

WOMAN'S

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# W o m a n ' s Home Journal

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



On Our Cover: MISS VICKY QUIRINO, daughter of the Vice-President of the Philippines, Elpidio Quirino. Miss Quirino, though young, has already stepped into her mother's shoes whose untimely demise everybody mourns. Still studying at the Sta. Scholastica College, she budgets her time such that she is always ready when protocol calls.

**M**ANILA is no longer comfortable. It should be remade. But when? How? Fiction writer and poet Pedroche who is now with the Planning Office and writes by snatches to help ease out the problems of economics which according to him beset him most acutely "along about the middle of the quincens" exhausts the subject of our future city and takes the scuffers to task. Reading him, we feel that a new and better city is indeed possible. When Dr. Encarnacion Alzona sent us the  
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# Doña MARCELA MARIÑO DE AGONCILLO

*By Encarnacion Alsona*

**THE WIFE OF FELIPE AGONCILLO, FILIPINO STATESMAN, HAS A SECURE PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF KNOWING HER IN LIFE. A GENTLEWOMAN, A LOVING AND LOYAL WIFE, AN EXEMPLARY MOTHER . . . SHE WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE FINEST QUALITIES OF FILIPINO WOMANHOOD**

ON ASCENSION DAY, 30 May 1946, in the picturesque town of Taal, Province of Batangas, passed away quietly one of the heroines of our revolutionary era. She was Marcela Mariño de Agoncillo, widow of the Filipino statesman Felipe Agoncillo.

The Battle of Manila found her living with her five daughters in their home in Malate, Manila. The Japanese drove them out of their house and afterwards set it on fire. Family treasures and heirlooms and irreplaceable souvenirs of the Philippine Revolution and of their exile in Hong Kong were all lost in that fire. Mrs. Agoncillo was left with nothing but the clothes she was wearing; but this was not the first time in her eventful life that she had been deprived of her worldly possessions as this brief sketch will show.

Born of wealthy parents in Taal on 24 June 1859, Marcela Mariño grew up into a beautiful girl. Tall and stately with an angelic face, fair complexion, and wavy black hair the people of her town bestowed upon her the appellation of *virgen*, for they said she was as beautiful as the image of the virgin enthroned on the altar in their impressive church. Sometimes they called her *Bubog*, the Tagalog word for crystal, on account of her sparkling beauty. To catch a glimpse of this adorable beauty people would wait patiently at the church door and patio for her appearance in the mornings when, invariably accompanied by a maid or elderly re-

lative, she went to church to hear mass. Her natural beauty was enhanced by the exquisite pearly-tinted piña blouse and the long, full skirt that she usually wore.

As it was customary in her days for young ladies of good family to lead a cloister-like existence, rarely was she seen in public, except when she went to church for her devotions. Her parents were known to be disciplinarians, and when the time came for her to finish her education in Manila, they chose the convent noted for its rigid rules. This was Santa Catalina College of the Dominican nuns, established in the Walled City or *Intramuros* as it was popularly called. Its board-

ing students were not allowed to take walks in the streets of the city for exercise as the students of other convents did once a week or so in a body in the company of a good number of watchful nuns. For five years, young Marcela remained in seclusion in that convent where she perfected her knowledge of the sonorous tongue and learned the accomplishments of a lady of quality.

It was natural for a girl of Marcela's beauty and social standing to have many suitors. Indeed, even from distant towns came eligible young men seeking the hand of the pretty girl, but they met only indifference and the parents' disapproval. There was one young gallant, however, who was undismayed and pursued his suit despite her parent's opposition. He was Felipe Agoncillo of an opulent family of the same town. Handsome, wealthy, and a promising lawyer, he was without doubt a fair match to the beautiful Marcela. Nevertheless, young Mr. Agoncillo had to wait a long time to win her hand and to obtain her parents' consent.

They were a happily mated pair. Mrs. Agoncillo bore her husband five daughters. To commemorate these blessed events and

as a token of his deathless love and devotion, Mr. Agoncillo presented her with a gold bracelet studded with five large diamonds, each diamond symbolizing one daughter. This precious jewel became one of her most cherished possessions, for Mrs. Agoncillo had loved no other man. Her husband was her true and only love. Since his death in September, 1941, she had been a most lonely figure. Her daughters found it necessary to put away his photographs, for at their sight, Mrs. Agoncillo could not repress her tears. She also gave up the room she had shared with him and moved to a smaller one adjoining his study on the first floor of the house. She would sit in the chair at his desk, absorbed in thought. When she walked about the room, she would pause now and then before the bookcases that lined the walls, sometimes touching gently a book or so. For every object in that study summoned memories of the beloved husband she had lost.

Once I paid her a call. She was sitting at her husband's desk with the family account book open before her. She still kept an account of the household expenses as in the lifetime of her husband. Her daughter Maria, who was standing



*Her association with the rich and privileged did not, however, make her forget the poor. It was her practice to distribute every Saturday alms to beggars who came to her regularly.*



nearby, remarked jokingly: "Mother thinks that by noting in that book our income and expenses she can multiply our money." When Mrs. Agoncillo noticed me, she stood up, erect and majestic, though considerably thinner than when her husband was living. As usual she complimented me on my Filipino dress saying, "I believe that it is the most becoming and dignified costume for us Filipino women." Her husband, I remembered, held the same opinion, and once told me never to give it up for any other costume.

servants worked cheerfully and efficiently. It was inspiring to see how smoothly things ran in that household. The Agoncillos formed a happy and harmonious family.

Though she lived in comfort and abundance with servants at her back and call, she supervised the preparation of the family meals, and now and then she would prepare a special dish. She had a fastidious taste and only the best food could satisfy her. Even on ordinary days the finest Filipino and Spanish dishes and confections graced her table.

Mrs. Agoncillo had known the privations of the life of an exile and a revolutionist. Her husband's Revolutionary leanings and activity brought upon the family the ire of the Spanish authorities. Their properties were ordered confiscated and they had to flee to Hong Kong for their lives. It was there that she made the historic flag that was unfurled in Kawit,

Cavite, during the ceremonies of the proclamation of the First Philippine Republic on 12 June 1898. For the first time the Filipino nation had an emblem to symbolize its noble aspiration for an independent existence. It would have filled her with pride and joy to see that glorious symbol flying alone as the Philippines at last became an independent country on 4 July 1946. How unfortunate that she did not live long enough to see that happy day.

From 1895 to 1906 Mrs. Agoncillo remained in Hong Kong with her daughters, while the revolution against Spain and the subsequent war against the United States made life in the Philippines insecure. Her husband's diplomatic mission abroad left upon her shoulders the entire responsibility of keeping the home fires burning. Her youngest daughter Maria was born in that British colony. She attended to the education of her other daughters, employing tutors to teach them at home.

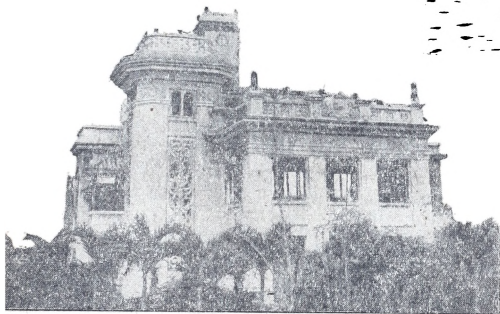
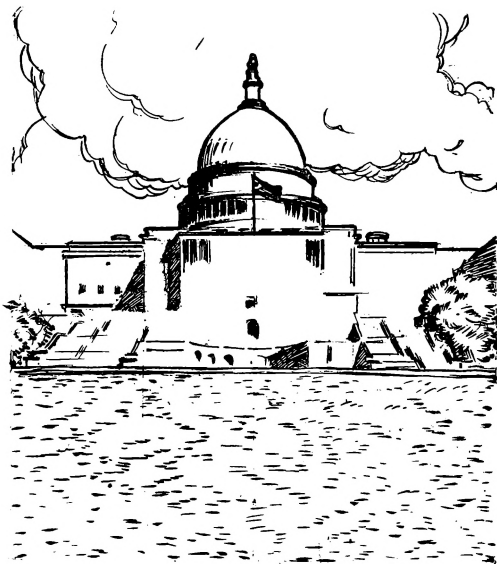
**UPON THEIR RETURN** to the Philippines and Mr. Agoncillo's assumption of high public office, Mrs. Agoncillo's responsibilities increased. She bore them all with dignity and charm to the admiration of all who came to know her. High government officials were oftentimes guests at her house, and thus she came to know almost every distinguished person in Philippine official and social life.

Her association with the rich and privileged did not, however, make her forget the poor. It was her practice to distribute every Saturday alms to the beggars who came to her regularly. At the main entrance to her house, there used to be placed a tray holding coins from which beggars might get the amount they were pleased to take. She left to them entirely the responsibility of deciding how much they should get for themselves.

The Agoncillo's were known for  
(Continued on page 28)

# For a New and Better City

By C. V. Pedroche



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Our leaders are envisioning a new and better city . . . through the mist raised by the destruction of war. But when? If it does not come now for you—it will surely come tomorrow for your children and ours.

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**A** CYNIC said: A new and better city—a beautiful and efficient city, indeed! It's all very nice to contemplate. But when? Another: Yep, I know all about it. I was in your office once. All the plans in colors! Very decorative. But, my dear fellow, we want action. When do we eat? And still a third: Planning? Planning? I seem to have heard of the word before—I mean, too often. Let me see. . . Oh, yes, since two years back, I believe? I am not being impatient—but when do you people begin?

The question is not so hard to answer. It is the attitude of the scoffers which may take some time to correct—and which we want to correct at once, because unless we do so all our efforts to rebuild our city will prove futile. It is rather unfortunate that we have in our midst quite a few intelligent people who, although they most assuredly would want to see a better city arise from the ruins of Manila, still do not believe in planning, think it is all wistful thinking, and would rather speak lightly of our good intentions than lend a hand to hasten—if but for a day—the rebuilding of their city.

First, what is a plan? A plan is a graphic representation, a proposed method of action or procedure. In city planning we have a general plan—sometimes called the master or comprehensive plan. This plan offers a basis for orderly growth. Within its framework every reasonable enterprise is given maximum chance to develop and flourish. Improvements can proceed with comparative security. Through the general plan we are assured of the orderly development of a more attractive living condition for the people of the city. In other words, with a general plan we know more or less where we are going—and why we are going there.

Have you ever paused to con-

sider why there are slums in the city? Why there are traffic tangles, bottlenecks, accidents? Alleys, general unhealthiness, crime, child delinquency, and confusion? You may not realize it but most of the ills that beset our city today may be attributed to the many expedient measures that were adopted in the past to patch up the city without giving much thought to the future. As a consequence we have now a bastard city of dust and slums, of narrow streets which seem to lead every-where but in the right direction, of slimy and disease-breeding esteros, of fishy market stalls, of warehouses in the midst of residential districts, of public buildings and offices in business areas.

of schools and parks and churches where traffic is most tangled up and furious. We have a very confused and confusing city, indeed—all because we did not have much planning in the past.

How about the Burnham Plan? Oh, yes, of course. The Burnham Plan was the right beginning. Nothing was fundamentally wrong with it—except in the execution of the details which were not geared with the changing times and changing standards. The details were followed blindly, in other words, without thought of the problems that arose since Mr. Burnham did the plan. That is, people did not see far enough into the future which is today. None of the planner's fault, of course.

So you see how imperative it is that we carry out our plan, not blindly but with intelligence and vision. We must not repeat the mistakes of yesterday. This is our chance and our opportunity: to determine today the kind of city that will be inhabited by our

children and their children in their turn.

**WHY PLAN** at all? But one must know or at least have an idea of where one is going. One must have some kind of a guide for future action—an itinerary of places one wants to visit, as it were, and of things one wants to secure. If we do not plan at all, the future will spread out before us like a desert—wide, uncharted, incomprehensible—and we would not know what direction to take and where to begin.

The first and most important step in city planning is the decision to plan. Our government has made this decision in the creation of the National Urban Planning Commission. We must plan, says our government—and so we are planning. This is a bright and healthy sign for I don't suppose there is much hope for a better and happier city unless we have decided to build one. We have decided. As a matter of fact we have gone a step farther: we are

putting the finishing touches to the preliminary plans.

And here is where the scoffers step in. They say we have the plans—and they believe we intend to rest after this. Do we realize, they ask, that city planning cannot stop with the drawings? Of course we do. Who says our work is done? Our work will never cease, for planning is a continuous process. We have the plans about ready, yes, but it is not to be supposed that this is about all we intend to do. What then is the next step?

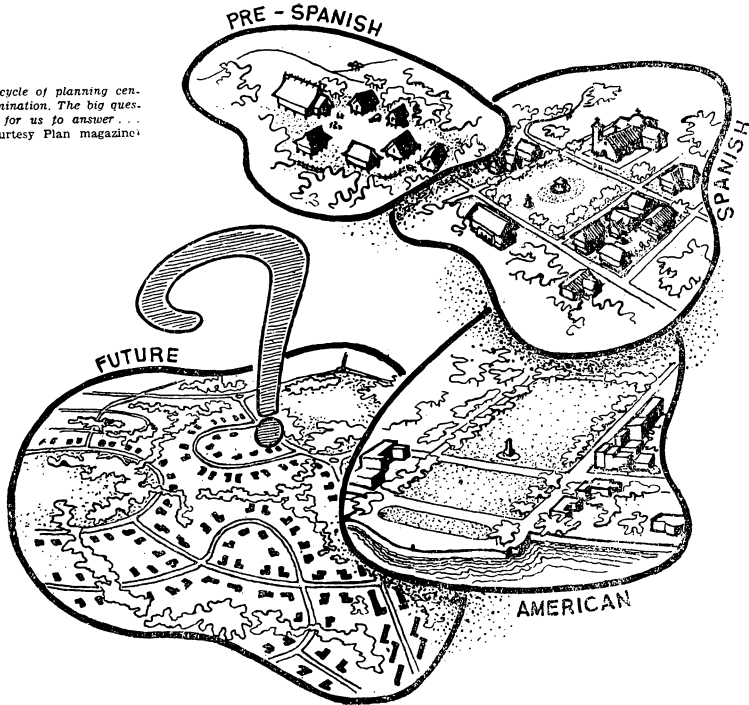
First we want people to realize that Manila no longer provides facilities for good living and therefore it should be remade. We want them to realize that Manila no longer offers enough clean air and open spaces, parks and gardens for its increasing population, schools and recreational facilities for its children. We want them to realize that Manila should be made over and that the time is now. So, do they have anything to say, any suggestions to make?

In a series of public hearings the National Urban Planning Commission, with the help of the Manila Metropolitan Planning Association, a citizen and non-profit organization, proposes to present these plans to the public in order that constructive criticisms and suggestions may be aired and, if found feasible and practical, incorporated into the final plan.

Even at this early stage, you will realize that the task is tremendous. First of all, planning involves a radical change in our ways of thinking. We have been quite indifferent about the development of our city. Planning calls for a direct and dynamic citizen participation in the process of rebuilding the city. It means social control. We must try to substitute controlled development for free development. This means that the community must assert and exercise powers heretofore exercised by real estate men and property owners. We must have a more conscious

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This is the cycle of planning centuries of domination. The big questionmark is for us to answer. . . (Courtesy Plan magazine)



I WAS LOOKING out of the window one afternoon when I saw Yeyeng walking down the street. I hadn't seen her since before the war and I hailed her eagerly. When she saw who it was, she unhesitatingly came over.

I noticed several things at once, as soon as she entered the house. She was wearing a black dress whose only relieving feature was a narrow white lace collar, and her eyes were red from recent crying. I asked her where she had come from and she told me that she had just attended a funeral. I was about to ask her whose funeral it was when she said, in a rather defiant way: "Tan is dead—and all my friends look askance because I'm shedding tears and sincerely grieving about it."

I still did not understand but she never gave me a chance to say so. Still in that defiant way, she began to tell me the story about Tan and why it was that she was mourning his death.

Tan, Yeyeng said, was a Chinaman. He was not even a cultured kind of Chinaman; he was a lowly storekeeper. He started by selling odds and ends in a miserable corner of the market, and ended up by going into partnership with another Chinese and renting the ground space of a house located at the corner of two residential streets and converting it into a sari-sari store. The usual kind of store that hundreds, perhaps thousands of Chinese ran all over the city before the war. The sort that sold all sorts of things, from nails to rice everything a housewife needed, without her going to the marketplace or the grocers to buy them. It must have been a small store to start with but by the time I met Tan, it was already quite large, having occupied two floors instead of the original one.

In 1939, my husband was transferred to the main office of the firm he was working for and we decided to move to a neighborhood that would bring him nearer to his work, so he could continue to come home for lunch the way he had always done. We went house-hunting and, as luck would have it, we found a nice one right away, located just three blocks from his office building, and with the sign "For Rent" nailed outside. Yes, it's funny now, isn't it, but in those days, people actually put out such signs and, what's more, some houses stayed unoccupied for months before would-be tenants took over.

# Yeyeng's

## Story About Tan

By LINA FLOR

★  
*"Tan is dead — and all my friends look askance at me because I am shedding tears and sincerely grieving about it."*



Well, this house seemed to have all the advantages, aside from its being so close to my husband's work. It was quite large and, unlike our former place, which was the usual type of two-story accessoria, it had everything all in one floor, which seemed perfect for me. I did hate going up and down so many times during the day and now, the prospect of having my sphere of motion concentrated on a single floor was a much-welcomed one. Also there was a Chinese store right underneath, on the ground floor, and,

even without a servant, I'd be able to send any of my two little boys for anything I might need in my housekeeping, like patis or matches or a cake of laundry soap, for instance, without their having to cross the street. Although, as I pointed out to my husband, it might also turn out as a disadvantage, this proximity to a sari-sari store: the children would keep seeing something they'd like to buy and pestering the life out of me until I got it for them!

Anyway, we moved to this house would not get under everybody's

just five days after we had seen it and its owner, and right that afternoon, while still in the throes of unpacking and fixing and nail-driving and so forth, I made the acquaintance of Tan.

Some fellows from the bodega of my husband's office had come to help us move and, after they had been lugging stuff up and down all morning, my husband whispered to me to get them something cool to drink, to refresh them. The one servant we had was busy minding the two boys so they



foot while we tried to get organized in our new home, so I went downstairs myself.

I went down and there was this Chinaman grinning at me as if he had known me forever. I said, "I'm Mrs. Santos, the new tenant upstairs, and, as you know, we just moved in this morning and I still don't know where I'd put this and that—everything's so topsy-turvy still. So, will you please let me have ten bottles of sarsaparilla and some of your pinoenoes and I'll pay you tomorrow when I can locate my husband's wallet which I put away somewhere?" It was easy to say this, after that welcoming grin.

The Chinaman grinned wider and said, "Sure, sure," and started getting the soft drinks and the cakes right away. He said, as he handed them to me, "You better take along our can opener, too. Perhaps you won't be able to locate yours yet." I gratefully accepted this offer and, before I

buyers lingered there. Tan was, it became apparent to us right away, the more popular of the two, in the entire neighborhood. So that when, after a time, Tan bought Go out and the latter moved elsewhere, no one missed him. In fact, some people were said to breathe a sigh of relief for Go was the harder-hearted of the two and was wont to refuse any form of haggling or sometimes, purchases on credit, where Tan was often generous and agreeable to a fault. After Go left, Tan got a young Chinese boy who was a distant relative to assist him at the store.

My children got into the habit of getting anything they wanted from the store and having Tan list them down in a very dilapidated-looking notebook which he kept, hung by a piece of string to a nail behind the door that led to the back part of the store. Twice a month, after pay-day, I'd ask Tan to show me my account

shivering more from fright than from the season's weather, and I told Tan, "War has started, Tan. It's actually happened at last." For of course Tan had been among those who had been talking of nothing else for the past month. When I said this to him, his face suddenly looked very grave. For the first time since I met him, he failed to grin at me. Then, seeing how frightened I was, he tried to cheer me up by saying gently, "Don't be afraid, Missis. America will protect us. Japan will not be able to do anything to us with America protecting us." I said, "Of course. But just the same, it's an awful thing to happen, just now." Tan had become such a close friend of the family, I didn't mind calling his attention to my condition at the time. He nodded gravely and said, "That's true. But perhaps, war will be over even before your baby is born. Missis." Then, suddenly turning practical, he said briskly, "People will start buying and stocking foodstuffs, Missis. You better buy as much as you can now before the crowd starts coming." I hesitated and he guessed right away what was in my mind. He said, gentler yet, "Don't worry about your bill, Missis. You just get everything you need—everything the children need. We'll talk about the payment later."

pay envelope along with the announcement that their firm, which was British, would naturally close up. When I went to pay my bill, Tan shook his head. "No, Missis," he said, "Don't pay me now. I don't need the money. You will need all you've got for food and supplies from now on. Keep it and save it as long as you can." I protested, "But, Tan, my husband is jobless now and I don't know when he'll be able to work again. You better take the money while there's still left of it. Otherwise, I mightn't be able to pay you at all." He shook his head and said more firmly, "No Missis. I can't accept. You must save it—for the baby." I could not even thank him then; my heart was too full.

Without his grin and quite sadly, Tan told me: "I don't know how the Japanese will behave when they enter Manila, Missis, but I'm worried. This young boy I have with me, he escaped from a town in China after it was occupied by the Japanese army. He is scared to death now because, over there, they killed all the men, raped the women, burned the houses..." He broke off when he saw how terrified I had become and added hastily, "But of course here it might be different because—well, they might treat the Filipinos differently," he ended, rather lamely.

## HIS BEING A CHINESE STORE-KEEPER DOES NOT COMPLICATE THINGS ANY NOR MAR THE COMPLETENESS OF THE PICTURE OF A NICE GUY WITH A BIG HEART.

went back upstairs, I asked him what his name was because, I explained, we were going to be neighbors from now on and we might as well be acquainted. "People in the neighborhood call me by my surname," he replied, still grinning amiably, "It is Tan." I had caught sight of another Chinese in the interior of their store and I inquired if he were related to him. "He's my partner," Tan replied, "His name is Go." I said, "It should have been Black. Black goes better with Tan; Go with Stop." And although he did know what I was talking about and could have suspected that I might be making fun of him, Tan grinned some more at my sally. I knew then that he was a cheerful, agreeable sort of a chap.

That was the beginning, and it did not take long before my entire family had become very, very much acquainted with Tan. Go was a less approachable person; he was a more serious, almost taciturn type and he did not make friends very easily. When he was the one attending the store, fewer

and I'd exclaim: "Oh, Tan, those children had been overstepping their bounds again! This sum staggers me, and there's hardly anything here that I purchased—it's mostly candy and champoy and dikiam! You mustn't let them, Tan, or I'd go bankrupt!" Tan would just grin that grin of his and say, "You don't have to pay it all now, Missis. You can pay the rest later. And as for the children—I can't refuse them anything. They're so nice, they even help me sometimes." "Help you," I'd scoff at him, knowing that he was referring to the times when either or both of my little boys would enter the store and try to lend a hand in the selling, when there were more customers than Tan and his young assistant could handle. "Pester you, you mean!" I added. But Tan always assured me that my sons were really a great help to him and never bothered him at all.

Early morning of December 8, 1941, as soon as my husband and I heard about Pearl Harbor over the radio, I went downstairs,

You remember that time when it was announced that the Japanese forces would enter the city of Manila. You must recall how, one day before that, people went crazy and there was looting and wrecking all over the city. When the frenzy touched our neighborhood, Tan and his young assistant offered no resistance. They themselves opened the doors of their store to the mob that had gathered outside, clamoring and yelling and even threatening. Some of the men and boys in that mob must have felt some qualms of conscience, some secret shame in their hearts, even as they started to tear the store apart, while Tan and the Chinese lad stood aside to let them have their fill. For, before this madness took hold of them, they had been Tan's customers, friends, creditors. And now, they were taking away everything he had. But they tried to justify themselves by proclaiming loud enough for Tan to hear: "It's better to let us have them, than let them fall into the hands of the Japs!" And Tan, trying his hardest to grin, nodded his head and agreed that it was really better that way.

My husband received his last

During the Japanese occupation, Tan managed to continue selling some stuff in his store, although, for lack of enough goods, he was forced to close one door. My husband was not able to find another job—he really didn't bother to look for one—and because neither of us had any knack of "buy-and-sell," we had to keep on selling everything valuable we owned, to be able to live from day to day.

When my baby girl was born, Tan gave me a large can of genuine powdered milk—Kilm, no less—which he had managed to hide during all that time. And he also insisted on giving me a ten-peso bill—Philippine currency, mind you!—which I couldn't very well refuse because he emphatically said it was for the baby.

All during the occupation, when our furniture became gradually reduced to the bare necessities and all my jewelry and my husband's good suits had been sold, Tan would continue to give us one thing or another. Always overcoming our protests by saying that it was all in form of a loan which we could pay back when the Americans had returned.

(Continued on page 29)

## By Emma Arce

A LOUD KNOCK at the door at midnight, a head at the window and a woman's voice calls out. "Yes, what is it?"

"Please come at once," answers the man at the door. "My wife is about to have a baby."

"Okay, I'll be down in a minute," is the reply.

A few minutes later, the expectant, nervous father and the midwife are on their way to welcome a squirming bit of humanity.

This incident is reenacted countless times, day and night, in every district health center. And although midwives, nurses and physicians find their work nerve-racking at times, yet they are always ready to attend to a woman in labor pains.

It takes a great deal of courage and a deep sense of responsibility to get up from a warm, comfortable bed and follow an unknown man in the middle of a dark, rainy night simply because he knocks at your door and says that his wife is going to have a baby. It also takes a lot of patience and understanding to do away with old customs and superstitions; to make some mothers believe you when you say that unlicensed midwives (hilot) have brought about a great number of deaths among mothers and infants,

or that keeping the placenta in a pot hanging in the middle of the house in no way insures that the child will never wander far away from home.

But all this and more is being done by trained personnel of the health department who in their own quiet, unostentatious way struggle daily against all kinds of odds in order that infant mortality may be cut down to a minimum.

Everything is done to give expectant mothers the best pre-natal care. Nurses canvass the zone

covered by their particular health center and encourage expectant mothers to go to the center for pre-natal care which includes periodic examination of the urine, blood pressure and teeth. They are made to attend lectures in which are taught what food to eat and what things are to be prepared for themselves and the baby. If they need dental treatment, there is a dentist who will attend to their needs. Then shortly before they are due, the mothers are asked whether they would prefer to deliver in the hospital or at home. In any case, the health center takes care of making the necessary arrangements. Home deliveries are discouraged when the conditions are liable to multiply the probability of infection. However, such things cannot always be prevented and midwives and nurses often times have to attend to deli-

veries under the most unfavorable conditions.

Once a little boy of six knocked at the Sta. Cruz Health Center at noontime believing that it was a drugstore of some sort. He wanted to buy medicine for his mother who was about to have a baby. The mother, a laundrywoman who was new in the city, had no closer relation except her little son. The midwife got her bag of medicine and instruments and followed the boy to a little shack situated in the middle of a kangkong pond. After balancing herself precariously over a long row of stones, the midwife was at last able to reach the door. With the help of some neighbors who built a fire and boiled some water, she attended to the woman without any untoward incident. Seeing the economic plight of the mother, the midwife requisitioned for

### QUIETLY, UNOSTENTATIOUSLY, A TRAINED PERSONAL OF THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT STRUGGLES DAILY AGAINST ALL KINDS OF ODDS IN ORDER THAT INFANT MORTALITY MAY BE CUT DOWN TO A MINIMUM

ARE YOU HAVING A BABY!



a layette which the government gives free to indigent mothers. It usually consists of three yards of flannel, towels, safety pins, feeding bottles and a tonic for the mother.

Performing sutures under the beam of a flashlight, attending to a delivery while squatting on the floor, trying to boil some water when the wood is so damp it does not burn, are all ordinary experiences of midwives and nurses.

Recently a midwife was held up by a gang of thieves. After she had told them her profession and that she was on her way to attend to a delivery, they allowed her to proceed without further molestation. It is possible that the robbers' hearts were touched by the nobleness of her errand. It is highly probable, too, that knowing that a midwife gets a basic pay of only 70 pesos a month, they preferred not to waste their time. It would be far from surprising if, out of pity for the underpaid woman, they had pressed a ten-peso bill in her hand and had her godspeed.

(Continued on page 34)

# Dean of Filipino Doctoras

By **SOFIA BONA DE SANTOS**

## A GLIMPSE INTO THE CAREER OF A PIONEER DOCTORA, ONE FILIPINA WHO OCCUPIES A NICHE IN MEDICAL HISTORY

**T**HERE ARE perhaps few Filipino women doctors who, in their girlish dreams of attaining medical renown, had not at some time fancied themselves in one woman's shoes—Honorita Acosta Sison's. And then, much later, with the resignation born of professional obscurity which usually follows the more natural and necessarily inhibiting role of marriage, the wonder grows.

It would seem that Honorita Acosta Sison is one of Fortune's favorite daughters—a *rara avis*—with the power to fuse a topnotch record as a professional, and an equally unimpeachable record as wife and mother. Today, after 37 years as an obstetrician, she emerges with a spirit as vital and young as that of her own children.

She has the distinction of being one of the first two Filipino women to pass the pensionados' examinations in 1904. The other was her husband's sister. So that even from the first it seemed that her star and that of Dean Antonio G. Sison of the U.P. College of Medicine, were destined to unite.

The Filipino pensionada today, despite the knowledge of America which an education patterned after American schools and actual association with Americans has given her, still views the transit into that country with not a few misgivings. Imagine then what it must have seemed to young Honorita in those early days of the American occupation. With an intrepidity which only her youth and great ambition could have lent her, she enrolled in the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, which is 99 years old, and is the only women's medical college classified under

the American Association of Medical Colleges. And the small brown-skinned Oriental copped the prize in Anatomy when she graduated in 1909. For this the college—whose fair-mindedness and impartiality she still remembers with pleasure—accorded her the privilege of practising as resident in the hospital.

But this pioneer doctora felt that her sojourn in the States had accomplished its purpose. She yearned for her native Philippines not so much with the nostalgia of the expatriate, but with the impatience of the zealot who felt that her knowledge and energies were sorely needed in the homeland. And thus began a record of service unsurpassed by any other Filipina. She was appointed resident of the Philippine General Hospital, from which position she gradually rose to full professorship.

In 1910 she married Dean



*Dr. Honorita Acosta-Sison can be credited with a top-notch record as a professional, and an equally unimpeachable record as wife and mother.*

Sison. The casual friendship between two fellow pensionados (Dr. Sison was at the University of Pennsylvania at the same time) had mellowed under the influence of a common goal and the intimacy of lonely countrymen estranged from home. But rather than limiting her professional activities as one would have expected, their union served to raise this medical team to even higher levels.

It may be that this success was possible because the strain of motherhood was imposed upon her many years later, and by that time she was quite established in the profession. This woman who had brought the laughter of infants into countless homes now found herself, after eight years of marriage, ironically facing a barren childless future.

With this great fear in their hearts the couple left in 1918 for Harvard Medical School to consult Dr. Reynolds, one of the world's leading specialists on sterility. Arriving in Boston they learned Dr. Reynolds had taken leave to go to Europe. A little later they discovered that Dr. Reynolds's services would no longer be necessary. They remained to observe in America's leading hospitals

and clinics, and two months after their return to Manila, their son, Antonio Jr. was born.

If one should drop in on her during one of her rare breathing spells, she would be found in the little room in Ward 18 of the Philippine General Hospital, which now serves as home for this family of five. Their lovely house in Malate suffered the fate of most houses south of the Pasig during the liberation of Manila. One would find her relaxed on a straight-backed hospital chair with her little Scotch terrier, Bobby, on her lap, and perhaps listening to the garrulous chatter of her children.

Doctora is gentle and soft-spoken, but she can be rabid over a minor breach of hospital routine. She possesses a sweet half-shy smile, and her face remains curiously unlined despite her totally gray hair. She has an utter disregard for style in clothes which her own children deplore, but which she dismisses with a deprecating gesture and the placid assertion—"But I am always so tired, and then, I guess I just don't care."

Yet this woman, with her  
(Continued on page 23)

ADOPTION  
OR  
Slavery



The mass of skin and bones at left crawled under a house to die. Fate willed that he be found by the Philippine War Relief Mission who gave him a new lease on life. Now he is a regular rolly-polly who can hold his own in this best of all possible worlds. Will he be offered for adoption?

By

Ligaya Victorio Reyes

**MIGUEL HANGOY**, war orphan, was a miserable affair of shrivelled skin and misshapen bones when the Philippine War Relief mission found him under a house in Magok, Kianggan. He had crawled under the house to die. Now, some two months after, Miguel is a regular rolly-polly who skips and jumps, chatters and laughs, on his own power. He has put on not only flesh upon bones that had been massaged to strength and straightness, but also a sense of security which sorings from the belief that this is a nice world to live in, rather than a miserable one to die in.

The Philippine War Relief placed Miguel in a hospital and has spent ₱150 for the 10 weeks that it took charge of the orphan. At present, he is placed in a nice home, not as an adopted child but as a boarder. Mrs. Irene Murphy has placed Miss Agapita Murillo, nurse, in charge of Miguel. Upon Miss Murillo devolves the duty of seeing to it that Miguel experiences a happy family life.

Tentative plans about offering what brain surgery is to medicine. Miguel for adoption had been When you graft a child's life broached to the field representative stream into a family's life stream, of the PWR, but so far, she you attempt a most delicate thing." has not seriously considered them. In America, Mrs. Murphy went "Adoption is a most delicate piece explained her hesitation. "It is a happy family life invariably, as

an adult, is responsible for a happy family life. Children who have been raised in institutions where they get no concept whatever of what a happy family life is like, find it difficult to raise, in their turns, happy families for themselves. Child welfare workers, therefore, who are charged with the responsibility of placing institution children for adoption, do not dare place them with just any family. They take pains to make legal adoption beneficial not only for the children but also for the foster parents, and by constant supervision, see to it that whatever piece of family grafting is done, works for the best.

Here in the Philippines, Mrs. Murphy has observed that adoption as practiced without the supervision of welfare organizations is a rather deplorable affair. Orphans who are adopted into well-to-do families degenerate into the wretched status of slaves, working for their keep over and above

what meagre subsistence they get. This strikes Mrs. Murphy as surprising. "In a country where children are loved with such care and tenderness," she said, "I did not expect a thing like this to be allowed. In my whole stay here, I have not seen an adult raise a hand in anger at a child. I have observed, too, that Filipinos are the most non-neurotic people in the world. I have concluded that this is due to the fact that you have had bred into you a strong sense of security through your happy childhood."

Mrs. Asuncion Perez, director of public welfare, confirms Mrs. Murphy's doubts about the success of adoption here. She attributes this lack of success to a number of reasons. One of these is the fact that we have not yet learned to be our neighbors' keepers. "We are prone to exploit our neighbors' children when they are

(Continued on page 25)

# Women

in the

# MANILA POLICE

By JOSE ARCELLANA



Supervisor of the Policewomen unit Sergeant Susana Q. Ganibi who works from 8 o'clock in the morning to 2 o'clock the following day, Sundays included.

**WOMEN DOING POLICE WORK HAVE UNJUSTIFIABLY CAUSED SOME UNPLEASANT THOUGHTS ON THE PART OF THE PUBLIC. BUT HERE'S THE TRUTH ABOUT THEM. WOULD YOU ENDORSE THE PLAN TO ABOLISH THE POLICEWOMEN UNIT?**



Pride of the Manila Police is the policewomen unit shown at attention at left. They are university students, college graduates and plain wholesome nice girls who believe in work.

IN THE ANTE-ROOM STREWN with "tampipi" full of magazines, plastic belts, cigarettes and other toilet articles, you shall have stood for more than five minutes, towering behind a crowd of girls and women whose ages range from 8 to 35, before the lady desk sergeant who is busy scribbling answers in a questionnaire, notices you. She says, apologetically and politely, she's sorry, for not having noticed you right away. She has to attend to some 40 sidewalk obstructionists just fresh from a haul.

Then you are led into an inner room and you meet for the first time the woman behind the policewomen unit upon whose disposition depends the detention or release of female cases. Her table is half-buried in records, correspondence and a lot of other things. Contrary to your expectation, you find her amiable and soft-spoken and pretty, too.

Sgt. Susana Q. Ganibi is the head of the policewomen unit of the Manila police department. Wife of Capt. Antonio P. Ganibi, chief of the criminal reports and records division, also of the MPD, she is the mother of five children.

Before her appointment as policewoman, Sgt. Ganibi was a reporter of the defunct "Manila Times" under Nick Osmeña, "El Comercio," "Intelligencer," and the "Farm Journal." She has been with the Manila police since December 1937 on the first squad appointed to compose the policewomen. She topped the civil service examination given for that purpose. Out of 85 candidates only 9 of them were successful.

Rising from the ranks, she was given a break to head the unit. This time she had to take the sergeant's examination which was given last year. She came out on top once more wherein 691 male and female aspirants participated. Sgt. Ganibi, from then on, has been

working from eight in the morning straight up to one or two o'clock the next morning. Of course she takes a bite in between.

The best cooperation, understanding and companionship yet ever seen exists in this unit. Because around 25 are students, some are mothers, while the others live too far out in the suburbs of the city, Sgt. Ganibi has coordinated their time and their work that every one is happy.

MISS Teofila G. Daga is the desk sergeant during the day. She is 25 and had finished her normal studies even before the war broke out. During the Japanese occupation she was one of the so many

(Continued on page 30)

**T**HERE IS still no sign of life from the two-story mansion beside the shell-pocked main road. The front gate has been demolished by a large mortar shell and there are many holes on the roof facing the north. Some sections of the hardwood walls on the same side have been pierced by shrapnel, and the multi-colored glass panes have all been shattered by the explosions of the guns which the Japs emplaced not twenty yards away.

Otherwise, the house stands pretty much the same way not many days ago.

It is inside that you discover the breath of war. All the beautiful rugs, the furnishings, even the large concert piano from which were once played Beethoven and Mozart have been looted. There are a few wardrobe closets left but they have been pushed down either by exploding shells or looters, and their boxes are scattered empty all over the floor. The expensive blue silk curtains have been stripped away. A large Chinese vase which used to stand near the front doorway has toppled on the spacious sunlit porch.

The three cleanly split pieces point to a skull or some large projectile. Pieces of shrapnel are embedded everywhere: on the dull brown hardwood floor, the walls, the ceiling, on the carved, hand-made bookshelves where priceless first editions of old Spanish books have been neglected by the looters.

Downstairs one of the three Angora cats is still rooting about the debris of the kitchen for the remnants of a meal interrupted by the war. The family store of food was one of the first things the looters made away with. They have made away with about everything of any value and there is not much that can be found save a few broken down chairs and tables.

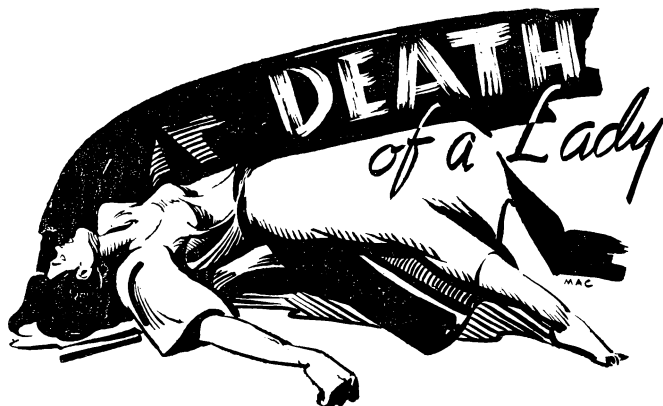
There were two PCAU officials who came in two days ago intending to use the house as a temporary field hospital but they changed their minds when they saw the bodies on the ground floor. They have been lying in grisly state for many days now and the odor is enough to turn you giddy. Some have asked why the bodies have not been removed but there is too much work in the hospital with the wounded and dying. All the able-bodied men are either fighting with the Americans or are evacuating their dazed families to the north.

They will have to wait. An orderly spirit and a quick tongue were two of many characteristics of Doña Rosario. Shortly before the depression the land on which she later built her mansion was covered with small huts and light material dwellings.

She bought the lot, had the ground filled up and commenced building a home which was to win several awards for being the most well-kept, the best managed residence in Manila. In between she acquired several police dogs, three temperamental Angora cats, a loquacious parrot, and a reputation for being the sharpest tongued housewife in the neighborhood.

Doña Rosario and the envy of the neighborhood. City officials conducting a contest for the best kept, most efficiently managed homes went timidly up her marble stairs, peeped in awe at the elaborate furnishings and shyly partook of her strange, almost aloof hospitality. They inspected the wide airy rooms, bounced on the luxurious upholstery of many an easy chair, strolled through the trim, neatly kept garden. They listened to Doña Rosario's low, resonant baritone as she explained how this particular piece of bric-a-brac had entailed months of painstaking labor and search throughout the

he had the best connections and had long made his investments reach a point whereby further activation would prove not only unwise but inexpedient he could afford to sit back and view his 69 years with something approaching smug satisfaction. This Doña Rosario would not permit him, and Don Roberto was glad to seek the haven of his large downtown office in company with other kindred souls. In the evening he would come home and listen to Madrid over the short-wave radio, then cover from instinct whenever his wife's voice rose over the corridors to berate some luckless servant who had found a new way of doing things



Don Roberto was the husband but in the stormy pattern of life that Doña Rosario followed he was a passive onlooker, a mere cog in a turbid domestic machine that recognized only one boss—Doña Rosario.

**I**N THE early thirties she brought her apathetic husband on a tour of vacant lots and possible residential places in South Manila. The site she ultimately chose was occupied by five nipa shacks and a light material house but the minute she came upon it her mind was made up. She bought the lot, tore down the houses, had earth brought to fill up the swampy ground.

The long, dignified mansion that arose became the pride of

world's best markets; and were probably properly impressed when she told them how much her brand of housekeeping had cost her thus far. They saw a bevy of servants go about a variety of tasks which one man could have done.

They left her a bronze plaque awarding her second prize.

Doña Rosario received the award with a non-committal shrug. Only second prize? What did these men use for eyes, anyway?

To Don Roberto de Carballo, her wealthy, long-suffering Spanish husband, the matter was of little consequence. Housekeeping, after all, was a woman's job. His task was to supply the money. Because

wrong.

Rosita, the petite little miss who played the piano, was having boy fever. Doña Rosario looked on and frowned but Don Roberto was more conciliatory. Privately he advised her on what steps to take in case of a too ardent courtship, then promptly subsided whenever Doña Rosario got wind of the matter. Carmen, the only other sister, was a studious sort. She kept mostly to her books, didn't look up whenever Rosita had visitors. Doña Rosario considered her the more observant of the two and proclaimed loudly her virtues over the narra dinner table but Rosita was never more than prudently polite. She knew she was still number one girl, all

contrary statements notwithstanding.

Came the war. In the tumultuous pre-occupation days of December, 1941, Doña Rosario set a giddy pace for normalcy with her vociferous curses at her panicked hired help. With the entrance of the first Japanese troops the tempo abated slightly. Doña Rosario wanted to see how the wind blew.

She found it not too different; the Japs were trying hard to convince 18,000,000 Filipinos of their divine mission in the Islands, but otherwise they let the people prey much to themselves. To be sure, quite a number of the old prewar privileges and liberties had been curtailed but that was to be expected. They had anticipated much worse.

The first two years were rather hard on the rank and file of Filipino citizenry. A number of Filipinos were near starvation, food

legis, came of a substantial family that owned extensive properties in the city and in the provinces. Merely to test him she began making it hard for him to visit Rosita who was then beginning to fall in love with him. Then she let the reins loose, began to invite surprised neighbors to a wedding banquet of such Roman splendor that passing Japanese scaled her high walls to look over.

If they had expected to be invited they were disappointed. Doña Rosario looked at them coldly, turned her back and resumed her job of feeding the vast, awed multitude.

In September, 1944, the Americans led their first planes over Manila to disprove the Japanese contention in the puppet newspapers that everything was progressing according to plan. Doña Rosario cared little about world affairs but she knew enough to

sulted the Chief, received the same answer.

The next day a group of Japanese officers called at the house. The interpreter had lived in Brazil; in painfully fluent Spanish, he informed her that the Imperial Japanese Army had decided to occupy the block of which her house was a salient part. Already, they had driven out three families from their residents, and had commenced the construction of a concrete pillbox on the side facing the main road. It would be advisable, the interpreter hissed, for them to move while conditions still permitted moving. Then he began recounting stories of the Japanese love for the Filipinos, of their solicitude for the welfare of the city population, and—

The answer floored the interpreter. The officers merely looked

Events moved fast after that. In January, 1945, the invasion of Luzon set things humming in the besieged city of Manila. Convoy after convoy of soldiers, ammunition and supplies went rushing by the main street bound for points south. Thearrison was slowly augmented; and in the low bungalow to the left of Doña Rosario's mansion another platoon of marines arrived.

They began digging up the street corners, planting tank obstacles, cutting down the beautiful acacias for barriers. One of them passed by Doña Rosario's residence, noted the thick cement walls. Without a word he produced hammer and chisel, began to chip out loopholes. Other soldiers came with sandbags. They walked in one corner of the yard while Doña Rosario looked furiously on. She wanted to

**HERE IS THE TRUE STORY OF A VALIANT WOMAN, A RICH WOMAN IF ONE MEASURES BY WEALTH ALONE, AND A WOMAN RICH IN COURAGE — THE LADY, THE DONA IN ALL HER UNTARNISHED SPLENDOR.**

*By*

*Mario P. Chanto*

prices began to soar.

In 1944, the situation rapidly worsened. Doña Rosario looked out her windows at the rapidly lengthening queues of beggars, noted the long wearied columns of Jap soldiers being unloaded from transports that filled Manila bay. As yet she felt no alarm. The family had enough money to meet any contingency and there were enough tasks to keep her workaday world busy. She still kept her servants, even took on another when the gardener pleaded with her for an extra ration of rice.

"Bring him here, she snapped. "If he wants to eat badly enough I can always find work for him to do."

Toward the end of 1943 a persistent young Chinese began badgering little Rosita. Doña Rosario looked upon him with suspicion, then noted with grudging admiration how faultless his behavior was compared to the others who had come courting.

He was young, had gone to col-

lege, came of a substantial family that owned extensive properties in the city and in the provinces.

**D**ON ROBERTO still went to his friend's house to listen to news over a secret radio but there had been too many arrests lately. It was not wise to risk one's life with so much at stake.

The trek to the provinces was just beginning. Don Roberto, listening to the roar of anti-aircraft guns and exploding bombs, sought his stolid spouse and suggested that perhaps it would be safer in the provinces. Doña Rosario's reply was short but emphatic: "No. We stay."

More and more ships began pouring in from battered Japanese ports into Manila Bay. Fortifications were being erected all around the city. Coming home from his deserted office one day Don Roberto saw Jap engineers boring deep into the Walls of Intramuros, placing dynamite charges under all the city's big bridges. Worriedly he rushed home, con-

sulted the Chief, received the same answer. The next day a group of Japanese officers called at the house. The interpreter had lived in Brazil; in painfully fluent Spanish, he informed her that the Imperial Japanese Army had decided to occupy the block of which her house was a salient part. Already, they had driven out three families from their residents, and had commenced the construction of a concrete pillbox on the side facing the main road. It would be advisable, the interpreter hissed, for them to move while conditions still permitted moving. Then he began recounting stories of the Japanese love for the Filipinos, of their solicitude for the welfare of the city population, and—

The door slammed unkindly on their hurt faces.

In two weeks they were back. Another family, the interpreter explained, had since seen fit to leave the block. Perhaps Doña Rosario would like to move now. The Imperial Army was ready to pay her six months rent plus transportation to any part of the city where she might care to go.

The reply did not change. On the way down, one of the officers saw the little calf which Doña Rosario had been tending with motherly solicitude for over a year. He unhooked the animal, led it to the waiting truck. Doña Rosario stood by trembling, her lips compressed. She opened her mouth to say something and then just as quickly closed it.

scream to cry out, protest against this ruthless invasion of her domicile but even her narrow mind could see the futility of such an undertaking. It was not easy to argue with these Japs. You might win once, and then there was no telling what they might do later.

But she witheld her tongue. Who could tell whether the fortifications were actually to be used? People said the reason they were being constructed was to keep the guerrillas lying low. The Japs were going to move out as soon as the Americans entered the approaches. There would be a little fighting but as long as the people stayed indoors in their shelters they were safe.

That was what Doña Rosario told her neighbors, but privately she harbored her own doubts.

During the first three days of February she saw her world fears slowly borne out. First, the explosion of large demolition charges throughout the city sent her An-

*(Continued on page 15)*

# Mrs. ROOSEVELT

## U.S. DELEGATE TO UNO



Mrs. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of U. S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, is a world traveler, writer and lecturer and long has been active in educational, sociological and political affairs of the U. S. She was assistant director of the U. S. Office of Civilian Defense in 1941-42. Her writings include a daily newspaper column, *My Day*, and the books, *When You Grow Up To Vote*, published in 1932; *It's Up To The Women* (1933), and *The Moral Basis Of Democracy* (1940). Born in New York City, in the eastern U. S., on October 11, 1884, she was educated in private schools and married Mr. Roosevelt on March 17, 1905.

Delegates to the United Nations Conference on International Organization stand in silent tribute to the late U. S. President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, on April 26, 1945, one day after the conference opened in the War Memorial Opera House in the U. S. Pacific coast city of San Francisco. Joaquín Fernández y Fernández, Foreign Minister of Chile and chairman of the Chilean delegation, presented a resolution of the American republics which invited all of the United Nations "to render homage to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt" by adopting the "solemn purpose of fulfilling the great work he had done toward the establishment of a peaceful world," and to stand for one minute in silent tribute to his mem-

AP

FROM A secluded cottage on the Roosevelt estate in Hyde Park, New York State, one of America's most famous women continues to exercise the same ardent interest in public affairs which for 12 years she demonstrated in the White House as the First Lady of the United States.

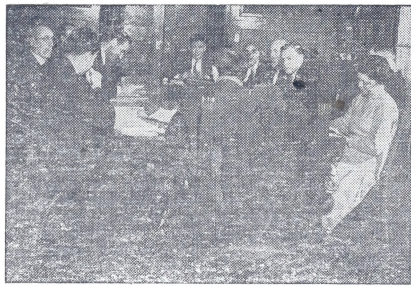
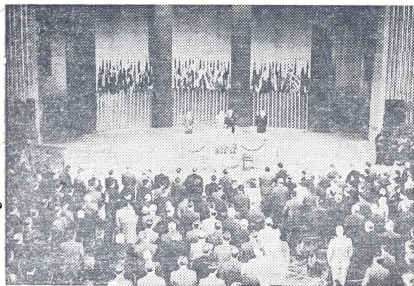
When she—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt—left the White House after the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, she did not seek retirement from the scores of diverse interests which had characterized her busy life. Rather, she envisaged broader horizons and more time to devote to her writing, her lecturing, and the causes which she had so earnestly advocated for many years. These were myriad. Social betterment of all races and all classes, better housing; maternal and child welfare; public health and education; industrial injustices; labor problems, rural improvements; youth movements; international relations, home arts and native crafts.

Often openly in defense of, always in behalf of, the projects which she frankly cherished, Mrs. Roosevelt appeared the length and breadth of the United States, invited by hundreds of groups and organizations. She travelled thousands of miles—some 280,000 (448,000 kilometers), in the seven years preceding the war—to fill these speaking engagements. Probably no woman has ever been in so many places of bright splendor and so many of dark misery as Mrs. Roosevelt, for she has made visits to asylums and to the

poorest homes, to factories and to mines to observe for herself the conditions which she believed should be corrected.

Mrs. Roosevelt has had an equally large audience through her writings. Her syndicated column, "My Day," reaches millions of readers. In addition, she writes many magazine articles. During her first seven years in the White House she sold 51 articles, wrote three books, planned two others, and help numerous other writers as Mrs. Roosevelt, for she has published their works. These writings have often been "sand-

Members of the executive committee of the United Nations Interim Commission on Food and Agriculture gather about a conference table in Washington, the U. S. capital, for work on long range plans designed to bring about better food distribution in the post-war world. The Interim Commission was organized by 44 United Nations and associated nations whose representatives attended the Hot Springs Food Conference in the U. S. in the spring and summer of 1943. Its major task was to lay the groundwork for the establishment of a permanent organization whose goal will be to raise subsistence standards throughout the world.





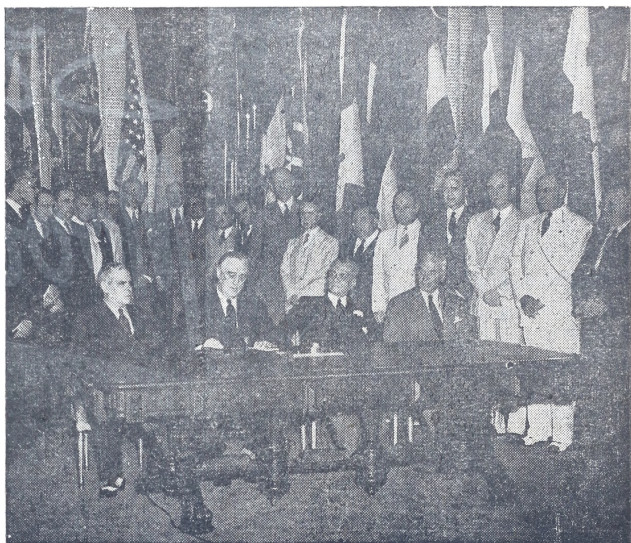
wiched" in between speaking and radio engagements, even done on trains, in hotels, or at any last-minute stop where a wire or air mail letter could be sent.

#### Carries On Extensive

##### Correspondence

**I**N addition, Mrs. Roosevelt's contacts with the women of the United States through correspondence have been extensive. Throughout the years women have felt free to write to her on any question, of a personal nature or of national significance. These letters were received frequently at the rate of 800 per day. Consequently, no woman in America is today better known to millions of other women than Eleanor Roosevelt—her favorite recipes; what she likes to wear; her favorite books; her views on democracy; on children, her daily comings and doings.

On the other hand, the extremely busy and eventful life which Mrs. Roosevelt has always led has called for perfect timing, systematic arrangement, and a business-like attitude. She has disciplined her mind and spirit to do whatever she has to do; with the habit of concentrating on the job of the moment. She also has cultivated the knack of relaxation between jobs. Fortunately, Mrs. Roosevelt always has had splendid health and abundant energy, which she guards by a reasonable scheme of living: She plays tennis and rides horseback with her grandchildren, is an excellent swimmer, takes long walks in the country, loves nature, and the intimate associations of her family and home. (Continued on page 20)



Representatives of the Republic of Mexico and the Commonwealth of the Philippines sit beside President Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States and U. S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull in Washington, the U. S. capital, in June, 1942, at a ceremony which marked the adherence of the two nations to the Declaration of the United Nations. The Declaration was signed originally on Jan. 1, 1942, by 26 countries which promised to bind themselves together to defeat Germany and Japan, and to work together to establish a just peace for all the people of the world. Yearly, on June 14, celebration of United Nations Day throughout the world marks a reaffirmation of the spirit of the Atlantic Charter, on which the Declaration is based. At the table are seated, left to right: Dr. Don Francisco Castillo Najera, Mexican Ambassador to the United States; President Roosevelt; President Manuel Quezon, who, until his death on Aug. 1, 1944, was president of the Philippine Commonwealth; and U. S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Behind them are representatives of the other United Nations, each standing before the flag of his country.

Two administrative officers of the United Nations Interim Commission on Food and Agriculture meet at the Commission's headquarters in Washington, the U. S. Capital, to discuss its long range program for raising subsistence standards throughout the world through better distribution of foods.



The United Nations Interim Commission on Food and Agriculture is working in Washington, the U. S. capital, on long range plans seeking to insure better food distribution in the post war world. The Interim Commission was formed on July 15, 1943 by representatives of 44 United Nations and associated nations following the Hot Springs Food Conference held in the U. S. in the late spring of that year.



# Stateside Moods



- A BURST of print on left bodice for this two-piece dark navy for afternoon.
- THE PEASANT BLOUSE in sheer eyelet tops a dirndl skirt of slipper print.

Photographs by Bob's  
Colfs by Fred Vasquez



- TWO neckliq this bl covers

# Stateside Moods



PEP  
Cru

- TWO GENEROUS flaps for the peplum, a V-neckline all banded in jet black sequins make this black dress a rare type. A jersey bandeau covers a tiara of braids which are her very own.

le



② CANDY RED stripes on white buttons that you'd feel like munching and a score that's got what it takes all these make this enviable dinner silhouette at left.

③ A DRIFT of black net over ruffles a bare shoulder neckline and a lone huge bloom red as red for the stunning evening formal below.



PEPITA  
Cruzina

GENEROUS flaps for the peplum, a V-neck all banded in jet black sequins make black dress a rare type. A jersey bandeau a tiara of braids which are her very own.

During her 12 years in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt achieved unique distinction in her official entertaining and in her duties as First Lady. The tall, graceful woman with greying hair was known to people in all walks of life. Her warmth and ease of manner put every individual at ease in the White House, regardless of his station or purpose. School children, soldiers and sailors, clubwomen, government workers, educators and foreign visitors have known the cheerful welcome of Mrs. Roosevelt in the great reception rooms of the White House, just as visiting dignitaries of the highest caliber have known her gracious greetings at state functions. King George and Queen Elizabeth, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Crown Princes and Princesses of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, Madame Chiang Kai Shek, have all been her guests.

## MRS. ROOSEVELT U. S. DELEGATE TO THE U. N. O.

(Continued from page 17)

It was typical of Mrs. Roosevelt's individual approach that the state affair in Washington for King George and Queen Elizabeth was impeccable in its conservatism, but that the picnic given for them at Hyde Park included the traditional American "hot dogs" (smoked sausages) and the gay spirit always accompanying a Roosevelt outing.

Mrs. Roosevelt exhibits the same individuality and characteristic good taste in her clothes and her personal appearance. Generally her frocks, hats, and accessories are practical, of warm colors, suited to the lines of her tall figure. She buys a number

of things at once, and it is said that no woman in America can choose hats with such speed as Mrs. Roosevelt. The famous millinery designer, Lily Dache, once noted in a news reel that Mrs. Roosevelt was wearing one of her hats with the back part in front. Frantically, she wired her concerning the "oversight," and Mrs. Roosevelt responded by asking for a hat with neither front nor back, so that she could see well while wearing it.

It was not logical that such an individualistic First Lady could move so freely and widely in the public spotlight of American democracy without exciting a great flood of varied public opinion. Probably no prominent national figure, especially a woman, has been so warmly commended and so roundly criticized by friends and foes as has Mrs. Roosevelt. Completely frank and self-confident in her actions and expressions, and breaking many precedents to preserve the rights which she considered her own, she has frequently been the target of a barrage of public criticism.

### Much of Earnings Go to Charity

**I**n these periodic outbursts Mrs. Roosevelt maintained the same calm demeanor which characterizes her under many trying situations.

It is now generally understood that thousands of dollars from her earnings have been turned over to charity, including aid for blind and crippled children, for the jobless and homeless, education of deserving boys and girls, and in combating juvenile delinquency, and for community health and school projects. As for denunciation of her alignment with numerous "causes" and groups, Mrs. Roosevelt simply adhered to the principle which any American citizen might claim: That any person has the right to do what he thinks best for the public good.

Her services and activities during the war were, of course, innumerable. Her travels were limited, but when she did fill engagements within reasonable distance, she made no special de-

mands and accepted the crush and emergencies of wartime travel along with the general public. Her concern was not so much "how" she might reach her destination, but simply to get there. She frequently rode in day coaches, and one of the favorite stories about her wartime travels is that she sat on a soldier's suitcase in the aisle of a crowded train returning from New York.

Mrs. Roosevelt's major wartime travels were in the Caribbean, Great Britain, Scotland, Northern Ireland and New Zealand. She mingled with American troops stationed in those areas, visited hospitals, saw the war work being done by women in the various countries, and made official reports on her findings upon her return to the United States.

Entertaining at the White House during the war was extremely curtailed and on a strict rationing basis. She entertained informally at teas many groups of soldiers, veterans from military hospitals, and representatives from numerous foreign countries sent to the United States on wartime missions. Mrs. Roosevelt set the example to Victory Gardeners by encouraging and increasing production on her farm in New York, where great varieties of vegetables and fruits were canned. Much of the White House supplies for wartime meals came from these stocks.

Mrs. Roosevelt aided in Red Cross drives and campaigns for Allied relief, for clothing, and for the recruitment of badly needed nurses aides in hospitals. She was an indefatigable worker as an assistant director of civilian defense in 1941, arriving at the office of the organization, a mile from the White House, at 9 o'clock each morning. She constantly urged American women to do more and more in the war effort, pointing out that "we in the Western Hemisphere have escaped so much of the destruction of war, we should never complain about the minor hardships we may undergo."

### Early Proponent of United Nations

**A**s one of the earliest proponents of the United Nations, Mrs. Roosevelt was eager and enthusiastic for the venture, and the full cooperation of the United States in efforts for a world community. She participated in numerous forums on the Dum-

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barton Oaks proposals, and took an early interest in problems of postwar significance—the welfare of returning veterans, better housing for the underprivileged, the care of children of working mothers, and public education, particularly in the rural field.

Citizenship has always been one of her favored themes for educational programs. She endorsed during the war a year's compulsory study for young people which would emphasize "knowledge of government and citizenship."

"I am totally opposed," she pointed out, "to a complete military program. But I would like to see the young people of the United States offered the opportunity of proper instruction to basic state and community service. Such a program should be free from political intent, and should enable young people to make up their minds intelligently on vital questions on citizenship."

At her morning press conference on the day of the President's death, Mrs. Roosevelt had outlined a week's busy calendar, including visits to hospitals and several women's organizations, and the entertaining of foreign representatives in the capital. At the tragic hour of the afternoon that calendar was, of course, abandoned.

But Mrs. Roosevelt accepted this great catastrophe of her life with the indomitable spirit and courage with which the experience of many years, many problems, and of many situations, not all of them happy, had endowed her. She went through the trying days following the President's death with a determined peacefulness and repose, as she worked to clear the White House of the Roosevelt family's personal belongings, and to have it in readiness for the new First Lady of the land, Mrs. Bess Truman. In keeping with tradition, Mrs. Roosevelt, on the day Mrs. Truman officially took over the duties of the White House as its mistress, accompanied her on a complete tour of the establishment, introducing members of the household staff to her. Then she took her leave of the 500 members of the staff, most of whom in 12 years had become as familiar to her as the members of her own family.

This was the transition of Mrs. Roosevelt from the longest period passed in the White House by the wife of any President of the United States to, it might have



Four delegates to the opening session of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration conference met in Atlantic City in the eastern U. S. state of New Jersey, on November 10, 1943, one day after representatives of 44 United Nations and associated nations signed the UNRRA agreement at the White House in Washington, the U. S. capital. UNRRA is the first general international organization established by the United Nations for post-war cooperation and its overall objective is to provide relief and rehabilitation in areas as they are liberated from the enemy, and in the immediate postwar period. The delegates, who shaped the policies and program for UNRRA's operation are, left to right: Joaquin M. Elizalde, former Philippine resident commissioner in Washington, D. C.; Ralph William Close of the Union of South Africa; Vasilii Alekseevich Sergeev of Russia; and Henrique Gil-Fortoul of Venezuela.

been thought, her own life and pursuits. But actually, Mrs. Roosevelt is moving today in the same wide, busy circle of people and events which surrounded her as the wife of the late President of the United States. The demands upon her time, her energy, her wisdom and sympathy have continued, and she is making just as zealous efforts to comply and cooperate with the numerous and complex problems of postwar adjustment, both on the international and the domestic front. She exhibits the same interest in plans for better housing, for social improvements of all kinds, and for the care of veterans and their families. She fills many speaking engagements, writes her daily column, "My Day," as well as numerous other articles.

#### Has Broad Knowledge in International Affairs

**B**UT perhaps nearest Mrs. Roosevelt's heart is her active connection with the United Nations Organization, resulting from her long and earnest support of the Allied efforts to maintain world peace, and her United States to, it might have broad knowledge of international

affairs. President Truman last January appointed her the only woman delegate from the United States to the First Assembly of the United Nations which was held in London. Enroute to the London Assembly, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote in her column;

"On the success or failure of the United Nations Organization may depend the preservation and continuation of our civilization... The building of the UNO is the way that lies before us today. Nothing else except security for all the peoples of the world will bring freedom from fear of destruction."

In London, the long-established international popularity of Mrs. Roosevelt was an immediate factor in her contacts and duties in the Assembly. As a fellow delegate said; "Mrs. Roosevelt's work did not end in the conference or committee rooms; she was constantly sought out by people for advice and counsel."

Mrs. Roosevelt was appointed as the only woman member of the Commission on Human Rights, which functions under the im-

portant Economic and Social Council of UNO. The work of the Commission is to be directed toward (1) an International Bill of Rights; (2) international declarations on conventions on civil liberties, the status of women, freedom of information and civil matters; (3) protection of minorities; (4) prevention of discrimination on grounds of race, sex, language or religion. In general, the responsibility of this Commission has to do with promoting universal respect for, and observance of human rights and fundamental freedom."

It seems fitting that Mrs. Roosevelt can thus see her own life aims and ambitions reflected in these words of world leaders, who are charged with applying them for the good of all humanity.

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*EVENING bags, whether gleaming gold, glistening jet black or multicolored sequins favor one pleasing shape, the pouch shape.*



*HAVE YOU tried tying bright hankies end to end to use as a belt for your black dress? Let two of them dangle for good measure.*



*THERE'S a very adept hairdo that goes beautifully with your black dress. Wear your hair in braids fashioned like a double tiara worn high. Leave alone as is or cover with a turban expressly made for the purpose. The turban is black, can't afford to be otherwise.*

*AS LONG as it is sequins in the brightest lines, don't vacillate to use childish applique motifs on your party dress. At the Congressional Ball, Mrs. Moran wore a white terno, its only embellishment four besequined figures of children at play—two on one wing of camisa, two on the drape of side hip.*



*SPEAKING of this vogue for sequins and glitter, any print dress looks an altogether different one when its design is touched up with the called for glitter.*

## of A Lady

## of Filipino Doctoras

(Continued from page 15)

(Continued from page 11)

gora cats whimpering to her. Fires began breaking out with monotonous regularity. People were banned from the streets; the markets began closing. Water and electricity were shut off. Everywhere signs of the approaching battle were appearing.

On the morning of February 5, Doña Rosario woke up to the noise of picks and shovels. She looked out of her kitchen window and saw the marines from the pillbox behind her garage breaking down her wall. This was going a little bit too far. Red with anger, she tramped downstairs.

The marines merely looked at her curiously; then, when the fury of her speech became too apparent for passive listening, one of them stood up and hit her across the mouth. Doña Rosario stepped back. A cold fury began to well inside her. She took a step forward, then paused when the marines stood up and confronted her menacingly. Helplessly she looked back at the house where the horrified family peeped from behind closed windows. She closed her eyes, went back.

ON WEDNESDAY morning, the marines came. They had noticed the chickens in the yard, and they wanted three of them. They had brought some sugar—would she care to trade the chickens for sugar?

Doña Rosario's reply was anything but polite. The leader smiled, bent down to catch one of them anyway. All the pent-up fury of the last few days finally found expression. Screaming, she flung herself on him, clawed at his face and pulled at his scrubby hair. The leader stepped back a couple of paces, executed a few deft movements. When they picked up the rest of the chickens Doña Rosario was still lying on the floor.

At lunch time, Don Roberto found courage to speak to his

bruised wife. "Hija mia," he pleaded, "let them get whatever they want. Por dios, what are three chickens against our lives?"

Doña Rosario made no answer. Her husband shook his head and hoped the incident was forgotten.

In the evening, the same group of marines came back. This time they passed through the front gate, bowed politely when inside as though they had come for a friendly visit. There were no lights except a small lamp in a corner which failed to illumine the rifles and the length of rope which one of the marines carried. Don Roberto took them in, bade them be seated. The rest of the family hovered fearfully in the flickering light.

Doña Rosario came out of her room like a raving avenger. It took just two shots to silence her. Rosita screamed, turned around to go to her baby and fell dead with several bayonet thrusts in the back. Don Roberto shrank into his chair, but not deeply enough to evade the wooden spear which repeatedly buried itself in his corpulent frame. One by one, like cats after mice, the marines hopped after the rest of the household. The servants ran around squealing like pigs, were shot or bayoneted and thrown to one side. Inside a room Rosita's baby began to cry. A marine went in, pressed his rifle against the tiny body. The baby could still be heard crying the next day.

AN explosion sounded not far off. As the marines went down back to their pillbox, the light from a burning warehouse not three blocks away fell momentarily on their blood-stained faces. From the north side of the Pasig River came the sharp staccato of rifle and machine gun fire.

Less than 72 hours later the Americans had arrived. The tiny Angora cat passed through the rooms, looking for his master.

manifold professional duties, still attends to marketing and cooking, and in the words of her husband—"My children can't cook as my wife does." Than which no higher accolade!

She left for Europe in 1927 and returned as the champion and exponent of the low cesarean section as a safer operation than the classic cesarean section. Obstetricians of the old school severely criticized her, but today the low cesarean section has become the routine procedure in most hospitals.

In 1939 she was chosen delegate to the Convention for Obstetricians and Gynecologists in Cleveland. She left on a German boat, but before reaching Japan, she learned that Germany had declared war on England. She returned to the Philippines.

SHE believes that religion and science could always meet on a mutual ground. As an obstetrician she has often had to make the tragic decision between an infant's life and its mother's, where to do nothing would have cost both. And always, in that indeterminate fringe which limits science, she has given the edge to God. Her views on birth control are consistent with this. She does believe—and her husband with her—that to have more children than parents could decently care for is objectionable. But the means they would recommend toward controlling this would find no quarrel even with the Pope.

And then the question which all career women have asked themselves: Can one really take marriage and career in the same stride? Her answer, if vague, gives cry to every woman's individualistic urge to rise above the shackles of her sex: "One could always adjust things. All I ask is to be allowed to pursue my work. It would be such a waste to study and then to abandon what you studied for."

When asked finally, what outstanding experience has highlighted her career, she paused for a moment in thought, then, with the memory of thirty-seven years in her smile, she answered, "Why—having my children, I suppose."

One could easily believe it. Antonio Jr., who is a doctor (naturally!) and who has left for his father's Alma Mater in Philadelphia. And Pastora, the youngest, who also—and again, naturally! — is on the way to becoming an M.D. And then, Nori, frail mystic blossom among these scolytes of Apollo, as if in her they had found requital for the too close contact with ailing flesh.

And so, as Filipino women move forward in the paths of progress and enlightenment, some there will be who, having embraced medicine, the most exacting of professions, will reap fulfillment or disillusion. In whichever case, Honoria Acosta Sison will have invariably been to them an inspiration and an ideal.

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HERE ARE recipes that would be just your vehicle in the event you decide that there is nothing better like a change of menu. For a change, there's nothing like these recipes. Try them and draw your own conclusions which we know will tally with ours, we who have put a few of them to a test with surprisingly pleasing results.

#### Okra Creole

3 tbsp. butter  
1 onion, chopped  
½ green pepper, chopped  
1 clove garlic, chopped  
2 c. canned okra

Melt butter, saute onion, pepper and garlic in it for 5 minutes. Add tomatoes and okra (drain and sliced), season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer ½ hour until thick.

#### Kidney Ragout

1 pound veal kidneys, uncooked

#### Flour

Salt and pepper  
4 slices bacon, diced  
1 onion chopped  
1 c. boiling water  
1 c. mushrooms, or  
2 c. diced, cooked carrots

Trim kidneys and wash in vinegar water. Cut them in small dice, roll in seasoned flour. Fry the bacon and onion gently. Remove from pan and brown kidneys in bacon fat. Add all ingredients, then simmer until kidneys are tender, probably 30 minutes.

#### Canton Salad

2 tbsp. gelatin  
¾ c. cold water  
1 c. boiling water  
¼ c. sugar  
1 pt. bottle gingerale  
¾ c. diced apple  
¼ c. diced Canton ginger  
¾ c. diced celery  
¾ c. diced pineapple

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water, add boiling water, sugar and gingerale. Chill. When mixture begins to stiffen add diced fruit and celery. Chill in square or oblong pans. When set, cut in cubes and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise, on shredded lettuce.

#### Beef Tongue

Soak slightly corned, (pickled) beef in cold water for several hours. Place in a deep kettle, cover with boiling water and add: 6 whole cloves, 6 peppercorns, 1

tablespoon vinegar. Bring to a boiling point, then reduce heat and simmer 3 to 4 hours or until tongue is tender. Let stand in water to cool, remove to platter, remove skin and trim the root end.

#### Ripe Olive, Celery and Apple Salad

15 small or 8 large olives  
1 c. cut celery  
1½ c. diced apple  
½ green pepper, chopped  
¼ c. chopped walnuts  
Salt  
Salad dressing

Cut meat from olives and add to celery, apple, pepper and walnuts. Sprinkle with salt and add enough salad dressing to moisten. Serve on crisp lettuce.

#### Baked Stuffed Fish

One 3 to 3½ pound fish  
Salt, pepper, dry mustard

Clean and wash large fish. (If head is retained, remove eyes after cooking. Tail should be wrapped in paper to prevent burning). Sprinkle fish inside and out with seasonings. Fill with stuffing, skewer or sew cut edges together. Cut gashes on each side across the fish and brush with butter, or other fat. Grease baking sheet, place fish on it. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., allowing 15 minutes to the pound, or until flesh can be easily separated from bones. If necessary, baste fish occasionally. Remove to serving platter, garnish with parsley and lemon sections.

#### Chinese Cabbage and Oysters

Shred the cabbage and parboil it in salted water for 10 minutes. Butter and fill a shallow baking dish with the drained cabbage shreds. Sauté in butter 1 dozen oysters till their edges begin to crisp, then lay them on the bed of cabbage. Pour over them a thin cream sauce made with the oyster liquor top with crumbs browned in butter and finish by browning in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

#### Rice Fruit Dainty

1 c. cut-up fruit  
1 c. cooked rice  
1 c. confectioners' sugar  
1 c. whipped cream  
Mix fruit, rice, and sugar thoroughly, fold in whipped cream, chill. Garnish each serving with red cherry.

#### Ham Drumstick

2 c. fine soft bread crumbs, packed  
2/3 c. milk  
2 tbsp. soft jelly  
3 tbsp. prepared mustard  
Paprika  
4 slices smoked ham, cut thin for

rolling  
Make a dressing of crumbs, milk, jelly, mustard and paprika. Spread on ham slices, roll and fasten with toothpicks. Insert a skewer through the center to represent a drumstick. Brown in hot shortening, add a little water, cover, cook until tender.

#### Shrimp Creole in Rice Ring

2 pounds raw fresh shrimp  
1 pound fresh mushrooms  
1 small bottle stuffed olives  
1 No. 3-can tomatoes  
4 tbsp. shortening  
1 medium onion, sliced  
Salt and pepper

Plunge the shrimp into slightly salted, boiling water, simmer them 15-20 minutes. Drain and plunge into cold water. Remove shell and black intestinal vein. Saute onion in shortening, add mushrooms and cook over slow flame until mushrooms are tender and lightly browned. Stir while cooking. Add shrimp, tomato and seasonings, simmer 20 minutes. Add sliced olives 5 minutes before serving in the hot rice ring. Hot Rice Ring: Boil 2 c. washed rice in large kettle of boiling salted water, until tender. Drain, season with salt and 3 tbsp. Place in well-greased ring mold and set in warm place until ready to serve. Unmold onto large serving plate, fill center with shrimp mixture.

#### Noodle Ring with Salmon

4 oz. egg noodles  
1 1/4 c. white sauce  
2 eggs well-beaten  
Cook noodles until tender, in salted water, drain, mix with sauce and eggs, pour into ring mold and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven, 375°F. Turn out, fill center with Creamed Salmon:  
4 tbsp. butter  
4 tbsp. flour  
2 c. salt  
1 tsp. vinegar  
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped  
1 pimiento, chopped  
2 tbsp. parsley, chopped  
Lamb A La King  
4 tbsp. lamb fat  
4 tbsp. flour  
1-3/4 c. lamb broth or gravy  
2 c. cubed, cooked lamb  
1 tbsp. shortening  
1 medium onion, sliced  
1/2 c. peas  
1 pimiento, chopped  
Make a cream sauce of the lamb fat, flour, and gravy. Season to taste. Add lamb and heat gently. Melt shortening and fry onion until lightly browned. Add to lamb. Add peas and pimiento. Serve on pastry or toast points.

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## Hollywood Beauty Secrets

(Continued from page 32)

large number of women regularly victimize their pocketbooks and their beauty by failing to observe this one simple principle.

Analyze your own natural complexion colorings and govern yourself accordingly in selecting make-up shades. Regardless of what new developments may be made in the creation of make-up, this time proven theory of color selection must continue to govern the creation of superbly glamorous cosmetic application. Certain shades of powder, rouge, or lipstick just naturally complement the beauty of a blonde much more perfectly than they will those of a brunette. And redheads, brunettes, and brownettes can be beautified in shades which won't fully serve this purpose on a blonde, and so on.

### HAIR STYLING

Also bear in mind that your hair styling should afford a carefully planned frame for your own individual facial features and face shape. Never regard this styling as something which is entirely sufficient unto itself. A coiffure which may be very attractive in itself can very easily be not at all flattering when viewed in combination with your own facial structure. Your contemplation of your hair styling and your finally completed facial grooming should always go together.

Finally, always remember that a superb degree of cleanliness and tidiness always has been and always must be the real base of all feminine beauty and glamour. The importance of this one point simply cannot be over-emphasized.



The newest in footwear is thick soles and very very high heels. In blouses, almost anything novel goes.

## ADOPTION OR SLAVERY

(Continued from page 12)

placed in our care," said Mrs. Perez. "We exploit even our own children. Unscrupulous parents, both foster and real, treat their children like servants and make them do sometimes impossible sacrifices for them.

"We treat our children like this not because we are really cruel," went on Mrs. Perez. "It is merely that we have not arrived at that point where we can be more selfless as parents. Advance in welfare work is an index of advancement in a country's culture and charity, and we cannot yet respond to welfare work as, say, Americans do. The war has set us back a little further, bringing to the surface as it did our atavistic tendencies and predatory instincts."

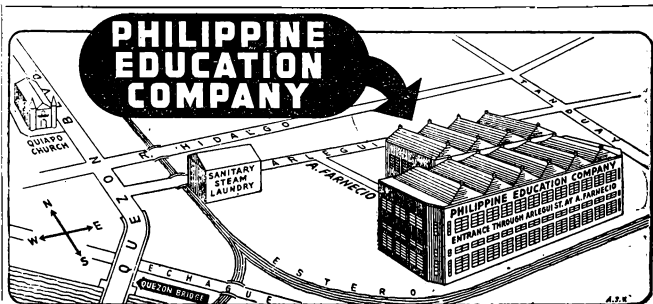
Because of these reasons, the bureau of public welfare treats all applications for adoption with a measure of suspicion. Since the liberation, and in spite of the great number of war orphans now placed under government care, only one has been released for legal adoption. This is a girl, now almost four years old, whom

a nurse had mothered since the child was an infant. The papers of adoption were approved only recently, after about four years of trial guardianship.

To make sure that an orphan will be treated right before he is given entirely into the power of any family, the bureau has adopted a guardianship policy which is subject to its own supervision. Applicants for adoption cases file their applications with the welfare authorities, giving their reasons for wishing to adopt children, and their capability for taking care of them. Welfare workers investigate these claims, and when the investigations establish that the foster-parents-to-be are not only economically secure but morally upright and therefore fit parents for strange babies, the applicants are invited to apply for guardianship of the children they have in mind. The guardianship sometimes take as long as four years or more, during which period the welfare bureau can discover whether the adoption would work out or not. In case of "hitches," the children are returned.

Only total orphans are sent out for these trial guardianships, except in cases where the relatives of the orphans themselves intercede for a family in which they would like to see these orphans fed and clad. This removes the possibility of complicating claims from relatives. After a successful guardianship period, the welfare bureau gives its blessings, and the adoption papers are signed. At present, the bureau of public welfare allows 160 guardianships as preliminary to legal adoption.

And so it goes for the Miguel Hangovers of this world, the orphans whom the war and the elements have left to their own miseries. Sometimes, mercy missions and welfare agencies discover them, and bring them back to health and that happiness which only loving attention to their welfare can induce. In the majesty of instances, they are left to fend for themselves in a world where we have not yet learned to be our neighbor's keepers, and where adoption and slavery are perilously interchangeable.



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sophistication is a cunning bouquet of precious wood oils, a jungle redolence imprisoned in an extract from the gland of sables. Apply it not to your hankie or gown, but touch it sparingly to six places on your skin. Then off to cocktails and may Allah protect you."

**S**OMEONE we know touches perfume profusely to her shoulder pads when she isn't wearing her favorite satchet on them. Speaking of sachets we came across a very clever bit in one of the shops downtown..... it

**DO YOU** know how to keep your jewels looking as if "they've just been stolen from a coronation ceremony?" To clean diamonds, use soapy water and an old toothbrush, and remember to scour the back of stones and settings. Then dip in alcohol and dry in jeweler's sawdust (obtainable inexpensively at any good jewelry store). Jewels that have been seriously neglected may require stronger measures like boiling them for a few minutes in half water half ammonia. Then dry by first dipping in alcohol then in sawdust.

**YOU'D** be surprised but taking good care of your pearls means just wearing them every so often. Wear makes them mellow, gives them life and a sparkle that's almost human. Neglect gives them spots which are very hard to remove.

**IF YOU** are a blouse girl, here's a tip: be feminine with ruffles of lace for yoke, a bit of swirl for sleeves and leave neck plain as plain for jewels and doodads and gawgaws.

**DO YOU** prefer onions raw for appetizer? Try soaking it in the juice of sweet pickles instead of in plain vinegar.

**A GALLANT** at the wheel was once heard to say to the young things in his jeep that his dexterity depends upon the mood of his passengers. If they are reckless in their mood he gets reckless too with his driving. Don't you think this is food for thought in these days of alarming jeep accidents?

**TWINKLE TOES** (pedicure to you) the Mayfair way unfolds thus: Nothing can stand neglect, and your feet are no exception. Worry about them as you do about your hands. Clip your toe nails straight if you don't want to suffer from ingrown toenails. Then, if you value your stockings even if they may not be Nylon, smooth all rough edges first with the nail file then with the emery board. Massage nail cream if your nails are dry and brittle. Next apply the cuticle remover and work carefully to remove all softened skin. Smooth on cuticle and nail oil, allow to dry, then buff from the tips backwards... this is supposed to encourage nail growth and smooths down ridges. Lastly, apply nail polish. Final touch should be the quick-drying coating of colorless polish.



**WEAR** your initials on the bare of your low, low neckline. Sometimes they hang like pendants from a necklace, if not invisibly attached to the edges of the far-flung neckline.

**IT'S** been proved many times over that warm water and salt work like a panacea for all ills. It's even a good dentifrice, if you are tired of tooth pastes. Warm water and soda also make a good substitute.

**TOO** often, at the first sign of wrinkles on the forehead or on the temples and around the eyes, a woman's immediate impulse is to style folds of hair down over these areas to hide them as completely as possible. This is all **WRONG**. For all ages hair should be used as a frame for the facial features. Using it as a screen behind which to hide impending or actually apparent wrinkles naturally tends to ruin the hair's value as such a frame, and does not bring about any such youthful effect as the camouflager undoubtedly has in mind.

**OUR** sybarite friend has clipped this from a clipping which a friend had clipped from somewhere. It says "if you are just back from Reno, the perfume prope is Tornade, another Revillon Parfum. This wicked essence of

was a limp doll that lies down obediently with your clothes or hangs without a squawk in your clothes closet. But there's a catch, the scent has evaporated. **HAVE** you tried using cotton moisture with a bit of water and cologne for dampening clothes while you iron? If you haven't you are missing something. This baked-in scent is something really quite essential.

**THIS** rain has wrought havoc on our one and only imported veil. It is limp and, for a while, we thought we would have to use just a hankie to church, until a friend suggested: "Put veil in between two pieces of waxed paper (the cold store has plenty) and press with warm iron." We did. Our veil is fixed as good as new.

**DO YOU** know that fresh milk makes a good shoe polish? For black shoes especially. A few drops on a piece of cloth applied to the leather works wonders.

**DON'T** look now but is our slip showing? It is the height of sloppiness to have your slip show especially nowadays when slit skirts require very short slips.



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## FOR A NEW AND BETTER CITY

(Continued from page 7)

and intelligent participation in the planning of our city. We must know what kind of city we want and act accordingly to secure our end. We must not wait for profit-makers to shape our city for us.

So much of the control of our urban development in the past rested in the hands of private enterprises. If they built a factory in our midst we said it was all right. The factory was a sign of progress. A street was constructed here, through this playground. Well and good. We shall have another street. Two streets were better than one. So we thought.

We were wrong, of course. We cannot let things happen this way. We realize this now. It is not too late to profit by what we have learned. We want to have a hand in the building of our city. This is what we want to hear from people, this is what we want to hear them say and towards this end our campaign is directed. We have all the rights in the world to shape that city in whatever form we want it and in the best form our purposes, our vision, our culture, our intelligence and reason will allow us to shape it.

But the process is long and tedious. We must not mistake execution of the plan with planning. It is true that planning must be comprehensive and broad and elastic but it is the execution which will take more than a lifetime to accomplish. As a matter of fact, as long as a city lives, the execution continues. It is an evolving process, like life forever seeking perfection.

**B**UT WHEN can execution begin then? It may begin now—whenever we shall have the materials and the means to do so. The responsibility is yours. We have the plans—are you ready to

begin executing them? Aha, the cynic will shout. I thought so. I knew there was a catch to it. So the responsibility is mine, eh? Of course—yours and mine... ours. Is that better now? For, you see, whether the planners plan for us or not, we shall build anyway—and is not it better to build according to a well-considered plan which you and I helped to perfect? Answer me that.

But, of course, that is not the important thing. The important thing is: Let us not be selfish. The scoffers and cynics may not live long enough to see even the beginning of a new and better city. But this should not dishearten them. They should realize that we are trying to build not for today but for tomorrow, not for ourselves but for those who shall come after us. For all, it is our responsibility to the future. Do you want your children to say—as we are now saying of our forbears—that we did not have courage and vision enough to plan for them? Do you want your children to say to their children: Sorry, but your grandpa was too busy with his pile of gold or something else to have been able to help plan a better city for you. Or do you want to hear them say instead: Thanks to the vision and foresight of our fathers we are now living in a clean and efficient city.

To the scoffers and cynics then let us say: Lend us a hand, please, lend us a hand—not so much to hasten the millennium but in order that we might come upon the answer—if only a day sooner—to the question: When? If it does not come now—for you, it will surely come tomorrow—for your children and ours. That is, if you do your share intelligently instead of sniping at our efforts.

## Society

# MATRONS ENDORSES AIR-TRAVEL



Mrs. Lola Grace Buda recalls first airplane trip as thrilling as first dance. "The woman of today can enjoy travelling with the assurance that home is always near, thanks to air-travel," Mrs. Buda says.

**WE** HAVE come to an age where time and distance are no longer impediments of travel at will and at ease. Time there was when a woman could hardly make up her mind whether to make a trip or not no matter how urgent it was because of the parenial inconvenience that is attendant to being so far and for so long a time away from home. But today, things have changed for the better.

The woman of today can enjoy being abroad with the comforting thought that the huge distance from home is only a matter of hours thanks to our present airliners. Such are the views of Mrs. Lola Grace Buda who perhaps holds the distinction of being the most air traveled woman in the Philippines today.

The young wife of a business executive, Mrs. Buda has made all her trips thru the air lines sometimes alone and sometimes with her husband. As a matter of fact in the first long trip she made in her life she took the plane. "It was in 1940," Mrs. Buda recalls, "when I decided to surprise my husband who made a trip to the mainland. (Mr. and Mrs. Buda used to have their residence in Honolulu). He had a

few days start and I caught up with him in San Francisco a day after his arrival. Thru the courtesy of some close friends of ours in the Navy I took a navy bomber in that trip.

Mrs. Buda reminisced that her first trip was thrilling and as exciting as her first dance or her first date.

Mrs. Buda was among the first women passengers who tried the international trips recently inaugurated by the local air lines and was favorably impressed with the conveniences offered by our local air lines. She recently made the trip to Honolulu. Asked how our local airliners compared with those in the United States, she admitted that excepting a few minor things which the local companies do not have they are just as good and as efficient.

Mr. and Mrs. Buda might be the latest addition to our local cosmopolitan community of Manila since they intend to stay here indefinitely. They are considering making Manila their permanent residence for business reasons. Mr. Buda is the, Far East Representative of a big business firm the head office of which is in Los Angeles, California.

**"THE MAN WHO CAN NOT CHANGE HIS MIND GIVES EVIDENCE OF PROFOUND IGNORANCE." — WOODROW WILSON**

BATAAN PENN. ORMOG. WAGUUBU TEXAS LOS ANGELES RENO **The Club Women's Bulletin Board** MANILA BOSTON NEW YORK COLOREDI

For the benefit of the newly organized club or clubs who have not received the NFWC circulars issued by the President, Mrs. Legarda, we are hereby publishing extracts from them. We shall publish in the future all the circulars issued by the NFWC headquarters. Circular No. 1 (Copy attached as corrected) (Circular No. 2 (Copy attached as corrected)).

I wish to avail myself of this first opportunity, since my election as President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, to thank you for your trust and confidence reposed in my humble person, by elevating me to the highest position within our organization. It shall be my particular endeavor to try to live up to the exigencies of the position, and to work primarily for the benefits and improvement of all the Women's clubs affiliated with the Federation, and for the interest and welfare of the Filipino home, women and children.

With our country in ruins, our people in many places still in dire need of food, clothing, medicine and housing facilities, our clubs disorganized, our own Federation completely stripped of everything, including its records, we have quite a task before us, but I am confident that with your loyal support and the able assistance of the comprise our Board of Directors, group of excellent women who we can soon make a starting headway out of which we hope to rebuild a stronger National Federation of Women's Clubs.

It is taken for granted that we rallied under the banner of the Federation inspired solely by a love for service to our people irrespective of what part of the country we come from. Consequently, in our actions, we should be guided only by the fact that we are all Filipinos trying to render some kind of service to fellow — Filipinos and to our country, the Philippines. If we can have this thought always before us, there can be no doubt that we can accomplish something.

Our headquarters is now located, at 1011 R. Hidalgo, Quiapo. If you happen to be in the city, ed in the heart of downtown Manila we will welcome a visit from you and your friends.

#### CIRCULAR No. 2

We are aware that most of our clubs have no funds with which to start their projects. But this does not mean that we are going to remain inactive. It gives us pleasure to report that, after a meeting of our Board of Directors on how we can revitalize our Women's Clubs, the following plan of activities was approved:

1. **Food Production:** There is vital need for more food production. In many parts of the world today, people are starving by the thousands from under-nutrition and starvation. While apparently in the Philippines, there is no food shortage felt right now, still Mr. Frank Gaines, manager of the UNRRA, has warned that within 90 days or 3 months, we will be-

gin to feel the pinch of food scarcity. The reason is obvious. We are so dependent on outside countries for most of our food supplies, including rice, our production of which is 40% below our normal quota. The United States is diverting much of its surplus food stock to the starving millions in Europe and China, thus decreasing the Philippine import. It is necessary, therefore, that all Women's Clubs start home-gardening and poultry raising without any further delay.

II. **Memorial Trees:** This is in line with our Town Beautiful movement. The idea is to inculcate in our women a more fervent love for plants and trees. The Women's Clubs are given an excellent opportunity to plant their first memorial tree on the occasion of our Independence on July 4, 1946. The tree, to be called the Independence Tree, should be planted in some public square or park. The planting ceremony can be made part of your Independence Day celebration in your town. The Women's Club will select what tree will be most suitable to plant in your town, and will care for the tree and build a suitable fence around it.

Another Memorial Tree can be called the Quezon Memorial Tree, to be planted on August 19, the late President Quezon's birthday. Still another could be the Josefa Llanes Escoda tree, to be planted in Sept. 24, Mrs. Escoda's birthday. These are only suggestions.

(Continued on page 32)

## Biography of DONA MARCELA DE AGONCILLO

(Continued from page 5)

their charitable deeds; but once Mr. Agoncillo spied from the window of his study a strong, healthy man receiving alms from one of his daughters. After he had left he summoned his daughter and asked her: "Did you give alms to that man?" "Yes, Father," she replied. "He said that he has heard that that we are kind and charitable," she added. "He has heard that we are fools," Mr. Agoncillo rejoined.

When Mr. Agoncillo retired to private life, it was a great relief to his wife. Without the social responsibility that was the indispensable accompaniment of high public office, Mrs. Agoncillo was able to lead a tranquil domestic existence with her husband and daughters for which she had always longed. So happy and contented was she that it seemed to an observer that it never occurred to her that the day of separation might come. Nature had her own designs.

In September, 1941, after a prolonged illness, Mr. Agoncillo departed from this earth. He left behind him a disconsolate wife and five daughters. Since then Mrs. Agoncillo's health began to decline, despite the attentions lavished upon her by her dutiful children. For her the days seemed to drag along, monotonous and meaningless.

Though she survived the Battle of Manila and she saw the return of peace to her ravaged country, her health did not improve. An additional loss that she had to bear was the death of her youngest daughter, Maria, who had been ailing for years, which occurred in April, 1945. After this sorrowful event she began to pine for her native town Taal. She wanted to be taken back to the old, rambling house of her parents, and it was there that she passed away. Her body, however, was brought to Manila to be interred beside her husband in the Catholic Cemetery of La Loma.

Mrs. Agoncillo, has a secure place in the hearts of those who were privileged to know her in life. A gentle woman, a loving and loyal wife, and an exemplary mother she was the embodiment of the finest qualities of Filipino womanhood, in fact of the womanhood of any Nation.

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(Continued from page 9)

In December, 1944, I contracted pneumonia. I thought I'd surely die, for sulphathiazole cost a fortune per tablet and we no longer had anything of value that we could sell. But Tan gave my husband enough money to buy the medicine with, and furnished me with eggs and precious sugar when I was recuperating, to help me regain my lost weight and strength.

During that time, my husband would be away, trying to barter some last remnant of good clothing for rice, walking all the way to Bulacan to do it. Tan would cook our lugaw for us then, and feed the children and serve me my own share of the food in my own room afterwards, because I was still too weak to move about. He really took care of us all during those days just before the Americans came. During bombings, he would herd us all downstairs to the air-raid shelter he and my husband had built behind the store. And I remember how carefully he would lay thick blankets on the flooring for me to lie upon, because I was still far from well.

And when the Americans finally did come, when everybody in the neighborhood went crazy with joy and ran out to meet them, he called out to me: "Be careful, Missis! Don't run so fast — you're still sick!"—because both my husband and I had forgotten and I had started to race down the street to join the others who were running like mad.

Yeyeng paused for breath. She had been talking very fast, specially toward the last part, with excited motions and gestures. But she suddenly subsided and her voice, when she spoke again, was very low.

"And now—Tan is dead," she said, more as if she was talking to herself now, and as if she could not quite convince herself of the fact, "He is dead—and all my friends think I'm crazy for carrying on this way. One even tried to dissuade me from attending the funeral, saying that people might mistake me for the widow or something, the way I'm looking so cut up about it. As if I care what

people would think or say! As if that would make any difference about my regard for Tan!" And she suddenly looked very indignant than ever.

Wanting to change the subject, I said, "But where's your husband, Yeyeng?"

She answered, "He remained behind at the cemetery to take charge of the final details regarding the tombstone. We are spending for that ourselves, you see. Thank God, my husband is now working again and earning quite enough for us to be able to afford this. It's pretty expensive, you know—and some of our relatives think we're 'exaggerating'. They think that my husband is a fool to take charge of the tombstone, just as I'm a fool for being chief mourner at the funeral. They say, 'Can you imagine those two—and all over a Chinese store-keeper!'" #

## SHE KNOWS HOW TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE

by BRIAN YOUNG

There is one girl in Hollywood who won film success because she was able to keep a straight face. You all know her, she is Virginia O'Brien, past mistress of the art of delivering a comedy song with a "frozen face." Yet Miss O'Brien more or less stumbled onto the formula that was to prove such a box-office success.

She had always wanted to study for the stage, and had taken some vocal lessons, though her family expected her to pursue a law course. A friend suggested that she accompany her to an audition for a Hollywood stage revue, "Meet The People."

Miss O'Brien decided to go, but when she arrived, she was so nervous that she was hardly able to move a facial muscle. At this inauspicious moment the director picked her out of a group of candidates and asked her to do something in front of a microphone. She went through the motions of singing a comedy number, but was too self-conscious and tense to produce even the shadow of a smile. The director, intrigued by a sudden



Scene in "Rape of Intramuros" starring Fernando Poe and Flora (the body) Mirasol.

Paquito Bolero's "Kaaway ng Bayan" is having the run of the brand-new sound-proof studio of Sampaguita Pictures these days. He started shooting this picture, which is co-starring Carmen Rosales and Leopoldo Salcedo the first time in the history of local movies, very much later than Lorenzo P. Tuells' "Maynila" and Octavo Silos' "Guerrillera," but to date Bolero has already shot

idea, asked the newcomer to try another number. Then he coached her on trying that expressionless, purely accidental style of delivery before an audience.

It caught on like wildfire. Virginia O'Brien had overcome some of her nervousness by the time of the opening of the revue, "Meet The People." She could

even have mustered a smile or two, but she rigidly refrained from doing so. The formula worked like a charm. The audience demanded more, and almost overnight the new "frozen-faced" comedienne was being written up in the papers as a brilliant discovery, a girl with a unique and immensely amusing technique for selling a comedy song.

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## Women In The

## MANILA POLICE

(Continued from page 13)

The Loveliness of a Flower Exhales Butterflies,  
As the Scent of



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stranded students in the city because she could not go back home to the north. She worked as a clerk at the Manila police up to the present when she thought of joining the policewomen unit. Now, she is enrolled at the FEU afternoon classes to finish her BSE.

It is hard to believe but it is true that the policewomen unit has something to be proud of. One, is Miss Adoracion Martinez, who is just 21. She is taking medicine in the University of Santo Tomas. She has all her classes in the morning. From four o'clock in the afternoon up to 12 o'clock midnight, she is with the intelligence division of the policewomen unit. She claims she is doing fair in both her studies and her job.

In the midst of the policewomen unit is Miss Jovencia Pancho. She is 27 and musically inclined. So when you go visiting inside the municipal jail don't be surprised if you hear somebody singing, for Miss Pancho, guard of around 80 female prisoners, must be the one. She is studying voice and piano every afternoon after her work. No one would ever like the idea of sleeping away from home much less if it is some place near a jail compound. If you ask Miss Honorata Ador who is barely 23, she will tell you for sure that it is all right and she likes. Miss Ador is studying education in the morning at FEU and is on duty at the San Lazaro jail compound as guard from 4 o'clock in the afternoon up to 12 midnight. How can she go home then when her residence is in Pasay?

When the question of law arises, the policewomen unit has also its own authority in the person of Miss Margarita de la Peña of the intelligence division. She takes up law in the morning and is on duty from four up to 12 midnight. And there is Mrs. Emilia de la Peña who is finishing her commerce at the FEU soon.

No one is surely interested in knowing any particular driver. But this is one driver, one would be wanting to meet. Mameing S. Nicolasa, 23, is the driver of the lone jeep which the policewomen is using whenever they go out raiding. Mameing is studying commerce at FEU and she says she can take anybody to any spot in town—dark or bright.

Long before the outbreak of the war, this unit was unheard of. At the former Luneta police station at Bagumbayan, there were four women employed as jailers at the women's detention cell. Due to the alarming upward trend of vices especially prostitution, the municipal board of Manila through the recommendation of the commissioner of public safety in 1937 created positions for policewomen.

After the liberation of Manila, last year, the surviving members of the policewomen unit were recalled and processed by the CIC. Under Col. J. P. Holland, as the driver for prostitution was intensified, the policewomen were increased.

Present requirements for newcomers are that they should be not less than 21 nor more than 30 years old, more than five feet two inches tall and more than 100 pounds in weight. Although married women are preferred, they should be free from such handicaps as pregnancy, puerperal and nursery state, dysmenorrhea and all distressing genito-urinary disorders. Mothers whose youngest child is not yet two years old are also disqualified. They must at least be high school graduates. After passing the requirements, they next undergo a rigid physical-medical examination and lastly the inspection division screens them and gives the final O.K.

AS a part of the training of the policewomen, they report every Sunday to listen to lectures given by Sgt. Ganib pertaining to police matters. Special orders issued by the Chief of Police are also read after which they have close order drills.

The policewomen before they were centralized last August 10 were divided into three shifts and distributed as follows: 3 in precinct No. 1; 4 in precinct No. 2; 3 in precinct No. 3; 3 in precinct No. 4; 5 in precinct No. 5, 4 in precinct No. 6; 4 in the detective bureau, 1 in the criminal reports and records division, 2 in the criminal investigation laboratory, one in the office of the deputy of police, 11 in the municipal jail compound (Bilibid), 8 in the municipal jail compound (San Lazaro), one in the inspection division, one in the uniformed divi-

## This Month's Issue

(Continued from page 3)

picture of Doña Marcela de Agoncillo nostalgia became so thick our vision dimmed for the moment. Look at the picture on page 5 closely and you'll know what we mean. Lina Flor has been threatening of late to go to a hospital to sleep for days and weeks on end. . . but up to now she is still very much about, writing articles and short stories, not on a desk could reject, one sample of which is Yeyeng's Story About Tan, p. 8. Sofia Bona de Santos, a medic herself has always wanted to do her "model doctora" but had never found time for it (what with the research project she is in deep now) until just a few days ago when like a bolt the manuscript materialized, something she herself couldn't believe.

EBULLIENT enthusiasm characteristic of the clubwoman set our telephone ringing madly one siesta hour. "Look what the *Sunday Times* said about the *Woman's Home Journal*. It's a coded compliment," urged the voice. Yes coded is the word. Because the clubwoman is not mineral or vegetable. She is woman. She also belongs to that class of people credited with the capacity for what is vaguely called "general interest." Sometimes she likes people to admit that she.

too, has a "man's mind." In their magazine the clubwomen want to read something else besides club news and club circulars and tree planting. They, too, revel in the thought of doing their hair differently every now and then, and are not averse to cuddling with a Short Story about the races when they find the leisure to do so. We are feeling a little guilty over something. In the rush and hurry over printing in the last issue we omitted to mention in the imprints for Mrs. Mendez her all-embracing work in the National Federation. When the Federation spoused the cause of suffrage and left no stone unturned to make the campaign a success, Mrs. Mendez prepared mostly all the educational and propaganda materials. She was the secretary of the Federation when the late Mrs. Escoda was president. To date she is the second vice-president.

MISS PEPITA ERANA makes possible for the *Woman's Home Journal* a fashion page of unusual appeal. She is a very adept model, to say the least. She had no sooner touched American soil than she longed to go home. And home she went where "there are better things."

—PTG

sion, one in the firearms section. They were detailed at places near their residence and they followed their corresponding platoons, under eight-hour duty and perform reserve duty when the need arises. Police women were also assigned at the war crimes trial to search women witnesses, they maintained order in the courts during session. They were also assistant juvenile officers in their tour of duty.

The policewomen unit is under the supervision of the chief of the uniformed division. They are especially charged with the investigation of cases involving women and children. They have to be present during investigations by male peace officers when a woman is involved. The policewomen

accompany female prisoners when in transit, for they are held responsible for their safekeeping.

Of late people in the higher brackets are contemplating the abolition of the policewomen unit. Just in case they surely will commit a big blunder, for the policewomen proved themselves indispensable in handling all cases of juvenile delinquency, in the police drive to cut down vices in the city particularly prostitution. The policewomen without doubt have been doing fine in their job. They have been busy all around clearing the sidewalks of vendors during the busy part of the day and they arrest vagrants who loiter around places late at night with no reason or business at all.



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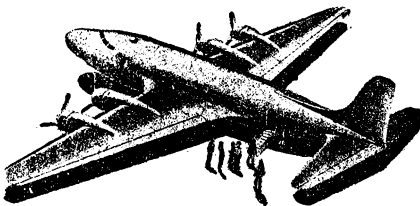
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## CLUB WOMEN'S BULLETIN BOARD

(Continued from page 28)

You can plant as many memorial trees as you like to honor the prominent citizens in your town.

III. Volunteer Work for the underprivileged Children and Women: This will mean that each member will have to devote at least two hours in one week to work on some project for underprivileged children and mothers. The best day probably will be Saturday when the school-house is free for you to use. You can sew diapers, panties and simple dresses for the very poor, or make dolls, toys, scrap books of colored pictures (animals, flowers, children of other countries, aeroplanes, ships, etc.) If you can begin actively right away, you can have quite a supply by Christmas.

IV. Nursery Classes: This was one of our pre-war activities. We need to resume it in order to give busy mothers a change to rest while they have their children in capable hands.

V. Circulating Library: In order to keep the members of your club abreast of the times, you might subscribe to some of the most important magazines and newspapers, buy a few books and distribute them to the members on a rental basis. In this way, you can start a small circulating library.

VI. Adult Education: This too is a pre-war activity, but we need to take it up now more than ever. The last elections have shown that we have a very small voting population (out of eighteen million only a little over two million voted). This situation may be attributed to two things: (1) indifference or lack of civic consciousness as to our duty in casting the ballot; and (2) illiteracy. Whatever the cause may be, our Women's Clubs can help remedy this situation. Our people can be made more conscious of their civic duties, especially now that we are going to be independent; but specially, we must help to teach the masses to read and to write. If every member of your club can teach two adults (men or women) to read or write, it will mean a big thing.

These are the activities which we can carry on right now, even if our clubs have no funds.

## ABROAD:

One of the letters from the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs sent by Mrs. Frances E. Bishopric, president, spoke very highly of Mrs. Pilar H. Lim who represented the NFWC in the Chicago Convention. She wrote, "I cannot tell you how happy twelve women who went from North Carolina to the Chicago Convention were to meet and closely associated with Mrs. Pilar H. Lim for nearly four days. We agreed that we had never met a more interesting, charming, and altogether lovely Christian lady than Mrs. Lim, and each of us wants all North Carolina Clubwomen to have the same opportunity to meet her if it is possible for her to attend our 1947 Convention next June....."

".....We were all very happy to hear at the Convention other states are interested in joining the General Federation in a plan to assist in rebuilding your clubhouse. While our part in this cannot be so large in the sum of money, I believe it will be a cause very dear to North Carolina Federation until it is completed....."

".....The Chairwoman of our Foreign and Territorial Committee, Mrs. S. B. McPheeters, will be writing to you again soon about her program of friendship which I hope will be participated in by many individual women from your and our Federation....."

The International Alliance of Women whose president is the same Katherine Bompas of pre-war days, sent a letter addressed to Mrs. Lim who it seems is still the NFWC president in their records.

"I do not know whether this letter of mine will reach you since I realize what destruction and disorganization your unfortunate country has suffered. It would, however, be a very great pleasure to hear from you again and to know that for women also a period of reconstruction and new hope has dawned."

"The Alliance has succeeded in carrying on throughout the war, though with many difficulties and restrictions. I do not attempt to send you any papers or detailed information in this first letter. If I have the great pleasure of hearing from you I shall look forward to resuming our interchange of information.

## MANILA:

Visitors at the headquarters were: Alicia Leveriza, Irene M. Loyola, and Mrs. Adelaida A. Alafiz of Pasay, Rizal; Victorina Pizar, San Andres Subdivision; Miss Maria L. Cosme, Las Piñas, Rizal; Mrs. Leonarda Juarez de Guia, Councilor Natividad Javier, Mrs. Luz B. de Guzman of Bacoor, Cavite; Mrs. Josefina O. Zialcita of Maasin, Leyte; Mrs. Josefa Borromeo-Capistrano of Cagayan, Misamis Oriental; Miss Lourdes E. Catig of Pasig, Rizal; Congressman and Mrs. G. C. Tait of Bontoc, Mt. Province; Mrs. Amparo de Francisco of Morong, Rizal; Mrs. Nena S. Fuentes of Manila; Mrs. Concepcion M. Trias of Cavite; Mrs. Josefa M. Ferrer and Mrs. Perseveranza C. Ferrer de Galas, Quezon City; Miss Rosario Trinidad and Mrs. Encarnacion M. Tizon of Malvar, Batangas; Miss Angela M. Valencia of Tanauan, Batangas; Attorney Pedro de Guzman Jr. of Mangaldan, Pangasinan; Mrs. Leonardia J. de Guia of Bacoor, Cavite; Miss Dorothy Marcelin Nanze of Grace Park; Mrs. Hilario Reyno-Uy and Mrs. Dorotea P. L. Mejia of Kamuning, Quezon City; Mrs. Basilia B. Asisten of Alaminos, Pangasinan, and Mrs. Germana R. Patriarca of Las Piñas, Rizal.

—OO—

Col. J. Gonzales Roxas, chief surgeon of the Philippine Army was most profuse in his gratitude for the visit the members of the National Federation of Women's Clubs paid to the patients of the 1st. General Hospital. The NFWC made the first visit that initiated the series of visits made by the others women's organizations. Col. Roxas wrote: "In behalf of nearly 2000 Philippine Army patients at the 1st. General Hospital, P.A. Mandaluyong, Rizal who were greatly honored by your visit last Saturday, please accept my sincere thanks and appreciation. I wish to express the hope that this visit, acquainting you as it did with the plight of our disabled soldiers, would give you added impetus and determination to solicit the aid and cooperation of all women's clubs affiliated with your organization.

It goes without saying that unless our own efforts are bolstered by the cooperation of your club or similar charitable civilian organizations, there is not much more we can do now to help these veterans whose problems have

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## HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SECRETS BY MAX FACTOR

As the years go by new and improved beauty aids and make-up techniques make their appearance.<sup>6</sup> However, after noting and accepting this fact, don't make the mistake of assuming that these new beautifying refinements are intended to supplant any time-tested basic principles of previous make-up practices.

Here, for instance, are some of the principles which will always be sound, and which you should consequently continue to follow regardless of what new beautifying developments may become apparent:

Don't try to duplicate the beauty scheme of some other woman, no matter how glamorous such a model may be. Always seek to emphasize the beauty of your own individual appearance. The appearance of another person, regardless of how much you admire it, may present a type of beauty entirely different from yours.

### MINIMUM MAKE-UP

Keep the appearance of your cosmetic applications at a minimum. Today, more than ever before, it should be remembered that thick, heavy and obviously applied make-up cannot provide the perfect and glamorous in cosmetic application.

Beware of over-exotic make-up effects, unless you have definitely determined that you are the appearance type who can profitably effect such extremisms. The number of women who can present stylisms of this sort to glamorous advantage is very limited, with but one out of about ten being the ratio according to my observations here in Hollywood.

Don't apply your make-up in public, if you would be truly smart and glamorous. These are very disillusioning processes. The entire object of make-up is the creation of a beautiful illusion, so don't provide any degree of disillusionment by allowing the process to be witnessed.

### PRIVACY

Avoid make-up or grooming procedures which have in an appeal based on a tricky novelty idea, rather than on sound constructive principles. Also, base your make-up preferences on the known merits of what may be contained in a package, rather than on the ornateness of the package itself. A surprisingly

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# Are You Having a Baby?

(Continued from page 10)

Even when they are home and supposed to be off duty, these nurses and midwives have to answer calls. If they refuse for a reason that is not considered valid, they are subject to a reprimand.

When everybody is ready to cooperate with the midwife or physician, everything usually goes on smoothly. It is when people are stubborn and cling to old ideas that things get pretty messy up. A physician was telling of a case where she was called because the placenta was not yet out two hours after delivery. Seeing the color of the woman's face and her profuse sweating, the doctor suspected internal bleeding and proceeded to give her an injection of camphorated oil. The woman refused to be injected and her three children helped her by covering her up everytime the doctor approached

with the syringe. The husband who seems to be thoroughly henpecked stood around helplessly. The doctor then called an ambulance but the woman said she preferred to die rather than go to the hospital. She was finally taken to the hospital but she expired shortly after.

Fathers are usually very cooperative. They are not really as nervous and helpless as in moving pictures where they are shown pacing up and down the waiting room biting their nails. Except in a few cases and almost always with first-borns.

A nurse laughingly related how, on two separate occasions, her work was made doubly hard because of the would-be father. She had asked the father to help her because there was no one else around. Everything went on smoothly until the father saw

the baby's head. Closing his eyes, he fell unconscious on the floor.

The personnel in the health centers are very strict about post-natal care. After a delivery, a midwife or nurse visits the mother and baby every day until the umbilical cord is off and the navel dry. When the mother can go around, she is asked to take her baby to the center for periodic weighing and checking.

Somehow, after one has seen the pre-natal and post-natal care of mothers and the way they are attended to at deliveries, all given free, one wonders why many women still prefer the services of unlicensed midwives whose unscientific methods have often brought about puerperal infection in mothers. Out of the 8,931 births registered in the city of Manila during the first four months of this year, 2,185 were attended to by unlicensed midwives which is 24.4 per cent or one-fifth. It is still fairly large but a decided improvement on that of 1921 when unlicensed midwives attended to 75 per cent of deliveries.

The city health authorities are doing a fine job educating mothers in order to reduce the high rate of infant mortality and maternal deaths. During the first half of 1946, the percentage of maternal deaths was 37 per cent while infant mortality was 10 per cent. In 1915, infant mortality rate in Manila was 39.6 per cent. With the establishment of puericulture centers, it was reduced to 23.4 per cent in 1921 and further reduced to 13.8 per cent in 1940.

At present the city health department needs more maternity houses, more personnel, ambulances, X-ray clinics, milk and medicine, to mention a few. Its present employees, like most government servants, are underpaid. Yet in spite of all these handicaps, it has been doing good work. Women can cooperate with the health department in its task of combatting infant and maternal mortality by refusing to have anything to do with unlicensed midwives. They should avail themselves of the services of the trained personnel of the city health department in spite of their grandmothers' advice to the contrary.

## Quotes

We give our troubles a shaking for fear they may go to sleep; we run them around the square that they not grow weak from lack of exercise; we air them constantly lest they die for want of oxygen; we massage them and train them to keep them fit; we bathe them, shampoo them, marcel them, dress them, brush them, and do all our power to keep them always presentable; whereas a little wholesome neglect is what they really need.

*Ala Baptist in Homemaker.*

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it; but likely enough it is gone the moment we say to ourselves, "here it is!" like the chest of gold that the treasure seekers find.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

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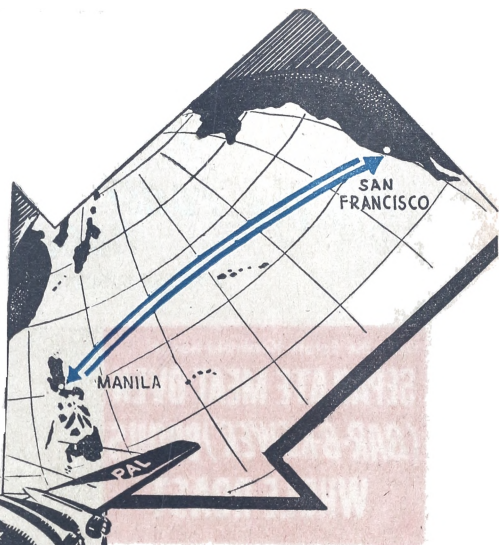
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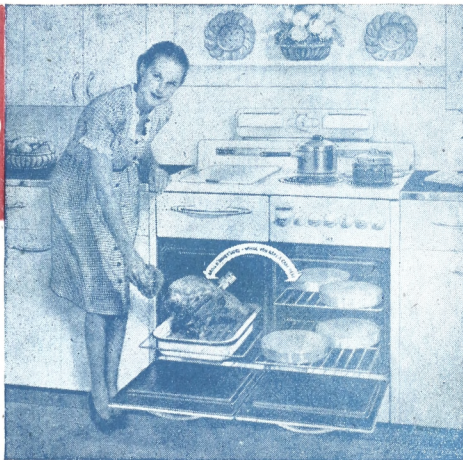


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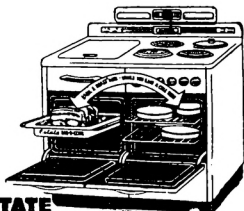


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