

# W O M A N ' S H O M E .

Jan. 31, 1947  
30 Cts.

# j o u r n a l



*Bob's*  
-17

MRS. NELY MONTILLA-LOVINA

Subscribe to the

# SATURDAY EVENING NEWS!

*This Is The Special Issue Of*

## The EVENING NEWS

**Which Comes Out Every Saturday Afternoon**

There are two important reasons why provincial readers find the SATURDAY EVENING NEWS the best newspaper for their money—

It Has A Fourteen-Page News Section Which Gives Them The Latest Developments Along The Local And Foreign News Fronts and

It Contains A Thirty-Two Page Magazine Section Which Features Four Pages Of Colored Comics, Fascinating Feature Articles, Interesting Short Stories, Fashion Trends, And Pictures and More Pictures.

STUDENTS, BUSINESS MEN, FARMERS, PROFESSIONALS, AND HOUSEWIVES ARE SUBSCRIBING DAILY TO THE SATURDAY EDITION OF THE "EVENING NEWS." For the relatively small amount of P9.00 you can receive the SATURDAY EVENING NEWS for one year, fifty-two issues in all, anywhere in the Philippines.

### SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Clip this coupon and mail it together with the necessary remittance.

The Circulation Department  
EVENING NEWS, INC.  
RAMON ROXAS BLDG.  
1055 Soler, Manila

Gentlemen:

Please send the SATURDAY EVENING NEWS to .....  
of ..... for the period of .....  
payment of which is hereby enclosed in the amount of .....  
as per (money order, cashier's check, or cash by registered mail) .....  
effective immediately.

NAME

ADDRESS

#### Subscription Rates:

1 Year ..... P9.00 Six Months ..... P4.80 Three Months ..... P2.50

(Subscription Rates for the United States, Hawaii, and other countries double these rates.)

# W O M A N ' S HOME JOURNAL

(Official Organ of the National  
Federation of Women's Clubs)

**Board of Editors**

Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda  
Paz Poliercarpio-Mendez  
Geronima T. Peeson  
Enriqueta R. Benavides

**Managing Editor**

Minerva G. Laudico

**Associate Editor**

Paciencia Torre-Guzman

**Advertising Manager**

F. A. Fuentecilla

## THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

MRS. NELLY MONTILLA-LOVINA, our cover matron for this fortnight is the wife of Primitivo Lovina, Chairman of the Finance-Reconstruction Corporation. Mrs. Lovina has been adjudged one of Manila's Best Dressed for 1946. One need not see her everyday to know that she is well worth the title. Good grooming with these women who have made it second nature to always look their best is a religious rite. Seeing Mrs. Lovina perfectly groomed at a state-affair, one can not imagine her not well groomed at other times. Needless to say, she is one of the few truly beautiful women of the Philippines. Bob Razon to whom we owe thanks for taking a very satisfactory picture for our cover, declares that Mrs. Lovina is a natural, speaking of photographic personalities. The fashion pictures in the double spread are likewise photographs by Bob.

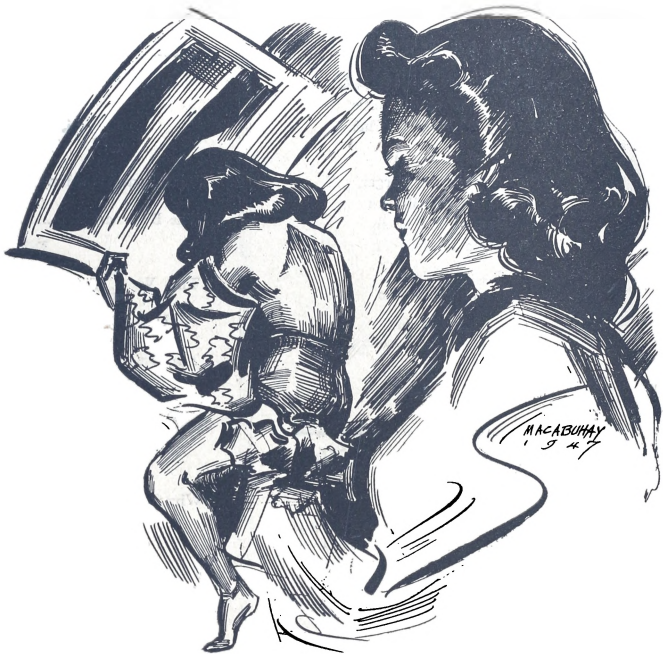
IT WAS like coming upon some treasure trove when we ran across this set of sketches of the Intramuros ruined churches. The Pacifican ran a little bit of history about them, as if fearing that something precious and rare was about to be lost. It took a foreign eye to see news in the rubble and debris of Intramuros churches.

"THAT'S ALL I HOPE" is a very misleading title. It should be headlined: "Formula for quarrelsome couples". J. P. McEvoy the great humorist has set forth here a saving grace for marital bickerings. The lord and master may be seething with rage when he can't find any socks but when he words his curses like a Chinaman trying to speak English, no wife can take him up seriously enough to start a quarrel. "Pretty damn seldom where my handkerchiefs

### Contents

This Fortnight's Issue .....	3
The Birthmark .....	4
<b>Delfin Fresnosa</b>	
They Work, Too .....	6
P.I.-U.S. War Damage Commission .....	7
The Son .....	8
<b>D. Paulo Dizon</b>	
Re-Orientation in Woman's Education .....	10
<b>Bienvenido Gonzalez</b>	
Why Don't Women Grow Up .....	11
<b>Sylvia F. Porter</b>	
Friends In America .....	12
Dust Him Off .....	13
Wacky Wills .....	14
<b>Richard Hyman</b>	
Dancing Feet .....	15
Ruined Churches of Intramuros .....	16
Feminine Today ((Fashions) .....	18-19
Silhouettes (Sketches by E. Vidal) .....	20
Nieves Baens del Rosario (Woman of the Month).....	21
Money Well Spent .....	22
Coconut Recipes .....	24
That's All I Hope .....	25
<b>J. P. McEvoy</b>	
Club Women's Bulletin Board .....	26
All For Love .....	31
Are You Always Tired .....	32

*Imprinted on the girl's back was the likeness of an arrow's head. The sight of it was like a sharp stab into Lorenza's heart.*



SHE could not remember very well because she was only five or six years old then and that was a long time ago. Vaguely she recalled, and this was immeasurably deepened when she dreamed an almost identical dream many years later, that it was a sort of warning, a premonition of her death. She was frightened, but because she was very young, she came to forget it very soon. Even the circumstances attendant to the dreaming of that dream quickly faded from her memory. She could only remember that she had been sick with fever, and when she had recovered somewhat, she was visited by the dream. She was in a deep pit and whether she was suspended in midair or not, she could not recall, but among other things, it seemed there was a voice which told of her death. The only detail which comparatively lingered longest in her mind was the memory of a person's back which bore a birthmark which resembled the head of an arrow. She knew without the shadow of doubt that that person would be her nemesis.

It was some seven years later when she dreamed a rather similar dream. It would seem that her aged grandmother came to visit her. She was the old woman's favorite and she had spent many happy days in her house. She was overjoyed to see her grandmother. But the strange thing about it was that the old woman had been dead for some years past already. That was what crossed her thoughts immediately on waking up. Then she remembered that the old woman had told her to be on the lookout for a per-

son that had the mark of an arrow's head on her back.

Lorenza was a shy frail child. Her parents planned to send her to Manila to study because she was more than fairly bright. At the time she was still in the high school. She did not have many friends and she was lonely.

She told her mother about her dream. But after the telling it did not seem very sharply etched to her any more. But there must really be something to it she thought because it had happened twice already. Her mother was troubled also, but rather in a vague sort of way. For what could they

do? There was a popular belief that if one would say nine Our Fathers and nine Hail Marys every night for nine years he would be vouchsafed a foreknowledge of his death. It would appear that the two dreams were of such stuff. They were whiffs of the Mysterious. Lorenza thought, But, God, why such morbidity?

The years dulled the poignancy of the dream. It could even be said that the memory of the two dreams seldom, if ever, obtruded into her thoughts unbidden. She lost much of her shyness. She acquired more friends. Of course there was her schoolwork to think about mostly. And also there were

parties, picnics, dances, and other forms of enjoyment. She did not possess much beauty, but she was rather charming in her own naive way.

She became a teacher. After graduating from the high school, she went to Manila to study. When she came back she was given an assignment in the town. It was a good life. She was able to save money. Later on she hoped she would be able to help greatly in sending her two younger brothers to college. That had been the agreement she had with her old folks.

Perhaps she could have gotten



married soon enough. But what with one thing and another she remained unredded. The greatest reason was that she was not yet entirely free. She considered it her obligation to see one, if not both, of her brothers through college. Thus she reached her twenty-fourth year. After that she did not get very often proposed to. Four more years and she did not even have a beau.

**B**UT it did not seem to matter much to her any more. She had become self-sufficient if nothing else. There were her charges that claimed much of her attention and affection. It was true that in the town there was not much in the way of recreation, but sometimes during summer she went to Manila. She even spent one summer in Baguio. She and some fellow-teachers did have one grand time.

Then again one night she dreamed about the back with the mark of the arrow on it. It was just a very ordinary dream and had it not been for the arrowmark repeated thrice already, she would not have given much thought to it perhaps. In the dream it seemed she and her mother who had died some two years ago, were conversing about the mark of the arrow. It closely paralleled a conversation they had had a long time ago. Her mother, it seemed, through her

have had there. And again when she dreamt that night it was like the fulfillment of a very fond wish. She had to admit to herself that she had been waiting to dream such a dream again. Even though she knew that she would become mortally afraid again, yet it held a very strong fascination for her. It was like something that is said of the sight of a snake. And in a way it was a form of release also.

She did not tell any one about it. Her mother was already dead. And also she had a feeling that she would appear ridiculous if she divulge the story of her dream to some of the people she knew. Thus she kept it to herself. But it was like a poison in her system. She was even afraid that if she thought very much about it, it might drive her quietly insane. Who knows but some people thought her a little cranky already.

The best thing then was to forget all about it: to occupy her mind with more healthy thoughts. Yet she knew that however well she might be able to banish it from her consciousness, still it would remain lurking in the deep darknesses of her mind. All right then she would try to forget it. She wished fervently that the days would pass very quickly so that there would at least be months, then years, to thrust back the night

## ELECTRONIC "SUPER-EYE" POWERFUL

**HOROKEN, NEW JERSEY—**The electronic "super-eye" being used here in food research is said to be nearly 100 times more powerful than the most efficient microscopes used in such work. This electron microscope enables food scientists to study cellular structure step by step in food processing, since most food cells become

visible under it. What happens to food as it is processed and packaged was described by an industry spokesman as the "most important thing for food technologists to know". The use of the electronic eye is expected to result in the improved taste, texture and appearance of packaged foods. (USIS)

when she recalled the meeting some days later. But no matter. She really had been surprisingly affected by the meeting. It puzzled her somewhat. Alberto was rather surprised at himself also. They met many times more. They came to love one another. It hardly mattered to her that he was a widower. He had one child, a girl, about eight years old then. But Alberto himself was still quite young. He was somewhere around thirty-five. He was big and strong and hale. Lorenza came to love him very deeply. And she told him and she vowed to herself that she would try her very best to take care of the child.

She had even come to love the child already. Manuela was quite big for her age and she was ex-

visible under it. What happens to food as it is processed and packaged was described by an industry spokesman as the "most important thing for food technologists to know". The use of the electronic eye is expected to result in the improved taste, texture and appearance of packaged foods. (USIS)

One day they had an outing. A walk into the country, then a dip in Panganiban beach, then home. Lorenza lovingly prepared the food they were to carry. It was just going to be like a little family affair.

It was a bright Sunday morning. After attending mass, they rode to the barrio in an automobile. Then they had about a two-kilometer hike. It was about ten o'clock when they got to the beach. There were not very many picnickers that day. The beach-nones-theless was one of the most famous outing places in the whole province.

The sea was excellent for swimming. They had a wonderful time all along. Alberto was a romantic hero. And the schoolteacher was ecstatic in a way. She told herself she never had known what she had been missing. Manuela added to the touch of gaiety.

Then they had their lunch. It turned out excellently too. After that they lolled about a bit. Their plans called for another dip afterwards, and then home.

But before the day ended, the schoolteacher became suddenly upset. It was as if she had suddenly stared into the face of Death. For at one time when Manuela was changing into dry clothes, Lorenza saw that imprinted on the small of the girl's back was the likeness of an arrow's head. The sight of it was like a sharp stab into her heart. But she could not divulge the full significance of the thing to her companions. And thus, to her alone, it seemed as if instead of the three of them, another had come as if borne by a puff of foul wind, to join their company.

THIS STORY SHOULD WAKE YOU UP  
IF YOU BELIEVE IN SUPERSTITIONS

By Delfin Fresnosa

actions more than any spoken word, warned her to beware of the person who had the birthmark that was shaped like the head of an arrow imprinted on the back, for such a person would cause her death. How, or when, or why, the dream did not elucidate. Her previous dreams did not hold any answer to such questions either.

She had not known how almost completely she had almost forgotten her former dreams until that night. Then she knew that deep in her subconscious it must

she dreamed her third dream.

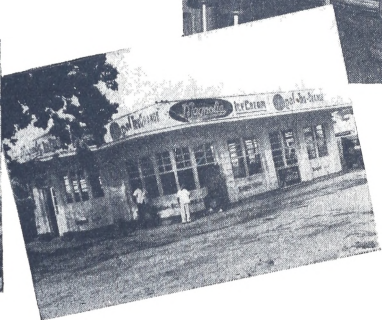
Then one day the gloom that had so lately pervaded her life lifted a bit. She met Alberto. He was a native of the town and they had known one another when they were still children. But he had lived for a very long time in Manila. At most, they had not seen each other for more than twenty years. Yet it would not seem sufficient reason why they should greet one another so warmly. But it was true they were like lovers reunited. She blushed with shame

tremely robust. She had a pretty face, intelligent eyes, and naturally wavy hair. It was not difficult to fall in love with her.

**M**ANUELA was not quick to reciprocate, but in the end, because the schoolteacher had spent the greater part of her life with children, she was able to win the affection of the child. Alberto was more than gladdened by the propitious way events were shaping. He proposed marriage. She said that it might as well be

# They Work, Too.

THESE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL OF THE SOCIETY GIRLS WHO KNOW WHAT WORK IS LIKE —



Left to right: Bubut Valdez - Nietos Snackbar; Salud Hocson's ice cream stand; Dely Rodriguez-Mendoza's refreshment parlor.

IT TAKES all sorts of people to make a world, otherwise society with a capital "S" would not have its own excuse for being. One may even say that society folk deserve as much sympathy as that bestowed on the great unwashed. If this statement opens a target, here's another that should release the flood-gates: Wealth and social position can be as much a curse as poverty and obscurity. Boredom can bring a kind of torture not unmatched by the throes of hunger and want. Moredom can kill a woman, where hunger and poverty can drive a man to work.

Now if that sounds like infiltration tactics into the land of sour grapes, let every one come to reason and consider a few uncolored facts. The society girl knows, or has an inkling at least, that for every glittering spectacle she makes, she pays dearly in terms of disapproval from a down-to-earth, non-society public who may justly or unjustly have its reasons for indicting society folks. For every fabulous party dress she orders whose cost is beyond rhyme or reason even if it is within her means, she is well aware that she is accepting more inches of the figurative rope she is supposed to hang herself with.

And yet she does not do anything about it, sneers the cynic. The victim smiles with all the grace at her command, mounts her high horse and makes it none of the cynic's business whether she wants

to do something about it or not. And that, as everybody knows is neither here nor there.

An observant foreigner was spectator at one scintillating society affair this past Christmas season. She admired beyond words the expensive trappings of the glittering gals, but her heart sank when she learned authoritatively that those gowns will not be worn twice, because... oh well, just because. "Cultivate a garden, then, don't just wear it on your back!"

They may not wear one dress twice, but the majority of the society girls work, too. And they do not do it to assuage any body's conscience including their own, but because they want to work. They may not admit it but it is clear that they have a lot of respect for people who sweat over fine jobs and are not trapped in a net of inadvertencies against the happy career of work.

Off-hand, we can name some dozen society girls actually engaged in gainful occupation. There's Bubut Valdez-Nieto, daughter-in-law of Col. Manuel Nieto, whose absence from a social function is always explained by her husband Nelín with the excuse that she is tied up at her shop. And "shop" means a soda-fountain, ice cream stand next door to the Far Eastern University. She has hordes of assistants, but that does not keep Bubut from staying behind the counter herself when situation demands it. If that is not work, what else

is. A few steps from this place is Dely's eating nook. Dely Rodriguez-Mendoza dolls up for her workshop as for the drawing-room social. She stays behind the counter and quietly sees to everything. She still looks fit to pose for fashion pictures, as she did, not so many years ago, but she'd sooner talk about her snack bar and her baby.

Another Magnolia stand that overflows with customers, what with San Beda, Mapa High and Holy Ghost students to cater to, is the green and white Magnolia stand managed by Salud Hocson. She took to bed after the holidays, no

doubt from overwork. Nely Lacson-Gonzales is another busy girl with an ice-cream stand along Santa Mesa Boulevard.

Lulu Reyes who, as a social welfare worker, goes everybody one better by being affiliated with countless welfare organizations, has her hands full what with also keeping office hours at the FEATI. It is quite a feat to plan glamorous gowns, visit the beautician or hair-dresser and keep dates when one is tied to an office desk. The energy spent in planning how to cover everything — this alone is work! Speaking of secretarial work, there's barrister Chito Madrigal

(Continued on page 30)



Chito Madrigal works at her father's (Don Vicente Madrigal) office.

# QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

WE ARE INITIATING IN THIS ISSUE INFORMATION BULLETINS IN QUESTION AND ANSWER FORM SO THAT POTENTIAL CLAIMANTS MAY BE GIVEN CORRECT INFORMATION WITH REGARD TO THE WAR DAMAGE COMMISSION.

Q.—How are claimants to know details regarding the filing of their claims?

A.—When the claim forms are distributed they will be accompanied by a Circular of General Information which will give them major facts regarding the preparation and filing of their claims.

Q.—Who may make war damage claims under the Philippine Rehabilitation Act?

A.—A qualified claimant must have been a citizen of the Philippines or the United States on December 7, 1941, and continuously thereafter up to the time of filing his claim. The claimant also must have had an insurable interest in the property lost or damaged from December 7, 1941 up to and including the time of loss or damage.

A non-citizen may qualify if he is a citizen of a country friendly to the United States provided his nation grants reciprocal war damages to citizens of the United States who reside in his own country but this non-citizen must also have been a resident of the Philippines for five years prior to December 7, 1941.

In addition, any person who served honorably in the armed forces of the Philippines or the United States between September 16, 1940 and August 14, 1945, or who performed honorably in the merchant marine, is considered qualified.

Churches and religious organizations may, of course, submit claims.

Corporations, trusts, unincorporated associations, and other groups, may qualify provided they were organized according to the laws of the United States, one of its States, territories or possessions, or according to the laws of

the Philippines, provided that such associations, corporations, trusts, and the like are not owned or controlled by enemy aliens or persons adjudged guilty by proper authority of collaborating with the enemy or of other acts disloyal to the Philippines or the United States.

Q.—Who are disqualified persons?

A.—Enemy aliens or persons adjudged guilty by proper authority of collaborating with the enemy or of committing acts disloyal to the Philippines or the United States.

Q.—Are any other persons disqualified?

A.—The Commission is barred from paying compensation to any person who has been paid compensation for damages by either the Philippine Government, the United States War Department or Navy Department, or other agencies of the United States Government. The Commission may not make payment in such cases even if these other agencies are only authorized to pay indemnity unless payment of such indemnity has been denied. Furthermore, individuals who were insured against war damage are not cov-

ered either, except that the Commission may approve claims for amounts over and above the coverage given in their insurance policies. This provision remains in force regardless of whether any insurance settlement has been made.

Q.—Is the United States Philippine War Damage Commission receiving claims now?

A.—Definitely not. The Commission must await the arrival from the United States of special claim forms which will be distributed throughout the Philippines so as to be available free of charge to all claimants. It is expected that they will be distributed through the school system. After they have been distributed to major points throughout the Philippines, the Commission will make a public announcement of a date when it will be prepared to receive claims. No claims can be submitted until that date.

Q.—When will that date be announced?

A.—Probably within a few weeks.

Q.—After the original date fixed in the public announcement of the Commission, how long will

claimants have to file their claims?

A.—Twelve months from the original date.

Q.—Where may claims be filed?

A.—Claims may be filed at any of the branch offices which the Commission will establish in at least ten of the major cities of the Philippines, the main office of the Commission in Manila, or they may be mailed, provided they are mailed to the Manila office of the Commission.

Q.—May claims for personal injury, or loss of life or limb be submitted?

A.—No, claims may be made only for tangible real and personal property. Claims may not be made for such items as jewelry, furs, money, bullion, antiques, precious stones, etc., unless such items constituted inventories for carrying on a trade or business within the Philippines. There are other exceptions, included in the law and mentioned in the Circular of General Information.

Q.—How must the claimant have suffered loss or damage to his property to come under the

(Continued on page 17)

The United States Philippine War Damage Commission recently announced the location of 11 branch offices which it intends to open in the provinces within the next few months.

In Luzon, branch offices will be opened at Tuguegarao, Vigan, Baguio, Lingayen and Legaspi; in the Visayas, at Iloilo, Cebu, and Tacloban; and in Mindanao at Zamboanga, Davao, and Cagayan.

The Commission said that those cities were selected because of their geographic location and the area they will be able to serve. Each office will be in charge of a branch manager. The size of the offices will vary, how-

ever, with the location and will be based upon an estimate of war damage in each area and hence the amount of work they will have to do.

Branch offices will receive claims from claimants on and after March 1, the initial date when the Commission has announced it will be prepared to accept claims for war damage, and through the twelve-month period ending at midnight on February 29, 1948.

Branch office personnel will make a preliminary screening of the claims submitted to them and determine that they are properly signed and sworn to as well as make certain that necessary

data concerning nationality and citizenship of claimants has been given, and that they have been prepared in the English language. The branch offices will then forward the claim to the Manila office of the Commission for investigation and consideration. In many instances claims will be returned to the branch office which accepted them for appraisal and recommendation regarding the amount to be approved by the Commission.

The eleven branch offices will be under the immediate jurisdiction of Guillermo Gomez, Director of the Office of Field Operations of the Commission.

# THE SON

By D. Paulo-Dizon

WHAT SHOULD YOU DO WHEN YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD WHO USED TO BE VERY CLOSE TO YOU SUDDENLY BECOMES UNCOMMUNICATIVE, DISTANT?

WHAT BOTHERS me, the Mother said, is his unusual attitude. Why the sudden change? Why, he is so silent, so uncommunicative. He seems lost to the world.

He is all right, the Father said. There's nothing abnormal about being silent nor about being uncommunicative. Nor about being seemingly lost to the world, either. I was a young man once and I guess I worried my poor mother a lot too, in the same way as he is worrying you now.

I am afraid something is really wrong with him, the Mother said. Don't you think so?

He is probably in love, the Father said. So deeply in love.

I hope that's what's wrong with him, the Mother said. What I am afraid of is that... is that he might be suffering from a horrible sickness. You know, the kind that one is ashamed of. They must have led a wild life in the hills. Why, he even doesn't even talk about it like the others who have returned do.

He probably just doesn't like to brag about his exploits, like the others do, the Father said.

Please talk to him, the Mother pleaded. Find out what's wrong with him. Oh, Lord, if I only knew what to do for him. He doesn't even complain.

You better ask him, the Father

He had never confided anything to me. I suppose he will tell you. He used to be very close to you.

You should be the one to ask him, the Mother said. You are the father. He will be less embarrassed to tell you if he is suffering from some kind of disease.

The father, strangely enough, felt inwardly ill at ease with the mere thought of having to come face to face with his son and ask him pointblank the simple question of what was wrong with him. The three long years that he had been separated now seemed to have become a solid wall between them, parents and son. The Father wondered how he could break in on his son's silence, which seemed so solid, so inviolable, so impenetrable. He was afraid it might embarrass him even to try to talk to him, his son, his own flesh and blood.

No, the Father said. I don't think it is necessary to ask him what's ailing him. He is big enough to take care of himself, anyway.

That is not the proper attitude for a father to take toward his son, is it?, said the mother.

When I was his age, the Father said. I preferred to be let alone with my own problems. The affairs of the young are not for the old to meddle with, I suppose.

I am worried about him, the





Mother sighed. She looked as if she were about ready at any moment to succumb to sobs.

Let him alone, the Father said. He is just confused with life, I guess. Or maybe he is deeply in love.

Presently they heard him, or rather the unmistakable sound of his footsteps, coming up the stairs. His steps were slow and deliberate; there was a sound of sadness, of loss, of unbelonging, to his steps. The Father and the Mother, who were seated at the dining table, unable to eat, stopped talking, and pretended with much effort to be as casual as possible.

He, the son, now a young man of twenty years, walked silently past the table without so much as glancing at his mother nor at his father, and disappeared into his room.

If you don't call that abnormal, the Mother said in a very low whisper, I don't know what on earth it is.

It is being so deeply in love, the Father said.

He is sick, I tell you, the Mother said. Don't you think it is our duty to find out and do something about it?

I can't do the finding-out part of it, the Father said. Go find out, and if something needs to be done, you may count on me, to be sure.

He was not like this before he left for the hills, the Mother said. Oh, I wish I knew what's wrong about him.

The best thing that can be done about it, the Father said philosophically, is to let him be until he gets over it.

When it will be too late to do anything about it at all, is it? the Mother covered her face with her hands.

Then the son emerged silently from his room. He had changed into his house-clothing, and there was a lifeless look in his face. He sat at the vacant chair across the table from his father. His mother sat at the side of the table to

his left. Now that he was very near her, when she could have embraced him and kissed him as she had been wishing to do, a kind of nervous embarrassment took possession of her; she even failed to smile at him kindly, as she had intended to do, when for a moment their eyes met.

The son turned the plate in front of him upside up, and without a word he started eating. He ate with his head bowed as in prayer, chewing the food slowly, pensively. Neither the Father nor the Mother could find a way of starting a conversation with the young man, their own son, who had come back from the war a total stranger to them. It was exactly as if he was not their own any longer.

The Father had wanted to take the occasion of talking to his son now that he was within listening distance, but something about the way the Son chewed his food, something about his silence, his bowed head, held the Father's tongue stiff; he had cleared his throat in preparation to speak, the sound of which annoyed his wife, but failed to impress his son, who continued eating silently, unperturbed, unconcerned, rather sadly. The Father drank all the water in his glass and stood up and left the table.

Are you... are you all right, Markos, the Mother stuttered. Are you feeling, I mean, you are not sick are you?

Markos, the Son, shrugged his shoulders coldly in answer to his Mother's hesitant solicitation. He didn't even raise his eyes to see how flustered her face was.

Why are you so silent, Markos?

By this time he had finished eating. He had become almost abstemious in his eating as in his talking. There was a time, the Mother remembered, when he ate like a vulture and filled the bathroom with Crosby-imitation crooning. That was before the time he, the Son, Markos, had seen so much of the shocking ugliness of death, of which there had been so much in the battlefields where he, himself, had inflicted death upon other human beings not very much unlike himself, who were

## U.S. PAPERS CALL FOR REAPPRAISAL OF COMMERCIAL AVIATION

**C**ALLING attention editorially to recent aerial tragedies and the "mountain graph of airline fatalities," the Cincinnati "Inquirer" declared that "it is time for a complete reappraisal of commercial aviation." It demanded immediate inquiries into the causes of recent disasters, saying: "Transportation companies are not the only ones interested. All the people of the land have a stake in commercial aviation, whether or not they ride air routes. . . . The airplane will play a primary part in future world development. . . . these matters are of primary importance."

The paper said that both the government and airlines should investigate to see "what mechanical or technical shortcomings are responsible; whether personnel or equipment—or both—is failing."

**T**he Cleveland "Plain Dealer" declared editorially that the trouble with aviation is simply that it has "grown too big." Noting that Cleveland airport facilities were utilized in 1946 by nearly 1,300,000 passengers—over half a million more than the previous year—it continued:

"The industry needs bigger and better passenger handling facilities, among other things. The industry can not expect to keep on attracting more and more customers if air terminals are not commodious enough and if landing and take-off facilities are overtaxed by aerial arrivals and departures."

"One possible solution is a plan being considered in Houston, Texas, for submission to the vote of the people of a bond issue to construct an 'air city,' the project calling for simultaneous building a new airport, and appropriately spaced residential structures and shops."

called his enemies. And as his mother talked to him from her side of the table, Markos remembered the first mortal blow he had inflicted upon an enemy; he had thrust the entire length of his hunting knife deep into the back of the enemy, with all the hatred in the world, with all the strength of his manhood; the enemy fell on his face, writhing and groaning in the pool of his own blood. Markos remembered how he stood over his victim watching him die like a worm, and then he remembered the others he had killed. His hands trembled now and the look in his eyes went blank and he stopped chewing his food.

I am a dead man, Mother, Markos said. He pulled himself up, rather mechanically, and drew away from the table, and then he strode silently into his room.

After he had spoken and left the table and disappeared like a ghost into the room, the Mother could hardly believe she had heard the voice of her son.

Then the Father, who had been listening from his room, came to join his wife. He knew now that his son was not just deeply in love.

You heard him, didn't you? the Mother said. He will get over it, the Father said.

The Son sat erect, passively, his eyes fiercely blank, his teeth tightly clenched.

Please, the Mother pleaded. Please tell me. Are you sick? Please, you can at least talk, can't you, Markos? You don't even tell your father and me about what happened to you while you

They must have killed something in him, the Mother sobbed. Oh, how they hurt him so.

He will get over it, the Father said. He is just deeply confused, that's all.

Presently they heard him snoring in his room.

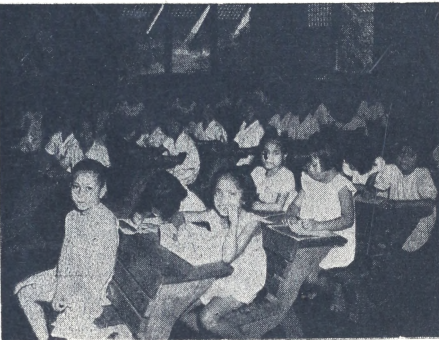
*Their son walked silently past the table without so much as glancing at his mother nor at his father, and disappeared into his room.*

President Bienvenido M. Gonzalez  
of the State University Advocates

# RE-ORIENTATION IN WOMEN'S EDUCATION

FEEL greatly honored in being asked to appear before you on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Your quarter of a century of leadership in matters that concern the welfare of your communities is known to us all. You have dedicated yourselves to a mission so noble that it is not at all strange that you were able to accomplish so much. Thus you may look back with a glow of satisfaction at this record of public service. But I should not dwell unduly on your past achievements lest I give offense to that feeling of innate modesty so characteristic of our women. I would state, however, that your splendid accomplishments these last twenty-five years are the best guarantee for a fruitful future. This is a most reassuring thought for the future that stretches ahead is long and uncertain and is replete with problems. It presents a challenge which we cannot ignore for our very survival as a people is at stake. We cannot afford to fail—we must not fail. These difficult and trying times demand that we give and give unstintingly the utmost that is in us. We have to be on our feet once more; the welfare of our race demands it. The past few years of war, of cruelty and inhumanity have crippled us, almost knocked us out. Literally we have to rehabilitate ourselves. The urgency of the task cannot be ignored.

When we speak of rehabilitation we do not mean merely the rebuilding of our shattered homes, the restoration of normal channels of trade and economy, the reconstruction of our damaged public works. These are only the physical aspects of the problem. Equally important, nay more important, are moral and cultural rehabilitation. While the need for the first is immediate, the implications of the latter are more far reaching. While material re-



What's wrong with our present system of education? U.P. President Gonzalez says most of our institutions conduct their courses from a man's point of view. Girls are educated in the same way as boys; girls are not adequately prepared for their role as future guardians of the home.

habilitation is ever-present in our I should not want to be misunderstood. Fundamentally our perunins keep constantly reminding ple are honest, law-abiding, up-right. Their social and cooperative tendencies can be developed moral and cultural rehabilitation. They possess the ability to dis-

tinguish between right and wrong. Their heroic resistance against destructive forces under the most adverse circumstances and against such overwhelming odds are positive indications of the virility of the race, and has rightly earned for this country the respect and admiration of the rest of the world.

That, however, does not present the whole picture, for there has been a notable relaxation in our moral standards following prolonged hunger, privation and the repression. And grateful as we are and shall always be for our physical liberation, we have to admit that from the moral standpoint we are not yet emancipated. The war brought out many heroic and noble qualities of our people, but it also revealed many of their shortcomings. It placed a premium on insincerity, double-dealing, and even fraud. In many cases it was only through such dubious means that survival could be assured. Nor is this the worst of all. The policy of brutalization, torture, and mutual espionage systematically pursued by the invaders naturally led to the cheapening and debasing of human values. The air was laden with suspicion. One knew not whom he could trust. Ordinary politeness and the common decencies became suspect. Kindness in dealing with neighbors was often fraught with perilous consequences. In time even the sensitive became callous and indifferent to the sight of suffering and misery. Human life became cheap. And the dignity of the human personality, which occupies such a dominant position in a democratic state, became instances with the gratification of anti-social tendencies. Loyalty to one's filiation demanded acts of sabotage and vandalism. We concede the necessity at the time but we cannot but regret the consequences that still linger.

Now after over a year of liberation the moral tone does not look so desperate. But only if we shut our eyes to the realities can we claim that the situation is as it should be. For traces of the degeneracy of the occupation years are still with us. Opportunism, cupidity, and deceit still persist. There appears to be a growing tide of lawlessness too which is symptomatic of social unrest as well as of moral bankruptcy. Delinquency seems to go on unchecked. As a matter of fact the laxity of the times appear to en-

(Continued on page 23)

# Why Don't Women GROW UP?

By Sylvia F. Porter

(Financial Editor, NEW YORK POST)

**I**T HAPPENED at a Town Hall meeting in New York a few months ago. I had just finished a speech designed to awaken the 1,000 women present to their responsibilities in a great, free nation. I had quoted dozens of statistics proving women's astonishing economic power and potential influence. I had talked for an hour about America's desperate need for informed, alert women voters and representatives. Now it was the question period. And from the back of the large hall came the first voice:

"Miss Porter, are you married?"

The unexpectedness of the question shocked us all into silence for an instant. Then, as the chuckles filled the room, I countered. "Why ask that?"

"Because if you are," the woman retorted, "you would know that married women haven't the time to keep up with all the news and be as active as you say in politics and community life. Running our homes and raising our children keep us busy enough."

I spoiled the argument by announcing that I was married and the diplomatic chairman passed on quickly to another questioner. But I have never forgotten the incident for it emphasized a dominant viewpoint among women that angers and frightens me.

We women are complacent about our place in America, believing that all we need contribute to our nation are properly managed homes and children.

We are irresponsible, believing that there's always "someone else" to choose and vote for the right representatives to Washington and the world's capitals. If the wrong representatives do sneak up the ladder, we still blame it on "someone else."

We are mentally lazy, believing that it's unnecessary and even

rather unladylike to bother our heads about political, social and economic problems.

We are defaulting or—even worse — ignoring our great and possibly last chance to mold a better America and a better world.

Surely the challenge is there! In the last quarter century, two horrible wars have been fought, millions of innocent people have been slaughtered, pestilence and hunger and terror have swept over the globe, because the men in power permitted evil forces to arise and grow in nations. As mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts we want to make certain that those forces are utterly destroyed and are never allowed to catch hold again.

Surely the opportunities are all around us! For woman's intelligence matches man's. The same educational sources open to men are available to us. The same newspapers, magazines, books and radio shows that reach our men may reach us. We have the vote. We have proved our ability to work side by side with any man. There are more opportunities for women in America than in any other land—but only if we recognize and take them.

Actually, our power is so great, so inspiring, that I honestly and passionately believe that we can accomplish just about anything we set out to accomplish. But before we can achieve even minor advances, either as individuals or as women, we must think of what we want, decide we want it and act to get it. Then, and then only, will we be effective.

American women control seventy per cent of the nation's wealth. But think for a moment. What power have you, as a woman, over the use of that wealth? Pitifully little, you'll be forced to admit.

We own forty per cent of America's homes—a percentage so vast that it gives us working control

over the home market. But what are we women doing to solve our desperate housing shortage? What did we do during the war to prevent soaring rents and what are we doing now to maintain rent ceilings?

We hold tens of millions of shares of stock, and in many corporations we hold the controlling stock interest. But how many of us sit on the boards of directors of our corporations and help decide price and wage policies? How many of us even trouble to read the periodic reports sent to us by the companies we own?

We are the dominant savers in America and sixty-five per cent of all the savings accounts in banks are in our names. But how many women occupy the top-notch positions in banks? How many of us even know what is happening in the institutions that hold our savings?

We buy eighty to eighty-five per cent of all the goods sold in

this country. But while we buy and wear the clothes, who manufactures the styles and thus, in effect, dictates them? While we purchase the food and furniture and gadgets, who directs the supplies into the market, forms our desires?

We have had the privilege of voting for more than a quarter century. But how many women have we elected to Congress and positions of local authority? Of those we have elected, how many stand out as real leaders? I'll wager that after you've mentioned a few spectacular characters, you'll be fumbling for names.

**E**ACH statistic—and I could list many more—proves your tremendous importance in America, your basic strength, your supremacy. But each answer also indicates the extent of women's defeat. And if any of the figures surprise you, that too shows how

(Continued on page 29)



**ELEANOR WILSON McADOO**, throaty-voiced daughter of the late President Woodrow Wilson and second of the late William McAdoo's three wives, is back in the news with her debut on a national network—talking to, for and about women. At 22, Eleanor Wilson was the 14th White House bride when she married McAdoo, 50-year-old widower with six children, one of them two years the bride's senior and one her own age. Their wedding in the historic East Room, the most publicized social event of 1914 due to temporary parental objection over the age discrepancy, was a quiet affair due to the bride's mother's illness, and climaxed a courtship on the dance floor and tennis court. Mother of two children, Mrs. McAdoo left Washington, D. C., in 1934 for Los Angeles due to the climate's effect on her health, and shortly thereafter was granted a divorce on an incompatibility charge. The next year McAdoo, at the age of 71, wed 26-year-old Doris Cross, and his divorced wife obtained permission from the court to drop the name McAdoo. During the years of World War II, she worked for the treasury department promoting the sale of war bonds with "talk, talk, talk, talk, talk," she says. In addition to helping her country, she obtained a good background for her present-day career—that of chairwoman on a nation-wide woman's club radio program. A 52-week contract (unusual in comparison to the traditional 13-week engagements) has brought Eleanor McAdoo, her radio name, to New York from California. (International)

Wherever Mrs. Legarda and Miss Evangelista visited they attracted so much attention that inevitably the papers of the place ran pictures and full-length articles about them.

The Greensboro Daily News published their picture when they got off the train and was welcomed by Mrs. M. O. Board, president of the Greensboro Woman's Club. Greensboro was their first stop during a four-day tour of North Carolina. Follows a copy of what the paper wrote about their visit.

#### FILIPINO CLUB OFFICIALS SPEAK TO GREENBORO WOMAN'S CLUB

(Greensboro Daily News, Greensboro, North Carolina)

Mrs. Trinidad F. Legarda, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs and of the National Council of Women of the Philippine Islands, wearing a stunning tailored grey suit, kelly green blouse, and tiny black hat trimmed with grey ostrich plumes, gave a speech which appealed to the emotions of the members of Greensboro Women's Club at their luncheon meeting yesterday at the clubhouse. She was accompanied by Miss Mercedes Evangelista, secretary of the federation, who wore a similar suit, white blouse, and small black hat. Both talked fluent English but with a touch of the Spanish influence. Both expressed appreciation for the hospitality shown them in North Carolina and the aid North Carolina clubwomen have given their rehabilitation. Mrs. M. O. Board, local president, welcomed the visitors to the state, Greensboro having been their first stop in a four-day tour.

Mrs. Legarda declared that it is difficult for American women to realize what it is to live in an occupied country devastated by a brutal enemy. Persons there lived and dreamed in a physical, moral, and social devastation, she said. All Philippine problems come under the head of rehabilitation. Mrs. Legarda added, "For the Spanish gave us religion, the Americans gave us education, and the Japanese gave us starvation." Her concluding remarks were: "I have nothing but love for all the women I have met in North Carolina. I hope when you come to the Philippines you will look up the federation of clubwomen. We will be insulted if you don't."

Miss Evangelista, who brought greetings from the 1,000,000 club-

women of the Philippines, noted the Philippine flag on display with the American flag and said she hoped that friendship will never cease between the two countries. She told how she was arrested by the Japanese and made a military prisoner and after confinement of 22 days in an internment camp where she was tortured and beaten was taken to a hospital where she aided the ill prisoners of war. Miss Evangelista and other Philippine women smuggled food, medicine, and money to their own prisoners and to American prisoners. By smuggling items in their hair and in their skirt hems, the women were able to get to the camps where they

hid the material in shrubbery and garbage cans. Then they sang songs to the prisoners to reveal the whereabouts of these supplies.

The clubwomen mortgaged their clubhouse for 20,000 pesos and smuggled this money into the internment camps. The Japanese became angry, burned the clubhouse, and executed the president. In conclusion Miss Evangelista added: "We wish to acknowledge the donations North Carolina women are giving their Manila sisters. We hope you will come to see us, although we may not be able to entertain you as lavishly as we have been entertained. We will welcome you into our ruined

city, into our ruined Philippine Islands." Mrs. Karl Bishopric of Spray, president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, introduced the speakers.

Dr. F. K. Harder of the city health department, speaking on "Current Welfare Work," stated that the number one problem in North Carolina is the building of hospitals. A movie, "Our Health Problems," showed the functioning of the laws of sanitation. Dr. Harder was presented by the department of welfare, Mrs. H. B. Seavell, chairman. On each table sprays of red berries entwined with ivy banked lamplighter's lanterns holding red candles, replica of the 1947 Christmas seal lanterns.

Likewise the Winston-Salem (N.C.) Journal ran a picture of them during a luncheon given by the woman's club where they were special guests. The picture showed Mrs. Legarda and Miss Evangelista with Mrs. Karl Bishopric, president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. Again we reprint the press release about this visit.

#### PRESIDENT OF PHILIPPINE CLUB WOMEN THANKS N.C. CLUBS; ASKS CON- TINUED INTEREST AND HELP

(Winston-Salem (N.C.) Journal, Friday, November 22, 1946).

"Ladies—sister club women—you do not know how fortunate you are to live in this beautiful country and my fervent prayer is that you will never know a country torn by war," Mr. Trinidad F. Legarda, president of the Federation of Women of the Philippines said yesterday.

Mrs. Legarda and her executive secretary, Miss Mercedes Evangelista, spoke yesterday at a luncheon meeting of the Woman's Club.

Her warm, twinkling brown eyes filling with tears, Mrs. Legarda told of the plight of the children of the Philippines, of their lack of school facilities, of inflation and of the hardships her people had undergone. Mrs. Legarda and Miss Evangelista came to the United States to attend the International Assembly of women recently held in New York and was invited to speak to North Carolina club women by Mrs. Karl Bishopric, state federation president.

(Continued on page 29)

# FRIENDS IN AMERICA



Picture taken at Winston-Salem, North Carolina during a tea-party given by the Women's Club at the home of its president, Mrs. Ruthrook. Seated: Mrs. Bishopric and Miss Evangelista. Standing: Mrs. Legarda and Mrs. Ruthrook.



# DUST HIM OFF

FOR MORE years than we care to have bruited about, we have been straining our eyes over tidy pieces of prose which instruct you how to get your man. We feel that the general female public has profited nicely. The setting of bear-traps has given way to subtler, less rasping methods. Frequently the male feels little or no pain on being lashed to the mast, and we have actual cases on file of men who read articles on How To Get Your Girl and then went out and campaigned until they got their girls.

All this is very refreshing and certainly shows a fine attitude on the part of the Adamant Sex. But it doesn't go very far toward solving another problem close to the hearts of us ladies. Namely, how to get rid of a man. If there's one unfortunate law of love that we hold to, it's that the easiest boy in the world to attract is the one you are totally disinterested in attracting. And he certainly can hang on, come what may. The tenacity of the bulldog is as nothing when likened to the determination of a young man to secure the object of his affections, no matter how strongly his object may object. If someone cuts in on him at a dance, he is bound to cut back as soon as it is decently possible, whereas if a really enchanting guy is cut in on he usually wanders off and isn't seen again until he can be spotted cheek-to-cheeking with a dazzling redhead. Ain't it the truth? And equally, when you tell Creepy that you are sorry, but you are busy Saturday night, he will question closely to find out which of the next twenty-one succeeding evenings you have time for him. But not the Dreamboat! Oh, no... tell him in anguish you are busy Saturday night, but that you'd love to see him any other night, and he will mutter that he'll give you a ring sometime... But let us stick with Creepy (whom we will call Fido since it sounds less ghoulish) for the nonce. And let us work out a way to make sure we are stuck with him for the last and final time. No, no, put down those crowbars, my friends, there must be a more sensitive way of coping.

It occurred to us at one time that if certain methods were sure-fire ways of acquiring a beau, the reverse of those methods should logically remove him. But somehow things just don't pay out that way... for example you are al-

ways being urged to curb your eagerness if you want Joe to care. But if you want Joe to go far, far away, it doesn't always follow that he will, if you act as if he were personally directing every waking thought. He is very likely, instead, to take this encouragement as encouragement, if you get what we mean. By the same token, you are instructed to look your well-groomed best in order to send a lad into spasms of poetry. But try messing yourself up a bit to discourage him, and it is almost a sure thing that he is the one male in town who thinks you look delightfully casual instead! The articles also admonish you not to brag about the other gents you know, but if we know our Fido he will be utterly intrigued by the competition and merely redouble his efforts.

All this is on the negative side, of course, and what we really need are some constructive ideas. You can, of course, very easily make it clear to a boy that you don't like him by telling him so, and embroider the theme further by adding that you wouldn't go out with him if he were the last man in the world. This is conclusive, but bad policy. It is our firm belief that if you can avoid making an enemy, it is always best to do so. So why antagonize anyone who may some day pay you back by saying malicious things about you? Besides, why hurt anyone unnecessarily? You may think we are lying in our teeth, but it is true that young men are on the whole more sensitive about rebuffs than young women.

All right, dearie, stop stalling... what should one do to remove, painlessly, an adhesive gentleman? An exceedingly simple method is to introduce -him to

HE'S DEVOTED, HE'S DEPENDABLE, HE'S ON YOUR DOORSTEP. IF HE SAYS HE'LL CALL AT SIX, HE'S ON THE WIRE AT FIVE. WHO IS HE? THE BOY YOU DON'T WANT, OF COURSE!

another girl. Give it a slice of thought... for instance, one of the things about Fido that defeats you is his bone-crushing seriousness. Well? Aren't you always teasing Janie because she's such a solemn little thing? Ten to one she'd be very much impressed with Fido... and vice versa. Or if he's prize punner, you might see that he meets the best of all possible audiences: Claire, who still hasn't stopped giggling at that tired gag you pulled last Friday.

Naturally, this bringing people together doesn't always work. If it fails, you can surely resort to the "Awfully sorry, but I'm busy for simply ages" routine. If this treatment is applied locally a few times it should discourage almost anyone. But there is a certain dogged type who is merely spurred on by this, and who will light on a day three weeks hence when you can't possibly be spoken for. Well, for our part he deserves a fairly rough deal, and we are tempted to suggest making the date and then breaking it at the very last minute with a feeble excuse, such as you're so-o-o tired. Or your Aunt Mayhem is lonesome and you have to keep her company. He can't last long under that sort of cross-fire, but if he does there seems nothing left but the Quarantine sign over the front door.

Sometimes this 'business gets serious, even painful. It will may be that you have been seeing a good deal of Fido for the past six or seven months. It may be that you once got quite steamed up over same, and wore his basketball letter on your jacket where everyone in school could see it. Well, the first fine careless rapture is no more... and for your part you wish Fido would move

(Continued on page 14)



To remove an adhesive gentleman introduce him to another girl.



## WACKY WILLS

By Richard Hyman

EVERY PERSON IS LEGALLY ENTITLED TO DISPOSE OF HIS OR HER PROPERTY IN ANY WAY DESIRED. HERE WE CITE A FEW WILLS THAT MIGHT BE TERMED ON THE NONSENSICAL SIDE OF THE LEDGER.

**T**HE poet Heinrich Heine ordered his lawyer to make a will giving all his property to his wife on condition that she remarry as soon as he died. "Because," said Heinrich, "there will then be at least one man to regret my death."

One timid soul left the bulk of his estate to strangers, giving his trousers with the observation that "she wore the pants while I was alive; she can continue to wear them after my death."

One lawyer left \$10,000 to a local madhouse, declaring that it was simply an act of restitution to his clients.

A sentimental lady directed in her will that tobacco should be planted over her grave, and that the weed, nourished by her dust, might be smoked by her bereaved lovers.

A Toronto lawyer left his stock in a brewery to a group of men who were rabid prohibitionists, and his stock in a race track to a number of men engaged in anti-gambling crusades.

A French will provided that a new cooking recipe should be pasted on the testator's tomb each day.

The will of a certain banker read in part: "To my wife I leave her lover and the knowledge I wasn't the fool she thought I was. To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For twenty-five years he thought the pleasure was mine. He was mistaken. To my daughter I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her. To my valet I leave the

chest-full of hot coals, that's her worry, not his. Don't do it that way, boys. Go to your girl, tell her how you feel and let her know that by being a good sport about it she is earning your unending respect. And, incidentally, keeping her own precious self-respect in the bargain.

Before we all retire to the arena, there is one aspect of this struggle which is in fact to sour one on the entire male-female relationship forever. This is when someone (usually mother's closest chum) has a visitation from her nephew, Threepwood. The more she carols on about Threep's manly qualities, the more a small inner voice tells you to throw a few things in a suitcase and leave on the milk train. Your fears are nearly always justified. For every nephew that turned out to be six foot tall with a fine sense of humor, there have been six hundred that have looked to be a foot tall and with no sense at all. When you find yourself trapped in this manner, it is bad policy to sulk and be disagreeable. Being a good sport has all sorts of far-reaching benefits, and we would suggest our earlier brainstorm of introducing this creature to another girl. Have the gang over, if you can manage it, and invite plenty of females... there is always at least one girl around who will find golden qualities in even the most deadly of drips. Next thing you know, you wind up being a Noble Character, and not a drop of blood spilled.

Now it is true that the type of method we have been stumping for may take a little longer than the Route Direct, and there may be moments of murderous desperation for the ax, the snippy manner, the shove in the face. But ponder a moment, my friends, and reach for the old Golden Rule instead.

After all, if you do unto others, you are far less likely to be undone yourself.

—Seventeen

It goes without saying that the gentlemen find themselves in the same spot, too. A boy has been madly attentive to some gal, and all of a sudden he finds he doesn't like her anymore... or he likes someone else better. Anyway, if he's cowardly about it, he just stops calling her up, and if she sits by the phone every evening with a

clothes he has been stealing from me regularly for ten years, also the four coat he wore last winter while I was in Palm Beach. To my chauffeur I leave my car. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job. To my partner I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business."

A man bequeathed his effects to a poor man whom he intensely disliked, on condition that he always wore linen underclothes without any additional underclothing, the tendency of linen underclothes to scratch being considered by the testator as a punishment.



People who love to dance, left to right: Mrs. Moran, Vice-President Quirino, Mr. Zobel, Mrs. Melencio, seen at a State Rigodon.

# DANCING FEET

"DANCING is the best form of exercise" should not be trite, even if it is made to sound an alibi by a panting congressman upon his being complimented after executing a round of smooth waltz or a flawless tango. We object further to the prosaic use of this statement to cover up for some middle-aged aficionados any extra-curricular activities on their part that savors of tripping the light fantastic. Why, we would like to know, should dancing be just for the young? Why should dancing be explained at all—even with the greying, balding verger?

The sages of one university abroad may have been puzzled when they got one rather eye-opener for an answer to a sort of Gallop poll they gathered for purposes of research. The question was: In you day-dreaming what did you wish most you were? "A floor-show dancer!" This from a noted writer and author, who says that the answer came just like that, she didn't have to

turn over the question in her mind. As a dancer, she said, she is tall and slim, instead of being squat from hunching too much at a typewriter. For her there's no end to the world when she envisions herself floating along, weightless and carefree. And we can not blame her if she feels that the fact that she can keep time with other fellow beings while dancing at least proves that she is a rather nice, and harmonious human being, her sins notwithstanding.

Try complimenting a physician while he is mopping his face after doing a round of waltz and when he tells you that dancing is the best form of exercise he means about the breathing exercise and the blood stimulation that can't happen under happier circumstances. He'll tell you further that "you can't have cold feet" while you are dancing nor can you be grouchy or moody, nor have room for worry when you are dancing." For what can really be

comparable to that feeling of wishfulness as you whirl carried away by rhythm.

Of course you can always pierce this balloon. Not every body can dance. That may be true, but it is backed by scientific findings that it is easier to dance well than to dance badly. Ask any Congressman, Cabinetman circa 1947 and he will tell you this is gospel truth. It is not so much being in the limelight that they are forced to learn to dance. It is that having tried to dance well they found that it is hardly necessary to take lessons from experts.

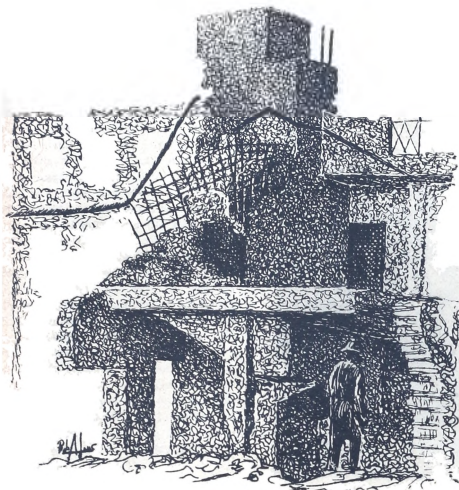
Were we to dig into files to compile, just for fair, pictures both published and unpublished of Manila State functions and social affairs, we would be faced with one interesting fact: The photographers hadn't just been able to restrain themselves when it came to "shooting" couples dancing arm in arm. Singly or in mass, dancing couples seem to be definitely photographers' meat.

The President of the Philippines, whether dancing with his lady or with his daughter, or with ladies of the officialdom has never escaped the camera's range. The latest, taken on his birthday, shows him and his wife in rustic patadiong and barong tagalog traipsing it with all their heart. Ambassador and Mrs. McNutt could well fill an album to record their dancing proclivities. The V. P., the Cabinet as well as the rest of Manila's officialdom are on record, as far as the photographers' miscellany is concerned, as people who have dancing feet. Our personal record shows one Cabinetman becoming almost a Fred Astaire in less than a month's time. He may have been the one who first started out with apologies like "don't mind my steps, they get haywire sometimes with inspiration".

To bring this bit of gab a little back, there was President Quizon who really did love to dance. His Tango was art pure and simple. Ex-President Sergio Osmeña is still the suave, polished waltzer. There was (may he rest in peace) Anahaw, Eusebio Reyes, of the Vanguardia, who combined journalism with dancing as the blue print of his life-long career. When people remarked about his perennial air of well-being, he always loved to attribute it to his dancing. And there was no questioning that.

Pre-war Rigodons always come to mind upon sight or mention of Mrs. Douglas McArthur. To our mind, there never was one who really truly enjoyed dancing the rigodon. In her face, in her gait, in her sparkle, you knew the Rigodon was life itself. Mrs. Claro M. Recto is another lady who can teach people to dance simply by looking at her dance. The radiance in her face is not put on. Recently, at the asalto in Malacañan, her father performed an exhibition dance of the Cucaracha. With a lady from Samar, his team was obscurely announced as a "Samareño couple". Age, attire became nil before the charms of that native dance rendered with feeling.

Dancing is the best form of exercise—and more. Especially for the introverts, it should open the deeper reaches from which to draw unalloyed zest, happiness and what have you.



# RUINED

# CHURCHES

of

# INTRAMUROS

What was once a solid convent, important appendage to a church, reduced to just a pock-marked facade with nothing behind it but crumbled walls.

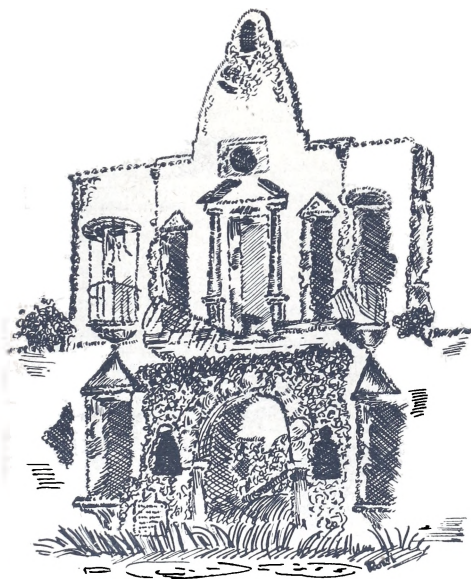
TO MANY of us, Intramuros is just a ghost town now. Nothing, not even the memory of the grandeur of its churches can seem to draw us to visit its ruins. Nostalgia still lingers but very soon this, too, will fade when new edifices rise. To our mind, this would savor of disloyalty. To forget Intramuros so soon—especially its century-old churches which, though now gone, still are part of the history of a city, would be nothing short of ingratitude. William Grogett, Daily Pacifican Staff Writer, devoted one Sunday to a digression on the ruined churches of Intramuros, thereby putting down in black and white a visitor's appreciation for something we are likely to take for granted. The sketches here were made by another Pacifican staff artist, Bob Adams who has faithfully recorded the ruins as is. Writing about these ruined churches, Grogett says:

"In 1941 during the outbreak of war with Japan, Manila was declared an open city by Gen. MacArthur. But Japanese disregarded the declaration and bombed the city. They destroyed or carried to their home land many relics of old Manila, during their occupation of the city. The old fort of Santiago was used by the Japs as a political prison. It was the scene of Japanese atrocities in which over a thousand Filipinos were brutally murdered.

## DESTROYED BY SHELLS

When the American troops landed on Luzon and advanced towards Manila, the Japanese withdrew to the southern part of the city. Their principal strongholds were the port area and the walled city. The fighting for these areas was desperate. Much of the port area and most of the Walled city was destroyed in the fighting. No building escaped damage. Only one building in the walled city remains anything like its original construction. That is the church of San Agustin.

Of the many things that influenced the growth of Manila, the church was perhaps the leading factor. This is easily seen in the many churches, abbeys, convents, and church school in Manila especially in the once proud walled city. Intramuros has often been called the Vatican of the Philippines. One does not enter the churches of this district without a distinct feeling of reverence."





## US-PH WAR DAMAGE COMMISSION

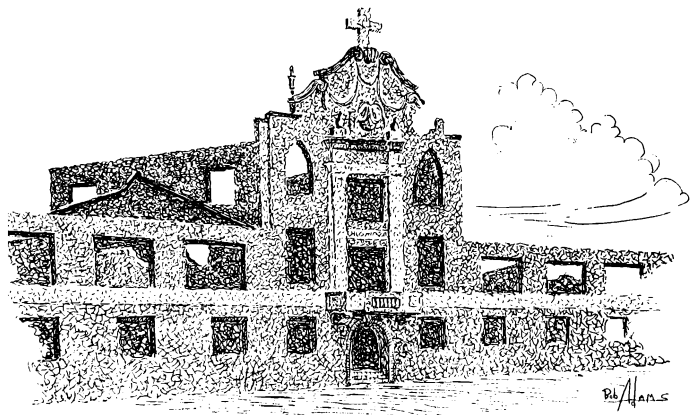
(Continued from page 7)



The Cathedral or what was left of it as seen through the eyes of a very kind artist.

For this and the rest of the sketches here, we'll just have to call it a guessing game... They have been so mutilated, identification is out of the question.

(Courtesy, The Pacifican)



provisions of the law?

A.—The law specifically lists perils of war from which loss or damage must have resulted. It states that loss or destruction of or damage to property must have occurred after December 7, 1941 and before October 1, 1945 as a result of enemy attack; action taken by or at the request of the military, naval or air forces of the United States to prevent such property from coming into the possession of the enemy; action taken by enemy representatives, civil or military, or by the representatives of any government cooperating with the armed forces of the United States in opposing, resisting, or expelling the enemy from the Philippines; looting, pillage, or other lawlessness or disorder accompanying the collapse of civil authority determined by the Commission to have resulted from any of the other perils enumerated or from control by enemy forces.

Q.—Why will claimants be required to file their claims on special forms?

A.—Because in the disbursement of the funds from its Treasury, the United States Government requires a strict accounting and also because the Commission must obtain full information from each claimant. If a special form were not used, it is obvious that many claimants would not give the necessary facts.

Q.—What are the special forms known as?

A.—The general claim form for the filing of private claims is United States Philippine War Damage Commission Claim Form No. 100. In addition, there is a supplemental form known as Form 100-A. The latter form is to be used only when a claim is being made for an automobile or watercraft. When Form Number 100-A is used it must be appended to Form Number 100 as a part of it.

Q.—How many copies of the claim form must be submitted by the claimant?

A.—The claimant must submit two copies of the claim form to the Commission.

(Continued on page 34)

# FEMININE TODAY



Right: Mrs. Isabelita Barredo in a sequin whim of a terno. That's not print, nor paint either. It's sequins made to depict a painter's dream of leaves in shades and shadows. Below: Chito Madrigal in a strapless, lopsided evening gown of shimmering silver. The corsage of self-material goes up askew to make amends for an otherwise, bare as bare left shoulder.

SKY-BLUE for Susan Magalona Ledesma above. This panuelo-less scheme is so simple that one sees only the perfect fit of a sheath of blue and an alampay of snow-white blooms that cascade down to the draped folds of the skirt.

NELLY MONTILLA-LOVINA, far right, in a black panuelo-less that defies description. Sleek, suave, regal but gracious, Mrs. Lovina makes a very apt winner of the title of one of Manila's Five Best Dressed for 1946.

(All Photos by BOB)







# SILHUETTES

Everybody is dressing now, you may have heard, that is if you have not as yet been faced with the immediate need of owning an evening dress or two. Here are two suggestions: one with a low flare and back bustle, the other very dressy with a huge bow.



Four short dresses in every conceivable mood: dressy, whimsical, casual, naive. These just about runs the gamut of styles, but let nothing disturb you. The designer didn't mean you to wear all four. But surely, one of these dresses is yours. Decide which one will make you feel well and happy.



# NIEVES BAENS DEL ROSARIO

NIEVES BAENS DEL ROSARIO was born in Orani of historic Bataan on July 24, 1902, the sixth child of the prominent and intellectual Baens family of that town. Born poor and a lover of the poor, she has known labor from her childhood. She made her way through college as a self-supporting student. She was a second year law student when she entered the government through the civil service on May 16, 1923, in the Bureau of Labor as a record clerk, with a salary of P40.00 a month. She passed the regular first grade civil service examination in 1924 and was then promoted to the position of legal researcher. She organized the first Woman and Child Labor Section in the said bureau.

She was valedictorian of the Orani Elementary School and salutatorian of the Bataan High School, Class 1922. Was also the editor-in-chief of the high school paper. Taking the law course in four years, she passed the bar examinations immediately after her graduation in 1926. She was a well known debater, holding the distinction of being the first woman lawyer of Bataan.

In 1929 she organized the Workmen's Compensation Division of the Bureau of Labor of which she was made the Chief, which position she still holds up to the present time. She is responsible for the amendments to the Workmen's Compensation Law and for its successful administration. She is a champion of the rights of the workmen, and has never been afraid to err on the side of labor or lose her job in the defense of the poor, having dedicated the prime of her life to service and the lofty ideals of social justice.

She is a vermacular writer of renown and won in the short story (Tagalog), in the first Commonwealth Literary Contest. She has written several articles both in Tagalog and English on labor problems in the Philippines. Corresponding member of the Institute of National Language; and is acting president of the Women Lawyers Association. She is responsible for the opening for the first time of the free legal aid clinic of the Association.

Her attitude towards capital and labor has always been justice and



Chief, Workmen's Compensation Division, and Field Supervisor of Public Defenders, Department of Labor.

fairness to both parties and resolution of all doubts in favor of the laborer.

Mrs. del Rosario has an intense passion for the downtrodden workmen, and in all her many years as government worker in the department of labor, she has always directed her efforts toward alleviating their problems and securing more concessions for them in the factory and in the farm.

As chief of the workmen's compensation division, and field supervisor of public defenders, Mrs. del Rosario has come to know the cross currents of labor situation, its complex problems, its endless struggle for social amelioration, and the thousand and one tragedies of its countless homes; and all the more, she has developed her natural interest in the welfare of the masses of toilers.

She is a woman of forthright decision. She handles labor cases justly and intelligently and with speed that is most important to the poor people of all activities of our government. She has been known as a great disciplinarian, at home and in the office. A feminine official, who goes to office in native dress, she has the strong will and the iron hand of a great commanding executive of modern public organization. Her office workers have observed her as an energetic worker, a fighter for the rights and cause that are of the men under her official ad-

ministration. Undoubtedly part of this trait has been developed in her profession as a lawyer, and in her very nature as a student of great determination, broad outlook and a debater with sharp, intelligent repartees.

## RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, the Canto Boys' Association and the Laborite Party had been informed that His Excellency, the President, will fill up the position of the Director of Labor;

WHEREAS, these associations have among its members a brilliant lawyer as well as a labor leader, scholar, social worker and a writer in the person of Mrs. NIEVES BAENS DEL ROSARIO;

WHEREAS, Mrs. DEL ROSARIO has dedicated her whole life time to the cause of labor, serving the Bureau and Department of Labor for about 30 years, where she is now holding the important position of Chief of the Workmen's Compensation Division;

WHEREAS, labor has gained much thru her successful administration of the Workmen's Compensation Act by tempering the law with justice;

WHEREAS, the Canto Boys and the Laborite Party will be honored to have one of its members as the Director of Labor;

WHEREAS, the Government will be benefited to have an upright, just and talented Director of the Bureau of Labor in the person of MRS. DEL ROSARIO;

NOW, THEREFORE, be it resolved, as it is hereby resolved, that the Canto Boys' Association and the Laborite Party request His Excellency, the President of the Philippines, to appoint MRS. NIEVES BAENS DEL ROSARIO, Director of the Bureau of Labor, for the reasons above mentioned.

Done in the City of Manila on this ... day of January, 1947.

(Sgd.) ANTONIO ZACARIAS Secretary, Philippine Senate

(Sgd.) ANTONIO D. PAGUIA President, National Labor Union

(Sgd.) DOMINGO PONCE Labor Leader

(Sgd.) ARTEMIO NABOR (Col.) Labor Leader

(Sgd.) HUGO RETAGA President, National Workers' Brotherhood

(Sgd.) JOSE MA. COVACHA (Capt.) Labor Leader

(Sgd.) TEODORO MOLO Secretary to the Senate President

(Sgd.) PEDRO VELASCO (Dr.) (Sgd.) DEMETRIO ALIPIO

(Sgd.) MIGUEL VILLAMAYOR (Sgd.) DONATO JOAQUIN

(Atty.) (Sgd.) URBANO CRESPO

(Sgd.) FILOMENO PRUDON Labor Leader

(Sgd.) PERFECTO ATAS President, Employees-Workers Union

(Sgd.) PEDRO ESQUERAS (Capt.) Labor Leader

(Sgd.) CRUZ VALENZUELA Labor Leader

(Sgd.) JUAN R. TRINIDAD Labor Leader

(Sgd.) BEN F. RUIZ (Sgd.) Illegible

(Sgd.) LAUREANO BRAVO (Sgd.) Illegible

(Sgd.) J. ESTEBAN (Sgd.) JOSE P. TIMOG

(Sgd.) FRED F. RITZ (Sgd.) MIGUEL SALAZAR

(Sgd.) ANICETO DE CASTRO (Sgd.) JUANITA ESTERAN

Auditor-General, Philippine International and Marine Union (Sgd.) MARIANO SALAZAR

(Sgd.) GENEROSO BOREGA (Sgd.) I. C. LUBIO

(Sgd.) A. SALAZAR (Sgd.) Illegible

# MONEY WELL SPENT

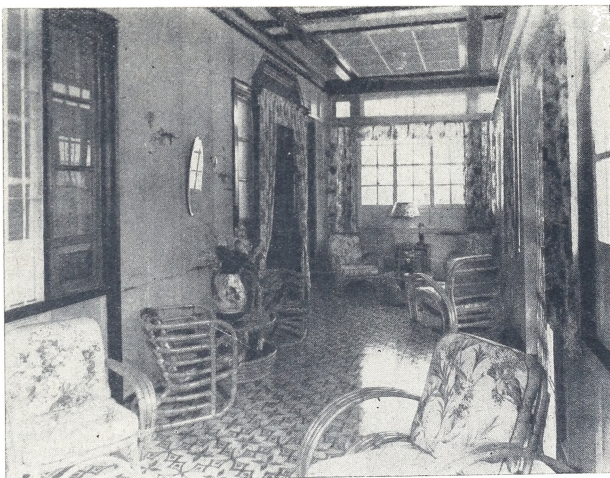


TWENTY four thousand pesos is a lot of money. And to throw so much money into the refurbishing of a home now when quality things simply refuse to be available, is—well, a little bit unsound, you might say. Which is the reason we are running here pictures of the newly refurbished Gilmore home of Senate President and Mrs. Avelino. Much money was spent for their new home but every centavo was made to count. For-proof, turn to the three photographs on this and the following pages.

Wicker furniture of the very latest models, ample, thick cushions with slip covers of bright print, draperies of gay hues, ceramic and plastic wall decors, vases, flowers galore and a jungle of green potted plants—all these were made much use of in the planning of this home which is destined to provide the background for a lot of entertaining on the part of its owners.

The living room of the Avelino home (above) is a study in red and royal blue—blue upholstery, blue draperies, and a thick red rug. Ornate mirrors reminiscent of pre-war days hang on the walls, to rest on carved half tables fabulous with plastic flowers. A view into the dining room through an open but draped partition shows a set of narra table and chairs polished like mirrors. Beyond this is the kitchen, its tables made of marble, which according to Mrs. Avelino was a pre-war board.

The verandah (right) drips with hospitality. The chairs just beckon to the guests to plump into their softly cushioned comfort. A very ideal reading room, we thought. Solon guests, however, love to sip their cocktails there





The wide hall (above) on the first floor may not be photogenic, but it's here where the real fun of going to an Avelino party rests. The bar is a very open proposition, the shining slippery floor a definite temptation to dancing. The orchestra is generally assigned to the garden hard by. The garden surrounding the house is self-sufficient both as to flowers and vegetables. Fruits like pineapples, bananas, mangoes may form part of the garden's yield in a few months.

woman may be as a professional potentialities can best be realized if she is not equal to her charge in the atmosphere of a happy of managing a home and raising home life. It is contrary to the a family, she is looked upon— law of nature and unfair to the even by her peers—as a failure. great majority of women to chan- Why it should be so is not dif- nel their future away from the ficult to explain. So long as chil- home. Careers, if careers there- dren are born and women will must be, are merely an accessory bear them the affairs of the home to the prime objective in their will always be women's primary lives—he home. Naturally there concern, for it is human to value are exceptions but these excep- most what is costliest. The wot- tions merely prove the rule. These men themselves feel that their (Continued on page 28)

## RE-ORIENTATION IN WOMEN'S EDUCATION

(Continued from page 10)

courage it.

The problem then of moral re- habilitation is pressing and in- escapable. In magnitude and im- portance it is second to none. But while it is of the utmost gravity, it should not appal us. It can be solved; it will be solved. And in its solution the women of the Philippines are destined to play the decisive role. To those of us who have been impressed by the seriousness of the situation, this is a consoling thought. Your record of accomplishment brings faith and confidence in the dis- position and the ability of our women to bring about the much needed moral regeneration. I am certain that this vital and sig- nificant objective will enlist all the energy and enthusiasm at your command. Under such cir- cumstances the fulfillment there- of will not be long delayed.

But it would be less than fair to you if no helping hand were extended to aid you in your ef- forts. The educational institu- tions, to cite an example, are and have always been your natural allies in your constructive labors. It is also their concern to improve the moral tone of the community. One way in which they may go about it now is by an increased emphasis on the women's role as the mother and mistress of the home. For lately signs have not

been lacking that the importance of the home as the vital social unit has not been properly stressed. Perhaps, you who have so successfully combined civic leadership with proper home management will agree with me that women's education needs a re-orientation along that line in order that many more can be en- listed in he gigantic task of moral reconstruction that confronts us.

None of my statements should be construed as an attempt to discourage women so inclined from pursuing the professions, even those which in the not so distant past were considered to be ex- clusively for men. There is to be no turning back of the clock of educational progress. Brains are the main test of fitness for a pro- fession. That has been the policy of the University of the Philip- pines. It will remain the policy. The other educational institutions look at the matter similarly. The results on the whole have vindicated this policy. For it is not to be doubted that many excep- tional women are a credit to the professions. But how many excep- tional women have felt their life frustrated because they failed to establish a home! I am sure you will agree with me that for the overwhelming majority of our women, their main interest in life lies not in a career but in the



Her heart throbs with happiness because the man she loves is now hers forever and ever. And all because her complexion is so smooth, so soft, so caressable... thanks to Palmolive's mild cleansing lather. You may profit by her experience, for Palmolive now offers a simple plan that brings a more beautiful skin to 2 out of 3 women.

**The proved 14-day Palmolive plan.** Each time you wash, work up a thick, rich lather with Palmolive Soap and massage it onto your skin for one full minute. Now a quick rinse and pat dry.

Remember it takes only a minute, but it is that extra 60-second cleansing massage that brings to your skin the full beauti- fying effect of Palmolive's creamy lather.

**Palmolive offers proof!** 1285 women and 36 doc- tors have tested Palmolive's 60-second massage. Their reports prove conclusively that it can bring lovelier complexions in just 14 days.

**Bathe daily with Palmolive.** It will do for your body what it does for your face.



Keep that lovely Schoolgirl Complexion



# Coconut As Food

ONE OF THE contributions to the national welfare left us by the late Maria Orosa was her successful research into the uses of the coconut as food. She was able to formulate hundreds of recipes, using the coconut. What's more she tested them herself and made available to the public those recipes which worked. Some of the very successful ones are here for you to try and verify, if you can't take our word for them.

## BUKO LUMPIA

- 2 Buko grated
- 1/4 cup shrimps, sliced
- 1/4 of a cabbage sliced fine
- 1/3 cup pork sliced
- 1/2 cup soy beans (cooked)
- A few sections garlic sliced
- 1/2 onion sliced fine
- Lumpia wrappers

Saute garlic, onion, pork, shrimps, soy beans, cabbage, and Buko. Season with salt to taste. When done, wrap in lumpia wrappers. Serve with lumpia sauce.

## BUKO OMELET

- 1/2 cup buko shredded
- 1/4 cup pork, ground
- 1 potato cut to small cubes
- 2 tablespoons lard
- 2 eggs
- 1 small onion, finely chopped.
- 1 section garlic, finely chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Saute garlic, onion, and pork. Add buko and potato. Season with salt and pepper. Continue cooking until done. Beat eggs; put in a frying pan in which lard has been heated and pour the cooked mixture over it. Continue frying, folding over the eggs. Fry on all sides until brown. Serve hot.

## BUKO WITH BAGOONG

- 1 cup buko, cut in pieces
- 2 tablespoons coconut oil, or lard
- 1/2 cup string beans sliced in pieces

1/4 onion sliced

- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 cup coconut milk
- 2 tablespoons bagoong
- 1 segment garlic, pounded
- 1 tablespoon pork, cut in pieces
- 1/4 cup pork stock

Saute onion, garlic, pork, and bagoong; continue sauteeing until pork is brown. Add stock and boil. Add string beans and cook until tender. Add buko, coconut milk and boil. Season with salt and pepper and remove from fire. Serve hot.

## COCONUT SAUSAGE

- 8 cups coconut, grated and finely chopped
- 1/2 cup calamansi juice
- 12 tablespoons glucose
- 3 cups ripe papaya, mashed
- 6 cups sugar
- Food coloring: red and green

Mix all ingredients and cook in a copper vat. When half done, drop red and green food coloring to the mixture until meat color is obtained. Continue cooking until it reaches a consistency that will form to any desired shape. Place on a greased board and cool. Roll to long, smooth forms resembling hot dogs of about 1/2 inch in diameter and about 5 inches long. Wrap in cellophane; tie ends and hang overnight to harden.

## BUKO DESERT

- 3 cups buko, cut in squares
- 1 cup ubi, cut in cubes
- 1 cup gabi cut in cubes
- 1 cup saba cut in cubes
- 1 cup nangka cut in squares
- 1/2 cup tapioca pearls
- 1/2 teaspoon toasted anise seeds
- 2 cups thick coconut milk
- 10 cups thin coconut milk
- 3 cups sugar

Boil tapioca, ubi, and gabi and thin coconut milk, stirring constantly. When half done, add saba and nangka. When all ingredients are tender, add sugar and buko. Boil 2 minutes and add anise before removing from fire. Serve with thick coconut milk.

## BUKO ICE

- 3 cups buko (very soft) scraped

- with teaspoon
- 3/4 cups sugar
- 9 cups coconut water
- Mix all ingredients and freeze.

## BUKO — CONDUL PARADISE

- 1 cup buko, (malacani) grated
- 1 tablespoon corn starch or flour
- 1/4 teaspoon vanilla or grated lemon peel, chopped fine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup condul, chopped fine
- 1 cup coconut milk
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 cup evaporated milk

Mix buko, condul, sugar, coconut and evaporated milk. Cook in a copper vat. Stir constantly while

cooking to prevent burning. When half done, remove from fire. Beat egg yolk slightly, add to buko mixture to soft ball stage. Remove from fire. Drop in paper candy cups, or greased cooking pan and bake until light brown.

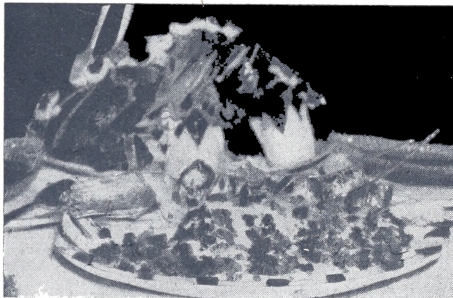
## MASAPAN DE BUKO

- 1 cup ground buko
- 1 tablespoon wheat or cassava flour
- 3/4 cup sugar

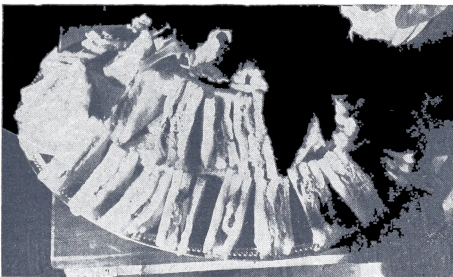
Mix buko and sugar and cook until thick. Add flour made to a thin paste by cooking it with water. Continue cooking until thick enough to be shaped into desired forms. Bake in greased tin until light brown.

## MASAPAN DE BUKO No. 2

- 2 cups ground buko
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup sugar



Stuffed Turkey and Baked Fish are not above taking coconut stuffing.



There are now recipes for coconut sandwich filling.



1 egg and continue cooking until the mixture thickens. Form into balls. Mix luko, milk, sugar and egg and cook until thick. Add flour. Bake in a greased baking tin until made by cooking to a thin paste with a small amount of water, done.

## California Cooks ORANGES

When you think of oranges, do you think of—besides California? Does your mind run to a great big glass of vitamin C or do you think of Crepes Suzettes or Wild Duck of Beignets D'Oranges? All of which is Brown for saying "Do you eat to live or live to eat?" If you live to eat, those vitamins creep in there willy-nilly. So drink your orange juice, if you like it, but try California's golden fruit other ways, too.

### BRENTWOOD ORANGE PANCAKES

Call them crepes, if you wish, but they'll taste no better—they couldn't. Beat four eggs until light, add a cup of milk, a tablespoon of powdered sugar, a half teaspoon of salt, a cup of flour, a little grated orange zest, and, if you want them particularly ethereal, a little brandy—say a tablespoonful. Beat this mixture for some more, till it's smooth and thin as cream. Now heat your pan—(one about five inches or so across the bottom)—add a piece of butter or a reasonable faesimile, give the pan a twist so that its bottom will be well covered with sizzling butter. Then—quickly—pour in a spoonful of batter, tipping the pan from side to back to front so that the mixture will flow smoothly and very, very thinly over the pan. It takes practically no time to cook these crepes, for such they truly are, and when using them for this particular recipe you'll not even need to turn them. Put the lovely delicate things brown side down on a clean cloth, spread them with orange marmalade which has had a dollop of Jamaica rum added to it (this you can skip, but don't). Roll them quickly and arrange on an oven-proof dish and keep them hot in the oven until you've reached the end of your batter. Serve them warm, with great globs of gold sour cream as a sauce. And just in case you didn't recognize the

fact, the first part of it is the rule for as good a basic French pancake recipe as ever you'll find (say I, modestly). Forget the sugar and orange zest, and use your crepes for hors d'oeuvres with smoked salmon, for luncheon with mushrooms, and... but this time we're cooking with oranges...

How would you go for an orange sauce for duck—one that may be served with either the wild or domesticated variety of that bird? Just why orange marries so well with duck I wouldn't know, but they are as compatible as pie and cheese.

### OJAI ORANGE SAUCE FOR DUCK

Slice the zest from a half an orange (the zest is, as who knows better than you, the very outside of the orange peel), and snip it into tiny slivers (your scissors will do it). Cover the slivers with water and simmer them for some more, till it's smooth and thin as cream. Now squeeze a cup of orange juice, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a cup of port wine and a cup and a quarter of rich but skimmed juices that have oozed from your roasting duck. Drain the slivers of orange peel, discarding the water, and add them to the other liquids. Reheat, taste—and this is where you come in—it may need salt. That momentous decision having been made, relax and enjoy your repast.

Back now to dessert, and this one I'm sharing for the very first time. I call it Pasadena Pie...

### PASADENA PIE

Rich pie crust you'll need—make it with a cup and a half of flour and a quarter cup each of butter and lard (use your own pet shortening if you wish, but don't expect it to be as good). Add a quarter of a cup of blanched almonds that have been chopped of your batter. Serve them warm, fine, two-thirds of a teaspoon of salt, and that little bit of water cream as a sauce. And just in case that you'll need to bind it. Roll

(Continued on page 30)

## THAT'S ALL I HOPE

I CAN remember when I was little how my mother used to go on about "the patience of a saint," but it wasn't until I grew up that I learned most saints were never married. So how could they possibly know anything about patience? Then I wondered why Mother never mentioned the patience of a father. Now there's patience for you. Oh, yes, Mother was patient. But Father was patient about all the things Mother was patient about and in addition he was patient about Mother.

Mother used to say, too, that a soft answer turneth away wrath, but I always thought Father's system—a gay answer—was better. Later I discovered the best system of all, and I don't mean no answer; for you don't get anywhere in married life not having an answer. You only get accused of being an old sourpuss. No, the secret of a happy married life without quarrels is always to have an answer, but be sure it don't make any sense. Nothing infuriates a woman as much as to be cornered with Reason or—unforgivable sin—fenced in with Truth.

It was a Chinese traveling in this country who evoked the magic formula which makes quarreling almost impossible for my wife and me. One day, late for his train, he rushed over to the baggage room in Grand Central Station, threw his check on the counter, and demanded his bag. The attendant couldn't find it. As precious minutes went by, the Chinese began jumping up and down with inarticulate rage. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. His train was going—his bag was nowhere to be found—and he pounded the counter with his fist and yelled:

"Pretty damn seldom where my bag go. She no fly. You no more fit run station than godsake. That's all I hope!"

Before hearing this, when anything of mine got mislaid around the house, which was every time my wife tidied up, I used to scream like a wounded banshee. But now I merely yell, "Pretty damn seldom where my paper go." In the old days my wife used to come back snappily with, "If you put your papers where they belong, you'd know where to find them"—which is sheer nonsense, as any husband knows who has ever tried it.

I found the only answer to such an unreasonable remark was, "You no more fit run house than godsake!"—which put her in her place until she learned to retort, "that's all I hope!"—stopping all argument dead in its tracks.

In the silly old days I used to moan, "Why don't you fill out your check stubs properly? What is this \$2.20, or \$22, or \$220? Why can't you keep your balance straight?" Now I just say, "Pretty damn seldom where my money go. She no fly." And I get just as far as I ever did—which was exactly nowhere.

As for the children, we never quarrel any more about who is spoiling which, and the dreadful things we are doing to their future—as if we knew anything about it. One of us—it doesn't matter who—merely looks at the other and says in a resigned way, "you no more fit run children than godsake!" Which nobody can deny.

Well, there it is. Pretty damn seldom where your happiness go. She no fly. But if you don't try this next time instead of quarreling you no more fit run marriage than godsake. That's all I hope.

—J. P. McEvoy

Your Children Deserve the Best

BE SURE TO GIVE THEM...

**American Tiki-Tiki**

Standardized • Pasteurized • Non-Fermenting

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING FILIPINO

AND AMERICAN PHYSICIANS

# Club Women's Bulletinboard

Mrs. Felipa L. Marquez, Secretary of the Guinayangan Women's Club, Quezon, reported that during the celebration of Mothers' Day sponsored by the Parent-Teachers Association of the town, the Board of Judges composed of Justice of the Peace Guillermo Eleazar as Chairman and with the following members: Mr. Aniceto Resuma, school supervisor, Mr. Cayetano Ingles, treasurer, Mayor Guillermo N. Garcia and Councilor Ladislao Molines, the outstanding mother of the town for 1946 was elected. The choice fell on Mrs. Concepcion M. Salumbides. She is the mother of the Justice of the Peace, Atty. Vicente M. Salumbides of Takawayan, Quezon; Mrs. Corazon Tavayag, of Porac, Pampanga who is a holder of the BSHE degree; Mrs. Dolores Tavayag, Ph.D. of Porac, Pampanga; Miss Virginia M. Salumbides, BSHE and other children attending colleges and high schools. She is the widow of the late Faustino I. Salumbides one of the most successful businessmen of the town.

At the re-organization of the Women's Club in Santiago, Isa-

bela, Mrs. Adelina R. Bersamin was elected President. During the celebration of Parents' Day the outstanding mother of the town was selected. She is Mrs. Obdulia Valino, a nurse and businesswoman. Mrs. Valino is 50 years old and has six well-brought up, disciplined children. The club does not have very much funds in its treasury. When the municipality requested the help of the club for the subsistence of some lepers who were kept in the Sanitary Division's office before they were sent to Manila the club willingly solicited voluntary contributions which were turned over to the Mayor for this purpose.

In connection with the circular sent by Mrs. Henares, Acting President, regarding the fund campaign of the Philippine Red Cross, Mrs. Alejandra J. Baltazar, president of the Teresa Women's Club, Rizal, wrote that the club rendered full assistance in the campaign which was conducted by the local municipal auxiliary committee. The Red Cross campaign in the town was a success as the full quota was covered

before the close of the campaign period. The Women's Club was placed under the disposal of the local Red Cross Committee for whatever assistance was requested of them.

In connection with the selection of outstanding mother in the municipality, Mrs. Simeona C. Francisco and Mrs. Eugenia V. Cruz were selected. A program in the public plaza was held in their honor.

The Singalong Woman's Club distributed Christmas gifts to about 200 indigent families in the district. Gifts in the form of clothing were given to the adults and toys to the children. These gifts were made available to the club through the National Federation of Women's Clubs. A short program was prepared by the members of the club through the cooperation of the sisters of the Patronato de Lourdes, whose pupils furnished two dance numbers. The Parish Priest of Singalong generously consented to the use of the church yard for this occasion. The Committee for the affair was composed of Mrs. Juana

S. Silverio who was Master of Ceremonies, Mrs. P. C. Cabrera, Chairman, Mrs. Carmen P. Dava, Mrs. Cenona M. Natividad, Mrs. Agueda C. Simbra, Mrs. Felipa de Isaac and Mrs. Tomas Gonzales, members.

Mrs. Encarnacion Lagarejos was selected as the most "Outstanding Mother" of the Binangonan Women's Club, Rizal. Mrs. Marina M. Pacis was selected as the "Ideal Mother". The program, attended by a big crowd, was held at the municipal building. The secretary of the club, Mrs. Teodora Y. Arcilla, presented the "Outstanding Mother" and Mrs. Isabel Samson, supervising nurse of the puericulture center, presented the "Ideal Mother". The Municipal Mayor, Dr. Jose M. Pacis and Dr. Atilano Salvo were among the speakers of the occasion.

Contrary to previous reports received at the National Federation of Women's Clubs that there is no women's club existing in Nueva Ecija, Mrs. Aurea J. Dacquel, prewar president of the women's club in Cuyapo, Nueva Ecija, wrote to us that their club is still in existence as it was and under their auspices the puericulture center is being operated. The other officers are: Mrs. Generosa del Prado, vice-president; Dr. Concordia Falcon, secretary; Mrs. Esperanza Aguinaldo, sub-secretary; Dr. Eugenia Reus, treasurer; Mrs. Carmen Garcia, sub-treasurer, and members are Mrs. Gorgonia Pascual, Mrs. Manuela Garcia, Mrs. Rosario Jose, Mrs. Isidra Alberto, and Mrs. Hermogena Flores.

According to one of the reports sent by Mrs. Catalina A. Lopez, secretary of the Baloon Women's Club, La Union, all the members attended classes of Home Nursing for a week under a special nurse, Miss Elisa Bolante. Diplomas were awarded to those who attended the classes. The Board of Directors are planning to translate the instructions in home nursing in the native dialect. During the Red Cross fund campaign, the president, Mrs. H. R. Welbon

**Dhobinol**

has been improved with Sulfathiazole!  
Its effectiveness against eczema, ringworm, itches and most skin diseases has now been multiplied to the extent that today **DHOBINOL** has no equal. Try a jar and be convinced!

**FOR SKIN DISEASES**

**METRO DRUG STORES**

FORMULA FOR 100 Gms. Sulfathiazole, 2 Gms.; Salicylic Acid, 8 Gms. Ammoniated Mercury, 4 Gms.; Boric Acid, 12 Gms.; Oil of Eucalyptus, 12 Gms.; Lanolin anhydrous, White Petroleumum aa. 25. 100 Gms.

was one of the members of the committee.

According to Mrs. Teofila S. Punzalan, president of the Puericulture Center in Calapan, Mindoro, the following is a brief report of their activities:

"It has helped the local Health Personnel in reducing infant mortality thru lectures given to mothers on importance of pre-natal care, thru the creation of two positions of Puericulture Center Nurses to be able to attend to infants and mothers in the Poblacion and in the barrios and thru free distribution of medicines, clothes, and other things.

"The Club has helped the indigents, fire victims and others in time of distress, by giving medical aid, clothes, and food.

"It had an active participation in all the campaigns of the Philippine Red Cross Chapters, both Municipal and Provincial. The Board of Directors of the Club had made available to the Red Cross a room of the Puericulture center building and all the necessary pupils so that the Home

Nursing Service Course can be carried out in this town. It had cooperated actively in the drive to raise funds for Disabled War Veterans, widows, and orphans. On November 9, 1946, there was a Child Health Day celebration under the auspices of the Puericulture center and consisted of a short program and distribution of prizes to healthy babies and A-1 pupils. Like last year, the child health day of this year promises to be a success.

"Last but not least among its accomplishments for the year 1946, is the preparation of the appropriation and other important things to be needed in the construction of a Maternity Clinic building in Calapan which is expected to be finished before the end of the year.

The other officers of the Center are Mrs. Filomena C. Asi, secretary; Mrs. Julieta C. Durendes, treasurer; and members of the board are Miss Trinidad San Agustin, Mrs. Adelaida Laurena, Mrs. Carmen Farol, Mrs. Marta Samaco, Mrs. Solita Gamboa, Mrs. Faustina Castillo, and Mrs. Natalvidad Lee.

## BOY, FIFTEEN, PUBLISHER OF OWN MAGAZINE

NEW YORK—Bernard Krisher, 15 years old, is founder, publisher and editor of *Picture Story*, a monthly magazine. The third issue of this magazine for teen-agers by a teen-age staff will be published January 15.

Born in Leipzig, Germany, Bernard understood no English when he came to this country with his father and mother in 1941. In two years he mastered English and bought a mimeograph machine and started a monthly magazine. The magazine soon reached a circulation of 800 among his schoolmates. There was a monthly deficit, however, and last February Bernard abandoned the magazine. Last fall he started the *Picture Story*.

The magazine is pocket-size and illustrated. It is printed commercially by photo-offset and costs five cents. The ages of the staff range from 14 to 16.

Among the articles in the first issue was "Report From France", by Bernard Kohn, 15, who recently returned from a three-month visit to France. Other features were a picture spread on Coney Island and an interview with Jack Carson, movie actor.

The second issue of the magazine contained a five-page article, "Behind the Scenes in Radio", a cartoon page entitled "How to Become an Autograph Hound", and a story of the editor's visit to a United Nations session.

The next issue, Bernard said, will tell the magazine's readers how a large metropolitan newspaper goes to press and how pseudo-science comic strips got that way and why they are called "comics."

The printing bill for 1,000 copies of the next issue will be well over \$100, Bernard said, and more subscribers are needed to meet the deficit. He can meet the salaries of the staff. They got 10 cents an article.

A six-month mail subscription costs 40 cents. At present there are 250 subscribers.

# Don't be without

## EVEREADY

Flashlight and Batteries

- ★ MOST POWERFULL
- ★ LONG LASTING
- ★ ECONOMICAL
- ★ ALWAYS FRESH

Always insist on **EVEREADY**

Exclusive Distributors

Pacific Merchandising Corporation

Manila — Cebu — Iloilo — Legaspi



## RE-ORIENTATION IN WOMEN'S EDUCATION

(Continued from page 23)

home. This is but natural. The home must remain as the foundation stone of our national organization and solidarity. The mother is the queen and mistress of the home. However brilliant a specially gifted individual, as a group, are already taken care of, or are well able to look after themselves, and we shall not dwell further on them.

Considering therefore the primary and priority of home affairs in a woman's life, does it not seem unfortunate that in her education preferential attention is not devoted to it? Education rightly understood is a preparation for life. Does not education fail of its main purpose then in so far as women are concerned when not enough emphasis is paid to their future activities as guardians of the home? It is in that sense that I advocate a re-orientation in women's education. Most of our institutions conduct their courses from a man's point of view, or at least from an impersonal point of view. No effort should be spared in impressing upon the young women of today the seriousness of their role as the future guardians of the home and the impelling need of their being adequately and thoroughly prepared for it. Only in that way can we be assured of continuity in the work of moral rehabilitation.

How shall this re-orientation of woman's education be brought about? The limited time at my disposal hardly gives me the opportunity to discuss this point at length but I shall endeavor to indicate its broad outlines. The core of the idea is the elevation and popularization of the conception that the home with its attendant

problems is a worthwhile object of study of our best talents. The plan contemplates bringing to bear on this central idea such knowledge as will in the aggregate embody a course of study that is second to none in its educational value, and in the demand it makes on the intelligence and industry of the student. The conception of home-making shall be broadened and shall include not only a knowledge of foods, clothing, and housing, but also the promotion of family and social welfare over the long range. A progressive outlook shall ever be maintained. Therefore such features of modern education as tend to bring about a well-rounded personality should be retained. Acquaintance with the relevant facts of the physical and the social world are necessary in life. She is to continue being instructed along those lines. Proficiency in the act of self-expression whether in the native dialects or in foreign tongues, as well as appreciation for what is well and finely written are valuable acquisitions for a mother to transmit to her children. Then, too, the Filipino woman has always been noted for her innate artistic sense in music as well as in the fine arts. The schools might well encourage her further in developing this desirable trait. Beauty in the home adds to its attraction. It makes it a more pleasant place to live in, precisely about now that so many of our people have to be content with patched-up or makeshift structures. Music readily dispels gloom. Both arts are proven morale-boosters. Health education is another subject to which increased attention may be paid. I am but repeating

a commonplace when I say that the family leans heavily on the mother for the preservation of its health as well as for aid and relief. Woman has invariably been relied upon to administer first aid. Preventive medicine is now the rule. The emphasis is in keeping everybody in the family healthy and therefore inured to diseases rather than in administering treatment after they have acquired an ailment. The mother here as in every matter affecting the home bears the major responsibility. It is most unfair to hold her to strict accountability if beforehand she is not adequately instructed. I could go on to cite other subjects which in their pursuit will lend solidity and stability to the family—economics, sociology, psychology, eugenics, physical culture, and others, but the foregoing will suffice to illustrate the general idea of the direction in which re-orientation in woman's education shall take place. Woman's education shall not be lacking either intensity or in variety. Neither shall she be isolated or deprived of contact with men. She will remain free to embark on a career, if she is so inclined. That is her right in a democratic form of life. But whether a career woman or not, there is one task she is not likely to forego, and most likely will not forego—that of having a family. Her basic education then should not ignore this outlook, rather it should dominate it.

We are educators both—you and I—you in your respective homes and I and my kind in schools, colleges, and universities. In the importance and significance of our educational work, you have the edge over me and the other professional teachers and educators. This I say not to flatter you nor out of modesty but because it is the truth. You arrive first on the scene and your influence persists long after the polish we apply in the schools has worn off. It is now becoming increasingly recognized that the most crucial years in the education of the young is in the first seven years of his life. During such a time you as mothers have exclusive control over him. You shape his character and his conduct. Traits he acquires during this formative period will likely persist through the years. Filipino mothers, on the whole, realize their duty in educating their young, but do they know now sufficiently well? Can our educational system honestly answer the question in the affirmative whether or not our future

mothers are being prepared for life? We offer facilities to our women to become first-rate doctors, accomplished lawyers, dependable druggists, and in general to become able professionals. But are we doing all we can towards preparing them for the more exacting role of motherhood? Your generation has had to meet a difficult situation resulting from the increasing complexity of modern life. Should we not help the coming generations to better prepare themselves to meet their problems? What I wish to say is that we have been ignoring the special needs of womanhood—the training that will properly acquaint her with her most vital function in society. That really is a grievance of which she can rightfully complain. Something can be done about it. Something should be done. And that implies a new orientation in woman's education.

I would not want to tax your patience unduly. I think I have made clear my views on the urgency of the questions of moral rehabilitation and the role of women to assure its proper accomplishment. As mothers and as civic leaders you yourselves must have pondered long and deeply on the question. May I repeat that what I am advocating is that instead of passive acquiescence in what currently seems to be fashionable in a man-made world, there should be some serious and sustained effort towards a re-orientation in women's education that would fitly emphasize the traditional and constant role that a woman has in our scheme of values and in our way of life. Such a re-orientation, based as it is on sound principles, will endure. With patience and experience as guides, we shall learn to work out the details that will bring about the desired results.

May I also add that perhaps at no time in our national life has the country ever been in need of talents, the energies and the skill of the women, as now. I know that the Federation of Women's Clubs will not fall the country in its hour of need. You have served the country long and well. The kind of service which you have so generously and efficiently rendered in the past can speed the way to our national redemption and survival. I feel confident that your response will be all that it should be. Under such circumstances the Philippines can look toward the uncertain future with serenity and with fortitude.

## The Rose Outside The Fence

Aurora Almansar Udarbe

I stand quite by myself alone;  
Strangers admire me as they drink tea.  
In yonder house at center lawn,  
Praising my beauty not without pity.

A butterfly lingers, alights on my petals.  
Attracted by such wondrous rare beauty.  
Spreads its wings, glides along porials.  
Seeks the rose inside not half as pretty.

How painful are the might-have-beens.  
Unloved daughter of fate and destiny;  
To grow outside the forbidding fence.  
A rose of unusual beauty minus patrimony.



## WHY DON'T WOMEN GROW UP?

(Continued from page 11)

unaware we are of the wealth and power that have come into our hands through generations of inheritance.

I am not suggesting that women organize as a sex and attempt to take over the management of the United States! (Although considering the history of war, depression and upheaval just in our lifetime, we couldn't do a much worse job than the men have done.) I am suggesting, though, that we "grow up"—grow up to our opportunities and responsibilities in the one great democracy left on earth.

It is primarily our fault, for instance, that America has been sickened by a huge war-born black market and is still in grave danger of runaway prices, of disastrous inflation. It takes two to make a black market, you know—the law-breaking seller and the sucker buyer. As the ruling buyers of food, we could have wiped out the black market and the threat of inflation at the start if we had refused to deal with the racketeers, had refused to pay their illegally high prices. But first each of us had to recognize that one black-market purchase added to a million other black-market purchases meant a general breakdown of controls. Each of us had to understand that no amount of Government regulation could hold down the cost of living. That achievement depended on us, as individuals. Each of us had to appreciate that "cooperation" included our family as well as our neighbor's.

But not enough of us understood. Too many thought it smart to buy steaks, regardless of the price demanded. Too many moaned over teacups about the scarcity of butter or bacon or sugar and then bought supplies illegally. The black market didn't have to happen in America—but we let it happen.

It is partially our fault that our nation today is floundering for a true, strong foreign policy. I've never met a woman who wanted or condoned war and you probably have never met one either. Well, then! Let us see to it that the people who represent us realize and reflect our viewpoints. Our vote is our most powerful weapon when we use it. If we do not

help elect representatives who fulfill our will, we cannot blame "some else"—only ourselves.

It is certainly our fault that in this year of 1946, virtually every State in the Union still has laws on its books belittling the position of women and placing us in same category as a piece of luggage. There is no reason why a woman can't be employed in Texas unless her husband obtains court approval. There is no reason why even a woman's clothes should be the property of her husband in South Carolina. There is no justification for the fact that the laws of every State favor the single woman or the widow over the married woman. Does marriage make a girl less competent? The outdated laws are often laughable—but their existence testifies to our laziness.

And it is finally our fault that women's groups—from the local clubs to the nationwide organizations—are known almost entirely for their "good works" and scarcely at all for their intellectual and political leadership. Just the other day, I attended a meeting of gracious ladies interested in collecting food and clothing for the impoverished children of France. For hours, over the teacups, we talked about how the money would be shipped, what clothing would be requested.

Suddenly, one lady asked, "Isn't there a Government relief agency that should be consulted about this?"

The meeting seemed to fall apart then, as one after the other tried to recall the name of the United Nations Relief & Rehabilitation Administration—or UNRRA, as it is familiarly called—which is the United Nations agency for bringing aid and relief to war-devastated peoples. After several timidly admitted they had no idea how French relief would fit into UNRRA's plans, the first lady was assigned to report on the facts at another meeting and the program was temporarily shelved.

**T**he kind ladies were right to think of supplementing the work of UNRRA, of course. But that initial fiasco was a sad commentary upon the thoroughness of our knowledge, the gap between our hearts and our minds.

Four hundred dollars worth of office equipment for the Philippines club house has been given by North Carolina club women; equipment which will include a mimeograph machine, two typewriters and filing cabinets.

**Asked to Write Congressmen**  
Mrs. Legarda also asked the club women to write to their con-

gressmen in behalf of the G.I.'s of the Philippines who fought under General MacArthur, were a part of the American army but are not included in the G.I. Bill of Rights. The club house, which was used during the war as a center for activities, was taken over by the Japanese and during the libera-

(Continued on page 33)

At the San Francisco conference, where the representatives of the United Nations drew up the charter for a world organization, the United States delegation included only one woman — Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard College. At the first meeting of the new United Nations Organization in London early this year, the United States delegation included only one woman — Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. At many other conferences on foreign and domestic affairs that I have attended as a newspaper reporter, there hasn't even been one woman delegate to speak not only as an American but also as a woman. Yet the decisions reached at these conferences determine what you and I pay for food, for rent, for clothing—they decide our security and happiness. I've often wondered of what value will be my well-managed home if that home is to be blown to bits in some future atomic conflict. And of what value will be our children if they are to live in constant fear and possibly be destroyed by economic or military war.

Were we beaten-down, timid

members of a slave sex, I could not, of course, "sound off" like this. But the American girl is far from the bondswoman of the old days. Let us, therefore, educate ourselves to what is happening around us and use our educations to raise the standards of America and the world. Let's elect men and women to Congress who truly represent us and support especially the women among us who are trying to lead the world toward stability and peace.

It is not necessary to be a "career girl" to be alert and active! The girl who stays at home has an even better opportunity to read and listen, think and talk. And when she joins in community and national affairs, she'll brighten up her own life as well as contribute to her nation.

We are privileged to be living in the most critical period of all time, to be alive at the beginning of a new age. If we ignore the challenge, default on our responsibilities, this age well may mark the end of civilization. But if we "grow up," the future may be brilliant indeed.

\*\*\*

**Waterman's**  
*Taperite*  
Guaranteed FOR A CENTURY  
TAPERITE WITH GOLD FILLED CAR  
IT'S HAND-CRAFTED  
At Leading Bookstore School Supplies & Fountain Pen Store  
EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS:  
**LA ESTRELLA DEL NORTE**  
LEVY HERMANOS INC.  
1001-1007 R. HIDALGO MANILA  
SAN FRANCISCO

## THEY WORK, TOO

(Continued from page 6)

who not only plays the harp but also pounds the typewriter at her father's office. Virginia (Baby) Pamintuan, whom you generally see in black and strapless gowns, knows the ABC of a secretarial job. She used to keep a desk at the

Araneta offices. Jenny Araneta, sister of Mrs. Yulo, keeps office for the J. Amado Araneta enterprises. J. Amado Araneta happens to be her brother.

Claring Tan Kiang, one-time Carnival queen, is tussling with law books and keeping office hours besides at the Far Eastern Surety Co., where she holds the position of secretary-treasurer.

Baby Labrador, who is always the goat when society programs demand a hula number, keeps very ably a wholesale store downtown. "I am cashier," she pokes at herself. But she is more. She can outsell any veteran behind the counter.

Pili Terren is only one of the many VSAC girls who all trod to office of mornings and back again after lunch.

Nini Quezon makes a very able secretary to her mother, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Philippine Red Cross. She may be a peso-a-year worker, but speaking of work, Nini knows what it is like. #



Mazine Carmelo Chaco runs a gift shop.

## CALIFORNIA COOKS ORANGES

(Continued from page 25)

the crust rather thin, brush it with melted butter, fold in quarters and put it in the refrigerator to rest while you're preparing your filling. And here's where I fool you—it's apple, not oranges—but wait. Four pounds of Pippin apples, peeled and cut in eighths are heaped into a baking dish about two inches deep. They are then covered with a mixture made by grating the rind of an orange, adding an eighth of a pound of butter, a cup of sugar, and the juice of half an orange. Mix this through the apples a bit, and cover with your crust which has been rolled not too thin, and which has had a couple of holes cut out to fit with a very small round cutter—and do the cutting before you put the crust on the pie. Bake in a hot oven, 450°, for fifteen minutes, then reduce heat to 325° until the apples are completely tender. After the pie is removed from the oven, pour 3 or 4 tablespoons of California brandy through the holes. Serve

the pie at California temperature—not hot, not cold—and pass one of these three embellishments: thick, thick cream (what am I saying?); whipped cream (the day will come!); or sour cream (which is best anyway). And now for a spectacular finish...

### SANTA ANITA ORANGE BRULOT

Prepare as many very thin-skinned oranges as you have guests: score the oranges around their "equators," cutting only through the zest. With the handle of grandma's coin silver spoon, or with a butter spreader loosen the skin from the equator to both the North and South poles, leaving the icecaps adhering to the oranges. Now turn back both halves of the skin so that they are inside out. What have you? A goblet with a peeled orange for the stem, and inverted orange skins for both bowl and base. Serve each guest with this California cup, set upon a saucer and

go. They no fly." The wife can stop all arguments dead on its track by retorting, "That's all I hope." After all, anger passes, and the more nonsensical you are when you are violently angry, the better for everybody else concerned.

"DANCING FEET" may fall flat on the ears of non-dancing people who eye those who love to dance with suspicion. By the same token people blessed with dancing feet can never forgive those who attribute nothing but vicarious pleasure to this most enjoyable form of exercise.

"Re-Orienting in Women's Education" is some very solid talk heard in many months. From the President of the University of the Philippines to the National Federation of the Philippines, on its 25th anniversary, this piece makes a document.

Pertinent questions and answers on the U.S.-Philippine War Damage Commission you will find in these same pages with every issue. They should clear your doubts and make easy whatever negotiations you intend to file before the committee.

OUR FASHION gals this fortnight are here recorded in their unusual best. Susan Magalona-Ledesma is still abroad, but this blue and white attire is doubtless one of her favorites. Mrs. Lovina never looked better than in the black ensemble she wears, in justice to an inspired couturier. Chito Madrigal is at her loveliest in that silver strapless. Mrs. Barredo has ordered other lovelier gowns after this one she wears here. The one she wore for the Minuet should be recorded for posterity.

OUR FICTIONISTS are none other than good, old reliable D. Paulo Dizon and Delfin Fresnosa.

accompanied with a spoon and with a lump of sugar in each "cup." Pour a jigger of California brandy into each cup, set it aflame, and allow each delighted member of the party to spoon the flaming brandy over the inside of his orange goblet. When the last

The former is at present connected with the Philippine Red Cross, and the latter has gone home to Gubat, Sorsogon to get his bearings and maybe write a book.

WE KEPT our promise to run the pictures of the newly refurbished home of Senate President and Mrs. Jose Avelino on Gilmore Avenue. The photographs were taken at our instance by the Mayflower Studio, with Angel Lara Villareal behind the camera.

—P. T. G.

## What Is Fashion?

Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.

Thoreau

Fashion is what one wears oneself. What is unfashionable is what other people wear.

Oscar Wilde

No woman can look as well out of fashion as in it.

Mark Twain

A woman would be in despair if Nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.

Mlle. de L'Espinae

The secret of fashion is to surprise and never to disappoint.

Bulwer-Lytton

BY ELAINE K. SEWELL

beautiful blue flame dies down is time enough to sip of the golden orange cordial that you and your fellow alchemists have produced... or would you rather take your vitamin C in tablet form.

—Heien Evans Brown.

# ALL FOR LOVE

HERE'S A MAN WHO IS WILLING TO SUFFER ALL THE INCONVENIENCES OF PRESENT-DAY TRAIN-TRAVEL JUST TO INDULGE HIS HOBBY

**W**HAT with the loosening up in train travel, we got in touch with Ernest M. Frimbo, who is regarded as the most widely travelled rail fan in the country, and asked him how he and his fellow-fans had been faring during the difficult war years. We found him to be a tall,

distinguished-looking man, a lexicographer by profession. He told us that, while the war had certainly made train travel less comfortable than usual, most of his friends had continued to get at the rate of twenty or thirty thousand miles a year. He himself has done somewhat better, al-

though not as well as he once did. "Last year I covered only about forty-one thousand miles," he said, "whereas in 1941 I made over sixty-one thousand miles. Of course, I only travel weekends and during my vacation." He eyed us defensively. "Most people think we're nuts," he said. "I don't know why. If I rode around in a Buick all weekend, no one would say a word. Furthermore, the government doesn't think we're nuts. When the war started, the Army called me down to Washington and gave me a majority, so the knowledge I've picked up wandering around the country must be worth something."

Frimbo had just returned from a brisk three-day-weekend jaunt when we talked to him. He said it had been one day longer but no more devious than usual. It struck us as being a classic of its kind. We asked him to give us his exact itinerary; we set it down here as a significant social document, urging our students to bear in mind that the trip was undertaken all for love. At eleven-thirty Friday night, Frimbo caught the B. & O. train bus at Rockefeller Center. This took him to Jersey City, where he had reserved a lower berth on the 1:02 A.M. Washington express. He reached Washington at 7:05 A.M. His sleeper was then attached to a Washington-to-St. Louis train, the Metropolitan Special which left at 7:55 A.M. He reached St. Louis at 7:40 Sunday morning. Drawing a deep breath, he caught the 8:15 train for Evansville, Indiana, reached Evansville at 1:15 P.M., and there boarded the 1:55 local for Louisville. He reached Louisville at 5:55 and, presumably with some regret, took a cab to New Albany, Indiana. "There's an old trolley line between New Albany and Louisville," he told us. "I like trolleys as well as trains, and they're disappearing fast. I want to ride this one before some smelly bus takes its place."

Frimbo got the 6:30 trolley from New Albany, reentered Louisville at 7:05, and departed for Indianapolis at 7:30. He ate, shaved and changed his shirt aboard the train, and disembarked at 10:30. He enjoyed a trolley ride of six or seven miles around the city, got back to the station at 12:12 Monday morning, and boarded a 12:15 A.M. train

for Danville, Illinois. He arrived at Danville at 2:30 A.M. and walked down the street to the station of the Illinois Terminal Railway, a trolley company that once had sleepers and still has observation-dining cars. The first trolley left at 4:30 A.M. and Frimbo rode it as far as Deatur Junction, where, at 7:08 A.M., he boarded a trolley to Bloomington. He reached Bloomington at 8:42 A.M. and at 9:10 boarded the Alton Hummer for Chicago. He arrived in Chicago at 11:59 and made a quick run out to Cicero aboard the "L." He turned by a Chicago West Towns Railway Company trolley and then a Chicago Surface Lines trolley, reaching the La Salle Street station at 2:57 P.M. and there engaging a bedroom on the Twentieth Century. "I always wear a gray Homburg when I travel," Frimbo told us, "and I'm taken for a troubled businessman." The Century left Chicago at 3:30 P.M. Having been without sleep for thirty-nine hours, Frimbo went to bed early. He reached New York at 9:30 A.M. Tuesday and was at his desk before ten.

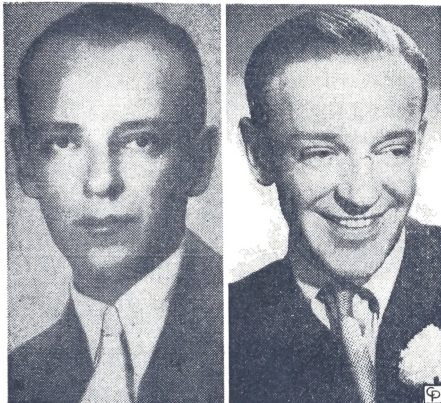
"I covered about twenty-eight hundred miles," Frimbo told us. "Three hundred and sixty-six of it was new. That's the important part to us fellows, rolling up new mileage and riding new lines. The New Albany-to-Louisville and Chicago West Towns trolleys were both real finds. Naturally, a trip like that takes advance planning. The fact is, I've got a hundred and fifty such trips all figured out; it'll take me three years to get through them. People say, 'What do you do while you're on a train, especially now that they're so crowded and uncomfortable?' I say, 'Why, I just watch people in cars tied up in traffic jams on the highways, dragging along at three miles an hour.'"

(THE NEW YORKER)

\*\*\*

Mrs. Pura Villanueva Kalaw and Mrs. Paz Reyes Cuerpocruz representing the League of Women Voters of the Philippines, turned in the donation of the organization to the Quezon Memorial Fund to Secretary of the Interior Jose Zulueta last Tuesday, January 14.

Among those who contributed to the fund were Mrs. Kalaw, Mrs. Cuerpocruz, Mesdames Flora A. Ylagan, Asuncion Perez, Eva Estrada Kalaw, Crispina Malvar Mead, Consolacion Purias, Rosa Sevilla Alvero, Josefa Jara Martinez, Helen Emilio Gutierrez, Concepcion Marambula Honares, Paz Policarpio Mendez, Beatriz P. Ronquillo, Salud Fabella Unson, Sofia de Jaranilla, Enidita O. Alzate, and Aida Hube.



**FRED ASTAIRE**, after his 20th and last Hollywood picture, retires from a 41-year-old career that saw him become successively the No. 1 dancer of the U. S. stage and screen and one of the world's best-known "hoofers." Synonymous with polished perfection in the terpsichorean art, Fred began taking dancing lessons when he was five with his sister Adele, 18-months his senior. Two years later Fred and Adele had started in the vaudeville dance act that launched them on their sensational career, and a year later they were making a terrific hit in New York. The young Astaires served a nine-year apprenticeship on the three-day vaudeville circuits, and Fred was 17 when they made their bow on Broadway big time. Hit followed hit in New York, and papas and mamas about the country began naming their boy and girl twins after the popular dancing pair. The Astaires' reputation became international when they went to London with some of the shows, but the dance team was broken up in 1932 when Adele married Lord Cavendish and remained in Ireland. Fred continued alone—winning new honors in the 32-week Broadway run of "Gay Divorce." Then RKO signed him to make a picture, "Flying Down to Rio," for which a girl named Ginger Rogers had been selected for his partner. On his first screen test some minor studio executive noted "Can't act. Slightly bald. Can dance a little." It didn't mean a thing though, when fans saw the Astaire-Rogers combination. Both became box office stars through seven succeeding films until Ginger took to dramatic roles. Fred was born May 10, 1899, in Omaha, Neb. Originally his name was Austerlitz. He married a Boston socialite in July, 1933; has one son, Fred, Jr., 9, and a 3-year-old daughter. The Astaires live in Beverly Hills; vacation at an Aiken, S. C., estate. Fred creates all of his own dance routines, is an amateur pianist and has written four hit tunes. From now on he expects to enjoy his piano playing, golf, and stable of thoroughbreds.

(International)

are you always

**T** IRED?



**I**GNORANCE is seldom bliss.

Take the question of fatigue. Almost everyone is tired some of the time; some are tired all of the time, quite unnecessarily. If people knew the facts about fatigue and acted on them, they would seldom, or never, be tired. It is actually the mistaken ideas people hold on this subject that permit them to become fatigued.

Here are fourteen statements concerning fatigue, some true, some false. How many can you answer correctly? Why not put the facts to work to increase your energy and hence your success and happiness?

**Energy is more important than intelligence in achieving success. This statement is true.**

A superior intelligence coupled with low energy will accomplish little. A mediocre intelligence coupled with great energy will achieve far more. A superior intelligence coupled with great energy is genius. Energy is the dynamo that puts all of whatever intelligence a person possesses to work. It is the one quality that all successful people have in common. It is the reason why the stupid often succeed where the brilliant fail. According to Emerson it is energy that underlies all success. He places it high above wisdom as a requisite and psychologists agree with him.

**Work is the cause of chronic fatigue. False.**

The fatigue brought on by a day's hard physical work though acute, is wiped out by a night's rest and cannot accumulate. The fatigue of which the sedentary

worker complains is chronic and is not brought on by physical effort since he doesn't make enough physical effort to tire him. Absolutely 100 per cent of the fatigue of the sedentary worker in good health is due to factors other than work. There is no such thing known to science as a person brought to a state of chronic fatigue by work.

**Difficult work is more apt to cause fatigue than easy work. False.**

Boredom is the single greatest cause of fatigue. Work that does not use most of our abilities is monotonous and boring. Work that is beyond our abilities causes nervous strain. Both conditions bring on fatigue, but one can more easily step up one's ability to meet a difficult task than reconcile oneself to work that demands too little ability.

**Rest is the cure for fatigue. False.**

No amount of rest will cure the fatigue of the sedentary worker, or any chronic fatigue. Since none of the toxins of true physiological fatigue are in the system, no rest is needed to restore the chemical balance. What is needed is a change of activity—more and different work perhaps, more pleasurable exercise, new and more enjoyable social contacts. Lolling around provides no change, does not distract the mind, does not fill it with new interests. The body does not need rest, the mind needs change. Only impelling interest will give abundant energy.

**A gland disorder is a frequent cause of fatigue. False.**

It is a comparatively infrequent cause. An abnormal gland, such as a thyroid or adrenalin deficiency, causes fatigability, but most human beings have standard equipment in this respect. There is no such thing as an especially de luxe set of glands filling one to bursting with energy. They are not a reservoir of energy and are no more a source of energy than the heart or the lungs. A person with gilt-edged glands may be very tired indeed, may be flattened out, exhausted by emotional strains. But something more than hormones is driving the person who is a Human Dynamo. It is interest.

**Salt decreases acute physical fatigue. True.**

Hard labor or excessive heat causes the body to perspire freely and thus throw off salt. Loss of salt induces fatigue. Replacing it relieves the fatigue. It is essential, however, to know exactly what amounts should be taken.

**Most fatigue is imaginary. False.**

Fatigue is seldom imaginary. To say that chronic fatigue is not due to work, physical or mental, is not to say it is imaginary. There are other possible causes. The true and only causes of chronic fatigue are psychological which is very different from imaginary. Ideas and feelings are quite as real as housework. It is not the work we do but the emotional factors connected with this work, the nervous tensions under which it is done, that make us tired. Among these are worry, indecision, boredom, a sense of in-

feriority, hurry, sex complexes, etc. You really are tired after a day's work, but not because of the work. The fact is that you are tired because of the emotional factors involved.

**Energy is dependent upon good health. False.**

Some invalids have been among the greatest producers in the world. What drove them was not physical strength but emotional fervor. Stevenson, Darwin, Keats, Elizabeth Browning were sick most of their lives—yet look at the work they did! The fact that in spite of ill health they poured out such quantities of work bearing the hallmark of genius proves that they possessed extraordinary supplies of energy. Joseph Pulitzer, Clara Barton (founder of the American Red Cross), and Florence Nightingale were all invalids or frail, as are many lesser people whose consuming interests drive them and fill their lives with accomplishment.

**Mental work causes fatigue. False.**

Scientific investigations have proved that mental work cannot cause fatigue. The true measure of energy is the capacity to continue to work accurately and swiftly. All tests indicate that even after excessively long hours of mental work there is no lessening of this capacity. One day or one lifetime of hard mental work cannot produce fatigue. Less energy goes into a Shakespearean sonnet than into a single blow by Joe Louis. The amount of energy used for mental processes of any sort is utterly negligible in comparison with the amount of energy used in hammering a tack. You can't actually tire yourself with brain work.

**Benzedrine banishes fatigue. True.**

But it is a dangerous habit-forming drug, and exacts a high price for the temporary good it does. It should never be taken without a prescription from your doctor for this reason.

**Fatigue naturally accompanies old age. False.**

Energy in old age depends upon how much interest one continues to take in life and work. Energy is little dependent on physical strength, greatly dependent on emotional drive. In their old age many great men produce work equal to that of their youth: Kant, Goethe, Victor Hugo and Rembrandt did some of their finest work in their seventies and eighties, Michaelangelo at ninety-

(Continued on page 34)



# For Better Understanding Among Peoples

tion was bombed, Mrs. Legarda said. Food and money were hidden for the soldiers and war prisoners by the women by concealing them in the rolls of their hair and the hems of their dresses. At one coffee shop which was taken over by the Japanese, American prisoners were made to brush up the grounds and keep the shrubbery in order. The girls would conceal food and packages for the men, throw them under the shrubs and in the morning sing a ditty to the tune, "Good morning, go around and pick it up." The boys would sing in return, "Don't worry I've got it, it's in the garbage can."

## Economic System Haywire

In an occupied country as was the Philippines, the whole economic system went haywire. Inflation is still rampant Mrs. Legarda said, with \$60 for one "chicken egg," \$900 for a hen; \$500 for coffee. A man earning \$3 a day will have to spend \$10 a day to live.

Mrs. Legarda also asked that the clubwomen save their flour sacks for the babies of the Philippines and think of sending toys for next Christmas, since it is now too late for them to reach them for this year.

Miss Evangelista thanked the women of North Carolina for their interest and for the office equipment which will be sent to the clubwomen. She made an impassioned plea for continued interest and help.

Mrs. Legarda was introduced by Mrs. Karl Bishopric, who told of the gift of the clubwomen of the state.

The luncheon was preceded by a meeting of the Poetry Lovers' Group.

## VISIT DUKE

Prominent visitors at Duke University yesterday who were guests of Miss Fannie Mitchell, acting director of the appointments office at a luncheon in the Oak Room, included Mrs. Trinidad Legarda of Manila, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and the National Council; Mrs. Carl Bishopric of Spray, president of the North Carolina

Federation of Women's Clubs and Miss Mercedes Evangelista of Manila, Dr. Alice M. Baldwin, dean of the Woman's College of Duke University. Other guests attending the luncheon included Miss Anne Garrard, assistant director of alumni affairs; Miss Louise Horner, secretary to Dr. Frank DeVyver; Mrs. Lucile K. Boyden, acting director of Duke News Service; and Mrs. Bishopric's two sons, George and Carl, who are students at the university. Mrs. Legarda, Mrs. Bishopric and Miss Evangelista left in the afternoon for Raleigh where they were guests last night of Mrs. J. W. Harrelson, president of State College Women's Club. They will continue to Goldsboro today to be dinner guests tonight of Mrs. S. B. McPheeters, who established the Red Cross at Manila.

The above write-up was the caption of a picture published in one of the papers of Durham, North Carolina (we are sorry they cut off the name).

## ENERGETIC MRS. LEGARDA HOLDS NINE OFFICES IN PHILIPPINES

By Genevieve Reynolds (The Washington Post, Wednesday, December 18, 1946)

Meet dynamic Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez Legarda of Manila. Upon her broad, erect shoulders she carries the responsibility of nine positions—all unremunerative in dollars or cents.

The handsome president of the Philippine National Federation of Women's Clubs also heads the Manila Symphony Society, National Council of Women of the Philippines. Besides, she's vice commissioner of the Girl Scouts Advisory Council; member of the board of directors of the Catholic Women's League; chairman, committee on special home services for war brides; on the board of directors of Women's Club of Manila; member, Philippine Association of Women Writers, and on the board of editors of the Woman's Home Journal.

Through her direction, women's organizations in the Philippines will take on the task of wiping out juvenile delinquency plus

At a Nepa party given in honor of the William Winters by Dr. and Mrs. Ramon Paterno at their home over the Christmas week, a representative group of women gathered to hear Mr. Winter talk on the one-world idea. His speech was impromptu, but a condensation is here given by Mrs. Winter, who is herself a writer, through a note she sent from Hongkong to Mrs. Adela Planas-Paterno, days after the party.

Assume their rightful leadership. That covers the main point, I believe." According to Mrs. Paterno the purpose of the gathering was three-fold: "to boost our own and feel proud of ourselves as a nation with its own beautiful customs and traditions; to show our gratitude to the American people through the Winters for all that America has done for us and to promote better understanding among all people."

"As for a condensation of Bill's speech you can elaborate on the theme that in this atomic world all nationalistic banners must be destroyed and we should strive for the goal of world citizenship. Perhaps in that way we can achieve a better understanding between peoples. Women must keep that goal before them and active it seems that men have failed and made a mess of things, it is time women become more active and interested in world affairs

During the merienda native dishes were served and Filipino music played. Paterno's "Flor de Manila" symbolic of our sentiment during the Spanish era and Tapales' "Stranger at the Gate" a modern composition were ably executed by Mrs. Evelina Kalaw-Katigbak, soprano, and Miss Fernandez, pianist. The Suggang sisters, portraying the Filipino love for music, gave violin and piano selections.

helping the actual rebuilding and rehabilitation of school, civic, cultural centers.

Mrs. Trinidad Legarda has had many honors bestowed upon her throughout an active career that included editing a magazine, society editing on the Manila Times, serving as woman's page editor of the Philippine Herald. Of all her numerous jobs, activities and honors, she claims that the job of being a beauty is the most difficult. Back in 1924 she was named "Queen of the Carnival" by the Bachelors' Club.

In Washington—this week, she told of her jaunt through the Middle West, South and North. She didn't do a Cook's tour but took time to visit farm and city homes as well as women's clubs.

"I feel humble around American women, they do so much," she says. "Always they are alert to themselves. I must teach our Filipino women to 'budgetize' their time, too, for life is different in the islands now.

"No longer is it considered unladylike for a woman to do her own marketing and housework," she continues. "Servants are expensive and not too plentiful. Nearly all our women are holding down several jobs."

Outwitting Jap invaders is one of her many accomplishments. As head of Manila's Symphony Orchestra Society, she was asked by the Japanese to get the concerts going. With some quick thinking she stalled off the Japs by pretending that all musical instruments and scores had been destroyed. Furthermore, she told them that the orchestra leader was in a prison camp and no one else could conduct.

"This was an honor," she says, "which I have since regretted and at the same time commended. To live up to the reputation of being a carnival beauty—and here she inserts a question mark—is a hard and difficult job with no letup. On the other hand, perhaps it was this same difficult role which has given me a healthy interest in clothes and women's progress in all lines of endeavor."

War, children and war's aftermath have driven everything from her mind now except the rebuilding of her homeland. And she's eager to have cultural activities keep pace with economic reconstruction in the islands.

One of the Lgeardas' children, Benito, Jr., is studying at Georgetown University. Another, 14-year-old Carmen, is a sophomore in the Holy Ghost School.

Q.—How must the claim be prepared?

A.—The claim must be legibly written in the English language.

Q.—How will the claimant know that his claim has been received by the Commission?

A.—When the claimant submits his claim it must be accompanied by a self-addressed Claim Receipt Card. This card form is obtainable from any office of the Commission and copies of it will be distributed with the claim form. In the event of failure to submit a self-addressed claim receipt card with the completed claim form, the Commission will not acknowledge receipt of the claim.

If the claimant does submit a self-addressed claim receipt card with his claim, the card will be returned to him by the Commission by mail. It is imperative that the address on the card be legible and accurate.

**When Tired and Out-of-Sorts**  
Common Sense Prescribes **ENO**



Don't let dull, lousy feelings and sick headache due to excess stomach acid overtake you any time during the day. Take a dash of ENO in a glass of water. It makes a sparkling, effervescent drink that is helpful when you are fatigued by acid indigestion

—uncomfortable from over-eating—or in need of a laxative. Buy at your pharmacist.



MAKES A SPARKLING EFFERVESCENT DRINK

Furnish according to the Bureau of Science of the Government of the Philippine Islands, 40 per cent. Diphtheria Antidote and 20 per cent. Typhoid and Paratyphoid Bacterium. Manufactured according to the special process ENO, G. & Co., London.

eight. In our own time Clemenceau, Rodin, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, Andrew Mellon, Connie Mack, Henry Ford, to mention but a few of the many examples, were all "old men" when they were doing hard important work. Interest is the power that drives the dynamo.

**Nervous breakdowns are caused by overwork. False.**

Here let us quote a few authorities.

Dr. Austin F. Riggs: "Hard work, plenty of it, whether physical or mental, never in itself produced one single case of nervous exhaustion." Dr. A. A. Brill: "No one suffers a nervous breakdown from overwork. These maladies simply do not exist."

Dr. Paul Dubois: "Of all my nervous cases I never found one which could be traced to overwork."

Dr. Ira Wile: "Unconditionally, there is no such thing as breakdown from overwork."

Satisfied?  
If you feel tired you certainly are tired. False.

Extensive scientific investigations in homes, offices, schools, factories, laboratories, all point to the conclusion that the feeling of fatigue and the fact of fatigue

are by no means the same thing. When people feel utterly exhausted they often still have it in them to force themselves to go on working as well and quickly as ever. Professor Thorndike says, "We can feel fatigued without being so. There is here a confusion between lack of desire and lack of ability to work." Fatigue is measured by what a man still has in him to do, not by how he desires to do it.

**Lifelong fatigue can be quickly cured. True.**

Among the recent achievements of a comparatively new science, psychiatry, is the conquest of fatigue. Almost overnight one can change from a man weighed down by a weariness that flows like lead through his veins to one pulsating with vitality. Most people who are tired a little or a lot need not be tired at all. They themselves hold the key to their own complete and permanent release from fatigue. With it they may open and draw upon a storehouse of energy. And not after years of building themselves up, not by severe disciplines, but quickly, easily, almost magically. To do this it is only necessary to learn and apply the principles (such simple, easy ones as those outlined above) of tapping our secret sources of energy, of putting facts to work for us.

The End

**DEMOCRACY'S CHILDREN**

**PRIMARILY**, democracy is the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people, and that if we throw wide the doors of opportunity so that all boys and girls can bring out the best that is in them, we will get amazing results from unlikely sources.

Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butcher and a woman who could not write her name.

Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother, herself daughter of a cook and a drunken father.

Schubert was the son of a peasant father and a mother who had been in domestic service.

Faraday, one of the greatest scientific experimenters of all time, was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith and his mother a common drudge.

Such facts as these underlie democracy. That's why with all its discouraging blunders, we must everlastingly believe in it.

—REV. H. E. FOSDICK  
(Coronet)

Subscribe To The  
**WOMAN'S HOME  
JOURNAL**

OUT TWO TIMES A MONTH!

*Good, Bad, or Indifferent Weather, You Will Receive This Monthly Of Progressive Women & Men As Soon As It Is Off The Press, Anywhere.*



IF YOU ARE PLEASED WITH THIS ISSUE, OF WHICH WE HAVE NO DOUBTS, YOU WILL FIND MORE PLEASURE IN READING THE ISSUES TO COME. OUR EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS, TOP-FLIGHT WRITERS ALL OF THEM, ARE PREPARING MATERIALS THAT WILL GIVE YOU THE LATEST IN THOUGHT-PROVOKING ISSUES, THE BEST IN SHORT STORIES, AND UP-TO-THE-MINUTE NEWS AND FASHION PICS.



And If You Want Your Friends To Share With You The Joy Of Reading This Magazine And At The Same Time Receive Handsome Dividends For The Little Time You Will Spare, We Are Inviting You To Get In Touch With Our Circulation Manager And Ask For Particulars Concerning Our Subscription Commission Plan.



**CLIP THIS COUPON TODAY AND MAIL IT TO US TOGETHER WITH THE NECESSARY REMITTANCE!**

The Circulation Dept.  
WOMEN'S PUBLISHERS, INC., 1055 Soler, Manila

Gentlemen:

Please send the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL to .....  
of ..... for ....., the payment  
of which I hereby enclose the amount of ..... (money order  
or check or cash by registered mail). Please start the subscription with the ..... issue.

Name Of Sender

Address

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 Year (24 issues) ..... P6.00      2 Years (48 issues) ..... P11.00  
(Subscription rates for the United States & other countries double these rates.)

*Yours, for fascination...*



# NIGHT IN SHANGHAI

(PERFUME FROM FRESH FLOWERS)

TWICE STRONGER PERFUME  
MODEL 1947

**OPHIR**  
107-113 DASMARIÑAS