

Villarama's
HOME JOURNAL

November 15, 1946

30 ctvs.



Miss Maria Luisa Villarama

Subscribe to the

SATURDAY EVENING NEWS!

This Is The Special Issue Of

The EVENING NEWS

Which Comes Out Every Saturday Afternoon

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

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

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

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

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

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

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

Gentlemen:

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

NAME:

ADDRESS

Subscription Rates:

1 Year P0.00 Six Months P4.80 Three Months P2.50

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

WOMAN'S Home Journal

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

Board of Editors

Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda
Paz Policarpio-Mendez
Geronima T. Pecson
Enriqueta R. Benavides

Managing Editor

Minerva G. Laudico

Associate Editor

Paciencia Torre-Guzman

Advertising Manager

F. A. Fuentesilla

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

MISS MARIA LUISA VILLARAMA, the Red Cross Girl on our cover took two afternoons off from her classes at the Assumption College to grant us our request. Mrs. Villarama, on the second afternoon, brought along a bamboo pole inside their car. This, we agreed the afternoon before, would be used as a pole for the Red Cross flag. Once at the studio, however, we decided that thumb tacks would help the cause better. Photographer Loh looked at the guide illustration for the cover once and knew right away how to make subject and camera give. The result is our cover for this fortnight. THE miniature which generally adorns this space has been shifted to page 8 as title illustration for Mr. Whistler's article. The Red Cross manager and his charming wife played hosts to newspaper and radio people just before the opening of the nation-wide fund drive. There was weighty talk covering down-to-earth plans to bring the Philippine Red Cross into the consciousness of each and every Filipino. The knock on every door and the soft plea "Would you like to help your own Philippine Red Cross?" would be something new in the annals of Red Cross drives here in the Philippines. The drive has set a goal of eight hundred and fifty thousand pesos and we are told that this amount will set the PRC well on the road to independence. Eight hundred and fifty thousand pesos from eighteen million Filipinos cuts the project like a pie showing each one his share of the burden—and what a very light burden. Need we say then that you ought not to wait for the knock at your door?

TO BE either on the giving or the receiving end of any nagging project like "The Trouble With Men... The Trouble With Women" is not a very felicitous process. We were not surprised, then, when our "contacts" kept letting us down. One unpredictable male of the species at first promised. When the deadline came he sent orchids instead, by way of an apology. Mr. Mangahas sent us a sermon together with his little piece. Mr. Moran-Sison came across readily, but not without a catch. He exacted a complimentary ticket to one big charity affair. Lt. Archibald was prompt because (Cont. on page 34)

Contents

This Month's Issue	3
The Trouble With Men (A Symposium)	4
Paz Policarpio-Mendez—Feminist, Educator	
Josefa Jara-Martinez—Social Worker	
Pura Santillan-Castrengo—Writer	
What's Wrong With Women? (A Symposium)	5
Federico Mangahas—Writer	
Carlos Moran Sison—Lawyer, Columnist	
Lt. Fred Archibald—Officer-in-Charge	
"Daily Pacifican"	
Where Now He Walks Alone	6
Clemente M. Roxas	
Help The Helpless	8
Glen A. Whisler	
Axe To Grind	9
Florencio Z. Cruz	
Sergeant Nelson's Truth	10
Darrel Huff	
New Formula: Wife Should Be Older	11
You Can Never Be (poem)	11
Hernando R. Ocampo	
Anonymous	12
Pia Mancia	
Don't Be Ashamed To Cry	13
W. A. S. Douglas	
When President Roosevelt Wept	14
Bess Ritter	
Yesterday, Another World	15
Remy R. Bullo	
So I Heard	16
Lina Flor	
Woman of the Month: Geronima T. Pecson	17
"Princess of Charity" (Fashions)	18-19
Household Notes	20
Hollywood Beauty Secrets	20
Varied Recipes: Spanish Dishes	22
American Dishes	23
Tips To Teenagers	24
Club Women's Bulletin Board	26
Which Is The Greater Love?	27
Lourdes C. Reyes	
Keep Calm With Candy	27
Silhouettes (Fashions)	30
Pauw Newsettes	31
Movies	34

The Trouble With Men

By Paz Policarpio Mendez

Feminist, Educator

By Josefa Jara-Martinez

Social Worker, Executive Secretary, YWCA

FRANKLY speaking, I don't find much trouble with men. I think they are a gallant lot, especially when their gallantry costs them nothing beyond nice, beautiful phrases. They can be quite generous, too, to the point of hurting their families' exchequer. And they can be soft as gelatine if you know when and how to approach them.

When and how to approach them, ay, there's the rub! The frontal attack is seldom, if ever, successful. It is almost like a stab in the back. A man doesn't relish being taken unawares nor suddenly. One has to adopt a circuitous route which turns out to be the shortest cut really. To put a man in the proper mood, encourage him to talk about himself if he is a bachelor—that will inflate his ego. Praise his wife and children, if he is a husband and father:

THE TROUBLE with the Filipino men today is the trouble with the men all over the world. They have had too much war and this has, without doubt, thrown them out of kilter. On their own momentum, they should try to get back to normal. They should take again their places as men. They should assume once more their responsibilities as head of the family, as protector. A little of the old gallantry and less of the actual present detachment, less of this callousness that is so painful to the ones concerned... this might indicate the symbols for a formula for men in this critical period of recovery. It should take them comparatively less time to be themselves again if they were to gear all senses to achieve their end.

illustrating among other things the charge that "the older he grows, the more negotiable he thinks he becomes." Also: "he can't quite take a woman as his intellectual equal, let alone superior..."



that will give him the illusion that he is doing well by them. Feed the brute ambrosia if he is middle-aged; tell him Robert Taylor has nothing over him when it comes to sartorial elegance and that Ponce de Leon should have consulted him for an authority instead of combing the wilderness for the elusive fountain of youth.

What I am trying to say is that men are vain. Vanity is not a bad quality at all, I want to assure you, but the common notion that women are vainer than men is a lie. The phrase, remember, was coined by a man. Was there ever an old woman who believed she could snare a young handsome bachelor into marrying her? I know of only one, an octogenarian who had no illusions about herself and clearly knew she was "buying" a husband. She did not expect faithfulness from her young bridegroom either. And yet watch a man. The older he grows, the more negotiable he thinks he becomes. And when he falls hard for a "young thing," he honestly believes it's the lady who should be congratulated and that he has a right to expect implicit fidelity from her.

(Continued on page 29)

By Pura Santillan-Castrence

Writer, Instructor

BEFORE I tackle this ticklish subject, let me say, in all solemnity, that any description of person or circumstance which vaguely or remotely suggests anything about my husband is purely coincidental. I view the whole situation from a definitely academic perspective, from the detached vantage point of the observer and not the performer. And let me hope my husband believes this short preface.

The trouble with him — I mean, with men, — that's my topic, isn't it? — is that they are so obvious. I could not help listening to a professor in English who occupied the next room to mine in school as he elucidated in his rich carrying voice, to his students that the reason chivalry was dead in the Philippines was that the women were no longer ladies. "The reason the men do not get up to give their seats to girls is that girls do not know how to acknowledge favours", explained my esteemed colleague. He decried the modern ways

(Continued on page 29)

What's Wrong With Women?

By **Carlos Moran-Sison**

Lawyer, Columnist

THE FIRST wrong, of course, is that they are women. To be a woman is wrong enough. And as a proof of this, no man in this world would sincerely wish he were a woman; while countless women find themselves wishing frequently that they were--man.

It would not be so bad if the present-day women should free themselves of the vanities of their ascendants of old. But not content with doing the contrary, they multiply into a thousandfold the vanities of the past.

Right now they have bare-midriff, bare-bosom, bare-back dresses; their perfumes are numberless; their lipsticks vary in hundred shades; their manure has more color than rainbow;—and even their eyeglasses vary in hundred designs.

And what of the way they spend their time? They have a wonderful way of frittering it away on non-essentials. They would rather shop than read; go to the beauty parlor rather than think; write about what somebody wears rather than what that somebody thinks; and order a new dress rather than buy a new book.

(Continued on page 29)

By **Melchor P. Aquino**

Evening News Staff Writer

IN SO FAR as I am concerned, the only thing wrong with women is that I do not know what is wrong with them.

And it is just as well.

For, as Aldous Huxley would say, women, for reasons as inscrutable as their origin, have taken their place among the gods. And, ordinary mortal that I am, I admit, not out of weakness, but out of a sense of realism, that it is not good form to take issue with a deity.

By **Federico Mangahas**

Writer, Scholar

WITH a world war just over and another believed to be pending, I do not see the wisdom of encouraging even a minor holocaust immediately in the neighborhood by presuming to point out the trouble with the women. I am distressed that women leaders of thought, especially editors of women's journals, should incite a mere private citizen like myself to start trouble this way on the suspicion that I lack a worthier preoccupation.

I must firmly state that I have no complaints against the women. On the whole I have found them quite agreeable. Even when they are not wholly accommodating or satisfactory, they are good education. I dare say, for the inspiration of actual or potential pawns, that the women can and do provide sufficient basis for a gold star or at least a citation to heroic citizens whose earthly happiness is not complete unless they have a decoration.

NOVEMBER 15, 1946

By **Lt. Fred Archibald**

Officer in charge, Daily Pacifican

AS FAR as I can see the basic trouble with women is that they are completely different from one another. Moreover, it apparently is their desire to be entirely dissimilar. These two factors combined do a most admirable job in making the women a baffling mechanism.

This being is a myriad of moods, a maze of thoughts, and a multitude of unpredictable reactions. All of these things evidence themselves in fashions, conversation, and in fact, all phases of everyday life.

As I try to analyze and unscramble this creature on paper, I become completely engulfed in a labyrinth of ideas and thought all of which lead to a dead end. To make a long story short, I'm confused! However, I've come to one conclusion..... it's a wonderful way to be confused.

"They have a wonderful way of frittering on non-essentials; order a new dress rather than buy a new book... and inconsistently enough, wts! frequently they were--man."



On the positive side it is wonderful enough for the women to carry on manly with the tremendous burden of bearing the race, although occasionally we see a few unhappy deflection on their ranks. They are not to be judged by these few recalcitrants.

(Continued on page 29)

PAGE 5

T

HE TOWN was his but now he felt as though he was a stranger on its roads, as if he never belonged to it.

He grew up in this town. He had never been away from it long enough so that its faces were the same familiar faces. There were still the boys he played with in childhood, grown now, all of them, as he had grown. And there were the girls, too, the girls with whom he had spent hours of young and innocent laughter. They, too, had grown now—beautiful and ready to be taken.

The big war did not change his town. He left, but when he returned, everything that was of the town seemed the same. It was the same lovely small town that it had always been. Even the stones that jotted out in that part of the road were still there. And the road, except for the growth of wild green blades along its sides, still wound northeastward, until the long white shore halted it near the old municipal building. And the houses were the same. No new ones altered their uni-

formly scattered setting. And as he stood at a modest corner of the street, he still felt sure he could point out the houses of his friends—the houses of those whose nearness and warmth he had lost now, but still he wanted to call his friends.

II

HE CAME in the night and found the town peacefully asleep. He did not knock because it was his; it had always been his town. Or so it seemed, for in a strange land far away from this town he had always longed for the day he would come back to it, longed like one would long for his mother, like one would long for his wife. And so he walked into its heart, along in the big darkness but with the feeling of nearness to someone dearly held.

Along the road, as his weight fell fully upon the pebbles under his feet, in their soft rustle he seemed to hear a voice laden with familiarity and friendship. He walked on, his ears strained almost-listening. In the marshy portions where the camias challenged the big darkness a frog would croak time and again. Occasionally, a dog caught in the inky web in the streets would bark. And again its voice would helplessly merge with the stillness.

Before a vague form lined against the sky, he paused. He stood there for sometime, looking at the indifferent outline of the house that was his home. He stood there, painfully reluctant to take another step, knowing that once the gate was crossed and the flight of stairs scaled, a door would lead him into a world of bitter emptiness.

But the night pushed him on.

And so, at long last, he crossed the gate, marked every step that led him up with leaden footfalls and finally, and with great effort it seemed, laid a hand on the door before him. The door-knob turned and the door creaked as it yielded and ushered him into a lifeless room.

He closed his eyes, trying to drive away the big darkness that followed him. And as he stood, with his eyes lost in the cup of his hand, he seemed to hear a woman's gentle voice softly calling out to him: Is that you, Ariel? For it was like that as far as he could remember how his mother would call out to him whenever he would come in late in the night.

That was three years ago, mostly on moonlit nights, when he was sixteen and a girl began to mean so much joy in his life. For that voice meant moonlit nights with Luz, the girl in the house opposite theirs, glorious moments spent under palm trees in the beach. It was three years ago that he last heard that gentle voice. Home now, it was lost forever but in a memory cruelly clear.

And so it was that he felt the emptiness of the room with painful bitterness. He felt about him in the darkness. A rocker met his hand. He felt weak and tired and lost. He sank into the rocker, his mind fiercely shouting: I am here mother. I am here now, mother. I am here...

III

YESTERDAY he went to the cemetery. It was a Sunday. There were many graves there, and some people were there to weed out growth upon the graves. He saw rows of well-tended mounds. And there was Luz bending over the grave of her mother. Herman stood beside her.

Ariel passed them. Luz and Herman were on the right side of the trail that led to the graves of Ariel's father and mother. Ariel

Where Now He Walks Alone

By Clemente M. Roxas

A LONELINESS POIGNANT AND FUTILE MIGHT FIND SURCEASE WHEN GREEN GRASS GROWS UPON THE GRAVES AND TRUTH BLOSSOMS FORTH WITH A VENGEANCE.

could not but pass very near them. And yet they did not even try to look up at him. And Ariel felt sure they knew he was there. He had known them all the days followed of his childhood. He had played with them and laughed with them.

This Herman was his closest friend. They had been together all the years that he was in his town. This Herman was the same Herman who said it would always be as they were—two boys that had grown so fond of each other. And it was also Herman who said: Nothing could break our friendship—nothing.

IV

IN A FAR corner of the cemetery, Ariel found the graves marked with wooden crosses. There were no names written on the crosses but he knew; the porter told him the first grave was his father's and the next his mother's. And the porter's voice was not kind when he told Ariel



He took to the road again, the loneliness slowly ebbing from his heart although he knew that the days of darkness and the emptiness of the house that was his home would be long!

this. It was as though to tell Ariel anywhere, made pronounced by the location of the graves of his parents were a sacrilege.

The graves were isolated from the well-tended mounds. Lustily the weeds fed on them he barely believed, they were graves at all. They could have been mere ground protrusions that could be seen

The graves were not far apart. And as he stood motionless and silent before them, moments fleetly by unheeded. No tears filled in his eyes, but in his face the cloud of loss and loneliness was heavy

and ominously dark.

At length he knelt, extended his hands and ran them against the mounds like one caressing a well-beloved face. And as he did all this he said to himself:

I am here now. Do you hear me, mother? Oh, father, would you know that I am here? Would you ever know? Shall we ever meet; again—you and mother and I?

Already the sun was lost behind the ghaut. Upon the cemetery fell the pointed silence of some going. Shadowless, the graves, well-fenced and weedless and flower-decked, rolled in rows. But for all these, the earth and all that was of earth could have been just another dream that had spent itself.

Ariel stood up now, remembering. In a letter, his mother had said: I feel certain it will not be long from now. I shall finally go also. And if God is kind to us, we shall meet again. No longer here perhaps, — but definitely someplace.

V

KASIA was old. This Kasia lived with the parents of Ariel. When Ariel was born, Kasia was among the first to see and hold Ariel in the arms. Kasia nursed him in his childhood.

Morning after Ariel arrived, Kasia came.

Oh, my boy! Kasia cried. They are gone now.

There were tears in Kasia's eyes. Ariel was silent and motionless. Kasia talked on.

First it was your father, she said. And then your mother.

Ariel's was a substantial and prominent family. His father was mayor of his town when Ariel left, appointed to the office by the Japs.

In his town a resistance organization was formed. His father identified himself with this movement. He helped feed and finance the outfit.

Somewhere in '43 a split occurred. The organization was divided into two warring factions. Petty jealousies and a thirst for power and glory among the leaders developed the feud which involved deaths on both sides.

They took your father in the night, Kasia said. They who rule

this town now took him. He never came back. The leaders of this faction said your father worked actively with the enemy. They said your father was a spy. Our people were made to understand that your father sold the town to the Japanese. They taught our people to hate your family. They convinced the people that the only punishment fit for traitors is death. And kill they did your father.

Ariel remained silent and motionless, his eyes thrown blankly against a wall in the room. Kasia did not see his face; he was seated with his back to the old woman. And Kasia was looking down while she said all these.

It was a long way to where they killed your father. Your mother and I found his body at the bank of a brook in the mountain. He lay on his stomach, his face pushed deep against the earth, his feet dangling by the bank of the brook, barely reaching the water. I knew he was long dead. The smell of his body was not good anymore.

Kasia paused. She looked at the in front of her. He was young and handsome her heart filled with pity for him knowing how hopeless his life seemed now. And then she went on:

A few months later, your mother died also. It was a lonely death, her death. And if I did not offer good pay, nobody wanted to help me bury her. Our people really learned to hate your family. They believed your father was a traitor. I don't...

VI

FROM the modest corner of the streets where he stood, he watched his people pass him by.

He thought: My father is not a traitor. I know my father. He is a great man. He had done so much for this, my town. Where he was made to stop, I shall pick up the thread of his happy dream for this, my town. And then, as the years go by, I shall regain my people's faith, painstakingly perhaps but certainly. And then it shall not be sad to go also.

He took to the road again, the bitterness slowly ebbing from his heart, although he knew that the days of darkness and the emptiness of the house that was his home would be long.

Help THE HELPLESS

By Glen A. Whisler
Manager, Philippine Red Cross



Above: Miss Maria Luisa Villarama, our cover girl.

Below: Last September 30, President Manuel A. Roxas proclaimed the period between October 28 and November 30 as the campaign period for the Philippine Red Cross this year. Photo below shows His Excellency signing the proclamation in the presence of Doña Trinidad de Leon Roxas, Doña Aurora Aragon Quezon, Philippine Red Cross Chairman, Mrs. Manuel V. Moran, Ernesto Rufano, campaign vice-chairman, Modesto Farolan, Malacañan Press Secretary, and Glen A. Whisler, PRC manager.

Far right: The First Lady of the Land is the honorary chairman of the 1946 Red Cross Fund Campaign. She is shown here conferring with Placido Mapa, campaign chairman, Ernesto Rufano, campaign vice-president, and Dr. J. H. Yanson, Philippine Red Cross assistant manager, regarding plans for the drive.



THE RED CROSS is only 83 years old but the idea behind it is as old as human morality—this idea is typified by the spirit which animated Henri Dunant, Florence Nightingale and a host of others who believed in the sanctity of human life. The impulse to help the helpless has moved sinner and saint alike—from the Samaritan of Jericho Road to St. Francis of Assisi. During the last several years this spirit has burned low in many parts of the world but it has never been entirely extinguished.

The Red Cross idea was born 83 years ago. It was in 1859, during the war between France and Austria, when a bloody battle took place at the village of Solferino in Austria. Although the Battle of Solferino remains in the history of warfare as one of the most costly in human life, it probably would be forgotten by most people had it not been for the fact that this battle was witnessed by a young Swiss idealist, Henri Dunant.

At that period in military development, it was not the custom of armies to make adequate provision for the wounded. The wounded lay where they fell until the battle was over, and then the victorious army took care of its own men. In many instances, the wounded of the defeated army were left to die. This wanton waste of human life shocked Henri Dunant and he decided on an action which has become characteristic of the philosophy of the Red Cross.

Although he had no supplies, no plans, he had to try to meet the emergency as best he could. He went into the village of Solferino and rounded up the older men and women who were available, organized them into units and actually went onto the battlefield to do the job of first aid, as well as they could.

Henri Dunant was profoundly impressed by this experience, and he wrote his reactions to it in a book entitled "UN SOUVENIR DE SOLFERINO," which achieved wide circulation in Europe. He spent the next three years visiting the capitals of Europe and urging the governments an idea he developed as a result of this experience. He argued that if all the nations would join together in the establishment of a neutral international organization, this agency would be able to serve all the wounded on the battlefield even while the battle was raging. The idea appealed to the rulers of Europe and in the following year, 1863, the Geneva Convention was held in Geneva, Switzerland.

The first convention outlined the regulations which would be followed in taking care of the wounded. (Continued on page 32)



Axe To Grind

By **Florencio Z. Cruz, M. D., M. P. H.**

Field Supervisor, USPHS
Secretary, National VD Control Council

**FAMED AUTHORITY ENJOINS CIVIC —
MENDED WOMEN TO INCLUDE IN THEIR
AGENDA THE DISSEMINATION OF PRI-
MARY KNOWLEDGE FOR SAFEGUARD
AGAINST THE CURSE OF THE AGES.**



Above:

YWCA women, shown with the First Lady and Mrs. Eugenio Perez, put their heads together to raise funds for much needed rehabilitation. At left, society women equally busy over the project for disabled veterans. Can't these noble souls, asks the author, take up one more axe for them to grind?

THE WOMEN'S part in the progress of our country is clear-cut. In the social, economic, educational, religious and moral activities for the upliftment of the lot of the masses, our women, are always in the fore-front unmindful of the discomforts and personal sacrifices that go with their labors to be able to help in giving sunshine to the clouded lives of the unfortunates.

Just very recently, the humanitarian efforts of the women's organizations in aiding the Filipino war veterans are worthy of the highest commendation. Their aims are worthy, the methods practical and the results tangible.

Lately, however, a new field has been opened whereby women can help a lot since it is practically within the very sphere of their influence. This field of activity promises generous results. This is, nothing more than the dissemination of pertinent useful information which the general public should know about the evils and dangers of contracting social diseases and the permanent bad effects they leave in the victims. These infections, known as venereal or genito-infectious diseases, cause not only death but life-long miseries to the individual patients, their spouses and offsprings. Gonorrhea and syphilis are the most common of these offending diseases.

More than a decade ago, gonorrhea and syphilis were being mentioned by the laymen only in whispers and behind closed doors. Even physicians spoke with trepidation when discussing the subject, and they were never considered fit topics in polite society. It was only in 1936 when Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service set tradition aside by publishing in a lay magazine, "The Readers' Digest", an article about syphilis. Since then, the cloak of secrecy surrounding these diseases has been dropped and it is no longer shocking when one hears of syphilis and gonorrhea being mentioned even among the so-called elite.

And this impersonal attitude to-

wards these diseases is the right one to assume. They should not be thought of as any different from other infectious ailments like typhoid fever, dysentery, influenza, measles and others. In fact, people should be more curious and should know more about gonorrhea and syphilis so that invalidism, sterility, insanity, unhappiness, self-reproach and death may not be their lot as a result of ignorance.

Causes and Sources of Infection.—Sexual promiscuity is considered the most important cause of these infections—gonorrhea and syphilis. The brothels and prostitution houses are the main sources of the maladies. The infections may be contracted innocently, but they

(Continued on page 28)

SERGEANT Nelson's TRUTH

By Darrell Huff

IN THE SERGEANT'S code a lie was a lie—a thing to be killed as quickly as possible. But when he tried to tell his home town about its war hero, he learned how a lie can be a very fine thing.

IF a soldier is lucky, he may come home very fast. That is one of the everyday miracles of modern air transport. Two fortunate aerial hitchhikes brought Sergeant Steve Nelson home so rapidly that he was able to keep his anger boiling all the way from Okinawa to the village of Kelland in a valley lying east of San Francisco.

Kelland was the village in which Steve Nelson had been born and had grown up. The late Private Bill Kemp, against whom even in death Steve Nelson's anger seethed, had also lived most of his life in this village. Almost anyone in Kelland would agree that it had not been a useful life, until the war.

As Sergeant Nelson climbed off the train he almost forgot his anger.

He stopped to catch his breath, because it was quite literally breath-taking to be back home after nearly two years. But as he walked down the street, favoring his left leg a little, the anger flared up again and the back of his neck was red under its tan. There were just two things he wanted to do, he told himself, before he settled down to enjoy his furlough.

The first to look again at the miserable shack in which Bill Kemp had lived and with the wife and son of Bill Kemp no doubt still occupied.

The second thing—Steve Nelson put his hand into his pants pocket to reassure himself that he still carried the evidence of truth there. It crackled under his finger, the official statement of what really happened in that isolated bit of action on Okinawa.

It was important to have that paper ready. He would show it to his mother and she would be delighted. She would phone the newspaper. The editor himself would come to see it, because on so small a newspaper the editor is also the reporter. And then truth would be published in irrefutable, wide reaching type.

It was for this that he had obtained the paper in his pocket.

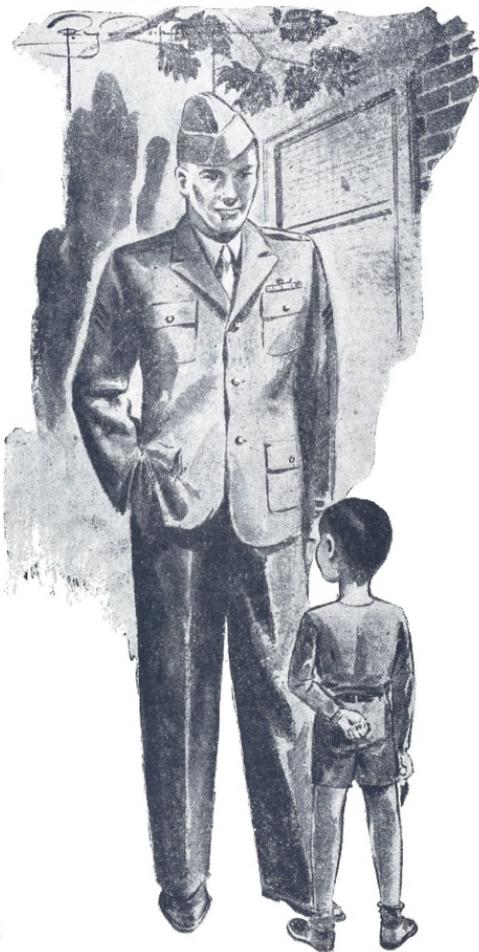
Sergeant Steve Nelson had been living in the hospital when a friend had come to tell him that Bill Kemp was dead. It was from the friend also that he had first learned of the story Bill Kemp had told around: a hysterical, wishful story of things as Kemp would have liked them to be. It was this distorted tale that had reached the newspaper correspondents and, through them, the papers back home.

So when Steve Nelson came out of the hospital he did one thing before he left on his furlough. He rounded up witnesses and had them write down on crisp official paper a concise description of what actually had happened. His commanding officer signed it. This paper he carried in his pocket now.

Steve Nelson cut across Pine Street at an angle, just as he had done four times a day in the years when he was going to high school. That seemed long ago to the soldier who fought on distant islands and seen many men die. It was twenty-six months ago.

Yet Steve Nelson was pretty much the same person he had been then. He believed that if a thing was so, it was so. That black was black and white was white, and that was all there was to it. A lie was a lie, and this lie he would kill tomorrow.

Steve Nelson thought of the shack in which the Kemps lived. It was just around the corner now. It had been a decent enough little



**ONE CRUEL DESTRUCTIVE TRUTH THAT
MUST NEVER OUT. ONE MAGNIFICENT
LIE THAT MUST KEEP.**

NEW FORMULA: WIFE Should Be OLDER

DR. CLIFFORD R. ADAMS who conducts a marriage clinic for the Companion insists that girls who marry men younger than themselves consistently have the happiest marriages. His reasons are so logical, one wonders why women would rather pine away than marry a man several years younger.

In a full length exposition, he says, "When the wife is older the couple is much more likely to be happily adjusted in physical intimacies, because a woman's sex drive tends to reach its full strength several years later in life than a man's. A girl who is younger than her husband may be so far behind him in her sexual

development that she becomes frigid or otherwise maladjusted. When the wife is older the couple will come closer to living their full lives together. Life insurance companies have found that the

average woman lives three and a half years longer than the average man. And in the average marriage, the husband is more than three years older than his wife. Thus she is likely to be a widow

in the last seven years of her life. The wife who is older is more apt to be accepted as an intellectual equal and as a real partner. A man is likely to be skeptical of the intellectual powers of a girl his own age or younger. He is likely to seek and respect the opinions of the girl who is somewhat older than himself. The wife showing her age eventually is an unreasonable worry because the difference in the partners' ages will be less visibly apparent with every passing year. And most of the differences are imaginary because the man who marries an older woman is usually mature beyond his years—or else she is extraordinarily vital for her age."

You Can Never Be

By HERNANDO R. OCAMPO

*You can never be completely anywhere,
Not the whole of you, Darling—
Not for always, anyway. |
You can never be completely here,
For any appreciable length of time.*

*For there are melodies, Darling—
Melodies of yesteryears lingering in air;
Disturbingly complete*

*With specific
And healthy man-odor.
Out of the most unsought moments
Our old songs shall intrude and linger
At the base of your neck,
At the small of your back,*

*At the vortex
Of the micro-dimples behind your ears;
And with their nostalgic melody
Part of you shall be transported
Inseparably from one world to another.
Thus, wherever you are, darling,
You can never completely be.*

house until the Kemps moved into it, a little while after their marriage. Then it had become a scandal of the neat neighborhood, dirty, out of repair, bulwarked with empty cans and all the unidentifiable trash that settles around a house when the people who lived in it do not care.

The girl Kemp had married had been one of the prettiest seniors in the high school when Steve Nelson was still in the grades, but a few years of marriage to Bill had turned her into a hopeless slattern. And their kid—Steve Nelson remembered him only as a smudged face, hair that was rarely combed or cut, and a voice that was a self-pitying whine.

Steve Nelson turned the corner and saw the Kemp house. For an instant he doubted that it was the same house. It had changed so much. New people evidently were living in it, for there was evidence of an effort to make grass grow in the front yard. Flowers were beginning to bloom in a border along the front of the house. The new people must have moved in recently. Steve Nelson decided, since the white paint on the cottage glistened with newness. If Mrs. Kemp and the kid had moved out right after, word came of the death of Private Kemp, that would time it about right.

A LITTLE boy came out and began to dig weeds out of the flower border with a trowel. Sergeant Steve Nelson called to him. "Mac," he said, "can you tell me where the Kemps are living now?" "We're living right here, mister,"

said the boy. "I'm Billy, Bill Kemp, Junior," he added proudly.

Steve Nelson looked at him closely. It was hard to see in this child the ragged boy he had known as Bill Kemp's kid. This boy was different, not so much in neat clothes and almost clean face and well brushed hair as in something Steve Nelson could not quite put into words. But, whatever it was, it showed itself in shining eyes and a head held high.

The soldier realized that the boy was staring at him very hard.

"Are you—" the boy began. He hesitated and continued, "Are you Sergeant Steve Nelson?"

"Yes," the soldier said. "You remember me?"

The boy's eyes were bigger now. "I wasn't sure. Gee, then you're the man my father saved from the Japs, aren't you?"

This was an awkward question. Steve Nelson felt that it put him into the same unfair position he had been in since the incident back in Okinawa. He believed in telling the truth, no matter how harsh it might be. But with a little boy—Well, let them wait; they'd read it soon enough in the paper.

Steve Nelson said merely, "Your father and I were in the same outfit from the time we left here until—well, until he died."

"I know all about it," the boy said with pride. "My mother read it to me out of the paper. My father and you were trapped by the Japs. You were shot in the leg. Then in the night my father carried you on his back. . . ."

The boy went on talking, eagerly, as though it were a story he had heard and told many times. Steve Nelson's thoughts were carried back

to Okinawa, and his fingers clenched on the paper in his pants pocket as he remembered what had happened.

His leg was numb right after the sniper's bullet hit it, but soon it began to throb. There were sounds in the brush all around where he and Bill Kemp lay, and it was apparent that the Japs would be on them before morning. He had said something about that, as one mentions the obvious, and at the words Bill Kemp had broken. There had been nothing to do for it but slap Bill out of the giggling phase of his hysteria and drag him across the flat exposed stretch to safety. In the flurry of meeting the counter-attack that followed, it was no wonder that Kemp's version of the affair had been accepted by the newspapermen and that they had promptly made Kemp out a hero. A shell from a heavy mortar had killed Kemp a few days later.

Steve Nelson wrenched his mind away. "Your house—it looks nicer than it used to," he said to Bill Kemp's son.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "My mother says we have to live up to my father's memory. We're proud of him and I guess the whole town is, too."

The man and the boy heard, a voice from the door of the cottage. "I guess I got to go to dinner now," the boy said. "Good-by."

Sergeant Steve Nelson walked away toward his own house. From his pants pocket he took truth and looked at it. With strong brown fingers he tore it into little pieces.

ANONYMOUS

By Pia Mancía

WHAT'S IN A NAME? IT'S THE DEED THAT COUNTS. THE LADY HAS A NAME. IF YOU ARE AWAKE TO THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER, YOU CAN'T FAIL TO KNOW HER.

SOME PEOPLE can't just leave well-enough alone. They must do something about it. While others shrug their shoulders and say that it is none of their business, these people would just make whatever problem is on hand their business.

She prefers to be anonymous, this person I have in mind who must always do something about it. I do not feel that I want to honor her request, but there is such a thing, unfortunately at times, as ethics. So she remains anonymous, until you guess who she is. She has not enjoined me not to describe her activities, so that I feel free to do my worst. That means telling what she has been up to all this time.

During the Japanese Occupation when the schools were closed in pairs, on their way to a party for a time, the young people in or back from a party—or just Manila (and perhaps in the prom- ambling along. You saw them on vines, too) had nothing to occu- moonlit nights holding hands, py their minds, their hearts, and whispering softly to one another. their hands. You saw them ambling You saw them everywhere, in tri-

cycles, in carretelas—the rate of juvenile romance really reached a new height then.

I was in the Bureau of Census then, in the Division of Vital Statistics. Part of the function of the Division was the issuance of marriage certificates. Many was the time when I was requested to stand as witness to a young couple's marriage. And when I say young, I mean young. The ages ranged from fifteen to twenty-one or twenty-two. For some there was parental consent, for a few there was trouble. It was all a sad mess. The debris of that mess is still seen in the unhappiness and incompatibility of those hastily-arranged unions. The divorce law of the Japanese Occupation era "corrected" a few mistakes. Many will remain, thanks to our deeply ingrained idea of the permanence of marriage, uncorrected forever.

I have not digressed. I still have in mind my friend with the penchant for anonymity. She saw the situation in her community—

the kids pairing off, love-struck eyes, soulful attitudes, absent-minded ways, queer, husky voices, pretty dresses and well-pressed pants, new coiffures and pencilled eye-brows. Bad signs, these, my friend thought, boding no good to anyone.

The next thing I knew was that she had organized in her neighborhood—and soon the idea spread farther than her neighborhood alone—a youth society called *Kabataan ng Pagasa*, whose purpose was to foster interest in music, literature and general culture. The young people had monthly programs in which latent gifts were discussed. There was a young boy, unusually good in declaiming who gave renditions of Tagalog poems or rhymes in a manner which was striking enough to have a great artist who had travelled extensively abroad say with conviction: "They have nothing like this in other countries. This is purely ours. Let's go on cultivating it."

(Continued on page 14)

The lady in the picture has no relation to the lady in the article. But, she, too in her philanthropic role, prefers to remain anonymous.



Don't Be Ashamed To

CRY

By W. A. S. Douglas

BRAVE TEARS OF GRIEF AND OF PRIDE. WHAT TWO BETTER EMOTIONS COULD MEN INDULGE? AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO INDULGE THEM THAN THE OLDEST WAY KNOWN TO MAN?



Tears sprung to General MacArthur's eyes when he said good-bye to aging President Quezon at Corregidor episode.

BACK in the middle '20, when I was a reporter for the Baltimore Sun, I was sent to Pittsburgh to cover a murder which had its start in the mysterious disappearance of a young and beautiful married woman. She was finally traced to the apartment of a bootlegger with whom she had been having an affair: he had killed her and fled town. When the police found her she wasn't at all the pretty thing she had been in life.

The girl's husband, a plain hardworking person who had had complete faith in his erring wife, was brought to the apartment to identify the body. Describing his reaction in the story I wired to Baltimore that night, I wrote that the grief-stricken young man "broke down and cried like a baby." I thought this was a fine line, and was still congratulating myself when a colleague brought me a telegram signed by my managing editor, Bill Moore.

"Use expression quote broke down and cried like a baby unjust quote just once again," read the wire, "and you go off this payroll. Women may cry like babies and for no reason, as do babies. But when a man cries he has something to cry about, as you saw today but failed to understand."

Returning to the home office, I brought up to Moore his observa-

tion on tears. "Suppose," I asked "that I had written 'he broke down and cried like a man'? What would you have done with the copy?"

"I'd have let it run," he replied, "and the paper would have gotten lots of letters telling us we were crazy. We would have planted a thought-provoker and, finally, we would have had to publish a powerful editorial on why men smit-

ten by grief should never be ashamed to cry. Why should they?"

During the past half-dozen war years I thought a lot about that long-gone conversation. I have come to realize that tears from the eyes of men, open tears unashamedly shed, have been more frequent of late than ever before. The reason, as Bill Moore put it in his telegram, is that they have had something to cry about.

I have seen Winston Churchill weep. The record is that he has done so many times — tears of grief which at the same time were tears of defiance. But the tears I saw in his eyes were those that fell on the reading desk as he addressed the Congress of the United States shortly after our entry into World War II. He reminded the legislators that his mother had been an American, and then he said that his cup would indeed have been full to

overflowing had she lived to see him so honored by the country of her birth. Then two tears, no more, glistened under the shaggy eyebrows.

I have seen our only living ex-President, Herbert Hoover, shed tears unashamedly—and the consensus among those who know Mr. Hoover is that he is not given to emotion. The scene was along the banks of the Mississippi during the flood disaster of 1927. Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce in the Coolidge cabinet made a special trip down the great river to study the damage and to make recommendations. A village above Natchez had been obliterated. A boy in his teens was telling the Secretary how the angry waters had wiped out his parents' homestead, drowning all the family but himself. Mr. Hoover did not blink his tears away; he took out a handkerchief and openly wiped his eyes.

I saw General Smuts weep before the mighty men of the world — the mighty men of the 1918 Armistice and of shortly thereafter. This was in the Hall of Mirrors of the Palace of Versailles. Smuts wore the uniform of a British general; barely two decades previously he had been one of the leaders of his tiny South African nation in its war against the British Empire. The famous Boer soldier was pleading the cause of the little people of the world, just as he was again to plead their cause at San Francisco in 1945. I wasn't at San Francisco, but I saw Smuts' tears fall at Versailles.

As a boy-soldier in the British army, I was always impressed, along with my comrades, by the toughness of its then commander-in-chief, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. You couldn't think of Kitchener in tears. I was too young to be at the Battle of Omdurman, in which Kitchener broke the power of the Mahdi in Lower Egypt, but my cousin, then a lieutenant in the inniskling Dragoons, followed the conqueror into Khartoum and always told how England's hardest-boiled soldier wept at the grave of "Chinese" Gordon, who had died defending the city and whose remains had lain there for fourteen years unwept, unhonored, unsung, till Kitchener's tears fell.

(Continued on next page)

I have seen the late General Patton weep while welcoming a new army, while bidding good-bye to an old one. Field Marshal Montgomery's tears fell untrained when the people of his native Ulster hailed him as the province's greatest living son. And I will never forget the tears of a fairhaired young man as he stared, almost unbelievably, into the fearful squalor and misery of an unemployed Welsh miner's home. He was then Prince of Wales, soon to be, for a brief time, King Edward VIII of England.

Something has got to be done! he said as he stared at the whimpering, starved, barely clad children. Then his feeling got the better of him and the tears came freely.

During this last war I saw many men young and old, in tears in France and in England, in tears here in train depots and near docksides. Some were tears of joy and some were tears of parting. In the Battle of Britain I often saw mantles—of both grief and defiance—shed by many others besides Winston Churchill. And then, too, there was the frightened American boy in Normandy.

I was on Omaha Beach four hours after our initial landing on D-DAY. We had not yet been able to operate armor, for the German

● DON'T BE ASHAMED TO CRY

(Continued from page 13)

88's were knocking over our LST's with uncanny accuracy as they nosed into the beach. The sand were a litter of human and mechanical wreckage. I came upon a young sailor—not over twenty—from one of the smashed landing craft. He had got hold of a dead soldier's machine gun and was blazing away at the Germans.

As I came close I noticed that he was weeping noisily. "What's the matter, son?" I asked as I sidled alongside. "Scared?"

I was scared, and I figured he was, too. "Scared, hell!" he shouted while the tears streamed down his cheeks and his gun rattled on. "I'm just worried sick about Ma. She'll hear about this mess and she'll figure I'm in it, and then she'll carry on terrible..."

That is the nearest instance I can recall to refute Bill Moore's

generally correct theory that no men—even young men—can cry like mother-conscious babies. And yet, without any intention of belittling men to whose eyes tears come now and then, there is a somewhat lighter side to the fashion—one from which benefit may be derived. Many a distinguished physician has given it as his opinion that all of us should cry occasionally for our health's sake; and one eminent doctor at Johns Hopkins stated that the average male cries to himself about once every two years until he reaches senility. Then the tears come more easily.

This medical expert claimed that once every two years is not enough; that a good cry once a week—the average, I am told, for women—would do men a lot of good by bringing out the latent

sympathy which those of us who consider ourselves strong, virile and hard-boiled are at such pains to conceal. Surely there is something to be said for the theory.

Meanwhile, masculine tears will continue to fall, intermittently. Frazier Hunt, the correspondent, tells this story of Douglas MacArthur: "When the constant bombing of the Philippines appeared to MacArthur to be ruining the health of President Quezon, the General insisted that Quezon be taken to another island. Darkness had covered besieged Corregidor when the General half-carried the aging sick President to the gangplank, where the submarine awaited. Tears sprang to his eyes as he said good-bye. When the submarine disappeared, MacArthur returned sadly to his quarters, to wait for the help that would never come."

There was another incident in the Philippines. "I felt the tears welling up in my eyes," wrote General Jonathan Wainwright of the last salute he received from his starved and exhausted men before the Japs took him away from Corregidor.

Brave tears — of grief and of pride. What two better emotions could men indulge? And what better way to indulge them than the oldest way known to man?

When President Roosevelt Wept

Walter Winchell once saw President Franklin D. Roosevelt weep. It happened when ex-Congressman Lambertson and others were criticizing the war record of his sons. Mr. Roosevelt was miserably about a letter that came that morning from one of them. It concluded: "Pop, sometimes I really hope one of us gets killed so that maybe they'll stop picking on the rest of the family."

When he read it, F.D.R.'s lower lip started to quiver, and the tears came. "Will you please let me tell that Sunday night?" Winchell asked.

"No, you mustn't, the President said, and changed the subject.

—From the real FDR—edited by Clark Kinnaird.

ANONYMOUS

(Continued from page 12)

The musical performances were nothing to get wild about, but they meant weeks of preparation and study. The talks which the advisers gave were the usual pep-lectures, made attractive here and there by little object lessons from the day-to-day happenings. All in all the Kabataan as it came to be called affectionately for short, served its purpose. There was no marriage among the young boys and girls who were members of the group.

You see, there was no time for much tomfoolery. This busybody friend I am talking about saw to it that her young wards always had something to do. It was not music or poems, it was to help serve the poor people in the community with gruel and fish; perhaps it was to take things to the Filipino veterans housed in the Neighborhood Home.

Then one day she conceived of the plan of staging Rizal's Noli Me Tangere. All the talents, hidden and unhidden, had to be used. "Who will be Maria Clara?" "Is Johnny good enough for Ibarra?" "Let Emy be Sisa—No, Flor—yes, Emy."

Finally it was staged. It was all right. Again, it was nothing to tell the neighboring countries about, but it was certainly good

enough to elicit uncondescending favorable comments from various Manila circles. For one thing it showed the Japanese that we were thinking of Rizal.

Then came liberation. The glow, the hysterical joy—then the problems. Our girls went wild over the blond beauty of their tall li-borators, the young boys began toting guns. Prostitution, V. D., juvenile delinquency. My friend was

perturbed again.

No sooner perturbed than action followed. What, this time? Nothing startling of course, for she never was that kind of a fellow. A series of lectures in different schools was staged—on the The Need for Spiritual Rehabilitation. Values were set aright, reminders were given, examples illustrated precepts,—the lessons were made graphic, alive, clear. Results: we don't know, we can never give its pound of flesh at once for money spent.

Now she is working to help send a deserving student abroad. One day she told me rather disheartenedly—an unusual mood for her—"People are still hard-hearted—it's still the effect of their past sufferings." Then she added brightly, "But if they don't give, I will." That is Nanding—no, ladies, she said, anonymous. But that's her first name. And this is a true story, not a mere essay.



ed baby. I could see you then that pie to make the world—people born day, standing apart from the other with prejudice in their hearts and USO crowd, where I was serving as bred in their souls, people made a junior volunteer, so miserably with the stuff that put fear into lost, so painfully shy. I found out one's heart and hopelessness in later on that you just came over- one's eyes, and people bred with seas about a month ago. We be- tolerance and kindness glowing came friends that night. from their very being. I do not We didn't intend to fall in love. ask you more than this: Believe No, that was hardly possible. The me, my darling, when I say that disparity of our ages can not be I love you and I want to keep and overlooked. You are young, the I want to keep that love with me world is before you. Nineteen is forever and always. such an age where the interlude Nights there were when I rest- between growing up and has grown less tossed in bed and could not up is keenly felt. It is an age sleep over that sweet recurring where deep impressions are made pain searing my very heart. They and falling in love is one business were beautiful nights too, my dar- that should be taken seriously. I ling, when my thoughts turned to do not wish to hurt your feelings you and I tried to lock my heart by referring to your age for I know from those torturing, haunting how sensitive you are about it. I nights. I closed my eyes in an ef- do not wish to impose my age on fort to slave those painful thoughts

Yesterday Another WORLD

By Remy R. Bullo

A FILIPINA WHO CARRIED THE TITLE "GI WAR BRIDE" WITH LOVE AND PRIDE, CROSSED OCEANS TO JOIN HER HUSBAND. ASHORE IN A FOREIGN LAND, SHE REALIZED THAT "YESTERDAY WAS ANOTHER WORLD."

THIS IS a story of people in love perfumed with the delicate fragrance of mingled feelings—the pangs of loneliness, the pain of heartbreaks. This is a simple story for simple people, for you and I are simple people, my darling.

As I write this I could see the beautiful hazy skyline of San Francisco in the distance which you have talked to me about so vividly—its brutal magnificence against a background of picturesque mountains. It awes me quite a bit for it is different from the city which I had left behind me. Here, there is no destruction, no misery, no suffering. There is joy. There is laughter. It echoes even in the ripples that persistently strike at the ship's sides; it is in the very wind that blows into my face and ruffles the pages before me. Los Angeles is not so far now that I am here. In whatever direction it lies, I feel like shouting at the top of my voice: I am here, my darling, so

very close to you now. Can you hear me?

We have passed the Golden Gate Bridge and the boat might dock in any minute now. I am afraid. It's silly of me to feel this way, because I know you will be there. Everyone is excited. There is constant chatter and the familiar hub-bub of a ship nearing a port. But to me, the mists of San Francisco gave way to the mists of my city and memory, being a funny thing, touched that vein that set me thinking back into the last few months...

The first time we met I thought to myself: How young he is. The youthful lines in his face is still there. When I looked into the blue of your eyes, I seemed to see the sky of my city in one of its moods—like the blue of a lazy afternoon with clouds scudding low before the west wind. Your fair hair remind- ed me of the curls of a newly bath-

you because I, like you, am sensitive about the fact that people might make disparaging remarks about us.

So I tried to impress deep in your heart and in your head that it was impossible for us to fall in love.

Tried as we could, we woke up one day, to find ourselves looking at each other in a different blinding light. Wherever women loved they know how to give with it devotion, gaiety and comprehension. I closed my eyes to the world's bickerings to soar dizzily into that space where I saw only a world peopled by you and I. Awakening would be like lifting the window shade to a bright and shining morning, feeling warm sunshine fall upon my face. That would be the glaring world—the world where you and I actually live.

How often did I ask you to be- lieve that it takes all kinds of peo-

ple from seeping into the deep recesses of my mind. But painful things in life are the most treasured ones, aren't they?

SOMEHOW I went back to those years when I was happy and sad at the same time. The kind of sadness that was haunting like the strain of some forgotten song. It was something tangible, something within one's grasp and yet it took courage and will to make another step knowing that feeling of doom. So we narrowed down our vision to that ultimate goal which is the only goal that people like you and I would want to reach. It may sound funny to you, my darling, if I put my feelings into written words instead of saying them out right. You see, I could not find the courage to say what I want to say. I could not find the will to stand up to you and look you straight in the eyes and say: Now, my darling, is the moment when I must choose

between what my heart says or what my head dictates me to do. I must follow my head, my darling, and it is so very contrary to what my heart says.

I did not find the courage to say those because I am a fool, a big fool. Because I am in love, so terribly in love with you.

I must attribute all these failings and weaknesses to the bare fact that my heart is like myself. Too emotional, too foolish. My heart does not carry enough sense to last me all my lifetime. My heart is without directions, irreparably beyond loss.

I do not wish to be mawkish. For that is a discredit to myself. I do not wish to trifle with your affections. That would be unlike me. But would I lose favor in your eyes when I say this: Darling, my heart is more brilliant than my head? No nonsense. Nothing like being sensible and realistic. I know what your comeback would be and it would sound like this: Stop feeding your head with more and more restrictions. I am here. Isn't it enough that I love you?

Of course, I would say this: But, my darling, is love enough? Is that everything? Is it enough for two people in love to live within themselves? Yes, people in love will say this: My world is complete with you beside me. Could anything be more important than having you?

Because we were in love we went around. We found little eating places where food was excellent and prices reasonable. We went swimming when the weather called for bright fires and warm blankets. Dancing. Little picnics with people who understood the way we felt. Little shows where we would have the chance to hold hands without people looking with disfavor at us. We ventured into a world full of youthful dreams, into a world where life is sunshine and only love rules supreme. Find me that world, my darling, and I would gladly give you my hand and follow you.

One night—I remember vividly—you told me something about yourself which you have never told anyone. We were sitting quietly on my front porch with only the stars for company. Does it matter, my darling, if you are a child of divorce? That you were raised up in a "Home"? Love and affection are not synonymous with an orphanage. That accounted for your shyness and diffidence. You were starved for love and I was the only thing that you can call your own. With me, all your gnawing hunger for affections, were satisfied and you were thankful to me for everything.

Eventually, you asked me to marry you. I remember how you

So I Heard

By Lina Flor

A girl who used to sing over the radio some years ago, was walking with a friend when she met an old acquaintance. After an exchange of greetings, the latter went on his way. Watching him depart, the girl said to her companion: "You know, the reason that man remembers me so well is because I was the one who sang at his wedding ten years ago."

Remarked her friend: "Ah, I see. You struck the first discordant note in his married life, so to speak!"

A certain woman writer, wearing a violent red dress, met an advertising friend of hers one day. The latter did not notice her at once, for he was busy talking to someone else. When he finally did so, the girl said reproachfully: "Here I am wearing the loudest dress there is, and you didn't even see me!"

The advertising man replied brightly, "Oh, I'm sorry. I just didn't HEAR it!"

Whereupon she retorted: "You must be COLOR-DEAF!"

Coming out of a downtown theatre one afternoon, a young married couple decided to have a late merienda before going home. The wife, who was socially-inclined, suggested the fashionable and expensive new tea room next door to the theatre, saying, "It is the nearest." "Yes," sighed her husband resignedly, "Nearest and dearest!"

At a party of young marrieds, a certain husband had taken more than his share of drinks, to the frowning disapproval of his wife. Becoming hilarious and at the same time sensing her frozen look in his direction, he went over to where she was sitting, his arms around her neck and proclaimed loudly: "I love my wife, I'll love her until death..." Struggling to free herself from his hold, the wife snapped back: "Bell, you don't have to strangle me to death to prove it!"

looked at me, the way you said the words, the way you gripped my shoulders tight with the kind of vehemence brought about by fear that I might say no. I remember how your mouth became a thin line slashed across your sensitive face and the softness that stole surreptitiously into your eyes.

How strong are you to stand under the pressure of intolerance? People will always talk. You are a man and you can stand the gaff. I am just a woman. Then, my darling, must you always be before me to shield me from all the hurt, the disappointments, the intolerance, the seeming kindness that people are wont to give? Must it always be you to fight my battles? How could I win your respect if I let you do that? No, my darling, I must stand for whatever rights I possess—for the right to love you without the usual trimmings of a laugh behind your back, for the principles of decency that people in love must forever fight. What justice is there that should be fought if I am a coward, hiding behind the cloak that you placed

around my shoulders? But my head insistently say: Be sensible. Curb that longing for someone whom you can never call your own. Throw that beautiful love to the winds and make it only a memory. That is my head talking. But your love is so beautiful and it could never hurt.

What more can I say, my darling, when my heart is full of love for you? What more can I do when the things that I have treasured most in the world are in conflict with yours? Your ideals, your wants, your way of life, even the very air that you breathe is totally different from mine. Only on the grounds of love that we meet socially and equally. It is the only language that you and I can understand. And even then, we do not speak it perfectly.

You reasoned out with me eloquently. I was firm and adamant in my refusal. You pleaded with me and appealed to my love. I looked at you then and somehow I could hear my resistance breaking down somewhere back of me. I fortified that resistance with

thoughts of another yesterday, of another instance when I made a complete fool of myself.

Remember I told you once how I love desperately? A kind of hopeless, tragic love which I have paid with lonely tears. He was the type that will forever hurt. He would forever see women cry. He was made that way and I thought I was strong enough. I was sadly mistaken.

Then you came along. I was still hurt and on my guard. I was still afraid. I had to gather the vestiges of my courage around me that day I met you. Remember I was still bruised and beaten, completely disillusioned. You must have heard the thin sharp crack of my heart breaking for you understood what it was to be hurt. The substratum of sadness was still with me, underlying everything that I said or did, but without the overwhelming stab of grief that I had known at first.

That good-natured chaplain that married us looked at me compassionately. Perhaps he understood what was ahead of me. And as we stood before him, my yesterday was slowly but surely fading into a memory. The evenings were coming early, blue as smoke; there are no sunsets, days faded away. Another day is before me.

We are going to fight our own battles, my darling. Could we hold off everything that is sacred and beautiful like conventions and restrictions? For every human being whatever his color or creed or sex, has certain inalienable rights which other human beings has no right to violate. The usual fight for prejudice and discrimination will never be over. If we fight these and come out glorious and victorious, I owe it to you—for the struggle between your conscience and your heart. For you see, it takes all kinds of people to make the world and dearest Bert, we are a part of this world.

We are all going ashore now, my darling. I have all my fingers crossed until the moment when I can feel your arms around me. . . .

On the back of a SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER which merited only a small space on the last column on July 4, 1946, this item appeared:

UNCLAIMED GI WAB BRIDE DIES

Mrs. Maria Louisa Jacobsen, 22, Filipino, died of self-inflicted wounds at the reception center where she was staying, until her former GI husband would claim her.

It was believed that the suicide was caused by failure of Mr. Robert L. Jacobsen of Los Angeles, to claim his war bride.



Woman of the Month: Geronima J. Pecson

LADY WITH A SMILE. YOU NEVER CATCH MRS. PECSON UNSMILING. HER'S IS THE SMILE THAT IS THE OUTGROWTH OF A LIFE-TIME OF FRUITFULNESS, SERVICE, AND ACHIEVEMENTS

AN INTERVIEW, per se, with Nene Pecson, we have suspected all along, is one of those things that can never really happen. The implication is not to the effect that she refuses to be cornered and pumped with questions to draw out among other things, birthplace, childhood memories, pet peves and dreams, if any, because she easily promises to sit down for a few minutes while you try to get a line on her. But when is the schedule for this event is entirely another story. There being only 24 hours in a day is a handicap to one occupying the position such as Geronima T. Pecson holds today.

As Malacañan Social Secretary, this one-time principal of the Gomez Elementary School. Treasurer for 18 years of the erstwhile Associated Charities, Member of the Board of Directors of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and the YWCA, and currently Chairman of the Manila-Rizal Junior Red Cross Chapter—this tireless woman has not a minute to spend leisurely. Hers has been a lifetime of vital participation in all lines of endeavor wherever the women were called upon to do their bit.

That she can not contain her views on the pressing problems of the day may be gauged by the circumstances in which the opinions she sets forth came to be entrusted to us. She was rushing to the airport and we came just a split second on time to be whisked into her car. The car broke down on the way but we made it. An hour later back at Malacañan, she picked a nook in the kitchen where nobody would think of looking for her. Then she really let go, thinking out loud on the muddle that is today. Uninterrupted, she touched on every conceivable subject.

Nearest her heart is 'the lot of the indigents'. Recalcitrants, she believes become so from desperation. Suffering gnawing at their

vitals seems to engender a grudge which they must pay off on someone, on the government. "There should be a bridge of understanding between the Have's and the Havenot's." Let the first have a big heartedness that comes only from the blessed. Let the latter be equipped with generous understanding.

On the subject of relief, Mrs. Pecson says with vehemence, "I do not believe in direct relief. I am not for giving out doles. Proper investigation will determine who need direct aid. Let there be a scholarship plan. Send the children of veterans, war widows and indigents to school. Give them training that will make them at once the bread-earner of the fa-

mily. Let there be occupational preparation for those on relief and let them feel productive and alive. As for the veterans now languishing in the hospitals, I am for getting them out from that invalidating atmosphere. Let them go home and, with proper guidance, they will soon know how to get going though armless or sightless."

The revival of home industries on a cooperative basis is envisioned by the Malacañan Social Secretary thus: Let there be a community of shoemakers living in their special domain. Let them

produce to meet current demand. Let the market be right there to facilitate distribution. On this grand scale, nothing can fail. Ditto for the Poultry-raisers, the Truck Gardeners. Why not a site for Baquia Factories, Abaca Slipper Factories and, for that matter, Bayong and Mat Factories, Igorrot Carvings, the weaving of sinamay, of Ilocano cloth—why should these be abandoned now?

AND HERE'S where the club-women come in, Mrs. Pecson believes. As a NFWC executive she knows whereof she speaks.

(Continued on page 25)



Malacañan Social Secretary Geronima T. Pecson seen with U.S. Ambassador McNutt and daughter Louise and other guests at a Malacañan tea.

Princess OF Charity



◦ Left: The prize-winning panuelo-less at the Malayan Fete also served as her Princess costume when she was crowned that night. 200 meters of varicolored sequins went into this creation. Above: One of the blessings of the tall girl is to be able to get away with merciless extravagance like this.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"



LUSCIOUS



FOUGÈRE SELECTE

INCENTIVE



LOST ISLAND



Enchan



*Miss
Imelda
Ongsiako*

Photos by Bob's

• Two short dresses that go places. Very inspired, this black two-piece above... its tunic flecked and scalloped in white lace. Above right: White washable sharkskin. Vivid red and black monopolize whole of left bodice making an otherwise prim white dress very exuberant.

UAVE



Red Rose

SOLICITOUS



MALAYAN ROSE

ALLURING



Fascination

RAVISHING



FOREST BREEZE



WE HAVE always maintained that the housewife isn't mineral or vegetable. She is woman. Her world, then, is infinite. She may read "Forever Amber" but she relishes, too, passages like those from Henry Brooks Adams, for example, on the teacher: "...a teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." Also this: "When women are ladies, men are gentlemen."

THE COLD weather has made overtures. Before we know it, it's here. Discard all plans to make mops or rags out of your worn-out blankets. They don't clean anyway. Make them into comforters, instead, by sewing layers together and then covering with nice print cotton or, better still, flannel which abounds now in the stores.

SAYS ONE who has been baking cakes for the last 50 years: Cakes and icing are most delicious when iced while hot or warm. This way, moisture in the cake is easily preserved.

YOUR delicacy about lip rouge should extend, above everything else, to the color of lipstick you use for evening. Do you like it black? Because that's the way it looks to this observer at least. One looks cold and frozen around the lips in these dark shades. Personally we'd rather look pale in daytime shades.

EVEN if you may have all the leisure to pull out stray gray hairs and note that you have a mole on your chin, take the advice of leaving mole alone. The same goes for any peculiar-looking lesion of the skin. Physicians say that a harmless mole that is irritated throughout the years can become cancerous.

**HOLLYWOOD
BEAUTY
SECRETS**
MAX FACTOR, JR.
(Famous make-up advisor to the
screen stars)

GLAMOUR-STEP BY STEP
Analyze each step of your beautifying practices. See if some couldn't be more thoroughly and expertly done, and then conduct your future beautification according to these findings.

You must realize that knowing and practicing the broad principles and basic rules of make-up are not in themselves enough to always guarantee the command of perfection in this art. Aside from these basic principles of procedure, there are many detailed "final touch" steps which are essential to complete perfection in the made-up appearance. These final touches often constitute the principal difference between a merely ordinary make-up and a superbly glamorous one. Such solicitude over cosmetic detail largely accounts for the exquisitely groomed beauty of any outstandingly glamorous screen actress whose image come to your mind.

What Out

Failure to remove surplus lipstick is a cosmetic detail which is altogether too frequently overlooked, and which can greatly detract from the command of the ultimate in appearance glamour.

Another frequently apparent lack in make-up detail is supplied by those women who apply lipstick only to the outer surfaces of their lips. Then, when their lips are parted to speak or to smile, there is immediately visible an unattractive contrast between the made-up outer lip and the unmade-up inner area. Lipstick should be extended at least slightly beyond the area which is visible when

the lips are pressed together. Failing to smooth face powder applications offers another flaw in detail which often prevents make-up from being perfect. A powder brush offers the best way to command this smoothness. Such a brush is not only effective in removing surplus powder, but also makes it practically impossible for an uneven, streaked powder surface to become apparent. This cannot be said of the powder puff when it is used for smoothing.

The Manicure

Fingernails which stand in need of manicuring, or which should have their enamel replaced, also offer a serious small detail hazard to feminine appearances. A surprisingly large number of women, who are otherwise completely proficient in their grooming, err in their attitude toward their fingernails. Their reasoning apparently is along the line that people will be looking at their faces, their hair-dos, or their costume effects, and that these onlookers probably won't pay a great deal of attention to such a minor detail as fingernails. They overlook the fact that the hands are regularly and frequently in motion, and that on-looking eyes are thus inevitably attracted to them. So don't neglect the conditioning of your fingernails. Such neglect won't be overlooked.

Aids To Vision

The wearing of glasses brings about another often overlooked problem in make-up detail. If glasses have lenses which magnify to any great degree, the appearance of eye make-up should be diminished to a corresponding extent. Also, women who wear glasses should see to it that any eye make-up applications are reduced and smoothed to such a degree that no surplus remains to flake off on the glasses. Thickly applied eyelash make-up frequently does this.

SHOPPING GUIDE for buying pots and pans:

- (1) Look for sturdiness. Cooking utensils that are too light will warp, dent, and become wobbly.
- (2) Try them for balance. Pots and pans that tip over, especially when they are empty, have no balance.
- (3) Know the suitable shape. Cooking utensils should cover heating units. Too-small utensils waste heat. Too-large utensils may cause enamel to crack.
- (4) Tight-fitting covers are a must for pans. When they fit snugly, food cooks quicker.
- (5) Poor handles can bring disaster to any well-achieved dish. Consider the tragedy of a dish that falls to the floor because you happen to "let go".

**IRON OUT Your
Laundering**

PROBLEMS with these



ELECTRIC IRONS

Fresh shipment just arrived!

Medium Size P14.80
Large Size P18.90

ALCO
DEPT. STORE
The National Shopping Center
GRAND BLDG. - ESCORTER
84 Escorta, Opposite
Crystal Arcade

WHO ARE we to blame you if you don't believe in cheek rouge? After all, there is a smart look to the no-rouge technique. But a faint flush has never been known to hurt anyone. As the phrase goes, try it sometimes.

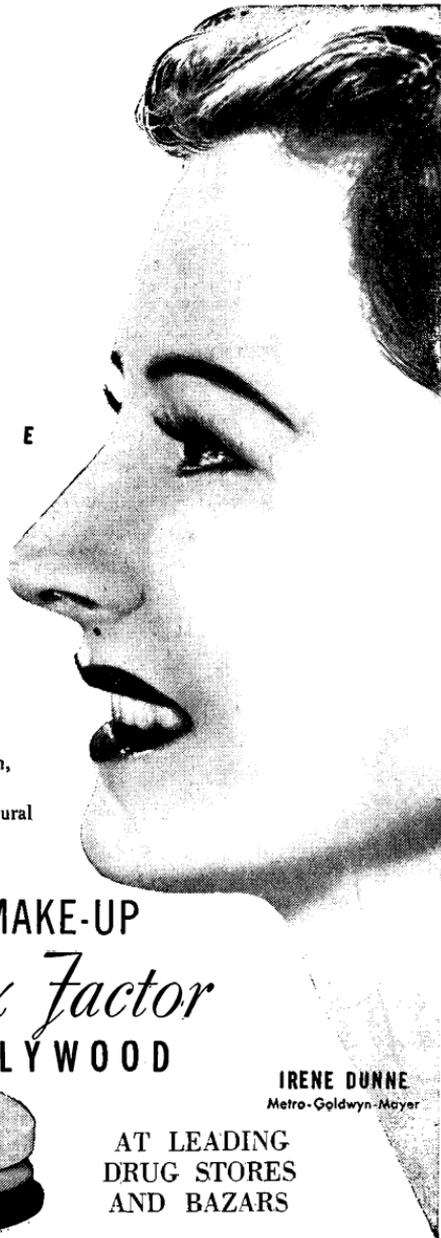
S O L O V E L Y

S O B E A U T I F U L

S O I R R E S I S T I B L E

When you're *manufactured*
you know you're glamorous

...for then your make-up is prescribed individually
for you... just as it is for Hollywood's alluring
screen stars... in the correct shades to enliven,
enhance, and harmonize perfectly with your natural
complexion colorings. Try it.



COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

originated by

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD



FACE POWDER

ROUGE

TRU-COLOR
LIPSTICK

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP

IRENE DUNNE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AT LEADING
DRUG STORES
AND BAZARS

SPANISH DISHES, TANGY AND RICH, HAVE ALWAYS HAD AN ATTRACTION FOR ANYONE WHO LOVES TO EAT. THE INTRICACY WITH WHICH THE CONDIMENTS ARE MIXED, THE ART THAT GOES INTO EACH STEP IN THE COOKING, AND THE AROMA THAT PROMISES DELECTABLE EATING MAY PARTLY EXPLAIN WHY SPANISH COOKING REMAINS A FAVORITE.

Varied



CREAMED EGG AND VEGETABLE Short Cake

2 tablespoons butter ¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons flour ¼ a No. 2 can
¼ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk diluted with ¼ cup water
¾ cup water 3 hard cooked eggs
¼ teaspoon salt 12 slices bread, toasted

Melt butter and add flour blend. Add diluted milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add seasonings, drained vegetables, and diced hard cooked eggs. Cut bread with large cookie cutter; toast in butter. Dip into toast rounds for each serving. Place creamed mixture between and over toast. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley. Large baking powder biscuits or cornbread squares may be split and used. Amount—Serves 6.



EGG and VEGETABLE Scallop

6 hard cooked eggs ¼ a No. 2 can (deviled) Libby's Peas, Carrots, Stringless Beans, or Mixed Vegetables
2 tablespoons butter ½ cup dry bread crumbs
4 tablespoons flour 1½ tablespoons margarine
1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk diluted with 1 cup water
1 teaspoon salt 1½ tablespoons margarine
¼ teaspoon pepper

Cut hard cooked eggs in half, remove yolks and prepare in usual manner for deviled eggs (mayonnaise to moisten, salt pepper, paprika, and dash of mustard). Refill whites. Arrange eggs in a flat casserole. Make a white sauce as follows: Melt butter and add flour, blend. Add diluted milk gradually. Add seasonings. Cook stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Combine white sauce and vegetables, pour over eggs. Top with crumbs mixed with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for approximately 20 minutes. Amount—Serves 6.

MACEDONIA DE VEGETALES A LA POULETTE

¼ cups cubed carrots
¼ cup turnip
¼ cups fresh peas
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
¾ cup water where the carrots were cooked
½ cup milk
2 egg yolks
½ tablespoon lemon juice

After washing and scrubbing the carrots and the turnips, cut them in cubes or in any fancy shapes. Cook them separately in boiling salted water. Drain, add sweet peas. Prepare the sauce thus: Melt the butter. Gradually stir in the flour. Pour three-fourth cup of the liquid where the carrot was boiled, the milk, and a little water, stirring constantly, until it thickens. Season with salt

and pepper. When ready to serve, put the two egg yolks beaten with lemon juice. Heat the vegetables in this sauce and serve at once.

CAULI-FLOWER A LA POLONESA

Remove the leaves from the cauliflower. Cut the stalks and soak in cold water. Cook in a liter of water with one-half liter of milk and a tablespoon of salt till tender. Drain and put on a platter and spread on top finely chopped hard-boiled eggs mixed with a tablespoon minced parsley and bread cubes toasted in butter.

LENGUA ESTOFADA

Tongue of a cow
Garlic
Canned tomatoes
Mushroom
Vinegar
Onion
Wine (Jerez)
Olive oil
Clean tongue and soak in vinegar, gar, salt, and garlic. Then fry deep lard. Sauté garlic, onion, and canned tomatoes. Add the pieces of meat, except the bane-

Cook slowly until tender. Add mushrooms and pour olive oil to the mixture. Keep cooking until liquid is reduced to a sauce.

COCIDO

Beef (punta de pecho)
Pork
Chicken
Potatoes
Onions
Tomatoes
Paprika
Bananas (Saba)
Chinese gabe
Squash
Cabbage
Pechay
Garbanzos
Ham (Chinese)
Beans
Spanish bacon
Spanish sausage
Beans
Camote
Clean and cut into convenient pieces beef, pork, and chicken. Clean and cut the vegetables in uniform sizes as big as the pieces of meat, except the bane-

This tempting favorite will soon be back!

Libby's CORNED BEEF



DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED ... READY TO SERVE!

● Once again you will soon be able to buy Libby's famous brand of corned beef. Only fine quality beef is chosen for this delicious meal. A special Libby recipe guides the curing that gives this corned beef its rich, tempting flavor. Chilled, Libby's Corned Beef

is easily sliced for sandwiches or cold platters. It adds hearty goodness to salads and casserole dishes. And ground with cooked potatoes, onions and seasonings, it makes a flavorful hash. Ask your dealer soon for Libby's Corned Beef—there's no finer brand!

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

Recipes

American Dishes Easily Prepared

SUPER SALAD OF CHOICE VEGETABLES

- 1 package lemon flavoured gelatine
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped celery
- ½ cup grated raw carrots
- ½ cup chopped pineapple
- 1 green pepper chopped

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened add vegetables and season with salt, pepper, and vinegar. Remold on lettuce and chill again. Unmold on lettuce leaves. Garnish will cornucopias of cooked, cold ham with mayonnaise and sprigs of parsley in each cornucopia.

na which will be used whole. Put the meat in a big kettle. Cover with water and bring to a boil until fatty bubbles appear on the surface of the kettle. Remove this dirty fat. Add the ham, sausage, bacon and let boil. When about done, add all the vegetables. Finish cooking. In a separate pan, saute garlic, onion, and tomatoes, chopped very fine. Add paprika. Let meat without vegetables stand in this sauce, cover, and allow to simmer for about twenty minutes. Then add to the cocido. Pour in the rest of broth.

SPANISH MEAT LOAF

- 2 cups cooked meat
- 1 slice bacon or salt pork
- 1 cup stale bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 stewed tomato well-seasoned or
- ½ can tomato soup and
- ½ cup water

Chop the meat and bacon or salt pork fine. And the bread crumbs soaked in milk, salt, pepper, and poultry seasoning. Turn into an oiled square pan, spread the cooked rice over the meat, then pour the tomato and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, F.

DRIED PEA SOUP WITH VEGETABLES

- Bones from pork
- ½ cup dried peas
- 4 cups water
- 1 onion
- 2 tablespoons fat
- ¼ cup carrots, diced
- 2 tablespoons flour
- A pinch of pepper

Pick over and wash the peas, put in a kettle with the bones, water, and 2 slices of onion, and simmer for 3 or 4 hours or until soft, then rub through a sieve or mash with a spoon. Melt fat, add ¼ cup carrots and 2 slices of onion, diced, stir and cook for 5 minutes; add the flour, cover with hot water, and cook for 10 minutes or until soft. Add the strained pea soup. Dilute with hot water or milk, if too thick, add more seasonings if needed, and serve very hot.

MACARONI FRUIT SALAD

- 1 cup of elbow macaroni, cooked and chilled
 - 1 small can of sliced pineapple, cut in tiny pieces
 - 3 bananas, diced
 - 6 marshmallows, halved
- Toss the combined ingredients into the following pineapple dressing:

- Juice from one small can of pineapple
 - ½ cup sugar
 - 3 tablespoons of corn starch
 - 1 cup of whipped cream
- Mix the corn starch with the sugar and stir into boiling pineapple juice. Cook, stirring, in the double boiler for twenty minutes. Cool and fold in the cream, whipped. Top each serving with marachino cherry.

LETTUCE AND ASPARAGUS SALAD

Use a white head of lettuce, pare off the outer green leaves, remove the core, and wash and drain in a wire basket. Split and pull the leaves into quarters and place them in a large bowl and chill, if you do not have refrigerator, by surrounding the bowl with cracked ice. Mix a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, and a pinch of sugar in a bowl with 2

spoons of vinegar and 4 tablespoons of olive oil. Pour this dressing over the asparagus tips from a can around the side and in the center of the bowl.

HARVARD BEETS

- 3 cups cooked baked beets
 - 2 tablespoons butter
 - 2 tablespoons flour
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/8 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/2 teaspoon vinegar
 - 1/2 teaspoon hot water
- Melt butter, and flour, and blend to a smooth paste. Add the liquid and sugar. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Pour the sauce over the beets, reheat and serve.

POINSETTIA SALAD

....Prepare a lemon gelatine making it stiffer than in the usual recipe, and tinting it red. Pour in a flat pan to the thickness of ¾ inch and set to harden. With a cookie cutter, form stars of the hardened gelatine and arrange them on lettuce bordered plates. In the center of each star, form a rosette of whipped cream salad dressing or cream cheese balls topped with pistachio nuts. Serve very cold.

FRUIT PUDDING

- 2 ½ cups flour
 - ¼ tsp. baking soda
 - 3 tsp. baking powder
 - ½ tsp. salt
 - ½ tsp. nutmeg
 - ½ tsp. cinamon
 - ¼ cup beef suet, finely chopped
 - ½ cup melted butter
 - 1 cup molasses
 - 1 cup raisins, floured
 - ½ cup currants, floured
 - ½ cup citron, sliced
 - 1 cup milk
- Siit dry ingredients twice. Add other ingredients in the order given. Pour in greased molds or pans as desired; steam 2 hours. Serve with any desired pudding sauce.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES

- 2 cups chicken meat, chopped
 - ½ cup walnut meats
 - ¼ teaspoon celery salt
 - 1 teaspoon lemon juice
 - 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
 - 1 cup white sauce (thick)
- A few grains of cayenne pepper nutmeg and a few drops of onion juice.
- Mix the ingredients in the order given and mold into cork-shaped croquettes, using a heaping tablespoon of the mixture for

each croquette. Roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg and fry in deep fat. Drain on tissue paper.

PINEAPPLE SALAD

For each person place a slice of pineapple on lettuce leaves, put grated cheese on top, add very thin strips of pimientos. Pour mayonnaise over it and sprinkle with paprika.

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon coloured. Make a syrup of sugar and water and pour gradually on eggs, beating constantly. Put into small individual molds and steam for one hour. When cold remove from molds.

MEXICAN BEEF

- 2 cups cold cooked beef, cut in cubes
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1 onion
- 1 sweet red pepper
- 1 clove garlic
- 3 tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon table sauce
- Salt

Melt fat in saucepan, add onion finely chopped, and cook until the meat is brown and the onion is yellow. Add peppers finely chopped and garlic chopped. Add tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces. Cook gently for 15 minutes, add seasonings, salt, and pepper, if necessary. Serve with a border of molded rice or mashed potatoes.



- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 teaspoons unflavoured gelatin | 2 eggs, separated |
| 2 tablespoons cold water | ¼ cup granulated sugar |
| 1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| lued with 2 tablespoons sugar | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 1 cup water | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| | 3 slices Libby's Pineapple |

Soak gelatin in cold water. Heat diluted milk to scalding. Beat egg yolks, sugar, and salt together until light. Slowly add milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture coats a spoon. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill thoroughly. Fold in the egg whites beaten stiff with 2 tablespoons sugar, and vanilla. Pour into 6 individual serving dishes. Chill until firm. Garnish with 3 slices Libby's Pineapple, cut in quarters, allowing 2 quarters for each serving. Libby's Peaches, Pears, Apricots, or Fruit Cocktail may be used. Amount—Serves 6.

TIPS to Teenagers



WHEN YOU'RE a teen, it seems as if you're always either too young or too old. Mom says you're too young to wear grown-up clothes and make-up, sister tells you not to act like such a baby. It's all pretty confusing, but there's something you can do about it. Be your age.

Naturally, when you begin to outgrow the little-girl stage you want to wear clothes that look high school and not like kindergarten. Of course everybody wears sweaters and skirts and they are really ageless. The problem becomes more acute when you select date dresses, hats, shoes (no high heels, please, in the early teens), suits and coats. You are smart and smooth in appropriate teen fashions, whereas you look ridiculously out of place in sophisticated "misses" styles. The difference between the two is subtle, but important. On the other hand, even if you are small for your age, you don't need to wear kid-

dish clothes; you'll find your size especially styled in the teen department.

Make-up is another matter about which there's room for discussion. As you become more conscious of your appearance you want to dress up your face, too. Mother's apt to say firmly, "No lipstick," but what she probably means is no dark colored lipstick, no laid-on-with-a-trowel effect. An artistic job with a light, natural lipstick will, quite likely win her approval and Dad's, especially if the other girls you pal around with use it, too. You won't want to use it anyway if it's not "the thing" with your crowd. You know, the manufacturers of make-up items like powder, lipstick, and powder base put out a variety of shades so that every woman and girl may choose those which blend best with her own coloring. Young girls, who generally have light skin tones, need pink or light red make-up tints. Purplish reds and

dark powder and powder base ing, clean hair that needs only brushing, combing, and a minimum that's certainly not the idea of "setting" is for you. And not using make-up. As one grows only are unpretentious styles more older, the skin usually changes in tone and the darker colors in make-up then give a warmer, more natural effect. But you won't need to worry about that until you're nearly thirty!

As for how much in the cosmetic line you need, that's an individual matter but this is a recommended complexion "diet" for teenagers with normal skin, provided it has the green light from your family.

Aside from the usual cleansing and soothing preparations, you may use a powder base of either the cream or the lotion type. This may be used with or without powder—it's high fashion without powder, for that slightly shiny, very clean look. If you use powder, get a fine one, just a shade or two darker than your skin coloring. Lipstick, if it is being used by most of the girls of your age in your town, but only in the light, clear red shades previously mentioned. Eye make-up? Definitely no, with the possible exception, for important parties, of a tiny bit of brown mascara and eyebrow pencil if you have the kind of "white" lashes and brows that look as if they weren't there at all. This must be applied very delicately; better leave it off than look blotchy around the eyes.

Careful attention to the niceties of good grooming shows better than anything that you're stepping out of the baby class. So see that your clothes are neat, hang properly on you, your accessories are selected with care, your make-up, if any, is expertly applied—and not applied in public.

When it comes to hair-dos, you shouldn't envy the sophisticated "set" styles some elders wear—they envy you the youthful charm to which soft, simple hair-dos are so becoming. Well-cut, shin-

Of course there's another side to this picture. What about the teenager who's a little younger in years than the girls in her class, and maybe a little big for her age? Should she continue to dress for her real age or should she go into the styles worn by her older classmates? Well, we recommend a compromise — simple classic styles that are neither obviously young nor old. Yes, grooming that is neither too young nor too old always brings out the best in a girl!

—By Louise Carlisle
(Calling All Girls)

SMALL FRY TRENDS



Apples and pears, candies and-pels all go into this little princess dress these days. Appliqued or embroidered, they make the little one feel very self-sufficient.

DRESSMAKING · HAIR SCIENCE · TAILORING · COOKING

BEST
EQUIPPED
SCHOOL

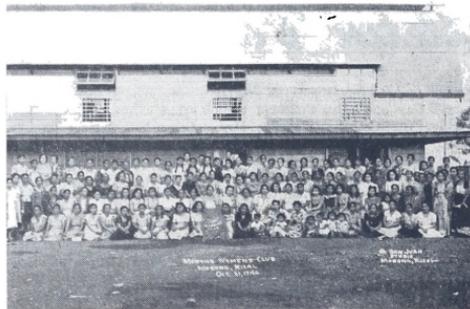
EACH COURSE UNDER FAMOUS PHILIPPINE INSTRUCTORS
SAMSON Fashion SCHOOL

859 OROQUIETA OPPOSITE WEST WALL OF LIBID PRISON - MANILA

Send for FREE PROSPECTUS
NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____

PASAY BRANCH: ROGOP BLDG. OPPOSITE ARELLANO COLLEGE - 351 RIVERA ST. PASAY - ALONG TAFT AVE.

Morong Women's Club Active



At a meeting held by the Morong Women's Club, during which the club president Mrs. Amparo Francisco reported the activities of the year, over 250 members including representatives from the barrios were present. Mrs. Francisco has turned in the biggest number of subscriptions to the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL.

● WOMAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 17)

The clubwomen, individually or as a body, can be the best agency for creating the proper attitude towards these movements. Through them the government can make itself understood to the people. The women's clubs can bring into the homes guidance and understanding necessary to peace and order. The masses must understand and appreciate what the government has done, is doing and hopes to do. Narrowing down to details, there is the small matter of Puericulture Centers which very few families seem to have heard about. Especially barrio folk who need the services of these centers most. Lectures and visits by the Clubwomen will cover this phase. Lately, Mrs. Pecson observes, clubwork seems to be confined in Manila alone. Clubwork in the provinces should start urgently soon.

Before telephone calls and messages and slips of paper bearing names of waiting Palace callers finally found their way to our kitchen nook, Mrs. Pecson managed to answer our query on whether social secretaryship in Malacañan over the war years was different. "Naturally," she answered. "Then, there was that tension, there was the underground work to do, and you know what that meant."

That through her foresight in

assembling and guarding with her life the provisions for a contingency such as the liberation battle brought, Malacañan was ready to receive the wounded from the spearheading American Forces. This fact Mrs. Pecson is human enough not to belittle. She recalls how beds, clean sheets, bolts of dressing, medicine, coffee and cakes Malacañan had plenty of when the time came. Her eyes shine as she recalls how Malacañan looked as an emergency hospital. The liberation forces could not bring in any of their medical supplies in the beginning. It just couldn't be done at that stage of operations. Those bodegas of supplies were originally intended for the internees and their eventual release from the internment camps. Part of the yield from this emergency cache was

sent to a hospital which Father Buttenberk, a Jesuit, was secretly organizing somewhere in the vicinity of Cubao. While posing as a civilian hospital, this unit was supposed to be strategically within reach of guerrillas. Father Buttenberk was caught and executed before the plan could work. But the supplies left in the Malacañan bodegas didn't come to naught. Able Mrs. Pecson lost no time in answering the call of the needy.

The Morong Women's Club held a meeting last Sunday, at which over two hundred fifty (250) members were present, including representatives from the Barrios of San Guillermo, Lagundi, Maybangan and Bombongan.

The President of the Club, Mrs. Amparo Francisco, reported the activities of the Club during the year. The Puericulture Center is doing splendid work, especially in giving aid to the nursing mothers. Dr. Mauro Atendido and Miss Juana Francisco, the Center's physician and nurse respectively make periodical visits even to the different barrios. Nurse classes have been recently opened by the Club. The President of the Club personally campaigned for subscriptions to the Woman's Home Journal, which is the official organ of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines, of which the Morong Women's Club is a member. She has already turned in almost one

hundred subscriptions. Contributions for the War Veterans were collected from the members, and the amount collected was handed personally by the President of the Club to the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Manuel Roxas. The Club also gave contributions to the Morong High School for the purchase of musical instruments. The present officers of the Club are: Mrs. Amparo Francisco, President; Mrs. Elpidia Raymundo, Vice-President; Mrs. Gregoria Patag, Secretary; Miss Mercedes San Juan, Asst. Secretary; Miss Emilia Salaw, Treasurer; Mrs. Estelita Atendido, Asst. Treasurer.

The Morong High School Orchestra furnished the music during the meeting, which made it very lively. Ice cream, and plenty of it, was served. The members went home very satisfied and more enthusiastic than ever.

Morong, Rizal, October 23, 1946.

Sax Inc.
39 E SCOLTA

Quality wears this label

Gala Fashion Academy

FOUNDED SINCE 1933

AUTHORIZED BY THE
GOVERNMENT



DRESS-
MAKING
MEN'S
TAILORING
EMBROID-
ERY
HAIR
SCIENCE
BEAUTY
CULTURE
FREE
FLOWER
MAKING

YGNACIA T. YAMZON
Directress

PACITA RUIZ
Dean of Hair Science

RICARDO VILLAREAL
Master Cutter

Enrollment Anytime

Gala Business School



TYPEWRITING
STENOGRAPHY
BUSINESS ENGLISH
BOOKKEEPING

MAIN BLDG.:

634 ISABEL, SAMPALOC
(IN FRONT OF U. S. T.)
ANNEX: 1089 R. HIDALGO

Please send a copy of your prospectus without any obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

(JOURNAL)

The Club Women's Bulletin Board

THE MOST outstanding activity of the NFWC last month was the official initiation of the planting of trees and shrubs in the Quezon Grove located in Quezon City. Mrs. Henares, the committee of one in charge of Memorial Trees secured the cooperation of the Bureau of Forestry, the Bureau of Plant Industry, and the People's Homesite Corporation which donated the two hectares of land for the Grove.

In simple but impressive ceremonies Mrs. Trining Roxas, the First Lady of the Land, planted a beautiful shrub on the eve of her birthday, October 3. She was assisted by Mrs. Henares and by Miss Nini Quezon. The plant henceforth to be called DOÑA TRINING, is from the Mountain Province and successfully domesticated at the forestry nursery at Los Baños. This plant is unique as it is the only plant in the world belonging to the Mussaenda family with glorious vermilion-colored flowers.

Others who planted trees in the Quezon Grove on this occasion were the NFWC. The following helped Mrs. Henares: Mrs. de Joya, Mrs. Cuero Cruz, Mrs. de Veyra, Mrs. Ortigas, Mrs. Rodriguez, Mrs. Pecson, Mrs. Martelino, Mrs. Benavides, Judge Almada Lopez, Mrs. Catolico, and Mrs. Bautista.

Mrs. Concepcion Felix-Rodriguez and Mrs. Concepcion Martelino planted a tree for the Manila Women's Club.

The YWCA was planted by Mrs. Josefa J. Martinez, Mrs. Cuero Cruz, Mrs. Pecson, Miss Catherine Owers, and Mrs. Ronquillo.

Miss Maria Zenaida Quezon planted for the ILAC, the Doña Aurora, a close cousin of Doña Trining.

Mrs. Consuelo Salazar-Perez and Mrs. Mariano Garchitorea planted a tree for the Congressional Ladies Club. Secretary Mariano Garchitorea planted one for the Cabinet of the Republic and another for the People's Homesite Corporation.

The following are those who planted other trees:

Mrs. Concepcion Gonzales for the Girl Scouts of the Philippines. Mrs. Adela Planas-Paterno for

the Philippine Army Band. Missoffer a very good shade, and Manuela Gay and Miss Felicidad Silva for the Catholic Women's League. Mrs. Francisca T. Benitez for the Philippine Women's University. Mrs. Sofia R. de Veyra and Mrs. Clemente for the P. A. Veterans. Mrs. Pura V. Kalaw for the League of Women Voters. Mrs. Ligaya Victorio-Reyes for the League of Women Writers. Mr. Florencio Tamesis for the Bureau of Forestry. Mr. Felix Maramba for the Bureau of



Tree-planting at the Quezon Grove. The First Lady is shown about to throw the first spadeful of earth to cover the roots of the newly planted tree.

Plant Industry. Judge Almada Lopez for the City Hall, and Mr. Hilarión Henares for the AMEC. Hundreds and hundreds of trees are still needed to fill the Grove so we are inviting all the members of the women's clubs, especially those in the provinces not to fail to contact the NFWC headquarters (1011 R. Hidalgo) for the tree that they should plant in the Quezon Grove for their club.

Club of Salinas, California, who was accompanied by some NFWC personnel in her visit to the V. Luna Memorial Hospital. Others were Major George S. Arndt, Mrs. Filomena A. Carpio, Mrs. G. Ballesteros, Miss Maria Calimlim, Mme. Kollerman, Mrs. Felicidad Bautista, Mrs. Juliana E. Castro, Mrs. Arsenia Maximo, Mrs. Rosario S. Diglangawa, Mrs. Emilia D. Salaw, Mrs. Esperanza S. Angeles, and Mrs. Maria Ubaldo.

On the occasion of Mrs. Escoda's birthday a caimito (star apple) was planted on the left side of the front entrance of the former NFWC building at the corner of California and San Marcelino streets. According to Mrs. Henares, acting NFWC president, the caimito was selected because it closely symbolizes Mrs. Escoda—it will bear fruits at an early age—its leaves and branches

The Pandacan Woman's Club headed by Mrs. Severina Lozano donated fifty pesos to the NFWC to help defray expenses for the planting of the Josefa Escoda Memorial Tree. Inasmuch as all the expenses were shouldered by Mrs. Henares, the amount was set aside for the NFWC building fund.

Which is the Greater Love

THE answer to this age-old question lies in the heart of man himself.

His wife's love starts the time it discovers kinship with his own; his mother's dates back even before his birth — when she first feels the tender throb of the new life within herself. The former is dominant, dynamic, inextricably merging with his own, and lasting his life time unless uprooted by overwhelming circumstances as the interference by a third party to the eternal triangle; the latter is serene, sublime, transcending time and adversity — its prayers and benediction reach him beyond the grave. The first looks toward the future involving him, her and their offspring, exacting a full measure of his devotion; the latter hopes and labors for the future too but in its selfless, second-place way, giving itself fully though overlooked or actually repaid in thoughtless ingratitude.

While a wife's love openly asserts itself in the forward movement of the race, a mother's humbly prays that mankind's march be Heaven-blessed. For a wife's attachment to her husband find its satisfaction in the fulfillment of its natural destined role; a mother's affection for her son serves its reward in the happiness it affords her soul.

COMING:

ONLY A MILLION by Yay Agustin...

THE CHILD AND HIS LANGUAGE by Dr. Antonio Isidro...

ONCE WITH A RIGHT HAND by Manuel Viray.

KEEPING CALM WITH CANDY

HAVE you been beating your wife lately? Been boorish to the children? Told off your boss? Your trouble may be that you would like more sugar!

Some folks land in jail on charges ranging from homicide to ringing in false fire alarm, merely because they crave sweets.

Take the case of a hunter who shot to death a woman he'd never seen before. The cause? Well, the man had less than ninety milligrams of sugar per one hundred cubic centimeters of blood, the essential average.

Why are parents cruel to their own children, even though they love them? It seems they cannot help themselves—they are starved for sweets.

Sounds fantastic? Perhaps—if more than 81 million dollars can be wrong. That's what we Americans spend each month in purchasing jelly, candy, cake and pie. Many times more than Grandma did; probably a hundred times as much as little George Washington did; for all we know he may have chopped down the cherry tree because he needed candy!

Big business isn't blind to this — they've found their workers quarrel less, and produce more, with candy. And artists, writers, show-folks display less temperament if their sweet tooth is satisfied.

So—look within your conscience and check these off;
Are you meaner to the children than you want to be?
Do you nag your husband?

Do you dodge too many lamp-posts when you drive the car?
Do you jostle intentionally when in crowds?
Are you snippy?
Do you quarrel violently one minute, then a second later wonder why you started the whole thing.

DR. F. E. KLEIN

OPTOMETRIST OPTICIAN
Formerly with CLARK & CO.
Best materials are exclusively used
From 9-12 and 2-1 P.M.
317 REGINA BLDG., ESCOLTA

Always a Beautiful Result!

Waval-Thermal
BEAUTICIAN'S SUPPLY

No other adornment could match the enhancement a beautiful hair imparts upon personal appearance. Look first to your hair... make sure it meets the approval of even the most critical eyes. Specify these time-tested products for your next permanent.



LISTEN!
Rebecca Gonzales
sing sweet songs
over KZRH every
Friday & Sunday
6:15 to 6:30 p.m.

EVERYTHING
BEAUTY GOODS

C. O. del Rosario
EXCLUSIVE PHILIPPINE DISTRIBUTOR
123 CANAL EDEN, MISENEROHO, MALIBU

Axe To Grind

(Continued from page 9)

always come from an infected individual who has either been criminally or shamelessly negligent. In either case, he or she is guilty of spreading the disease.

Recognition of the Disease.—Any itching or pain inside or outside of the external genital tract, especially if accompanied by a discharge, should make one suspicious of gonorrhea; and any sore around the organs of reproduction, in the lips, and other moist surfaces, may be a primary lesion of syphilis. The appearance and occurrence of symptoms and lesions described are danger signals which must compel any individual to seek the advice of a competent physician or consult any government clinic dedicated to venereal disease diagnosis and treatment.

Complications of Gonorrhea and Syphilis.—The most important complication of gonorrhea in the female is sterility resulting in the ascending infection which causes inflammation of the Fallopian tubes. These canals, when infected, may become constricted or may be removed surgically as a consequence of pus formation, and either one of these is enough cause for the patient to be unproductive and barren. Other sequela of gonorrhea is the inflammation of the joints which become swollen and painful, excruciating in character, and agonizing to the patient. But what is more revolting and undesirable effect of the disease is blindness, especially affecting the newly born babies of infected mothers. Statistics in the United States show that 50% of the total blindness among children can be traced to gonorrhea.

Syphilis takes months and years to show its devastation, but the end is just as frightful—it eats away the vital organs of the body like blood vessels, the heart, and nervous system, leaving the patient a miserable invalid or a hopeless insane. A syphilitic mother seldom begets a viable child; and if an offspring is ever born alive, it is always tainted with the disease—congenital syphilis, which

is even worse because it makes the victim a living death unless efficient treatment is administered.

Treatment of Venereal Diseases.—With the advent of the wonder drug—"Penicillin"—the medical management of gonorrhea and syphilis has been shortened from months and years to a matter of days, nine (9) days to be exact. Gonorrhea is treated by three injections of penicillin—50,000 Units per injection at intervals of two hours each, the whole duration lasting only for four hours; or by one single injection also of penicillin, but this is in oil and the amount is 240,000 Units. With either of these two methods of penicillin administration, 90% to 95% of gonorrhea cases are rendered non-infectious.

lation.—The Army and the Navy, as controlled disciplined groups of individuals, have accurate and reliable data about the incidence of venereal diseases among them; but among the laity, it is rather hard to gauge the occurrence of the infections.

So what was done was to request the authorities concerned to get blood samples from the prenatal patients consulting in the different health centers in Manila (38 of them) for serologic tests. The study was begun in April this year and it is to be continued indefinitely. Serology test of all pregnant women is an imperative procedure in any sound public health work relative to prenatal examinations.

The figures hereunder shown are very illuminating in the sense that the subjects studied may be said to represent the median level or cross-section of the female population—practically all of them are housewives belonging to the middle class in the City of Manila.

The laboratory method used in all these blood specimens is known

mediate attention, not only from our medical men and health workers, but also from our educational, socio-economic and welfare groups.

The Women's Role in the Control of Genito-Infectious Diseases.

—As has been mentioned heretofore, a syphilitic mother almost always begets a syphilitic child whose chance of survival is practically nil. What will then be the line of attack to be taken to prevent such a lamentable calamity? There is only one course open, and that is a militant and intensive campaign to educate the mothers (and prospective mothers, too) about the extreme necessity of thorough prenatal examination from the third month of pregnancy, the examination to include a blood test. This practice is in vogue in all advanced clinics in America, and there is no reason why it can not be done especially here in Manila where such facilities are obtaining. A plan is afoot whereby a laboratory will be installed and equipped in every province in our public health program. When such plan can be put into execution depends on the will and desire of our high government authorities.

The women's organizations for one can move towards the accomplishment of any project for the promotion of the welfare of their sex in particular, and of the whole nation in general. Surely, diseased parents with infected children can never be an asset to any community—they are a liability to their relatives, to their friends and to their neighbors. Why not prevent such an eventuality since it can be prevented if there is the will, the effort, the foresight and the determination to do it? The women's clubs, the sororities, welfare societies and ladies associations can do much to accomplish this end. Social hygiene instruction and family counsels to their own sex will help a lot in rehabilitating broken homes wrecked by diseases. Teaching the wives and mothers how to take care of themselves; giving them hints on the elements of hygiene, especially sex hygiene; indoctrinating them on the importance of mental and physical health—more so if they are in the family way; stressing to them that freedom from diseases is a prime desideratum in begetting healthy offspring—all these, and others too, will lead to a happy contented, divine Motherhood which is the goal of every family.

TO ALL EDUCATORS AND STUDENTS

We are happy to announce that the **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** is included in Bulletin No. 5, s. 1946, issued September 5th, which lists all magazines approved for use in the public schools under the Bureau of Education. All principal teachers and students can therefore take advantage of this opportunity to subscribe to the only magazine of its kind published in the Philippines which is officially recommended by the Director of Education. — Circulation Department **WOMAN'S PUBLISHERS, INC.**

Syphilis less than four years old can be successfully combated in 80% to 85% of cases by the employment of the so-called "9-day treatment" in which penicillin, mapharsen and bismuth are simultaneously used within a period of nine days after which the patient is no longer a menace as a source of infection to others.

Incidence of Gonorrhea and Syphilis among the Civilian Popu-

as the "Kahn Test", which is the approved and accepted test for syphilis. It is to be admitted that in Yaws ("bubas"), and taking it for granted for the sake of argument that one half of these positive cases are suffering from yaws (which is already a maximum allowance considering the fact that yaws is never prevalent in Manila), 8%-9% of pregnant women found suffering from syphilis is indeed an amazing figure; and this factual finding necessitates im-

● **By PAZ POLICARPIO-MENDEZ**

(Continued from page 4)

Have you ever seen ugly pock-marked woman expect a handsome husband? On the other hand no ugly man believes his looks are a bar to the acquisition of a beautiful female.

Then take the man who has sowed his wild oats far and wide; why, he expects to marry none other than a virtuous girl. As for the philandering husband, he thinks his wife should be patient Griselda even though he is always out being willingly "pick-pocketed" by a notorious gold-digger. The average wife almost always forgives an erring husband for the first offense, but the man who does not cast a stone at his faithless wife has yet to be born.

If this is not vanity, what is?

Another off-shoot of man's vanity is that he can't quite take a woman as his intellectual equal, let alone superior. Many intellectual women are languishing in their homes doing menial tasks which can be assigned to domestics, but their husbands won't hear of their going to work outside the "home." The standard of living of many families could definitely improve if only the husbands were not too proud to let their wives work for money. Strange to say, these husbands offer no objection to their wives' "working" at bridge and mahjong tables.

The tragic interlude of the inequality of the sexes becomes very apparent when we cast our eyes at the many important positions in the government filled by lesser lights while capable women have to go practically a-begging for even minor jobs. One be-degreed Filipina once said to me, "The situation in the Philippines is very discouraging for strictly career women." I know a bright woman, the valedictorian of her class; she died without reaching a position higher than an assistant professor at the state university while her male classmates kept a race being fiscals, judges, justices and cabinet secretaries.

So many women topnotchers in various government examinations are "going to waste" because their abilities are nowhere else recognized but on paper.

Men, you see, haven't quite learned to take women seriously. What is worse, they take us too much for granted. And why not, they'd probably say, wasn't Eve formed from Adam's rib? Who are the women indeed to question the soundness of man's judgment? Don't the marriage rites precisely enjoin wives to honor and obey their husbands? Doesn't the law allow the husband to dispose of the conjugal property without the consent of his wife?

Well, may a man say to his bride at the altar: You and I are now one and I am that One.

● **By FEDERICO MANGAHAS**

(Continued from page 5)

Considering the pain, it is amazing indeed that the women, as a rule, are content to continue the breed—even if the net results every so often are bigger and better world wars, in which, after all, democracy is made to prevail each time. To this end, the women exhaust all the available arts and sciences to get the boys to cooperate. God bless them, the girls.

If the worst comes to the worst, that is, when they get bored at home, they can always fall back on charity work. As we all know, this comes handy after every big flood, earthquake, or fire and during the periodic economic depressions induced by the capitalist system to soothe the humors of its contradictions. Or they go into journalism and needle inoffensive citizens into distributing appropriate tribute.

The trouble, if any, with the women is that they are, like men, human beings. And to uncompromising men like Mr. Jonathan Swift, that is trouble enough. Otherwise they pass.

● **By PURA S. CASTRENCE**

(Continued from page 4)

women — alas and alack — refusing to see any bright side in what to him, dejected soul that the situation has made him become, was a very marked sign of unfortunate deterioration. I could not see the faces of his girl-students. They must have shown the guilt of sex. If only my old-fashioned friend of a professor had brightened up and said: "All is not lost, ladies. We men do not bother to be so protecting any more, because God bless your little hearts, you can take such good care of yourselves!" That, of course, is the reason not necessarily of the death of chivalry here. (For there is no such death, there is only a lessening) for the Filipino man's taking for granted that his wife or his sister can generally wriggle herself of any situation, however difficult.

Men are so thoughtless. I have a girl-friend doctor who is married to another doctor. They both have a very active practice, being considered really able physicians. Each goes to his or her work early in the morning and comes rather late in the afternoon. Before the woman leaves, she attends to all preparations of the day for the home—he reads the papers. When they come back, she makes a bee-line for the kitchen because her lord and husband wants his soup just that hot, or his fish just so brown, his fish just so salted. And he goes wrong, say, with the children's grades, or the maid's temper, or the immaculate whiteness of his doctor's gowns. Then my poor friend gets reproachful looks or even articulate complaints of inefficiency in home-management, of Filipino family life going to the dogs. The man forgets that his wife had been working with him in their clinic during the whole day and is as little to blame for the untoward happenings in the home as he. Can anyone blame a man for forgetting?

I could go on and on—for the instances are legion, to talk about the trouble with men. But why bother? The whole situation can be summed up so easily — the trouble with men is that they are men!

● **By CARLOS MORAN-SISON**

(Continued from page 5)

And they only improve their taste, not their intelligence. Many of them can combine colors which would remind you of a beautiful symphony; but let them combine thoughts and it would be a riot.

Their only virtue lies in their patience. But, then, they are only patient because they are not strong. And when they are strong, can they bamboozle! Look at any man who is under the thumb of his wife and see for yourself to what terrible extent a strong woman can make a mockery of the provision of the Constitution against involuntary servitude.

They are incapable, too, fighting for a cause wherein their person or property is not involved. And if they ever fight for a cause it's only to satisfy their vanity. Since liberation day, it is true, they have engaged in charity work but there must always be appended to such a party or a ball where they can display the latest fashion, the newest coiffure and the modernest step.

And it is not true that they change their minds at a bewildering pace. What they only change is their method of approach. But their military objective remains the same.

In the search for a husband, for instance. They would flit from man to man until they find at last someone who is most satisfying to their taste and vanity but the flitting is merely a variation in the general theme of pursuit. Men might change their minds about getting a wife, but women never change their minds about getting a husband. Marriage has been the objective of women since Eve and up to now it still is. They never really change. That's what is wrong with women.

What's wrong with women? Heck, what's right with them—except that they make this world a better and happier place to live in?

SILHOUETTES



Salvacion Lim from Albay sent us these three sketches here of the panuelo-less as she likes it. For the sleek black she plans long sweeping fringes in white. The neckline is askew. The camisa wings are decorated in the same mood.

There's a new twist to the panuelo-less attire. The idea is, to have a bona fide evening dress, fairly sleeveless naturally, and nicely draped at bodice and skirt. Then have camisa sleeves go on or off according to plan. This is made possible by attaching camisa sleeves to an elastic band which is attached, no, not to the dress—but to your slip. Credit the ingenuity to Mrs. Balbinita Lacson.



Sweet and cool, this sheer polka dotted scheme. The skirt boasts low ruffled flare. For the camisa hems of self material heightened with color.

Have you seen the panuelo that looks like the regular thing in front but vanishes at the back? The triangle frames the face, goes over the shoulders to flutter the camisa wings—and ends every diplomatically right there.

The panuelo-less has also taken on a rather substantial scarf—not the will o' wisp that dangles from one shoulder apropos of nothing. The aforesaid scarf is worn in the good old fashioned way: over shoulders and camisa sleeves to flow long and freely down the skirt.

Fabulous embroidery achieved in beads, rhinestones, sequins and jewels run riot on this draped, panuelo-less. Uninhibited, this tercio can get away with it too, when worn at the psychological moment.

FRANCISCO

Gifts TO BE TREASURED FOR SOMEONE LOVELY...

Renee Thornton
Gift sets

FROM NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

Meadow Sweet

A blend of lovely field flowers... sunny outdoor fragrance for naive youth and those with lily fresh spirits

Mistress of the night

Mysterious, exotic, sophisticated
—a haunting scent for after-dark enchantment.

White Orchid

A delicate floral scent rare and exquisite as the queen of flowers for which it is named... sublimely mellowed to achieve a fine lasting fragrance.

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS

Uy Su Bin & Co., Inc.
205 Rosario, Manila

At leading Bazaars





PAUW NEWSSETTES

FIRST, a prayer of thanks: because ever-efficient treasurer of the PAUW, Herminia Ancheta, and member Consuelo Banag successfully pulled through the period of danger after having met a jeep accident somewhere in Mandaluyog. If you, ladies, have no idea how vitally important Miss Ancheta is to the club, try collecting members' fees between office and leisure hours and you will have an idea. Her efficiency as treasurer, however, is secondary in relation to our prayer of thanks. What is primary is the fact that Hermie is one of the few and far-between girls who, in her own quiet, almost obscure way, can be really nice, down deep.

SECOND, a cheer or hurrah: Mrs. Consuelo Salazar Perez is donating a radio in THE NAME OF THE ASSOCIATION (Ah! Shakespeare, therein lies the rub!) for the war veterans.

THIRD, a peal of bells, merry bells: Conchita Gil after a prolonged absence, (extremely unjustified we believe because after having known her presence we know in turn what we missed during her absence—if you can figure that out) was triumphantly elected to the Board. She and Mrs. Perez are the new comers, to take the place of Elvira Llanes (now in the good old U. S.) and Patricia Montemayor (now hibernating in Davao).

FOURTH, a resolution of thanks for the Tomasian hostesses, especially Ricarda Sian, who was collector of internal revenue, and Caring Puhati—Alvendia, who with her home economics staff members, prepared the delicious merienda, consisting of sandwiches, fruit salad, macaroni, several kinds of boloney, and ice cream.

AND LASTLY, a loud cry from the umalahocan: do not fail to assemble at the CENTRO ESCOLAR UNIVERSITY on Sunday, October 27 at 2:30 p. m. for the PAUW delegation visit to the war veterans. Two weapons-carriers will take the members, through the courtesy of Minerva Laudico. Bring books, magazines, or what

have you? "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and if we are waxing Biblical, it is only because beneath our deliberate flippancy we sincerely believe that no amount of generosity can equal the nobleness of the gestures of those boys. But then, we really do not mean to be corny.

EXTRA: The Baguio chapter of the PAUW was recently organized with Dr. Amansia Mangay as president.

Now to settle down to good, impersonal, objective, no-sniping-from-the-rear (let's hope!) reporting:

The last meeting of the Philippine Association of University Women was held at the home economics department of the University of Santo Tomas at four o'clock. Hostesses for the afternoon were the Tomasites: Adela Suaco, sister to Angel Suaco of the USMOLL, Ricarda Sian, who very obligingly stood the deserted deck at the front gate, in order to usher in the guests into the winteland of the building, Mrs. Demetrio Belmonte, also one of the hostesses, failed to come due to a proverbial headache.

There was no guest speaker, because after the Yuson affair, our president decided that, perhaps the women do have too much steam to let off and should, therefore be given a chance to do before something really cataclysmic happened. So there was held instead a regular business meeting, and the women talked themselves sick (we hope.) Quite a number of important matters were decided upon, the most important being a tea reception to be given by the Association for the members of both Houses and their respective ladies. This social event is (oh! but surely you must know!) in conjunction with the attempt of the association to increase pressure on the legislators to stop quarreling over party differences and pass once and for all this brilliant, lofty, regal, super-some-alienating, encumbering or in other words, selling down the river the conjugal property without the consent of the wife. (The moral to the story is: if the wife agrees with the husband to sell down the river the patrimony of the sons, that is their own look-out—we mean, the sons'!) If our uncanny instincts

do not miss, this ever so important affair will be held at the third floor of some Far Eastern Building, where Mrs. MacArthur was once sponsor for an inauguration before the war.

* * *

We are in receipt of copies of Senate Bills No. 5 and 80 sent to us by Mr. Antonio Zacarias at the request of Consuelo Perez. Senator Francisco's bill provides that "illegitimate children who do not possess the status of natural children, whose paternity or maternity is duly acknowledged, shall have the same rights with respect to support, legitimation and succession as natural children legally acknowledged. . . Acknowledgment of an illegitimate child who does not have the status of a natural child may be made or established in the same manner as that of a natural child."

Senator Cuenco's S. Bill (No. 80) provides for the admission of additional evidence in obliging the father to acknowledge his natural child or to give him support.

We believe that there is no ground for objecting to the Cuenco bill; as a matter of fact, our committee on laws long ago recommended a similar provision to the "seemingly defunct" Code Committee. You see, under present laws, the father is obliged to acknowledge his natural child only (1) "when there exists indubitable writing" and (2) "when the child is in continuous possession of the status of a natural child of the defendant father, justified by direct acts of the father himself or of his family." Where therefore, a bachelor or a widower has shown no predispo-

sition to own his child, he can get away with his wild oats. On the other hand, a woman can seldom hide her sin because the fact of delivery is quite obvious.

Just in case you have a nebulous idea about who are natural children, the law defines them as those born out of wedlock of parents who could have married at the time of their conception. The Tagalog equivalents are anak sa dalaga or sa pagka bagong tao or anak sa pagka bala.

Under our laws, they are entitled to inherit the equivalent of one-ninth of the portion of a legitimate child not buttered. The inheritance of natural children, like the legacies and the bequests, are to be taken from the free portion (one-third of the spouse's share) of an illegitimate child who does not share in the conjugal property which a testator can dispose of in any manner he pleases) and will in no way impair the inheritance of the legitimate children, which is supposed to be two-thirds of the estate.

Over Senator Francisco's bill, there seems to be differences of opinion. Several ladies are quite adamant against it (among them Consuelo Perez) while not a few social minded members like Asuncion Perez, Doreen Gamboa and Flora Yaguan are inclined to favor it. The opposers argue that the bill tend to reward rather than punish illegitimacy; that the Filipino family, which is the bulwark of the nation, will be endangered; that the legitimate children's share of the inheritance will be diminished.

Those who favor say that the sins of the parents should not be visited on the children, that the

(Continued on page 34)

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

CAROLINA'S

DRESS SHOP

Where styles are exquisite and the quality guaranteed.

1025 RIZAL AVENUE

and authorized the organization of a neutral agency. It was necessary to develop a name and emblem which would provide protection for the personnel during combat. As you know, the Swiss flag consists of a white cross on a red background. To honor Switzerland and one of her distinguished sons, Henry Dunant, it was decided to reverse the flag, giving us a red cross on a white background and providing both the name and the emblem for the organization.

The nations of Europe immediately began organizing their national Red Cross societies. In the years which have followed, the international development of the Red Cross has become a tremendous force for good and has, in the last two wars, rendered vital services to prisoners of war and to

● HELP THE HELPLESS

(Continued from page 8)



One of the most significant achievements of the Red Cross this year was the donation of 156,740 ampules of morphine sulphate to the Philippine Republic. Photo above shows Dr. Antonio Villarama, Secretary of Health and Public Welfare, receiving the gift on behalf of the Republic. The drug was donated by Schering Corporation, represented in the Philippines by Reuben Levy.

PARTS
TUBES
RECEIVERS
AMPLIFIERS
TRANSMITTERS
TEST EQUIPMENT

Let **REH** Solve your **RADIO PROBLEMS**

REH

Electronic Headquarters

221 MISERICORDIA, MANILA

civilians. The League of Red Cross societies now represents the Red Cross organizations of 60 nations which also take part in the work of International Red Cross Committee.

There are not many least common denominators in human life. The ones we know are in the realm of instinctive reaction. There are the things we do and say because we are people. We cannot agree on religion, on politics, or economics, or even on moral concepts. There is one idea, however, which is acceptable to everyone — humanitarianism. There is one flag which is recognized and accepted all over the world, the Red Cross flag. This symbol has somehow been recognized as representing the simple, fundamental desire to do good. We have, therefore, a tremendous mechanism for converting this impulse into constructive action. The Red Cross is an effective mixture of realism and altruism, of idealism and science. It is a way of doing good, well.

It actually is possible for an individual to give himself and his efforts to a worthwhile work and still have himself when the work is finished. In fact, he has more than he did when he began, because unselfish volunteer service has an enabling effect on the individual. One leader, plus a group of indifferent or passive people,

will produce a sum larger than the total of the parts. The Philippine Red Cross, added to the Filipino nation, will produce results larger than the original investment. The progression is geometric. It is a stone thrown into still water—the ring of reaction will reach to the farthest shore. It is like cell division.

It is not possible for man to live wholly unto himself. He soon finds that life is a hollow shell unless he share some of the responsibilities of others. The Red Cross expresses this highest human instinct of selfless service. It is an important basic fact that there is a human hunger for individual significance, for a sense of contributing to the social order, for a feeling of being necessary to something larger than the individual. This desire underlies Red Cross volunteer service. It lets the volunteer earn his self-approbation and lets society have the benefit of his work. The Red Cross is only 83 years old but it is a powerful world movement because it symbolizes this ancient axiom.

WE ARE now face to face with an action which will determine our position for many years. The umbilical-cord relationship between the American Red Cross and the Philippine Red Cross will soon end with the birth of a new entity—an independent organization in the

scheme of social advancement. We have worked hard to nourish and develop this new body and to bring it to the world, strong and healthy. Very much more needs to be done. It was Thomas Huxley who said that the rung of a ladder was never meant to rest upon but only to hold a man's foot long enough to let him put the other foot somewhat higher. We should not review the advancement we have made since liberation with smug self-congratulation. We have indeed opened chapters, installed efficient paid staff, established valuable programs and we have seen the beginnings of inspired volunteer leadership. These are only the beginnings. These are the minimum items of equipment. The hope for the future lies not in these modest things but in the mighty surge of volunteer interest which will be shown by the mass of the people. The responsibility for the work of the Philippine Red Cross must be placed in the hands of the people, from the Central Executive Committee to the smallest committee of the most remote barrio.

Let us realistically face the facts. The American Red Cross spent four million pesos in civilian relief activities in the Philippines following liberation. At that point, it was felt that the civil authorities of the Philippines, with the assistance of UNRRA, would be able to meet the relief needs of the people. In the reestablishment of the Philippine Red Cross, the American Red Cross spent P560,000 during the first fiscal year. The proposed budget for this fiscal year is P1,340,000 and the American Red Cross has expressed its willingness to supplement our resources in meeting this budget.

The Philippines is now an independent nation and under the provisions of the International Red Cross, the American Red Cross will not be able to continue its support here. This independence of the Philippine Red Cross will take place sooner than most of you expect but it must not be sooner than you are ready — that is your problem. The coming fund-raising campaign of the Philippine Red Cross will determine when the independence of the Philippine Red Cross will take place—it has never been a matter of if the independence will take place.

The post-war world, and any independent nation needs a sense of individual responsibility. When we get into the habit of making the welfare of the people a responsibility of the individual, we

will have gone a long way in rehabilitating the nation. The acceptance of volunteer responsibility by the Philippine Red Cross workers will help bring stability to the nation and reduce some of the unrest which now exists.

In all the history of the Red Cross, there has never been a situation which parallels this one. This is a unique adventure in social organization. What is being done here in the Philippines is being watched in Washington, in Geneva, in London and in Paris—by Red Cross leaders, in what is literally a world-wide arena of friendly interest. They are waiting for the Philippine Red Cross to prove its right to join the international family of Red Cross.

Everyone of you has a remarkable chance to make his name live in the social history of the Philippines. To have led the fight, to

have pioneered the movement, to have shouldered the load successfully during this exciting period, will entitle you to admission to that select circle of key Filipinos who helped substantially in the building of the Republic.

Our new Philippine Red Cross will soon be born into the adult responsibilities of Red Cross independence and it will have the most noble birthright of them all—a thousand generations of men and women of goodwill are ready to leave you the fruits of their labors. The Philippine Red Cross will start its adult life with the hearty best wishes and practical cooperation of 60 other independent Red Cross societies, and it will march proudly with them under the emblem which symbolizes a noble and imperishable ideal—man's humanity toward man.

TO ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, SALES, AND SUBSCRIPTION REPRESENTATIVES

Beginning with this issue, the **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** will come out twice a month instead of once, thereby breaking a tradition of seventeen years, due to the desire of the **WOMEN'S PUBLISHERS, INC.** to give in to numerous requests from readers all over the country to make this magazine bi-monthly. In view of this change, the **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** will come out every fifteenth and end of the month and its new subscription rates will be as follows: 1 year (24 issues), **P6.00**, and 2 years (48 issues), **P11.00**. Because of these changes in rates, previous payments of subscriptions will be applied accordingly. — Circulation Department, **WOMEN'S PUBLISHERS, INC.**

THE CLUB WOMAN'S BULLETIN BOARD

(Continued from page 26)

Mrs. Rosario Kalaw Roxas was unanimously elected president of the Singalong Woman's Club, which was recently reorganized by Mrs. Paz M. Catolico and Mrs. Solita Bautista. The officers were inducted into office by Mrs. Henares. On this occasion a memorial tree for Mrs. Escoda was planted in front of the Singalong Health Center. Mrs. Mercedes Llanes, Mrs. Escoda's mother was the guest of honor who planted the tree. The other officers of the Club are: Mrs. Felicidad Lopez, vice president; Mrs. Fely R. Zar-

co, secretary; Mrs. M. Zablán, assistant secretary; Mrs. Sofia Semilla, treasurer; Mrs. Teresa Salazar, assistant treasurer. Board of Directors: Miss Felicidad Meneses, Mrs. Margarita Amante, Miss Trinidad Caro, Miss Nieves Dimayuga, Miss Carmen Teodoro, Dra. Cecilia Abeto, Mrs. Nati Lalyos, and Miss Felisa Dalupan.

The occasion of Mrs. Escoda's birthday was the occasion for the planting of several memorial trees and the program sponsored by the Bautista Woman's Club,

Pangasinan. Miss Maxima S. Roberta Bergonia, Gregoria Belar-Francisco, the president of the woman's club secured the help and cooperation of Father Desiderio B. Sandoval who gave the invocation, Mrs. Tranquillo Banaga, the principal school teacher gave a speech, Mayor Vicente Pangasinan who likewise delivered

an address, and Mrs. Felisa B. Almerol, president of the Club, master of ceremonies for the occasion. Other participants in the program were Miss Cecilia de Guzman, Miss Nenita Casilang, Miss Basillisa Camacho, Mr. Antonio Gatchalian, Miss Leontia Brillante,

Mrs. Matilde L. Cortina was recently elected president of the Woman's Club in the Malling Plains Project No. 1, sponsored by the National Land Settlement Administration.



Instant Relief From

SKIN DISEASES, ECZEMAS, ITCHES, ATHLETES FOOT

Dhobinol

Improved with SULFATHIAZOLE



FORMULA FOR 100 GMS.—Sulfa Thiazole 2 Gms., Salicylic Acid 3 Gms., Ammoniated Mercury 4 Gms., Bismuth Subnitrate 12 Gms., Oil of Eucalyptus 12 Gms., Lanolin anhydrous. White petrolatum as q.s. 100 Gms



Linda Estrella and Fidel Castro in a scene from LVN's "Dalawang Datapig." The new picture co-stars Rogelio de la Rosa and Mida del Sol.

WAR VETERAN JOINS CAST OF MICKEY ROONEY FILM

Flying "the Hump" from India into China, possibly as many times as any other American pilot during the war, gave Dick Simmons premature grey hair over the temples, but in turn landed him his first screen "break" since his return to civilian status—a leading role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's **UNCLE ANDY HARDY**. His more mature appearance was the deciding factor in winning him the role of Mickey Rooney's rival for Bonita Granville in the new Hardy Family picture.

Simmons was signed to an acting contract by M-G-M in 1942 while riding for a ranch, where he was noticed by a studio executive. He appeared in **SEVEN**

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

we kept after him, and this (as you can imagine) has earned us the reputation of being "single-track minded." Melchor Aquino still aspires to a seat in Congress and if he proved capable enough it's purely politics. Mrs. Mendez acquiesced because she was on the spot, but later on changed her mind and wanted to withdraw her "illegitimate baby." Mrs. Martinez had her hands full of the jeep race over at the YWCA and we had to catch her thinking out loud to piece together her contribution. Mrs. Castreñe still writes at the drop of a hat. We heard she was confined in the hospital but we sent her a note just the same asking her if she could "please rant against the men." Before we knew it her copy was on our desk. Guilty of conscience, we apologized. "But I thought you were sick." She laughed and froze us with "Time flies."

—P.T.G.

SWEETHEARTS, THOUSANDS CHEER AND THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION.

Then, just as his future was looking rosiest, he joined the Air Transport Service. **UNCLE ANDY HARDY**, which also marks Mickey Rooney's return to pictures, will be produced by Robert Sisk, with Willis Goldbeck as director. It will reunite once again the entire Hardy Family—Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Sara Haden and Rooney.

EX-SOLDIER GETS IMPORTANT ROLE IN "UNDER-CURRENT"

Thanks to a newspaper story, a telephone call, and Katherine Hepburn's memory, ex-soldier Dan Tobin has a major role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's **UNDERCURRENT**.

Out of the service only a few months, actor Tobin read of the actress' return to Hollywood to co-star with Robert Taylor. He telephoned her to say he was out of the Army and to wish her luck in her new role.

Miss Hepburn remembered his portrayal as her male secretary in **WOMAN OF THE YEAR**, and his appearances with her on the stage in **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**. She also knew M-G-M was seeking someone to play a college professor who competes with Taylor for her hand in **UNDERCURRENT**. She suggested Tobin, M-G-M casting officials also remembered his work, and he

was handed the plum role.

Vincente Minnelli is directing **UNDECURRENT** with Pandro S. Berman as producer.

FRED ASTAIRE GIVES UP GLITTER OF HOLLYWOOD

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES** opens with a gala premiere in Hollywood, Fred Astaire, one of the stars of the musical revue, will have a private showing of the film on his plantation in South Carolina. A print of the musical is being shipped there by the studio.

Astaire evidently meant it when he announced he was retiring from pictures. He has bought a plantation near Aiken, South Carolina.

From now on the glitter of Hollywood is behind him, he says. When he's not on his plantation, he will be on his ranch in Encin-

tas, California.

"LA RASPA" WILL BE PERFORMED IN "FIESTA"

The finale of **FIESTA** features a dance number predicted to rival the rumba. It is "La Raspa," favorite new dance of Mexico, and so exciting that world-famous theatrical producer, Billy Rose, has offered to write lyrics for its music, gratis!

Rose, visiting in Mexico, wired

his offer to Producer Jack Cummings, after seeing "La Raspa" danced in all the leading cafes and cities in Mexico, and urged Cummings to incorporate it in his Technicolor musical.

But the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer was a jump ahead of Rose's wire. The cameras were already turning on the number when it arrived.

Cummings, however, is taking Rose up on his offer and for additional scenes, will have Cyd Charisse sing a verse to the exciting dance — lyrics courtesy of Billy Rose.

ANDRE PREVIN, PIANIST SIGNS CONTRACT WITH M-G-M

Andre Previn, sixteen-year-old pianist, was signed to a long term contract by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios following his amazing performance as soloist with the G-M-G Symphony Orchestra.

Young Previn, who appeared briefly in **HOLIDAY IN MEXICO**, was re-engaged to do the piano concerto section of a record-breaking 4½ minute musical number in the new film, **FIESTA**. The number, "Fantasia Mexicana," was adapted by Johnny Green from Aaron copelan's "El Salon Mexico," and plays an important part in the script. Directly following his recording of the number, Previn signed the contract which goes into effect June 1.

FIESTA, directed by Richard Thorpe, is filmed in Technicolor and stars Esther William. Jack Cummings is the producer.

● PAUW NEWSLETTERS

(Continued from page 31)

portion of the legitimate children will not be impaired, since the inheritance of the illegitimate children will come from the free portion (which can be given to anybody anyway) and that the family will not be threatened. They add that if men know (and women for that matter) they can be forced to acknowledge, to support and to endow their illegitimate children, (now and hereafter) they will probably toe the line more strictly. That, of course, remains to be seen.)

The PAUW almost missed being represented at the tree planting ceremony at Queen Grove the day before Mrs. Roxon's birthday. Conching Henares (one of our "promising" members and acting president of the NFWC was inspired at the last hour to invite representatives from other women's organizations to plant their own trees. Pacita Mendez could

not go and delegated the job to first vice Asuncion Perez (who probably never got the note) and sent another note to Adela Planas-Paterno to pinch-hit "just in case."

The PAUW plant is a **Caimito** which we should visit one of these days. What do you think Adela got in addition to her job of tree-planting? An invitation by the First Lady to dine at Malacafian that very same day!

Adela, who has been appointed manager of the PAUW visit to the veterans is turning every stone to make it a success. She has promises from Abbott Laboratories, Genato Commercial, and possibly Squibbs to donate medicine; Francisca Tolentino, who has changed her second name to Aquino, is going to make up for her absences from our meetings by putting on her Filipino trope (gratis et amore, of course!)

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

OUT TWO TIMES A MONTH!

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



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



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



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

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

Gentlemen:

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

.....
Name Of Sender

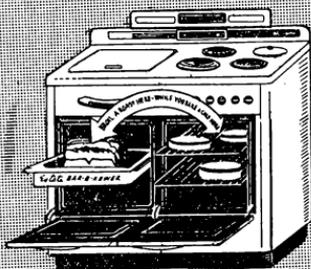
.....
Address

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

The Heart of a Modern Kitchen!

ESTATE *Heatrola* **RANGES**



You can't enjoy life with a weak heart. Should it fail just when your enthusiasm is at its peak . . . well . . . it's just too bad.

In your kitchen, you can't take chances, either. Whether preparing for company or just ordinary meals, an ESTATE Heatrola RANGE will assure success with a minimum of time and money. With such exclusive features as the BAR-B-KEWER (separate meat oven that broils a whole roast), accurate heat controls and dish warming

well, ESTATE RANGES will make you a better cook!

Your cakes and pies needn't wait for the roast—and you save that much time and energy. Being less pressed for precious minutes, you are more at ease. You will taste the difference in the flavor and wholesomeness of your dishes cooked on an ESTATE Range.

A few more units left. See us today.

ESTATE *Heatrola* **RANGES**

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

MANILA TRADE EXCHANGE

ROOM 200, CALVO BUILDING — ESCOLTA, MANILA