mrs. Jose Roy  
 Club Adviser  
 Mrs. Jose Avelino

The club has been organized for the purpose of uplifting welfare and social work such as to support any social legislation of primary importance, to accept recommendations from different organizations for welfare legislation, and to visit welfare units and projects which are directly under the government. It has appointed itself to make reports on these subjects to any government entity when these are needed.

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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### MEMBERS:

Mrs. Ramon Arnaldo  
 Mrs. Melocio Arranz  
 Mrs. Atilano Sincio  
 Mrs. Tomas Clemente

This organization is composed of all wives of congressmen without any party distinction. However, Honorary Members will be invited at a later date.

On Monday, September 2, 1946, members are requested to meet at 3:00 o'clock P.M. at 901 Lepanto Street to decide on important matters.



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wants us to believe that there is no "liberalization" involved in his proposal and that his bill has been widely misunderstood." From my viewpoint the amendments seek to liberalize the Divorce Law. The question is not so much whether the guilty spouse will be imprisoned or not. The question is, will divorce be easier obtained under the amendments? My answer is, yes. The proponent may say, "Well what is the fear about the amendments; is not there just one gate as before? Why, the only insignificant difference is that there will be a slight change of credentials?" But if the amendment and its possible effects, are analyzed carefully, there is real reason for apprehension regarding the "slight change of credentials". True, there will be only one gate through which one must pass to get a divorce, but he will no longer show his credential of the criminal conviction of the respondent spouse for adultery or concubinage to get inside the gate. He will only satisfy the gatekeeper that he has the necessary conditions to enter the gate by proofs short of criminal conviction of the guilt of the erring spouse. That is to say, that instead of "proof beyond reasonable doubt" to convict the respondent spouse there will be only "preponderance of evidence",

prima facie evidence" or may be no "liberalization" of the spouses to separate. There will be framed cases to comply with procedural requirements; intervention of influential persons to obtain divorce for their friends and relatives, bribery, and many such maneuvers for that end. So that although there is only one gate indeed, persons laboring under other maladies—cruelty, incompatibility, abandonment, lack of support, etc.—may actually enter the gate of divorce by donning the cloak of "adultery or concubinage".

**IS COLLUSION OF THE PARTIES POSSIBLE?** — Under the amendments without the necessity of criminal conviction, collusion of the parties and mutual agreement to dissolve the marital ties are possible. Congressman Atienza believes that by proposing further amendments to the effect that "no divorce shall be granted on motion for judgment on the pleadings; on confession of judgment, on any motion dispensing with the presentation of evidence; on default, except where the defendant cannot be personally served with summons; in any case where, in the opinion of the court, there has been collusion between the parties; or, whenever the adultery or concubinage is not proven by competent evidence, he

• No •

(Continued from page 7)

has plugged almost all the loopholes where the parties may connive and therefore obtain divorce by mere agreement." I disagree with him.

Let us have an example. The wife and the husband agree to divorce each other. They go to court. The wife charges concubinage and the husband declares in Court that he committed it. They agreed privately and previously that the wife will not bring any criminal action because the husband did not really commit concubinage. In reality, they have ceased loving each other and they want other mates. Under the evidence presented, will not the court grant divorce? The admission of the husband would be enough and with other corroborative testimony it would be more than sufficient. This state of affairs is possible because divorce proceedings would be granted without the necessity of criminal conviction. Otherwise the husband will not declare in Court that he committed concubinage if he realizes that his statement would send him behind prison bars.

On the other hand, under our present law, admission of the husband that he committed concubinage, in a civil suit, is not enough; so that there may be divorce, he should be convicted first and sent to jail. Naturally, he will not like to go to jail just to accommodate the wife and for telling a lie either. And if he goes to jail, his very freedom, the very purpose of the collusion is thereby defeated. Therefore, the condition precedent of conviction in a criminal proceedings before divorce is granted is a salutary safeguard of the present divorce law.

**IS MARRIAGE INDISSOLUBLE OR NOT?**—The present divorce law notwithstanding, I believe that marriage as an institution is indissoluble. It is one and unbreakable unto death. Marriage is an institution, not merely a contract. It is a permanent institution. It is a lifetime responsibility; upon the stability of the institution of marriage depends the stability of the state.

In legislating on the subject of divorce, we should take into account, the social life, the culture, and the historic background of our family life. We should consider the moral standards and values in

which our people were born, reared and educated; the moral standards and values which have been part and parcel of their social life for centuries. While religion and government are distinct and separate, it is high statesmanship and a wise policy not to disregard the historic, social and religious background of the people living within the jurisdiction of that government in its attempt to solve a social problem like the one of divorce. That background is the Christian adherence to the doctrine of indissolubility of marriage which is based upon the concept of inherent natural unity in the family.

Marriage is more than a legal contract between man and wife; in the larger sense, it is a moral and natural contract in which two other parties enter—society and the children. Marriage is a sacrificial compromise by which a man and woman by losing or limiting their individual liberty, assume the responsibility of rearing a family and making a home, which is the basic unit of society or the state. It is a natural responsibility because, it is an inherent procedure in the perpetuation of the race; it is a moral responsibility because even the lower animals have the instinct of feeding their young until they can live by themselves; and it is a legal responsibility because by going through the formalities required by law, the spouses assume the noble duty of rearing children and of maintaining a home, as a basic unit of the state. If marriage were intended only as a license for the fulfillment of sexual desire, which can be annulled when that desire is satiated or when the fire of passion ceases to glow, then there is no need indeed for marriage, because that end can be accomplished without it. But marriage has a far deeper meaning than this. Certainly, marriage is not totally a physiological function.

By its very nature, marriage is, therefore, indissoluble. The fact that one spouse ceases to love the other; or that both have agreed to dissolve the marital tie, cannot, and should not dissolve that marriage. There may be certain cases when the marriage results in unhappiness, but that marriage must stay for the best interest and welfare of the other

(Continued on page 34)

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## LAZY DAISY

(Continued from page 16)

Suddenly a deafening roar came from the crowd, and people from the grandstands rose to their feet, while those at the ground rushed to the fence. The bell had sounded and the horses were off. Jose however had remained behind, hearing varied voices lustily coaxing their favorites. He did not care for this race. He came just for the seventh race and Lazy Daisy.

Another deafening roar came from the crowd as the winning horses of the first race nosed the finish line. Among the running people Jose espied Manuel, his office-mate.

"Manuel," Jose called.

Manuel turned, then said, "Oh—Jose." Then excitedly, Manuel added, "Wait for me here. Wait." And before he left hurriedly, he waved the tickets in his hand.

Jose said that probably Manuel won something. He waited in his place, and when Manuel returned he had plenty of paper bills in his hand. "Look, look," Manuel said excitedly, showing the money. "Come, I'll treat you to a beer." And Manuel led Jose to the bar where other people, presumably winners in the first race, were drinking and talking about their bets.

They drank two glasses of beer at the bar, and later on they mixed with the crowd.

"It is good you came here," Manuel said. "Just stick by me and you'll be in easy street."

Jose did not say anything, but when the second race came up Manuel asked him to bet on his favorite, Jose simply said, "I'm not betting."

"All right," Manuel said. "But don't tell me I didn't try to chip you in."

Manuel won again in the second race, and Jose chided himself for not chipping in. At the third race, however, Jose congratulated himself for not following Manuel's bet, for Manuel's favorite nag finished a poor third. At the fourth race and fifth race, however, Manuel won successively and now he chided Jose. "You are a fool Jose," Manuel said. "See what you have missed. By the way, why did you come here if you are not going to play at all?"

And Jose was forced to tell Manuel about Lazy Daisy and

their old janitor in the office.

"You are a real fool, Jose," Manuel said, "if you are going to follow that old man."

"But he told me Lazy Daisy is a sure winner," Jose said.

"If he is as good as that in giving out tips, would he still be janitor, I ask you that?" Manuel said.

Jose did not answer and kept firm, but when he saw Manuel win again in the sixth race, he was now ready to give up. He counted in his mind the money he had missed, and again he remembered his child and the tricycle. Also he remembered his wife. The seventh race came up, and Jose took his money.

Lazy Daisy was a 20-1 shot. He was again rather undecided, but when Manuel grabbed the money, and said, "Stick by me, and you'll make plenty," Jose gave in without any struggle.

When the bell rang and the deafening roar rose from the crowd Jose found himself praying fervently as never before. He found himself shaking nervously. What if Lazy Daisy wins after all. But, no, hasn't Manuel been winning consistently? Good God, let Manuel win this race again. This is all I ask, dear God.

Soon another roar went up, and distinctly Jose heard the name Lazy Daisy. Lazy Daisy. His knees seemed to give away, but he tried to bostle up, and said, "Manuel can't lose."

He wanted to watch the progress of the race but a sudden fear gripped him.

"Come on, Lazy Daisy! Come on, Lazy Daisy!" he heard a man shouting excitedly.

He tried to shut off the man's voice from his ears, but it was no use. The man's voice came shrill and clear, "Come on, Lazy Daisy! Come on, Lazy Daisy!"

He ambled up to the now more or less deserted bar, but the man's voice, coupled with that of other racing fans followed him.

"Maybe Lazy Daisy is way out in the rack," he thought. That's why they are urging her on." The thought struck him with a sudden felicity that he had to say aloud: "That's it—Lazy Daisy must be among the tail-enders. I was foolish to believe that old janitor. I am grateful that I saw Manuel. The thread of his thought was

interrupted by a sudden uproar from the crowd in the grandstands. And once more he heard the name Lazy Daisy. And then the lusty shouts of the racing fans subsided into low murmurs.

"But Manuel can't lose this bet," he told himself.

In a while Manuel showed up. He was without his usual enthusiasm. Then he said weakly,

"I am sorry, Jose. Really, I am sorry."

Jose moved away toward the big exit without answering Manuel. But as he walked toward the big gate he suddenly grew afraid. He might meet the old man. And he did not know how to meet him...and his child...his wife...how would he meet them....

When Manuel said, "Stick by me and you'll make plenty," Jose gave in without a struggle.



parties—the children and the state. Marriage should not be dissolved because there can be no saner and more healthful atmosphere for the children than that under its roof; and the state must preserve it, not only for the interest and welfare of the children, but, because it cannot hope to build a solid foundation for society on broken homes.

**RELIGION IS NOT THE QUESTION**—We are not discussing the supremacy of the state over the church. The separation of the Church and State is a decided question long before the great Quezon quoted Christ's injunction in the Bible, "Render unto God what is God's and to Caesar what is Caesar's". Rather, divorce is a moral and social problem common to both the Church and the State. The task of Congress is to interpret the moral and social ideology of the people into law. The fact that there is divorce, an easy divorce in Nevada or Hongkong is no valid reason for easy divorce in the Philippines. There should not be easy divorce in our country, because our social and moral ideologies are different from other nations which destroy marital ties with facility.

Will divorce or the liberalization of it solve the social problems of the day? Will it be conducive to the welfare and happiness of the family? Will there be more stable homes? Will not divorce encourage the proposition that children shall be reared in strange homes without their mother and father living together?

**IS DIVORCE THE BALSAM OF BROKEN HOMES?**—"El divorcio es disolvente en una sociedad. Para quien vivir es amar y amar es beber el dulce licor de los placeres".

Easy divorce brings disintegration of the family life. We shall find a divorced man marrying a new wife, and vice versa and their children living under the care of either or under the care of strange persons without knowing what real home is, perhaps cursing the hour in which they were born. How can divorce then mend broken homes, or give contentment and happiness to our people? I will have yet to know that divorce is the road to happiness.

**COMPELLING BY LAW THE ATTENDANCE OF SUNDAY MASS.**—Congressman Atienza of Manila clinches his argument by stating "The Catholics of course fear that liberalization of the Divorce Law would encourage more violations of the Catholic

injunction against divorce. But since when was it proper to have the government by legal sanction, prevent violations of a tenet of religion? Since when was it proper for a church to seek protection by legislation for the enforcement of its doctrines?" The trouble with this argument is the assumption that divorce is solely a religious problem. This is not correct. Divorce is a problem of society and a problem of morality. And if by coincidence, the Catholic Church is fundamentally opposed to divorce, the Church does not only voice a religious tenet but a social and a moral concept which affects every man, woman, and child in this land. When the Church advocates for a norm of decency or morality, it is not religion per se that it seeks to be protected. The social life of the people, the stability of the state are concerns which belong to every citizen, whether he is a Christian, a Moro or an Atheist. To pass a law compelling every citizen to attend Mass on Sundays is decidedly preposterous as Congressman Atienza says, because this is purely a "religious pre-question" which the state has no business legislating. But this question is different from the

question of divorce because divorce is everybody's problem. It is not the exclusive problem of the Church or State.

Congressman Atienza says—"What will the Protestants, the Iglesia ni Cristo, the Aglipayans say?—Do we Catholics have a monopoly of morality? Are we to mold our legislation to suit the principles of any Church?" In answer, I would ask the following questions. Are Protestants, Aglipayans and other religious sects in favor of divorce as a moral principle? Whoever said that the Catholics have a monopoly of morality? And who is the man who will dare say that we shall legislate to suit the principles of any Church, when any High School student knows that there is a separation of the Church and State?

**LET US FACE THE FACTS.**—Morality is a problem for all—the Church and the State are interested in the moral upliftment of the people.

Somebody said that the question is simply one of deciding whether our divorce law is adequate, whether it solves our present social ills or whether it is outmoded, out of date and needs some streamlining. The author

of the amendment says—"one thing I can say—our divorce law was enacted during the days when the words "GI" and "Jeep" have not entered our vocabulary"—so he proposes to "liberalize" the divorce law and be abreast of the times. Not all innovations are good; not all that glitters is gold. Will the social problems and ills which the "GI" and "Jeep" have brought about be remedied by the proposed amendments? Will the Jeep girls be deterred from running around and will GI promiscuity be avoided by liberalizing the divorce law? Or are we giving incentive to the laxity of moral values which the war have happily or unhappily brought about and are we not giving fuel to the fire of moral degeneracy by approving this amendment?

For me, the best thing to do is to educate our young men and young women about the responsibilities of marriage and its meaning and to be careful in selecting their mates. Primarily, this is the parents' responsibility. It is also the bounden duty of the Church and the State.

I am closing this article with the hope that I will not be misunderstood. At the outset it should have been stated that I am not a living saint nor a dead wood; my nature is not that of a moralist nor of a crusader. I am but an ordinary mortal of flesh and blood, still in the flower of my manhood, not unmindful of the color of a particular rose or the shade of a lipstick. I contemplate with thrill and admiration the fascinating beauty of a woman; and from the depth of my soul, I will listen for hours to the rhapsody of a song.

Even more, I am a man of the world. From my youthful days I have been an adventurer and in the last war I take pride in belonging to the Philippine Army as First Lieutenant bearing serial number O-41415; my units participated in the conquest of famed Besang Pass against the hordes of Gen. Yamashita in the mountain fastnesses of North Luzon and in the bloody battles of San Fernando, La Union. In the battlefields of more than 20 engagements against the enemy, comrades in arm had fallen by my side and I myself saw the face of death several times. I hope my readers will forgive me, in digressing from my subject. Just to show that I am not discussing from the viewpoint of a priest but from the viewpoint of a man who smells of Mother Earth.

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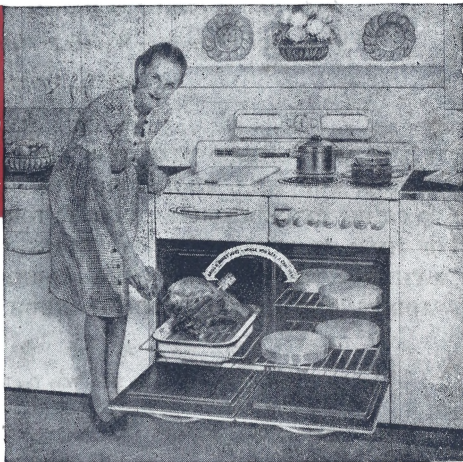
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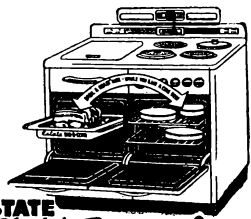
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