

WOMAN'S
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Journal

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February 15, 1948



VIRGINIA (Baby) PAMINTUAN
(Photo by Bob's)

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WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL

(OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS)

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The "Woman's Home Journal" is edited and published by the Women's Publishers, Inc., at 1065 Soler, Ramon Rocas Bldg., Manila, Philippines. Telephone: 8-64-23. Entered as second class matter at the Manila Post Office on July 10, 1948. Subscription Rates: 1 year (24 issues) P4.00; 6 months (12 issues) P2.00; 2 years (48 issues) P7.00. For foreign countries double these rates.

This Fortnight's Issue

WE resume our cover scheme—showing pictures of Manila's popular debutantes—with this issue. Our choice this time has fallen on Virginia (known to her friends as "Baby") Pamintuan, youngest sister of the glamorous Pamintuan girls—Pacita, Ofelia, Lucy, all married and therefore out of the social limelight. The photograph is, as usual, by BOB's.

The author of THE BETRAYAL is news editor of the Evening News, and in case you have forgotten, his collection of short stories under the title HOW THE AUTOMOBILE CAME TO TOWN, won the first prize in the short story section of the 1941 Commonwealth Literary Contest.

THE BETRAYAL, which we are running in two installments, is a chapter from a novel about guerrillas (and what writer in the Philippines has not written or is contemplating writing a book on guerrillas or their activities) that the author is preparing for publication during his spare hours.

We hope our readers, the women especially, will make it a point to read Secretary Orseta's speech before the convention of provincial governors and city mayors last month, which appears on page 6. Our lack of civic-mindedness is, we believe, one of our greatest faults at the present, and the fact that there is so much to be done at our own initiative makes this fault graver than ever.

And speaking about our lack of civic-mindedness, this is also the cause of the sad state of sanitation throughout the Philippines. We throw garbage just anywhere because we believe that it is not our duty to (Continued on page 34)

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Photo by BOB's

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The BETRAYAL



By CONSORCIO S. BORJE

ELENA knew that Paulo was in grave danger when she espied, in the yard of his shanty, the footprints of the American, Capt. J. J. Flint, long wanted by the Japanese.

Yesterday afternoon, she had gone to the country to gather vegetables, but when day turned into night and she could not pass the line of sentries she accepted her cousin's hospitality.

She and Paulo had a royal chicken supper (how more abundant it was here than in town!) and then Paulo gave her his bed in the main room, while he laid a mat and pillow for himself in the porch. The last she heard before she fell asleep, was Paulo making noises on the uneven bamboo floor and saying Damn, he had yet to feed the pig and count the chickens, and she felt a twinge of charitable gull; that he had to lie out there in the windy porch on a rough floor while she had the warm comfort of his kapok mattress.

Once in the deep night, she was half-aroused by the sound of something moving in the yard, followed after a dim and remote interval by the clamorous barking of dogs across the creek, and then there was a racking of plates outside, and Paulo whistling and Polanqui, the pig, grumping, and there were tiny shafts of sunlight spearing through chinks in the wall and splashing on her thick warm blanket.

Up to her ears in Paulo's great blanket bathrobe and dragging his huge slippers, Elena went to the kitchen to wash, Paulo was stooping over the fire, poaching eggs, his nose wrinkled and his eyes teary from the smoke. A sooty smudge decorated one cheek.

"I suppose you darn your socks too," the girl shouted through the bubbles of laundry soap in the enamel basin.

"None," Paulo shouted back. "My last pair wore out without such help."

With a deliciously scandalous feeling—"What a charming breakfast companion you are," Paulo had remarked teasingly—Elena wrecked mounds of poached eggs without salt, and a spring chicken roasted without salt on a spit, and smoking white heaps of rice. They had coffee without sugar.

Paulo's spirits had revived from his usual quiet melancholy, and between recitations of *rubaiyat* from Omar Khayyam—"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and Thou beside me in this wilderness... This wilderness were paradise now..."—he waved a chicken wing around and told stories about himself.

It was just then that, leaning

over the balustrade, Elena saw the sandal-prints. In a bed of fluff dug up by the fowls the prints lay, one before the other stealthily, the impression of the toe deeper than that of the heel, like the tread of some prehistoric giant who had come on tiptoe within arm's reach of the dining table. One print read the inverted word "Good" and the other print the inverted word "Year."

You couldn't mistake those prints. No one wore sandals of that size, for one thing, and she, as a guerrilla, had given Flint the sandals, fashioned out of discarded automobile tires, for another.

Elena put a hand to her mouth to stifle a scream.

"Swallowed a bone?" Paulo inquired solicitously.

"Flint was here!" Elena gasped. "You don't say!" he exclaimed, staring at her.

"Look!" She indicated the sandal-prints. "He was here last night, I thought I heard someone moving in the yard and the neighbors' dogs barking. It was Flint."

"Can you beat that," Paulo said, staring at the prints. He looked more gully than dumbfounded. A sudden suspicion entered Elena's head.

Her eyes narrowed. "You don't, by any chance, happen to have known about this, do you?"

"Women do get the funniest ideas," he countered, laughing easily.

"Answer me," Elena said sternly. "Well, suppose I did," he temporized.

"You did know about it," the girl cried, "and there you've been talking your head off about how much you hated war and—and intrigue, and you're up to your neck in it. All the time you've been laughing at me up your sleeve. Good-bye!" "Just like a woman," he declared, "to jump at conclusions. Sit down!" She sat down.

"Now that you know so much," he said, "no use holding out on you. I surprised Flint in the kitchen a couple of days ago. He was ill and very hungry. He blundered down here, I fed him, gave him a blanket and some clothes, shared with him my few remaining quinine tablets, and directed him to a hiding place. I leave food for him on this table every night. Beyond that Flint does not exist to me, nor I to him."

Elena could not believe her ears. "But Paulo, you couldn't!"

Elena's enthusiasm for the guerrillas had cooled considerably ever since the Japs, in the attempt to locate Flint, had killed her father, her sweetheart who was himself a guerrilla leader and had fallen while covering for Flint when they were surprised in their mountain hideout, and numerous friends and neighbors in town.

Paulo had been a much more outspoken non-interventionist, but since, he spoke harshly of Japanese and guerrillas alike he lived by himself as much as possible.

"That's right," he admitted, nodding. "I shouldn't. But, damn it, what else could I do?"

Elena pressed her lips together indignantly. "You could talk like that now, but when I was feeding him, you had many unkind things to say."

"I still think I was right," Paulo said. "Had he surrendered then, this terrible manhunt might have been avoided. He didn't care to get his throat cut lying down? Neither did Acong, nor Pablo, nor Don Giron, scores of them... Even today, if Flint surrenders, who knows he'll come through, and many men yet to die will be saved. But Flint wouldn't surrender—and try to persuade him I did—and... Hell, I couldn't let him starve, I don't offer that as any justification at all. 'I don't understand,'" Elena said.

Again Paulo nodded, rather decisively. "Neither do I," he agreed. "It doesn't make sense. Why for instance, don't I try to starve him

(Continued on page 30)



President Roxas shown handing a check for P1,000 as his contribution to the PNRC Fund to Mrs. Quezon, chairman of the board.

President Roxas Appeals for Support to PNRC

TODAY the Philippine National Red Cross starts its yearly drive to raise funds to cover its estimated expenditures for the current year. It calls on every inhabitant of the Philippines to give his ardent and wholehearted support to the humanitarian purposes for which the organization has been established. I am sure that the people in general realize that the Red Cross is giving them invaluable service.

Since its creation as an independent organization, our Red Cross has been able to render succor to the helpless and unfortunate victims of national disasters—thanks to the funds contributed by our people.

During the past year, the Philippines has been lashed by six destructive typhoons, leaving in their wake enormous loss of property and crops. Many lives were lost in these calamities. The Philippine Red Cross, always ready to help the distressed, distributed relief and helped in the form of food, clothing and medicine to a total of 248,674 persons. It also handled the distribution of government relief. In inundated places,

in the several towns of Isabela where 3,000 persons were isolated by the swelling rivers, Red Cross relief workers cooperated with government agents to rescue the victims by using amphibian trucks, landing barges and bancas to remove them to places of safety.

Fire, too, took its heavy toll. Several fires broke out in various parts of the Philippines, the biggest of which were in Cebu City and in Tarlac. In the former, 2,383 persons were immediately given assistance through the Red Cross and in the latter, 2,902 people were aided.

When the Mayon Volcano in Atbay erupted in early January, last year, the Red Cross evacuated the people living at the foot of the volcano to places of comparative security and provided them with food and medicines.

But the Philippine National Red Cross does not confine its humanitarian service only to disaster-stricken thousands in times of grave calamity. Even during normal times the Red Cross carried on its mission of relief and assistance to those in need of them.

000 families belonging to different nationalities in the form of

consultation, guidance and information regarding legislation and government benefits; help in actual preparation of, claims for government benefits; aid in procuring necessary documentary evidence; and assistance in referring persons in need to the proper welfare agencies.

The Military Welfare Service of the National Red Cross, with its representatives in different military camps and hospitals, provided consultation and guidance to those in the service, assisted in filing claims for government benefits for those being discharged, gave hospital and social service to patients, and provided wholesome recreational activities for the sick and the able-bodied. More than 9,000 soldiers and their families were thus aided up to last

December. This same branch supplied 2,635 athletic and vocational articles to various army units.

To promote a safer and healthier way of life, the Safety Service department of the organization trained 22,600 men, women and children in first aid, water safety, and accident prevention. Approximately 14,000 men and women were given home nursing instruction by the Nursing Service department, the training consisting chiefly in the care of the sick, the prevention of diseases, and the proper care of mother and child after childbirth. This department enrolled about 2,000 re-

Because of these continuous acts of humanitarian service, and as a matter of national pride, we should support the National Red Cross. For many years our Red Cross was a mere chapter of the American Red Cross. As such, we were almost entirely dependent on the financial support of the mother organization. Naturally,

we did not enjoy the right to control its policies. But now, because of our adherence to the Treaty of Geneva on February 14, 1947, the Philippine National Red Cross has become independent and must carve its own destiny. It must establish its own prestige through its initiative, resourcefulness and painstaking devotion. As a Philippine organization, it deserves our moral and financial support.

Every peso contributed to the Philippine Red Cross goes to humanitarian service. Let us not forget that food, medicines, supplies and clothes entail large out-

lays from the funds of the organization. Men and women, self-trained and sacrificing to a fault, employed and paid in order that the program of assistance to the victims of inevitable catastrophes may be carried on without interruption whenever and wherever help is needed.

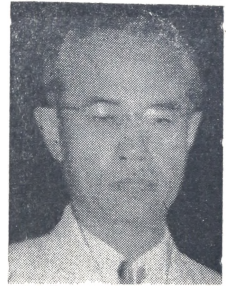
We must, therefore, get together and give the Red Cross as large a contribution as we can afford. We must lead it a help-

(Continued on page 30)



Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo was one of the speakers at the luncheon given by the board of directors of the Manila-Quezon City Chapter of the PNRC to open the 1948 Fund Campaign. Others in the picture are Senator Pecoson, American Ambassador O'Neal and Mrs. Quezon, chairman of the board.

Secretary ROMAN OZAETA
of the Department of Justice
Says Rising Tide of Criminality In
This Country Is Due To



OUR LACK of CIVIC-MINDEDNESS

I take it that this convention of provincial and city executives is intended to serve as a clearing house of ideas and policies you may adopt and pursue to promote the welfare and happiness of our people. I shall present to this clearing house my ideas on one of the big problems confronting the government for you to test their soundness and validity and to accept or reject them as your best judgment may dictate.

One of the many grave and compelling tasks confronting the government in this postwar period of readjustment and reconstruction is to fight and suppress the rising tide of criminality in this country. During the period from March to December, 1945, 6,499 criminal cases were filed in the Courts of First Instance; in 1946, 14,865 criminal cases; and from January to November, 1947, 13,169 criminal cases were filed. We must bear in mind that the number of criminal cases filed in the courts is not the full measure of the number of crimes committed. Many crimes are not registered in the courts either because the perpetrators are not identified or because the necessary proofs against the suspects cannot be procured. Nevertheless, the number of criminal cases being filed is more than double the number of ordinary civil cases. The prewar records of the Department of Justice are not now available for the purpose of comparison with the postwar records as to the number of criminal cases filed every year, but my information and my own recollection is

that the number of criminal cases filed during the last two years is very much larger than that filed previous to the outbreak of the war.

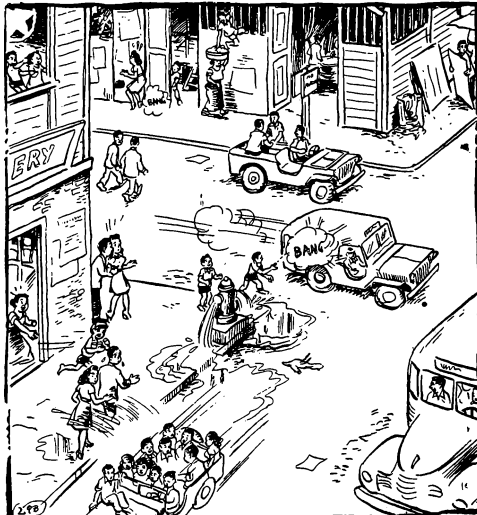
Many factors have contributed and still contribute to this unprecedented rise of criminality. During the three years and nine months that the war lasted in this country, law and order broke down, and violence and bloodshed, hunger and privation were the order of the day. The moral

fiber of the masses snapped or deteriorated. Hundreds of thousands of children of school age grew to adolescence and manhood untutored and untrained in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship; and what was worse, their moral sensibilities were blunted by the daily occurrences of lawlessness which they witnessed during those tragic and frightful years. An enormous quantity of loose firearms brought here by the forces of liberation

found their way into the hands of a great number of calloused and unprincipled individuals.

On the other hand, the greater number of law-abiding citizens do not seem to have recovered their civic dignity and pride. If not directly victimized by the lawbreakers, they do not feel concerned by the crimes; they are not aroused to indignation and do not help the agents of the law track down the criminals and put them behind the bars. Some are indifferent while others are afraid that if they side with the victims against the criminals they themselves would be victimized. They fail to realize that by such attitude and conduct they tolerate and abet crimes and thereby place their own safety and security in constant jeopardy.

Let me bring home to you the great handicap that the agents of the law, the prosecuting officers, and the courts of justice encounter in discharging their duties to suppress lawlessness and protect the public on account of the lack of cooperation from the people. When a crime is perpetrated, it is the moral and civic duty of everybody who may have knowledge of it, whether or not he be the offended party, to denounce the perpetrator and testify against him. But the sad and lamentable fact is that such duty is commonly avoided, with the result that the criminal goes scot free and remains at liberty to commit other crimes. Even when the offender is identified and prosecuted, before the trial takes place the witnesses are intimidated or otherwise "fixed" so that they either disappear, evade the service of



Crime Takes a Holiday.

* Address of Secretary Ozaeta before the Convention of Provincial Governors and City Mayors, Manila, January 23, 1948.

Profile



Mrs. J. L. BLAIR BUCK

President, General Federation of Women's Clubs of America

subpoena, or do not tell the truth of the court. Result: Either the case is dismissed or the accused is acquitted and set free to commit other crimes. As long as crimes pay, they will continue to be perpetrated; and the law-abiding citizens, because of their lack of civic consciousness and moral courage, will continue to suffer.

Just as our buildings, factories, and means of communication which were destroyed or damaged during the war need reconstruction and repair, the moral fiber and the civic spirit of our people which were impaired by the tragedies of the war, likewise need restoration and re-birth. It is the duty of every leader, and every respectable citizen of this country—in the press, in the schools, in the pulpit, in every community gathering—to undertake a systematic campaign to instruct and enlighten the masses on their civic duties, to infuse in them civic dignity and pride, to make them realize that it is to their interest to obey the law and to see to it that no one violates the law with impunity, that every crime unpunished is a menace to their own safety and well-being, and that all enemies of the law are also enemies of every decent and law-abiding citizen.

Everybody knows that unlicensed firearms in the possession of unscrupulous individuals are the greatest menace to the safety and tranquility of society. For that reason, the law penalizing illegal possession of firearms has been amended to make the penalty very stiff. Yet how many law-abiding citizens have ever volunteered information to the agents of the law denouncing the possessors of unlicensed firearms whom they may know?

Another patent proof of the lack of civic-mindedness, bordering on stupidity, on the part of many of our people is the rampant practice of fishing by dynamite. Everybody knows that catching fish by dynamite is destructive of

the fishing wealth and resources of the country, and for that reason the law penalizes such practice. Yet the fishermen themselves, the very class of people who depend upon the fishing industry for their livelihood, feel no compunction in continually resorting to that destructive and criminal method of catching fish. It is very difficult

considers vital. Resolutions pertaining to Congressional measures have previously been submitted to individual members for a vote.

On world issues, the Federation has given unqualified approval to the Marshall Plan for European recovery; it supports full participation by the United States in the United Nations; and it is in favor of an International Court of Justice.

An important phase of Federation work is its scholarships and loans to women students, both in the United States and in foreign countries. Another is the foreign

tor of Teacher Training of the Virginia State Department of Education and is now on loan to the University of London to work with the graduate school.

Mrs. Buck was born Dorothea Dutcher in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, attended Milwaukee-Downer Seminary there, Briarcliff Junior College in New York, and had a year's travel in Europe. She was in New York studying to be a portrait painter at the time she was married. She expects to take up her painting again when she has retired from club work. She has two grown daughters and a son.

Mrs. Buck is a tall, slender, handsome woman with graying brown hair. She is gracious, outspoken, and business-like. Her large, tastefully furnished office overlooks a courtyard which contains a magnificent magnolia tree, and she has the use of an apartment in the headquarters building, reserved for the Federation president.

As a girl Mrs. Buck was very athletic and excelled as a swimmer. She enjoys the theater, but her favorite recreation, which she shares with her husband and children, is sailing. They have an ocean-going sail boat at their summer home in Virginia and she acts as the helmsman on their trips up and down the Atlantic coast.

In Washington her working day often lasts 18 hours and she spends more than half her time away from Federation headquarters, attending national and international conferences. During her three-year term of office she tries to visit each of the 48 conventions at least once. In addition to her duties for the Federation, Mrs. Buck is one of the two women members of the Citizens Food Committee which is saving grain for Europe.—(USIS)

and territorial club committee which fosters letter writing between the club women of the United States and women in foreign countries. This committee also arranges for the exchange of teachers and students; sends food and clothing to needy persons abroad, and works for the extension of federated clubs in foreign countries. Federated clubs are organized in countries as widely separated as Argentina and Finland, China and Poland.

The Federation's headquarters are in an old mansion in Washington, D. C. The presidency is a full time position but pays no salary. Mrs. Buck, whose term expires in 1950, is from Richmond, Virginia, and has been active in women's organizations for 25 years. Her husband is co-ordina-

for the agents of the law to catch these violators because they perpetrate their crime in the open sea and at night-time. I have been told of a school child living in a fishing district somewhere in Malabar, who was asked by her teacher in the class to describe the method by which her parents and relatives catch fish, and she

answered naively that the commonest and easiest method used by them was—dynamite.

We may enact all the penal laws necessary to protect society and promote its welfare and happiness, and all the officers of the law, all the agencies of the government, may bend every effort

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A Saber for



Scowler Was Often Mad At His Mom,
And Showed It Up In Many Funny
Ways...Here Is A Story To Warm
Your Heart

By TOM MARVIN

WE SWEET-TALKED Mrs. Grunther without shame; we worked on her gingerly, like two sappers digging up a land mine. Finally she unpursed her mouth long enough to snap that Dusty might go fishing with me. If he promised not to rock the dory.

As we headed down Pine Street toward the lake, Dusty said: "Dad, why must you ask the old housekeeper's permission to take your own kid fishing? It ain't none of Grunt's business. I don't dig that. Not by a damn sight."

"Mrs. Grunther has done a middling fair job of raising you for two years," I said. "I don't want to interfere with her schedule just because I'm home again." I nudged him with my fishing pole. "Strikes me you used a pretty strong word for a ten-year-old kid."

"Grunt?" Dusty asked innocently, giving me his patented blue-eyed stare. "I been calling her Grunt ever since you hired her and hit for Parris Island. And I ain't changing now."

We untied the dory and rowed out afloat Picnic Point and dropped our hooks overside. Dusty didn't notice that I put no minnow on mine. I wanted no fish bothering me. I just wanted to sit on the thwart and watch my kid.

He'd sprouted in two years; he'd

begin to look something like Sally through the eyes. But what confused me was the mental and emotional changes that those two years had brought. You go away leaving an eight-year-old tad who calls you Daddy and you come home to a ten-year-old who tries to call you Marty, until you put your foot down.

Dusty caught a stringerful of rock bass while he chattered lazily, never suspecting what his gabbing meant to me, and I caught a fresh midwestern sunburn over my Pacific model. We pulled the dory in and started home.

When we hit Pine Street again Dusty jabbed me, nodding at a kid approaching us, and said out of the corner of his mouth: "This is the guy that drank the water out of Finnegan's birdbath."

The kid was maybe seven years old, a tow-headed frizzletop with a smudge across his mouth. He walked with his arms held sort of slowlegged, swinging a slingshot. A sleek coach dog padded behind him.

Passing us, the frizzletop flicked the slingshot in a deadpan salute and said: "Hi, Dusty." "Hi, Scowler," Dusty replied. We walked a few steps and Dusty said, "He's mad at his mom."

"You don't say," I said.

"That's why he drank up Finne-

gan's birdbath. He soaked Red's cat with kerosene last week and tried to set him on fire."

"Because he's mad at his mom?"

"Notice that slingshot?" Dusty said. "Means he didn't get a letter from his old man again today. Every once in awhile he gets extra sore about it and goes over and busts windows in Mr. Reed's greenhouse. The kid's a holy terror."

I turned around with new interest to look at the holy terror. And I just about turned to ice.

"Look out, kid!" I yelled.

He was out in the midst of traffic on Pine Street. Crossing catty-corner, the kid and his dog, in all that tangled mess. Cars were z'pping by them. But they just kept padding along as if the traffic simply didn't exist.

"Get back, kid!" I yelled. A truck dodged around them, and for an instant I couldn't see the frizzletop at all.

Beside me, Dusty let out a whoop, waving like a semaphore gone mad. Some women on the sidewalk screamed, and drivers began noticing the lad. Brakes started squealing, horns blaring, men cussing.

AND then somehow the strolling kid and his pooch reached the opposite curb. Without glancing back they ambled down an alley, the boy still strutting.

I leaned against a tree, blowing. And mad. "Where's that youngster live?" I demanded. "What's his name? Are his folks loco?"

"That's Scowler Bond," Dusty said. "His mom says he's really Scowler the Third. They rented Mrs. Loder's house last year."

"Boy, am I going to give his parents a piece of my mind! Right now!"

"You can't," said Dusty. "His old man is a j.g. in the coast-

guard. Ain't been home for two years. And his mom works until five-thirty. She winds armatures at Kraven's shop. She ain't home now."

"Stop saying ain't! Doesn't Mrs. Grunther teach you any grammar? Who watches that kid, then?"

Dusty looked me in the eye. "An old housekeeper."

We just sort of stood there for a moment.

Finally he took his blue gaze off me while he changed hands on the stringer of rock bass. I thought gratefully, Thanks for the reprieve.

"Dad," he said, "let's hike up Main Street on the way home."

"Okay," I said. "But I'm going to have a word with that housekeeper, believe me! Why Main Street? Want to show off your rock bass to the whole town?"

"I want to show off my old man," Dusty said.

I clamped an arm around his shoulders and we went up Main.

Mrs. Grunther raised hob with him because he'd got fish scales on his knickers. After his shower he came outside and sat under the Paul's Scarlet climbers with me, wearing a towel around his neck like a boxer while his tawny hair dried.

"Why is he mad at his mom?" I said. "How does he figure he's getting even with her by drinking Finnegan's birdbath? You sure it's Scowler who's the holy terror? Or is it his mom?"

"No, sir, not her, not by a damn sight. Man, his mom is super. She's got yellow hair and a regular mom laugh. Nothing like Grunt."

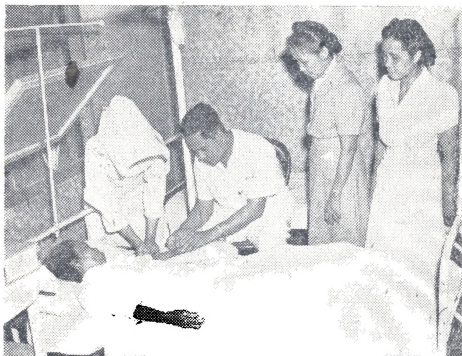
"Then why is Scowler mad at her?"

Dusty sucked on a blade of grass, considering. "I don't dig that myself. He sort of blames her because his old man never

(Continued on page 16)

At the press conference given by Mrs. Quezon as chairman of the board of governors of the Philippine National Red Cross during which the objectives of the present fund campaign were first revealed, Dr. J. H. Yanson, manager of the PNRC, said that in addition to its regular service program, this organization is considering the inauguration of a blood donation campaign this year. This is not the first time that the establishment of blood banks from which life-saving plasma can be obtained in times of emergency, has been proposed here. Last year, Dr. Alfredo Baens, well-known Manila obstetrician, upon his return from the United States, recommended the establishment of a blood bank at the Philippine General Hospital for use in delivery hemorrhages. He said that in the United States the blood bank is part of the standard equipment of every maternity hospital. The following article, reprinted from the Woman's Home Companion, tells you why we need to have live blood in reserve and how the American Red Cross goes about getting people to give their blood.

WHY WE NEED BLOOD



BLOOD PLASMA, which made a reputation for itself as a great life-saver during the last World War, saved the life of this earthquake victim whose right foot was amputated. She was one of the many victims saved by the "magic-fluid" distributed by the Red Cross. Administering her blood plasma is Dr. Jose B. Cocjin, director of the St. Paul's hospital in Iloilo city, and the lady in Red Cross uniform is Dr. Carolina Sison, Red Cross chapter administrator for Iloilo and Antique.

BLOOD and blood products are critically short in America today. Reports such as those above are not unusual but few of us realize the tragedies behind them. Our supply of surplus war plasma is nearly exhausted and little fresh blood is coming in to our blood banks. When the war plasma is gone—and that will be early next year—the health and lives of untold thousands of America's sick and injured will be in terrible and unnecessary jeopardy.

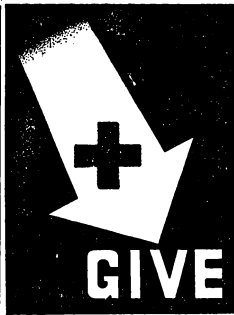
Doctors and hospitals are apprehensive—e v e n desperate. Neither nature nor science offers a substitute for human blood. It can't be manufactured in the laboratory like the other life-savers—

stulfa, penicillin, streptomycin. Doctors know how much is needed, how little there is in sight. Somehow they must get hold of three million, seven hundred thousand pints of blood within the next year—one pint for every thirty-five Americans.

Why do we suddenly need this tremendous amount of blood? And why, needing blood, can't we get it easily from millions of healthy adult Americans?

Doctors are using more blood than ever before in surgery and medicine. The war taught doctors its great value in the treatment of wounds, including the wounds of surgery. And they also learned that the generous use of blood

(Continued on page 27)



THE RED CROSS drive was formally launched by President Roxas and Mrs. Quezon last Friday night (January 30) when they made a joint appeal to the people of the Philippines at a nation-wide broadcast held at the Malacañan Social Hall. During the program, the president handed his personal contribution in the sum of ₱1,000. Mrs. Quezon also gave her personal donation, also in the amount of ₱1,000, while Vice-President Elpidio Quinsino and Miss Jovita Fuentes contributed ₱100 and ₱20 respectively.

The sum of ₱1,500,000, to be used in the maintenance of vital Red Cross services in the Philippines for the current calendar year, is the goal of the present drive. Of that amount ₱715,000 will be raised in Manila and Quezon City, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo-Lum, while the rest will be subscribed through voluntary contributions and donations in provinces and cities throughout the Philippines.

The first to be conducted by the PNRC since it attained independent status in April last year, the fund drive will continue until February 29 in accordance with a proclamation of President Manuel Roxas in which he cited the invaluable services of the Red Cross and called on all residents and citizens of the Philippines regardless of race and creed as well as on all civic-spirited organizations to support the Red Cross drive.

The proclamation authorizes all provincial, city and municipal government officials, including school authorities, to accept fund campaign responsibilities in their respective territories.

In cooperation with the Red Cross, the Social Welfare Commission has set aside February exclusively for the PNRC drive by withholding permits for any other fund solicitations in Manila and provinces during the month.

All contributions and donations no matter in what amount will be acknowledged with the corresponding receipt to be issued after the

donation or contribution has been made, it was announced by PNRC headquarters.

Furthermore, all Red Cross campaigners and solicitors are provided with identification cards duly signed by their respective chairmen. This is to protect the public from impostors, it was revealed.

Approximately 500,000 volunteer campaigners will pool their efforts

GIVE TILL IT HURTS

to insure the success of the fund campaign. Of the number, a big majority is made up by Filipinos, while the rest include outstanding foreigners residing in the Philippines. Members of the international community in Manila and the provinces, aware of the humanitarian services of the Red Cross, have unhesitatingly accepted volunteer positions on Red Cross fund campaign committees, it was learned.

The PNRC Chairman explained that the Philippine National Red Cross, like other Red Cross organizations abroad, depends completely on the people's voluntary support, adding that without the people's support, the Red Cross cannot exist. Referring to the national goal of the fund campaign, she pointed out that it is the minimum amount required by the organization to carry out its vital services for the present calendar year. She appealed to all residents of the Philippines irrespective of creed, color, political affiliation, or financial status to give their share in "this undertaking."

The fund campaign is to be conducted in a systematic manner to insure as much as possible its successful outcome. Every province and city is under a fund campaign committee. Every municipality is under a municipal fund campaign committee. Some provinces are even organized into four or five districts, each district comprising several municipalities. Each of these districts is under a district chairman.

Individuals who can give beyond average contributions are solicited by a special corps of topnotch solicitors belonging to the "Advance Gifts Division."

Other soliciting divisions are the Large and Small Divisions, the Government Offices Division, the Schools and Universities Division, Organization Division, Professionals Division, the Residential Divisions, the Benefits Division, and the Military Establishments Division. The names imply the fields in which they operate.

SPRING came to Cleveland in 1909 without stirring Gates Avenue. In the attractive residential area that bordered it, householders were digging gardens, oiling lawn mowers and slapping clapboards with paint brushes. Gates Avenue just went along its slovenly way.

Only a block long, its wretchedness seemed to give it greater dimension. Most of its families were poor, and resigned to poverty. The men worked irregularly in the steel mills and found their recreation in the saloons. The drab houses had not even running water; Gates Avenue families carried their pails to the hydrant at the curb.

The street itself was unpaved and rutted. The railroad at one end of the block added grime and noise to the scene. There was no street light.

Most of the little girls in Miles Park elementary school nearby were gay that spring in new clothes, but the one little girl from Gates Avenue still wore the soiled middy and tattered skirt she had worn all winter. Probably these were her only clothes.

Her teacher sighed. Such a nice little girl—friendly, industrious. Her face was streaked with dirt and her hair was a tangle; even so, you could see she had pretty features. So the teacher said, "Please, won't you wash your face before you come to school tomorrow morning? Just for me."

The next morning the child's face was scrubbed to a shining pink and her hair was combed.

The teacher ventured further. "Now, dear," she said, "please ask your mother to wash out your middy and skirt."

But the girl continued to wear the same soiled outfit. "Her



mother must be indifferent," the teacher said to herself, so she bought a bright-blue pinafore and gave it to the child, who took the gift with eager fingers and raced home. Next morning she was a bundle of brightness. She told the teacher: "Mom almost fell over when she saw me this morning in my new getup. Pop was at work so he didn't see me. But wait till suppertime."

When her father saw her in the pinafore, he blinked with the realization that he had a pretty little girl. He blinked even more when he found a cloth on the supper table. The family had never indulged in such formality.

"What's the idea?" he asked. "We're going to have to clean up around here," his wife replied. "We've got to live up to our daughter."

After supper the mother started scrubbing floors. Her husband watched in silent puzzlement. Then he wandered into the backyard and began to repair the fence.

The next evening with the family's help he cleared the debris in the yard and started spading a garden.

A week later a neighbor, stirred by the activity next door, started to paint his house—for the first

time in ten years.

When the Rev. T. Alfred Fleming, young pastor of a nearby church, strolled along Gate Avenue a few days later, he saw the two men at work. He noted the unpaved street and the trash in the yards. His awareness of such firetraps was sharpened by his searing experience of a year before when he had taken part in rescue efforts at the Collinwood school fire in which 173 pupils had been burned to death. "People who are trying so desperately to have decent homes in a place like this deserve help," he resolved.

He tackled civic officials and finally persuaded the city to pave the street, pipe running water into the houses and install a street light. Then he and other civic leaders put pressure on the landlords to repair the houses.

The street acquired a new look. Families became better dressed, and some of the local sots took the pledge. Some families began going to church.

Six months after the little girl got her new pinafore, Gates Avenue had become a tidy block of friendly homes and respectable citizens.

The transformation became known as the Gates Avenue Clean-up. Reports of it resulted in similar campaigns in other commu-

nities. Everywhere Fleming went he told the story.

Captain J. J. Conway, head of the Cincinnati salvage corps, heard it. For years he had tried to organize fire-prevention drives in his city, but he had made little headway. Now he decided that his drives, to succeed, must have broader scope—"of making our city a more beautiful and safer and healthier place to live in." So, in 1913, the nation's first organized clean-up on a city-wide scale was conducted in Cincinnati, with school children, civic groups and improvement associations cooperating.

The idea spread. Fleming left the ministry to devote all his time to welfare work. He joined the National Board of Fire Underwriters, promoting the clean-up idea. Millions of pamphlets were distributed, urging clean-up campaigns—not only to prevent fires but to fight disease and improve living standards. Many cities and towns instituted annual paint-up crusades.

Last spring more than 10,000,000 persons in 7000 American communities turned out to clean up their neighborhoods in organized efforts.

What a train of events to proceed from the gift of a blue pinafore to a little girl!

MIRACLE of the BLUE PINAFORE

THIS MONTH WE CELEBRATE

DO YOU know that February is the birth-month of many American personages?

The 11th is the birthday of Thomas A. Edison who invented the talking machine or phonograph and the incandescent lamp. Honest Abe saw the light of day on the 12th of this month, while George Washington's natal day falls on the 22nd as you all know. Longfellow, beloved children's poet, known to every high school student

for his Hiawatha, was born on the 27th.

Only woman personage born during this month was Susan B. Anthony, whose name will be forever associated with woman suffrage in the United States.

She saw the light of day in Adams, Massachusetts on February 15, 1820. After being a school-teacher for 15 years she organized the first woman's state temperance society in America,

and in 1856 became the agent of the New York state of the American Anti-Slavery Society. After 1854 she devoted herself almost exclusively to the agitation for woman's rights. From 1868 to 1870 she was the proprietor of a weekly paper, *The Revolution*, published in New York, edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and which had for its motto, "The true republic—men, their rights and nothing more; women, their rights

and nothing less." She was vice-president-at-large of the National Woman Suffrage Association from the date of its organization in 1869 until 1892, when she became president. For casting a vote in the presidential election of 1872, as she asserted, the 14th amendment to the Federal Constitution entitled her to do, she was arrested and fined \$100, but she never paid the fine. In collaboration with Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Matilda Joselyn Gage, and Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, she published *The History of Woman Suffrage* in four volumes. She died in Rochester, New York in 1906.

WOMEN in the NEWS



Lolita Corpus Garcia makes good in the United States.

YOUNG PHILIPPINE NURSE BLAZES TRAIL FOR HER COUNTRYWOMEN

WASHINGTON—Miss Lolita Corpus Garcia, a young graduate nurse and former Manila school teacher, in a few days will launch her studies toward a master's degree in nursing at the Catholic University of America. Miss Garcia is the first Filipino woman to venture into the high academic field of nursing and when she receives her master's degree next year, she will be the first Filipino girl to receive such a degree.

The distinction of being "first" in various fields, is characteristic of the women in Miss Garcia's family, for her aunt is Mrs. Geronima Pesson, the Republic of the Philippines' first woman senator.

Miss Garcia is enthusiastic over her studies, since she feels it will better prepare her for aiding in the establishment of a collegiate school of nursing at the University of the Philippines. According to Miss Garcia, the university is always making plans for a school of nursing which it hopes to open in the not too distant future.

Miss Garcia arrived in Washington scarcely a month ago, and since that time has been doing observation work at the Providence Hospital. Miss Garcia will continue her work at the Providence Hospital along with her studies at the Catholic University.

Miss Garcia was one of 14 Filipinos who came to the United States in the fall of 1946 on one-year fellowships granted by the United States Department of State. She completed her year's study under State Department auspices last June, when she received her B. S. degree in nursing from the University of Colorado. The University of Colorado then awarded her a fellowship for six months' additional study at the university hospital, which she accepted.

In addition to her B. S. degree, Miss Garcia earned her certificate for supervision and teaching. While at the University of Colorado, she maintained the highest average in her class and received a straight "A" average.

The 18 months Miss Garcia spent in Colorado endeared her to the state and its people. "Colorado is my second home next to the Philippines!" she exclaimed in an interview. During her stay there, Miss Garcia frequently was invited to speak before various civic and religious groups. In this and other ways, she met and made friends with many Coloradans.

After completion of her graduate work, Miss Garcia hopes to remain in the United States for another year of observation work. She will then return to Manila where she hopes to have a position in the new school of nursing being planned by the University of the Philippines.

Upon her return to the Philippines, Miss Garcia would like to organize a club for young Philippine career women, something on the order of the Altura Clubs in America, an organization of business women. Such an organization, she feels, could do much to encourage women to broaden their interests and to enter business and professional fields.

Miss Garcia completed her junior college work at the University of Santo Tomas, and also studied in the school of education there.

From 1939 until the outbreak of war, she taught at the Dr. Alejandro Albert School in Manila. She received her nursing training at the Philippine General Hospital school of nursing in 1943.

Miss Garcia is the daughter of Joaquin Garcia, who is connected with the Manila Hotel.

HELEN KELLER TO VISIT ORIENT

NEW YORK, Feb. 2 (AP)—Deaf and blind Helen Keller ready to start out on a familiar trail to the East, picking up her

war-interrupted work of helping her fellow "prisoners of darkness."

The grayhaired, alert woman of 67 years will leave by plane on (Continued on page 29)



Helen Keller, deaf and blind since she was 18 months old, and a nun visit the war-maimed children in a home in Rome, Italy. This home was established by ex-king Umberto and ex-queen Maria Jose. Miss Keller and her constant companion, Polly Thompson, toured Europe to investigate the needs of the blind, preparatory to starting a fund-raising campaign for the blind in the United States. Now she is coming to the Orient on the same mission. (Photo by Press Association, Inc. by courtesy of the DAILY PAFICAN).



Blind Men Throw Light On Problems—From left: Nicomedes Maligat, founder and first president of the National Protective Association for the Blind of the Philippines; Emilio Santos, piano tuner; Francisco Farrar, current president; and José Borromeo. The group had a prewar membership of 17,000 and a membership of only 4,000 at present.

Undoubtedly one of the most beautiful scenes there is, is a Catholic wedding. Not long ago Manilans witnessed it in the Buen-camino-Quezon wedding in the Santo Tomas Chapel, and recently in the Quirino-Rastrolo nuptial in the Santisimo Rosario Chapel. Everyday throughout the Philippines wedding ceremonies take place with lesser glamour, but nonetheless the occasions are no less significant to the participants.

1. Don't you think we can lessen divorces and family breakdowns by inspiring the youth with such ceremonies? I have yet to see a reader or a textbook in the social studies with a picture of a couple getting married or immediately after the ceremony as those of the Quirino-Rastrolo pictures that appeared in the Manila papers on Tuesday morning, December 9. In the same books we find other pictures, not so edifying—such as, pictures of garbage cans, a market, or a bridge.

2. In our discussion of home and family life, such as those of the YWCA lectures, nearly always and in most cases we talk only about the difficulties and problems of marriage and married life. Don't you think it would be more positive to talk about the joys and blessings of marriage, of having children, and of living together under one roof? The atmosphere of "problems and difficulties" is sickening, in contrast with the uplifting feeling as a result of looking at the bright sides of marriage.

3. In sermons in church by Catholic and protestant ministers alike, only the shortcomings of man are belaboured, and very little if any, is said about the positive activities of man in the manifold ways of his everyday life. Is it not due to this perhaps—at least in part, anyway—why so many people do not care anymore? It is true that we cannot shut our eyes from the many corruptions and frauds being committed everyday, but is it not to our advantage once in a while to see the "silver-lining"?

4. Of course we cannot minimize the suffering of our people, not the poor alone but the rich as well. Very often the more wealthy a person is, the more miserable he is. There are many things in life that money cannot buy—contentment, happiness, good and straight moral character, incorruptibility, charity, kindness. Have you ever seen a poor couple—poor in the things that money can buy, but very rich in things that money cannot buy—trust, affection, tact, thoughtfulness?

5. Don't you believe we are growing a little too economic-minded and too little concerned with the affairs of the spirit?

DISTURBERS OF PEACE

The dissident elements in the provinces are not always the only disturbers of peace. Which of the following bother you in your community? Why not do something about it to minimize or get rid of them altogether?

1. Beggars who are apparently healthy but obviously lazy. Don't you think there are beggars because there are suckers? Next time one comes to you, why not refer him to the Public Welfare Office? Give him the instruction of how to get there, just to have something to say to him other than refuse him bluntly. If you have other ways to deal with them, let's hear about them.

2. Orchestras or bands that go around from house to house way

ahead of or long after Christmas the members of which are a collection of "odds and ends" and whose music is more a noise than anything else. How do you deal with them?

3. Singers before and after All Saints day, that keep you awake all night for several nights, in whom the old tradition means nothing except as a means of making easy money. How treat them so they will not come back the following nights and so that similar bands keep way from your house? Let's have suggestions.

4. Newsboys who shout "TIMES, ILANG-ILANG, FILIPINO COMICS..." to the top of their voices at five o'clock in the morning when you are fast asleep. I wrote the Mayor of Manila about this and he promised action which, up to now, has not been carried out. Why not write a similar letter yourself to the Mayor, to the Chief of Police, or to the papers'

circulation managers?

5. Firecrackers all day long and way into the night. The Chief of Police of Manila issued an order making it a misdemeanor to explode firecrackers. For a while the order worked, but the boys and some adults are at it again. Why not write the Chief of Police about it? Better, why do not the authorities prohibit the sale and manufacture or importation of firecrackers?

6. Vocal advertising by bus conductors and drivers, calling louder than necessary the names of their destination, and more often than is warranted by the situation. Isn't there something the police can do to minimize the noise? Why is not the label on the bus sufficient, supplemented by reasonable announcements at strategic places?

7. Sweepstake ticket vendors who obstruct traffic and confront pedestrians with the tickets everywhere they turn and shouting at them. Should not this be regulated also?

There are undoubtedly other "disturbers of peace" in every community. They are there because we, the people, tolerate them. One way to voice our indignation is to write to the proper authorities and to the "public pulse" of the newspapers. One letter may not bring action, but one hundred or a thousand letters and complaints will. Why are not these matters taken up in the schools and in family councils? Write a letter tomorrow—a postcard will do—to the Mayor, the Chief of Police, or the daily paper(s.)

Of course, the children must have their play. The sensible thing to do is to establish recreation centers everywhere in the city or town so they do not have to play with firecrackers. As for beggars, there should be work for them to do, and for the ones too weak to work there should be a poor house maintained by the Public Welfare Office. Don't you think? As for the others, plain law enforcement is most needed. Why not say so in a letter to the authorities?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By PEDRO T. ORATA

Number 10



The author says that a wedding ceremony is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Photo above shows Benia Eleazar of Luchan, Tayabas, being married to Angel Legaspi (PA) at the Lucena Roman Catholic Church, with PA Chaplain Lt. Arcella officiating.

LITTLE BITS of fable lessons I learned as a child crop up every so often in my grown-up and mature existence to show me how deeply observant must have been the mind that first conceived them. The universality of these fables is, of course, the reason for their undiminished appeal throughout the ages. Here and now, we feel comfortably modern, blase and all-knowing, then suddenly something happens to show how the old, old lessons are still the solid staple of human actions and thoughts and ways.

For instance, steeped in the psychoanalytic processes in which modern minds like to delve, we think we can solve every kink and quirk of human existence by the magical wave and flourish of the psychological wand. Many a time we find, to our bitter disappointment, that these kinks cannot be ironed out with mere persuasive talks and emulatory deeds. When the root of the problem is deeply imbedded in the recesses of complicated human nature, the fruit of that plant "will out," sooner or later, like the cat-lady nature in one of Aesop's fables. In this story, the cat who had been transformed into a lady showed her cat origin as soon as a mouse ran into the room.

How can any psychological talk, no matter how eloquent, for example, kill opportunism in a soul and a mind to whom means have always signified but little against the tremendous importance of the end? The superficial veneer of a view on life can stand only so

much exposure to the elements; self, I shall do it this once. In a this disappears when the thin talk given during the investiture surface is scratched away and the of Girl Scouts, these were the old, old belief in taking advantage points I mentioned:

of every occasion, no matter how "There is nothing I have to tell you that you have not heard before, yet I shall tell it because it is questionable asserts itself in triumphant mastery of the situation. is worth repeating again and again.

'Seems to me, indeed, that opportunism and expediency are the nameless vogue of the moment. "Every time I come in contact with youth I feel as though there To know which side of the bread is renewed strength in my faith is buttered, to know how to play what our country may do because of youth's potentialities. As the means of "getting along," and I look at you now I feel that re- "getting along" with the right newal in the strength of my faith. people. "What are these potentialities—

So earnestly do I believe that these possibilities in you that I see? They are those that a mother sees in everyone of her children, potentialities of greatness, of a life of usefulness, dedicated to doing one's best to the best of one's ability. I recall read-

ing about a man, a poor, humble, uneducated farmer, whose wife who loved him dearly, requested that, after his death, this simple line should be written on the rude cross marking his grave: 'He done the best he could.'

"The best one can do, the scout way, dear girls, includes some of the finest things in the world. When I reproach my little boy that he should not be cruel to his younger sister because that is not the scout way, when I tell my little girl to be helpful to her grandmother as a good girl-scout should—I mean there are things a boy or a girl cannot do, nay, may not do, cruel things, mean things, because, as a boy scout, or a girl scout, he or she should know better.

"There is a whole world of exciting things ahead of you, girls, especially since the world trend is towards equalization of the sexes in all respects. You may enjoy the same rights and privileges as your brothers. You must, also, however, shoulder the same responsibilities. It is up to you to live up to the expectation of people in what you can do, to prove to them that their hopes have not been pinned in vain.

"You cannot have your cake and eat it too. If you must have equal rights with the man, do not demand the old privileges of the woman. Meet man in his own grounds and make him respect you not because you exact respect as for a woman but because, as a human being, you have proven your worth.

(Continued on page 30)



SENATOR CUENCO AS I KNOW HIM

By CAYETANO M. VILLAMOR
(Reviewed by Pura Santillan-Castrene)

This work is one of love; the author frankly asserts: "I should say with utter candor and sincerity that I have a deep personal reason for writing this narra-

... Throughout the narrative where he tells of Mr. Cuenco in his different roles as a leader in action, a department secretary, a provincial governor, a family man, a war-patriot, one feels this great affection and respect. It is a sincerely-written biography, a bit too enthusiastic at times, perhaps, and always colored by personal feelings and prejudices. The vast amount of material which the author has on his subject is used to advantage in depicting the character, curiously enough, both of the writer and the man he is writing about.

Whatever flaws there are in the book, the reader cannot give insincerity as one of them. The

author's sincerity is almost passionate.

FILIPINO COURAGE and HEROISM

By CAYETANO M. VILLAMOR
(Guerrilla Officer, 1942-1945)
(Reviewed by Pura Santillan-Castrene)

I wish this book on guerrillas and about guerrillas had been dedicated, not to Colonel James M. Cushing, an American, but to a Filipino brother-in-arms. The dedication goes to prove, however, how truly together Filipino and American fought the last war for

democracy.

Composed of many stories, the book is a literal documentation of the guerrilla activities in Cebu and surrounding regions. It is a portrayal of Filipino courage and tenacity, his incredible determination in the face of the greatest odds. In that respect, this documentation will serve for historical purposes, in the same manner as other war-books.

The book needs redirection, however, as the huge mass of information is sometimes thrown pell-mell, into the lap of the reader, without much order.

As in the same author's work on the biography of Senator Cuenco, sincerity is the keyword.

Club Women's Bulletinboard



Above is a photo of the Most Outstanding Mother of 1946 of the Bautista Women's Club (Pangasinan).

Secretary.

Mrs. Dorotea Miranda—Asst. Secretary.

Mrs. Elisa P. Reyes—Treasurer.

Mrs. P. Perrin—Asst. Treasurer.

Board of Directors

Mrs. Elpidia Bonanza

Mrs. P. B. Aberion

Mrs. Rosario Cosca

Miss Zenaida Herrera

Mrs. Leona Garduque

Mrs. Marcela Juinio

Mrs. Felipa de Guzman

Dra. R. Bautista-Poblete

QUEZON

And still another club that had an election last month was the Guinayangan Woman's Club, Quezon. The new officers are:

Mrs. Felipa L. Marquez—President.

Mrs. Natividad C. Araña—Vice-President.

Mrs. Natividad C. Marquez—Secretary.

Mrs. Rosario C. Ramos—Asst. Secretary.

Mrs. Concepcion M. Salumbides—Treasurer.

Mrs. Salome C. Pujalte—Asst. Treasurer.

Board of Directors

Mrs. Julita Olea

LAGUNA

Mrs. Sotera A. Chipongian, outgoing president of the Nagcarlan Woman's Club, Laguna, reported the result of the latest elections. The new officers of the club are the following:

Mrs. Adela F. Lucido—President.

Mrs. Policarpia V. Arcigal—Vice-President.

Mrs. Andrea M. Corcega—Secretary.

Mrs. Laura S. Corcega—Sub-Secretary.

Mrs. Sotera A. Chipongian—Treasurer.

Mr. Esteban P. Veridiano—Mayor-Adviser.

Board of Directors

Mrs. Dolores S. Monserrat

Mrs. Rogacio R. Coregado

Mrs. Minerva L. Arcigal

Mrs. Rosario R. Luna

Dra. Perfecta F. Kampitan

Mrs. Concepcion C. Urrutia

Mrs. Hilaria P. Plantilla

Mrs. Leoncia V. Chipongian

Mrs. Celedonia C. Dorado

CAVITE

Likewise the Cavite City Woman's Club had an election and the new officers are:

Mrs. Felisa R. Rosal—President.

Dra. P. Bautista—Vice-President.

Mrs. Estella Vda. de Faust—

EVERY DAY SHOULD BE CLEAN-UP DAY

Well has the proverb-maker said, Cleanliness is next to Godliness. On the occasion of Clean-Up Week (February 16 to 22) I can think of no better thought to convey to my fellow-women than this one, which goes deep under the surface, deeper than most proverbs.

If it is true that the environment plays a determining role in the life of human beings — and very few in this enlightened age would dispute that — there is no reason why every week should not be Clean-Up Week. I take it that in observing this event, we are simply highlighting the cleanliness which should be a paramount consideration in our lives, giving it such significance as the whole community can grasp in order to instill this virtue upon grown people as well as the young.

This year's Clean-Up Week gains added significance from the fact that now, more than ever, we owe it to ourselves and the community to look to the cleanliness and orderliness of our surroundings. In this era of not always painless rehabilitation, the government offices and agencies may sometimes lag behind in their duties of preserving sanitation. But as thoughtful citizens, it is our duty, to ourselves at least, to aid sanitation in every way we can. May every day from now on be a clean-up day, too.

TRINIDAD F. LEGARDA
(President, National Federation of Women's Clubs)

Mrs. Francisca E. Salumbides
Mrs. Elena C. Ruffo
Mrs. Natividad Epino

Mrs. Encarnacion R. Zagala
Mrs. Pelagia V. Talavera
SORSOGON



The Board of Directors of the Zamboanga Women's Club. Seated, l. to r. are: Mrs. Dolores M. Rodriguez, treasurer; Mrs. Teodora Aquino, member; Miss Carmen Nieto, president; Mrs. Caridad F. Suarez and Mrs. Felisa H. Apostol, members. Standing, same order: Mrs. Filomena M. Macrohon, vice-president; Mrs. Baselisa P. Montojo and Miss Nieves Fermín, members.

The month of January seems to be the election month for women's clubs. The Pilar Woman's Club, Sorsogon likewise reported an election:

Mrs. Severina de Garcia—President.

Mrs. Carmen de Zamar—Vice-President.

Miss Rosa Fajardo—Secretary.

Mrs. Baselisa de Areola—Treasurer.

Miss Lolita Jalmasco—Business Manager.

Mrs. Luz de Inzon—Auditor.

Board of Directors

Mrs. Avelina de Madrid

Mrs. Socorro de Esplana

Mrs. Genoveva de Lladoc

Mrs. Romualda de Molines

Mrs. Natividad de Endique

Mrs. Quercia Bisanar

Mrs. Felicidad de Madrid

Mrs. Liliosa de Nunez

Mrs. Fidela de Arias

Mrs. Ana Lloce

* * *

Mrs. Socorro A. Holazo, president of the Juban Woman's Club, Sorsogon reported the recent reorganization of the club. They have likewise signified their desire to affiliate to the NFWC and they have been given all the information requisite to an affiliation.

ISABELA

The president of the Ilagan Puericulture Center, Isabela, Mrs. B. A. Maggay, wrote to us about the interesting work that they are doing in connection with the child feeding program of the Philippine War Relief of the United States. Through the help of the puericulture center nurse and the members of the board of directors of the club they are undertaking this work successfully. Incidentally, the puericulture center building, which has recently been completed, is mainly due to the efforts of this group of women. At present they are planning to undertake an intensive food production campaign and for this purpose they have requested the Federation for vegetable seeds. Their organization is among those listed for priority when the next stock is received. The first shipment of seeds from the club women of America had to be distributed before December 31, 1947.

MT. PROVINCE

In order to expedite the rehabilitation of the woman's clubs in the Mt. Province, Mrs. Legarda, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs has authorized Mrs. Cesarea Romero Gil, president of La Trinidad Woman's Club, Mt. Province, to reorganize and organize women's clubs in and around Baguio and in the Mt. Province.

* * *



Sen. "Imay" Pecson presiding over session of upper house during amnesty debate.

★ DEDICATION

Doña Concha—

Pilar—

The first started the feminist movement in the Philippines. The latter pushed it through at the head of a well-organized tried women leaders. To you both, especially; to the women for whose recognition you devoted the best years of your lives; to the Filipino people that finally realized the need of women's participation in public affairs, I dedicate my services. As ever.

NENE

(Senator Geronima T. Pecson)

* Spying Doña Concepcion Felix Rodriguez and Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo Lim among the women in the gallery of the Senate session hall when the new eight senators were scheduled to take their oath of office. Senator Geronima T. Pecson, inspired by their presence, penned the above dedication just a few minutes before she signed her oath of office. (See Pictorial Supplement in this issue for pictures of this historical occasion.)



Members of the Odiongan Woman's Club, Romblon.

SELL YOUR IDEAS

By IBBIE BRYAN

HAVE your last few brain children "flopped"? Did you fail to put over your brightest idea? Maybe you went about selling the idea the wrong way. No matter how startling or constructive a suggestion you've dreamed up, no one will benefit—including you—unless you're able to present your ideas intelligently.

Chances are you dash to your club meeting or greet your husband with a "hot" idea—so hot in fact that you haven't viewed it objectively yourself. You start talking in the middle of the problem, revert to the end, and then cut back to the beginning. You're enthusiastic all right—unintelligibly so.

No matter how good an idea is, your listener has to understand it before he can be sold it. So make him understand it first, see it objectively second, and have confidence in it finally.

The next time you have an idea you want to sell, try outlining it like this:

1. State the problem. Write it down clearly and in the fewest possible words. What is wrong with the old way, why it doesn't work, why a change would help.
2. List all the pertinent facts. Good, bad, indifferent, list them all. Nothing is more confidence-shattering than to be met with, "What about such-and-such?"—and to realize suddenly that you hadn't considered that fact at all.
3. Relate every fact to advantage or disadvantage. On one side of the sheet put the advantageous facts, on the other list the negative. The draw-backs must be pointed up too if you hope to sell the idea.
4. Draw your conclusion and make recommendations. In other words, "Here's what I suggest should be done about the problem." Or, "This is the change in procedure I believe to be the solution."

Begin now to form the habit of taking these four steps before you present any idea. You may have an idea that will revolutionize your home, your club or your job, but remember—it's up to you to sell it!

* * *

A SABER FOR . . .

(Continued from page 8)

writes direct to him. She just reads him parts of her letters. I'll bet Scowler wouldn't act that way if his old man was home. Prob'ly his old man would trounce him. The housekeeper can't handle him. Her name is Zelda."

Dusty spat out the blade of grass. "A kid ought to have an old man around the house."

"Some kids need one," I amended. "But I think I dig you. I think I'd be doing Scowler's father a favor if I went over there and gave those two females a little lesson in boys."

I went upstairs and changed my clothes. I could hear Dusty holding a palaver with Mrs. Grunther. Her squeaky voice filtered up the stairway, complaining that he wore out his sneakers too fast. He went outside, banging the door, and stood around in the yard. After a bit he began to whistle. He scaled the fence and wandered down the alley, kicking

a tin can and whistling.

I took Dusty's stringer of rock bass out of the basement ice box and walked down Pine Street to Mrs. Loder's old house, where Scowler Bond the Third lived.

Here I go, I thought, asking for a punch in the nose. I'm a buttnisky. But, dammit, somebody ought to take that frizzle-top in hand. Not for his mother's sake, for his father's. His old man isn't here to handle it himself. What if the shoe were on the other foot, what if Dusty got out of bound and Scowler's dad was in a position to straighten my kid out? Would I want him to? Certainly.

Remembering that belligerent tyke dodging traffic on his way to wreck Ed Reed's greenhouse, I worked up a lecture for the housekeeper. The first draft wasn't polite. It spoke plainly about a girl who'd allow a seven-year-old kid to roam while his old man was away on coastguard business and his mother winding armatures.

BUT it really ought to be diplomatic, I reflected. Use the

neighborly approach. Get the housekeeper on your side. . .

She was mowing the lawn. Her head was wrapped in a red duster; she wore a yellow silk blouse and blue levis chopped off high on her long slim legs. She was limping as she bucked the mower through the rank grass. One ankle was bandaged up like a blocking back's.

Leaning on the fence, I gave her the big neighborly hello. "I'm Dusty Cardinal's father. Nice day. We thought Mrs. Bond might like this mess of rock bass we caught."

"That's very thoughtful, Mr. Cardinal," she said.

She wiped the perspiration off her nose by rubbing it on her sleeve. She looked about twenty-five or six, plain in the face but sensible.

"I'd like to wait around until Mrs. Bond gets home," I said. "Want to talk with her about Scowler."

"What about him?" she asked.

"For one thing," I said irritably, "he almost got killed on Pine Street. For another, he's out pegging rocks at Reed's greenhouse." "He skipped." She shook her

head wearily. "Some policeman will bring him home again. They all know him."

"Policemen!" I said testily. "What would Lieutenant Bond say if he knew how the kid's been behaving?"

"The lieutenant would be heart-broken," she said.

There was my cue; I got extra neighborly. "I'm pretty handy with kids. Anything I can do to help out?"

"I've tried," the girl said. "How I've tried! But that boy defeats me. He simply defeats me every time lately. . . ."

"But it's not your fault," I assured her quickly. Get the housekeeper on your side. I leaned over the pickets. "It's his mother. For some strange reason he's mad at her and he takes it out in pure cussedness. That's simple boy psychology."

I put on a conspiratorial air. "We could iron the kinks out of the kid if we knew why he hates his mom. That's the nub of it. Something's upsetting the boy that he blames his mother for. Maybe Dusty's right. Maybe Scowler's peeved because his father doesn't write direct to him. Of course, the lieutenant might not realize the kid's old enough now to read a little. . . ."

She had big, intelligent blue eyes; she got interested right away. "Come up to the house," she said. "Where the neighbors can't tune in."

I walked up the flagstones with her. "Get me straight," I explained. "I just want to be neighborly. I've got a son I hadn't seen for two years myself."

The living room had a sort of serene gaiety about it, starting with the window shades of red and white gingham checks. First thing I noticed, though, was a picture of me on the piano.

"Where'd that come from?" I demanded.

"It was a Christmas gift from Dusty."

"But he shouldn't have given something like that!"

"I'm sure he thought it the very finest present he could give. He wants it kept on the piano."

She took the mess of rock bass and limped to the hall door, calling: "Zelda!" A smiling Negro woman materialized from the kitchen and toted the fish away.

"Now," the girl said grimly, turning back to me. "Now I'll tell you why Scowler hates me. You caused it!"

She whipped off the red duster, (Continued on page 23)

THE HENN QUADS DRESS UP FOR FIRST OUTING



QUITE GROWN UP NOW, the famous Henn Quadruplets of Baltimore, Md., are dressed in their Sunday clothes as they get their first look at the "great outdoors," on the lawn of St. Agnes Hospital. Escorted by their smiling mother, Mrs. Charles Henn, are (l. to r.): Bruce, Joan, Donald and Tom. (International Soundphoto)



If you are thin, cover up those neck bones with high neckline as in above, standing collar, or draped scarf.



Necklines should not gap. Sports collar, like the above, should hug neck so that it will look trim. Take a lesson from men's shirt collars. Below: We welcome a moderately long skirt that covers at least the knees. If you only knew how ugly the back of your legs looks you would cover them up.



WHAT'S FITTING?

By RENIE, Hollywood Designer

Haven't you often wished you could dress like a movie star? They, of course, have the benefit of professional designers who created for them—and their roles—alone. But if you'll watch your favorite actress, you'll note that the one outstanding thing about her screen wardrobe is that it fits—the role, the occasions, and most of all, her particular figure.

There's no mystery about it. **S**HOULDERS are terrifically important. Screen designers know and use to advantage innumerable little tricks of fitting which every wide enough to make your hips appear slimmer, but take care not to get them too wide. Be careful can easily copy to make sure of round-looking pads. Buy your every garment is as flattering as own if the ones in the garment aren't right. Press the palm of your hand lightly against the upper muscle of your arm, fingers extended upwards. Your shoulder pads should never extend past the point reached by your fingers.

Before you buy an article of clothing, do you stop to consider just what it does for your wardrobe—not just your looks in the shop mirror? To be really well dressed, you must decide the sort of person you are—or want to be.

Necklines can do a lot for you. Consult your own tastes. After a V-neck, for example, can make all, you are the one who is going down a thick neck. If your neck is short and thick, avoid turtle-and stick to it! Don't buy a thing that doesn't fit into your wardrobe scheme, your color scheme, and closely. If it is round and plain, your life.

(Continued on next page)



A deep V lengthens the short neck and is a good choice for a round or square face because it makes the face and neck seem slimmer... Better if with a narrow collar, white lace on navy or brown is always excellent.



Here are three frocks suitable for the not so young and not so slender woman... The first in grey (very fashionable worn with red, maroon or gold accessories) has fucks at the square neckline to give fullness to the blouse... There are so many beautiful prints in silk and cotton now available that we cannot resist showing you these two models to copy, the one in the center, sleeveless and with a deep, unusual neckline and a combination of gathers and inverted pleats in the skirt for a fullness that is becoming to a heavy figure. The third frock has the new bishop sleeves, no gathers at the top, please note, and slightly draped blouse and skirt. If you are a large woman, beware of splashy, large prints; choose, instead, medium, all-over prints as in these two dresses.

it should fit the base of your throat. Take care that your collar fits closely to the sides of your neck and doesn't gap. Collars that stand away thicken the base of the neck. And if you're very thin, cover up those bones always.

Three-quarter sleeves are the most graceful. For a short cap sleeve, be sure your upper arm is pretty, your underwear good, and there's a neat fit under the arm. If you prefer long sleeves, be sure they are really long and easy—not tight, except at the wrist.

A slight blouse fullness in the back gives an inverted line to your skirt that is extremely slenderizing. Make sure, too, that your waist is longer in back than in front by a couple of inches—even if you're short and have an exact waistline in front. Be sure that fitted blouses don't pull or draw. A dart in the side of your blouse from the waistline to a point just below your bust gives a wonderful bustline.

A neat trick for the problem figure is a flared peplum, long enough to cover the posterior and with just enough ripple to disguise the hipline. If you have a hip problem, never wear a perfectly straight or draped skirt. A slight flare gives a feeling of movement which disguises size and hides a bad tummy line. The flare should start at the widest line of the hips.

A light jacket and dark skirt will also slim down heavy hips; and if your legs are fat, never wear a tight skirt, no matter how perfect your figure is.

Skirts should be measured for length at least an inch below the hollow of the knee in back, for the ugliest line in the world is the back of your knees. Never measure from the floor up. Take the measurement below the knee in back and then even $\frac{1}{2}$ up.

Never allow a dress to be fitted while you stand perfectly still. Move around, sit down, move your arms. A comfortable fit is essential.

Too-thin girls can look plumper by using fabric in horizontal bands. For example, a two-piece dress with light and dark contrast cuts down height. If you wear a size nine or ten, choose monotones and stay away from fantastic prints or screaming colors.

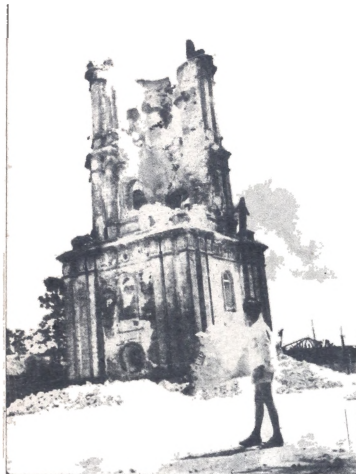
(Continued on page 27)

WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL

MRS. AURORA A. QUEZON, chairman of the Philippine National Red Cross, is the general chairman of the first annual fund campaign of this organization from February 1 to 29 of this year. (Photo by BOB's)



EARTHQUAKE

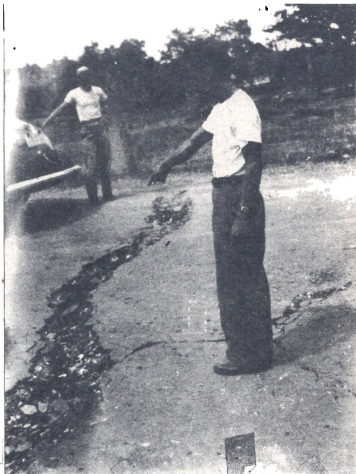


Above: The famous bell tower of the Jaro church was badly damaged. Bell tower is separated by Jaro's main street from the church proper.

Below: Streets cracked, some fissures spouting mud, reports said. This fissure is mile long.

Quakes, some of intensity VI, rocked the island of Panay and neighboring areas for several days from January 26 last in what was perhaps the longest series of tremors in contemporary history. Streets cracked, buildings collapsed, twenty persons were reported dead, many injured. The PNRC with the cooperation of the PRATRA and the Philippine War Relief Commission, is doing extensive relief operations in stricken areas.

Below: Very old and temporary buildings made of light materials collapsed during strongest tremors. Casualties reported were those of persons buried under fallen buildings.

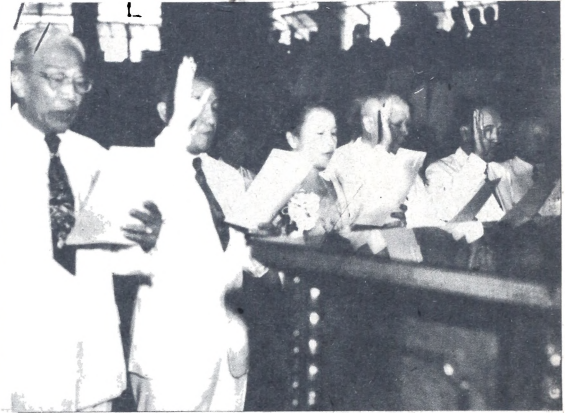


Above: The street in front of Secretary Zulue-ta's house in Oton cracked as shown in this photograph. Later reports from Iloilo said this was the only damaged street in the Secretary's home town.

Below: The old and famous Roman Catholic Church in Oton was badly damaged. Also ruined are the Cathedral in Iloilo and other old and historical buildings in that province.



NEW SENATORS TAKE OATH OF OFFICE

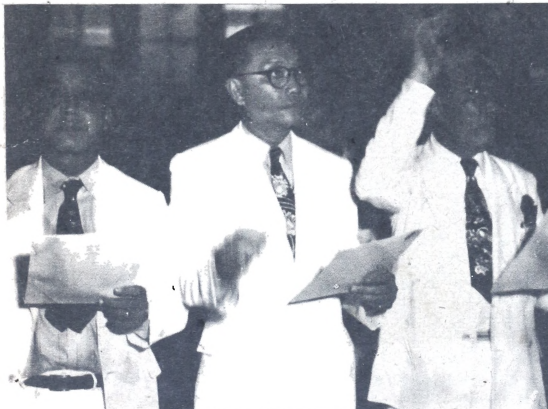


(Above) Left to right: Pablo Angeles David, Lorenzo Tañada, who has been appointed chairman of the committee on justice, Mrs. Pesson, Vicente Madrigal and Nacionalista Camilo Osias.

Eight newly elected senators took their oath of office before Senate President Avelino last January 26. Senator "Imay" Pesson, shown above signing the oath of office, has been appointed chairman of the Senate committee on public instruction, one of the important standing committees in the upper house of congress, and also vice-chairman of the committee on health and public welfare.

(Below) Senator Osias, shown chatting with Senator Proceso Sanidad, received the most applause from the gallery when the senators entered the session hall.

(Below) Liberal Senators Carlos Tan, Fernando Lopez and Pablo Angeles David. Lopez has been appointed by Avelino chairman of the committee on banks and corporations.



PNRC 1948 FUND CAMPAIGN GETS STARTED



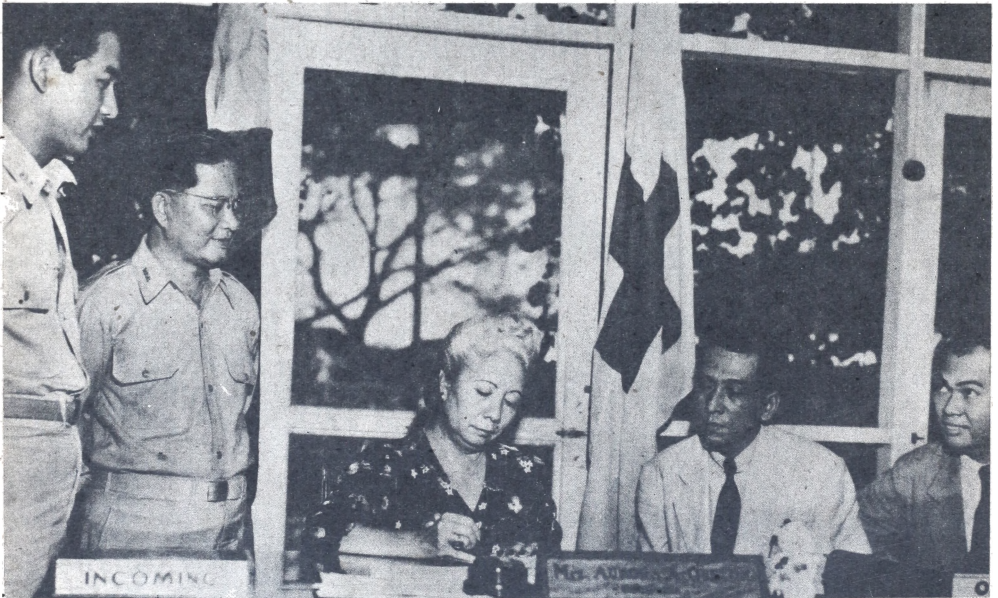
Mrs. Quezon held press conference at her residence last month during which the goal for the first PNRC Fund Campaign was revealed as set at P1,500,000. Among those in picture are Solicitor General Lim, Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo-Lim, Mrs. Sofia R. de Veyra and Rev. Jurley. (PNRC photo by VANTA).



District and zone chairmen of the Manila-Quezon Residential Division of the PNRC fund drive meet to map out campaign. In above photo may be seen Vice-Mayor Cesar Miraflores addressing group while R. R. de la Cruz, Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo-Lim, chairman of the Manila-Quezon City Chapter of the Fund Campaign Committee, and Dr. Mariano A. Jimenez listen.



"The International Division Quota is generously low," declares Mrs. Emmet O'Neal (above) during the luncheon-meeting last January 21 of the chairmen of the different committees organized for Manila and Quezon City. Others in the photo are Spanish Minister Aguilar, Jose Yulo, chairman of the Advanced Gifts Division, and Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo Lám.



Governor Gregorio Santayana of Quezon, chairman of the PNRC fund drive in that province, calls on Mrs. Quezon at the PNRC headquarters. Above photo shows R. R. de la Cruz, director of the Fund Raising and Public Relations, Dr. Yanzon, PNRC manager, Mrs. Quezon, Governor Santayana and Mr. Virgilio Santos Cruz, chairman, publicity committee, Quezon province.



Philippines' permanent delegate to the United Nations Carlos P. Romulo arrived last January 24 aboard Pan-American Clipper and was met at airport by high government officials and friends, among them Manuel Nieto, recently appointed to head Madrid Legation. Photo to the right shows CPR with his son, Carlos, Jr. in their suite at the Manila Hotel. On the same day of arrival, father and son motored to Camiling, Tarlac, to visit Gen. Romulo's old and ailing mother.



FOREIGN ENVOYS

Four foreign envoys took their oath of office before President Roxas at the council of state room in Malacañang last January 19. The ceremonies were simple but witnessed by high government officials and members of the diplomatic corps. Above photo shows Ramon Fernandez, shipping magnate, taking his oath as minister to London.

Above, right: Proceso Sebastian, minister to China, takes his turn in the oath taking before President Roxas. Behind him, in the foreground, may be seen Charge d'affair Nieto, who has already left for his post in Spain.

Right: In this picture are seen not only Col. Manuel Nieto taking his oath before President Roxas but also Ambassador Elizalde and Spanish Minister Teodomiro Aguilar. Not shown is Manuel Alzate, consul-general to Australia and New Zealand.



SOCIAL EVENTS



The two photos above were taken at the Tea-Musical of the American Association of University Women held at the home of Mrs. A. J. McIntosh.

Senator-elect Geronima Tomelden Pecson, former schoolteacher, active social worker, and until her election as Liberal senator, social secretary to Mrs. Roxas, was given a testimonial luncheon at the Manila Hotel by the National Federation of Women's Clubs last January 26. In the upper picture she is shown at the microphone, while at the presidential table may be seen Mrs. Roxas, Mrs. O'Neal, Mrs. Avelino, Mrs. Legarda, Mrs. Concepcion Felix Rodriguez.

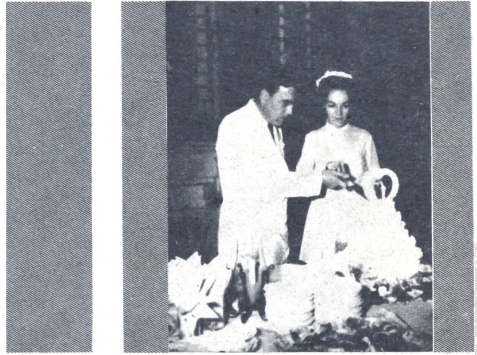
Lower picture shows prominent Manila matrons at the bienvenida luncheon given by Mrs. Julieta Abad Rufino for Mrs. Agustin Laboro, just arrived from the United States.

Right: The short and the long of it—meaning the controversial hemline—as seen during the dance of the Circle of Youth at the Officers' Club in Camp Murphy last January 18. Charito Bautista, popular Manila deb, fifth from the left, shows version of the uneven hemline.

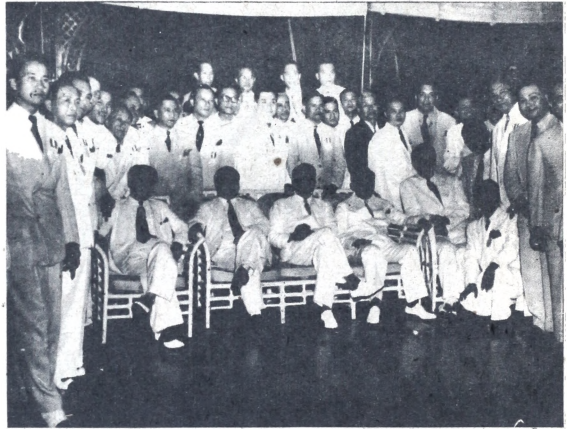




Circle of Youth (COY) held a benefit ball for disabled veterans last January 8 at the Officers' Club in Camp Murphy. In picture are some of the Manila debs who attended the dance.



Mrs. Manuel de la Fuente made her first public appearance since the appointment of her husband as mayor of Manila at the dinner given by the Theater Owners' Association. Photo below shows the Mayor, Ernesto Ruffino and Mrs. De la Fuente.



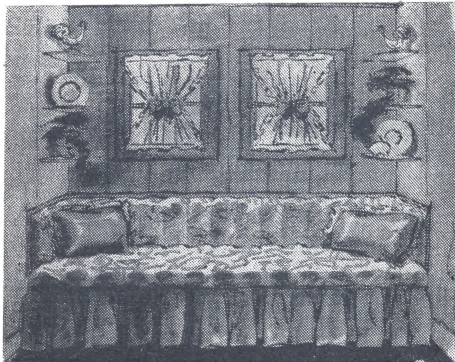
Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. John Cotton cut their wedding cake after simple marriage rites at the home of the James McInnes Hendersons. Bride wore a gown of ice-blue chiffon. (Upper picture, right)

Provincial governors and city mayors at Malacañang Palace. (Right, center picture).



Reception line at the cocktail party given by President Roxas for provincial governors and city mayors. Left to right: the President, Mrs. Roxas, Vice-President Quirino, Mrs. Avelino, Senate President Avelino and Secretary of the Interior Jose Zulueta. (Right)

Household Notes



A sofa during the day, a bed at night. The base is a papag (with shelves underneath for storage) the mattresses covered with printed fabric, ruffles and pillow cases with plain-colored material. If you cannot place this sofa-bed under a window, utilize the wall space behind it by putting up shelves.

USE THAT SPACE

MAKE use of that odd corner. during the day—is the most popular choice among newly-married young people when they buy furnishings for their bedroom.

Perhaps in a growing family, the mother and father need a retreat for reading, correspondence, or sewing. One simple solution if your bedroom is large and has space for it is the desk with chaise

lounging sofa along side so that a practical lamp will service both, thus saving you electric current or kerosene.

Beds, dresser, night table, vanity, all can be built against the wall. A dresser and vanity table

can be made into a combination unit to fit snugly into an odd corner where any usual piece of furniture would never do. By shaping any unit it could shape the confines of even the smallest of bedrooms.

The spaces under beds are usually wasted. Why not build cabinets or drawers under the beds? Perhaps there is space for a standard single bed under one of the windows in your bedroom. Instead of buying a bed, make one or hire a carpenter to build one, just a papag with shelves underneath. Buy a mattress for the papag and make a skirted cover for it. You will have a sofa at day and a bed at night.

Vernon F. Sears, American architect, makes some very interesting suggestions for built-in units on popular plywood.

In The Bedroom

A bedroom that is used only for sleeping and dressing is definitely dated as prewar.

Today's bedroom is also a sitting room where intimates may be entertained. The new compact lounging bed—open or extended for use in the evening, closed or folded and looking like a sofa

Furniture for the Bedroom

By ELEANOR ROSS

JUST as the dining room is taking on a dual personality and emerging as an extra sitting room or study, so family bedrooms are gradually becoming all-purpose rooms.

Mother and dad often find themselves relegated to another part of the house when sister has callers and junior usually pre-empt the dining room for study purposes. Then for anyone who has a hobby that cannot be spread all over the house, the bedroom often becomes a refuge.

Bedroom Furnishings

All of which means that furnishings should be flexible, combining daytime activities with sleeping facilities. But that doesn't mean that it can't be a good bedroom or a good all-purpose room. If you are fortunate enough to have a bedroom with a fireplace, then it is easy to make an interesting grouping around it for sewing, reading or just conversation. Two big chairs instead of one, two reading lamps, two tables and a footstool.

A loveseat is another good addition, because it is small yet serves as a sofa without taking up too much room. All in all, the bedroom-sitting room becomes a second "private" living room where visitors won't intrude except by invitation.

For those with mental work to do, the bedroom-study is an ideal

place. The addition of a good desk and storage space for materials can be made easily, and if the pieces are carefully chosen, they won't seem out of place. A built-in desk with storage cabinets on the sides is easy to construct. For high school children painted furniture is practical, and the fine unpainted pieces in the shops, done on clean modern lines, are easily tied together with paint.

A combination room needn't combine everything. If it does, it will only be a jumble. Try, if possible, to keep the sleeping and dressing sections separate from the daytime sections. Set the desk and work storage space in one corner or at one window, but don't have it scattered. The conversational group in a bay window, in one corner or around the fireplace, is much more useful than to have the chairs separated by the beds and other furniture.

A Sewing Room

One housewife made a corner of her bedroom into a sewing room, and she had a large decorative screen to set up in front of the machine and work table, if she had to leave it.

A man who collected and repaired old books fixed up a corner of the master bedroom and built a desk so large and roomy that the center drawer held everything he was working on at the moment, so that materials could be put away at a moment's notice, and the room made spic and span for company.



How to use that corner.

In Living Room

For the living room, Mr. Sears suggests couches, not just built-in seats, but actual sofas, complete with backs, arms and comfortable seats. The hollow construction of these couches permits cabinets to be hidden within the arms, which may also serve as lamp tables. The top of the headboards could be used for books or be decorated with knick-knacks. Cabinets and bookcases erected on the wall at any spot from floor to ceiling act

(Continued on page 27)

COOKING



Try A Marinade of

CALAMANSI and TOYO

WE have become a convert to the practice of marinating (meaning, to steep or soak, the longer the better) meat, fish or fowl, even vegetables, in a mixture of something sour, something salty or sweet, and something oily, in order to make it tender and to improve its flavor. Vinegar or lemon juice or wine, oil, salt and spices are usually the ingredients for a marinade, but toyo and calamansi juice, to our taste, cannot be improved upon, and are inexpensive,

comparatively speaking. The practice of marinating meat or fish in a vinegar and spices mixture is common among French cooks, and how good these cooks are. So, sisters, try soaking meats, especially those cuts that are doubtful as to their tenderness, before cooking them and see how much more flavorful they are.

For Beef

A mixture of toyo and calamansi juice is good for thin slices of beef or hamburgers. Allow the meat to soak for at least an hour. After browning the meat in a little lard, pour the marinade over the pieces in the pan which is still on the fire and bring to a boil. Remove pan from the fire (after adding sliced onions, if these are to be served with the meat) and transfer steaks or hamburgers to a hot plate. Pour sauce over them and serve while hot.

For Pork and Chicken

A segment of garlic, finely mashed, added to the toyo and lime juice mixture seems inevitably for pork and chicken, and rightly so, for garlic goes well with these meats. Perhaps you prefer vinegar over calamansi juice. That is all right, too.

The pork steaks should be from the leg (pierna) and sliced not too thin. It is better to cook the pork in a little water first, for pork should be cooked very thoroughly before it is eaten. After the water has evaporated, add a little lard and brown the steaks on both sides, then add the marinade mixture and allow this liquid to boil.

In our home, chicken breast is the least popular of all cuts, especially when boiled or cooked too long, for then its meat becomes stringy and tasteless. When we have *linagang manok* (boiled hen), the meat from the breast is usually made into chicken salad.

The breast from the chicken or hen tastes better when fried after it has soaked in toyo and calamansi juice or vinegar and garlic for several hours. Parboil the breast

(which must be halved and flattened) first in the marinade mixture, and after this has evaporated, fry the chicken in a little lard or butter. Dip slices of meat in toyo and calamansi juice before eating.

Marinate Fish, Too

Fish which must be fried or broiled improves in flavor after soaking in toyo and calamansi juice for about half an hour. Of course you are familiar with the *daing bangus* which is soaked in this mixture, to which plenty of garlic has been added, before it is dried in the sun and then fried, usually for supper.

Have you tried marinating *dalag* (do not remove scales) before broiling it? If not, you have missed something. Try rubbing a little lard all over the body of the *dalag* before broiling it. If the *parilla* is not too close to the hot coals but placed a little high, the fish will broil slowly and cook thoroughly and brown evenly. The scales and skin will become a delicious, crisp crust you will eat to the last morsel.

And Fruits

Fruits improve in flavor too when marinated. In their case, the marinade consists of something sour (lemon or calamansi juice or wine) if the fruit is too sweet, and something sweet if the fruit is tart or sour.

Mangoes are just coming into season and therefore not yet very sweet (not to say that they are still very expensive). When they are plentiful, try this: Get very ripe mangoes and peel the halves. Place in a bowl and pour over them some sweet wine (like muscatel or sherry). Place in the refrigerator overnight. A friend of ours uses rum for marinating but to many women rum is rather strong. Peaches canned in heavy syrup and therefore very sweet will taste less cloyingly if marinated in dry (not sweet) wine.

For something fancy, scoop balls out of a ripe papaya and marinate these in calamansi and honey or corn syrup (bought in bottles). Store in the ice-box until serving time. Serve garnished with mint leaves in your best saucers or sherbet glasses.



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Marinate hamburgers in toyo and calamansi juice for hours, then cook them in the same marinade, for more flavor and tenderness.



the pot should be closely covered and heat reduced so that the liquid is kept below boiling during the rest of the cooking period. Cooking at a high temperature shrinks and dries out the meat and dissolves the connective tissue until it no longer holds the muscle fibers together; consequently the meat is stringy and difficult to slice.

If YOU are not yet acquainted with "braising" do so right away for it is a method of cooking best adapted to cheaper intermediate cuts of meat, neither very tough nor yet quite tender. Moreover, meat that is being braised may be left alone for hours without any attention from you, except perhaps a peek once in a long while to see if it is already tender or drying up.

Flavor is developed by browning the meat evenly on all sides in an uncovered, thick frying pan, on top of the stove in a heavy pot or skillet, before adding the liquid. The browning should be done slowly over moderate heat to keep the meat from drying on the outside and to give a more lasting brown which will not wash off when the liquid is added. If the meat is very lean a little fat must be added, as in mechado. Flouring the meat enhances the flavor and the rich brown of the drippings and gravy—and a rich brown gravy is an important part of the braised meat dish. Meat which has been flour-ed must be watched more carefully to prevent sticking and scorching.

Soaking in a marinade (see other article in this issue about toyo and calamansi marinade) before cooking, as in the case of the sauerbraten, adds flavor; so also does cooking herbs, spices or vegetables with the meat.

When the meat has been browned a rack should be slipped under it to keep the underside from getting too brown, if not burned. If a rack is not available the meat should be turned frequently during the cooking.

If not enough juice has come out from the meat during browning a little liquid—not more than a cupful—should be added. The liquid is usually water but it may be stock, milk, tomato juice or sour cream. Small amounts may be added during the cooking as the need may arise. As soon as the meat us browned

The cooking time must be long enough to allow the meat to reach the well-done stage, and for the connective tissue to be completely softened. Both points are important in making the cuts recommended for braising more tender and palatable. This will take from 2 to 5 hours, depending on the size and cut of the meat.

The top of the stove is most economical for braising as the fire may be lowered to the simmering point and left at this temperature until the meat is done. The use of charcoal will also be economical—we usually spend only ten centavo's worth of uling to make a kilo of pork or beef tender in three hour's time.

CUT FOR BRAISING: Neck, foreshank, chuck, brisket, plate, short ribs, flank steak, heel of round, rump, oxtail, heart, liver and kidney are excellent. But we prefer cuts with bones, like brisket or skirt ribs, for braising, for the meat tastes sweeter.

UTENSIL FOR BRAISING. The old-fashioned iron pot (caldero) with a tight cover is the most ideal utensil for braising, but a casserole made of heavy aluminum, provided it has a tight cover, will also do nicely. Even a clay pot (palayok) will serve the purpose if covered tightly.

Now for a few simple recipes:

BRAISED SHORT RIBS OF BEEF OR PORK

- 1 kilo of short ribs, of beef or pork
 - Seasoned flour (flour with salt and pepper)
 - 1 onion, sliced
 - 1 tablespoon vinegar
 - 2 tablespoons ketchup or 1/2 cup cut up tomatoes
 - 1/2 cup water or stock
- Dredge each piece of beef or pork with the seasoned flour (this is best done by placing flour in large paper bag, adding the meat pieces and then shaking bag vigorously until all pieces are covered with the flour). Brown in a little fat in a heavy skillet. Remove to a casserole or pot. Add

remaining ingredients to drippings in the skillet, stirring until well-blended. Bring to a boil, then pour over meat in the pot. Cover and simmer until tender (about 2 hours.)

If vegetable, such as potatoes and carrots, are to be added, do so half an hour or so before the meat is done. More water may also be added with the vegetables, as these absorb liquid.

SAVORY POT ROAST

- Beef in one whole piece (round, rump or chuck)
- Seasoned flour
- A little lard
- 1 cup stock or consommé
- 1/4 cup tomato paste
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup finely minced celery or kinchay
- Small piece of bay leaf
- 4 whole cloves
- 5 peppercorns

Dredge beef with seasoned flour, then brown slowly and carefully on all sides. Place a rack on bottom of pot or casserole and place meat over it. Add 1 sliced onion

and the rest of the ingredients. lumps.

BROWN GRAVY

After browning meat, skim off fat and measure. Use 2 tablespoons of fat for each cup of gravy required. Add 2 tablespoons of flour for each 2 tablespoons of fat. Blend fat and flour over low heat and cook, stirring all the time, until mixture is a rich brown. Remove from heat.

Gradually stir in liquid, preferably cold, allowing 1 cup liquid for each 2 tablespoons of fat and flour. In addition to any juice left in the pot after the meat is cooked, the liquid may be water, stock, milk or vegetable juice. Stock may be made by adding water to the pan in which the meat has been browned and bringing water to a boil in order to loosen up the brown particles that stick to the pan.

Season to taste with salt and pepper, adding a little grated then brown slowly and carefully on all sides. Place a rack on bottom of pot or casserole and place meat over it. Add 1 sliced onion

and the rest of the ingredients. lumps.

GLAMOR GIRLS By Don Flowers



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"That set isn't complete. Where's the can opener?"

CHILD CARE



Ways To Good BEHAVIOR

Aside from happiness in the child's home, which acts as insurance against trouble, REGULARITY in his routine is probably the greatest single help toward building good habits. A child who has regular hours for sleep and meals and who has a good place to carry on his play, as well as companions and materials to make it enjoyable, should not have serious behavior problems.



However, here are a few things it will be helpful to remember in trying to prevent problems from arising:

KEEP 'EM BUSY

Children who are busily busy have no inclination to be "naughty." Providing a variety of things to do is important, for young children tire of one activity more quickly than most of us realize. If active, romping play is followed by quiet play, a child does not get so tired, either. Children are less likely to quarrel if they do not play at one thing for too long a period, so a mother needs to be skillful in substituting a new activity before the quarreling point is reached.

UNDERSTAND 'EM

Understanding by parents of what may be expected of children at various ages is a great help in

bringing about desirable behavior. A mother who knows that at 2 years a child is passing through a stage when resistance to direction is more likely to appear than earlier or later will use this knowledge and exert her authority as unobtrusively as possible. Much of the negativism and resistance noticeable at this age can be traced to the fact that parents tend to say "no, no" too much,

thus encouraging the child to exactly the same response. If a mother realizes that at this stage of development exploring, experimenting, "getting into things," are the child's ways of learning, she will try to make his surroundings such that he does not have to meet with constant warnings and scoldings. A child desires approval. If he is forever getting disapproval, his natural reaction is balkiness and negativistic behavior.

Expecting good behavior often brings it about, because a child is keenly sensitive to suggestion.

Requests or suggestions bring better results than order or commands. If adults stop to think about it, they will realize that they feel that way, too.

Explanations and clear directions that don't use too many words bring good results. Children respond much better to positive than to negative suggestions. "Use the crayons gently" is better than "Don't break the crayons."

AVOID THESE

Attempts to make the child behave by THREATS should be taboo. Because this method seems to bring results momentarily, parents fall back on it without realizing how dangerous it can be. If, for instance, they say, "You will get sick if you eat that candy, and I'll have to call the doctor," it is no wonder the child refuses to open his mouth when he is being examined by this doctor, who has been pictured as a sort of bogieman. On the bus one often hears a well-meaning mother sternly say to her mischievous child, "They will put you in jail if you do that!"

While a child who is always having such threats thrown at him learns to dodge them, he nevertheless gets an uneasy feeling that "they"—a sort of terrible,

frowning "they"—are waiting to pounce on him.

A parent who can get his child to behave acceptably only by making him afraid of the consequences of his acts has got the cart before the horse. Fear of punishment may keep a child from wrongdoing for the moment, but later the fear may be connected in his mind only with getting caught doing wrong.

If training is thought of as a way of helping a child learn how to make good decisions for himself, his parents will depend less on punishing him for his mistakes than on praising him for the good things he does. Parents of delinquent adolescents are sometimes genuinely bewildered by the things their children have done. "It isn't because he wasn't punished that he has turned out this way," they

say, not seeing that perhaps it was in part the punishment that caused the trouble. Punishing a child for his faults (which may make him sullen and obstinate) is less effective than encouraging some good behavior as a substitute for the bad. Suppose a 4-year-old persists in pulling the cat's tail. Spanking or scolding him for it will only center his mind on it (as something desirable because it is forbidden.) Finding a more worthwhile occupation (though it takes more of his mother's time right then than a spanking) distracts his attention in a constructive way.

Impressing his "badness" on a child is a very poor form of discipline, for if he has done wrong, he especially needs the encouragement of his parents' belief in him. He needs to feel sure that they

ABANDONED GIRL MOTHERS SISTER



A SABER FOR . . .

(Continued from page 16)

and a mass of silver blond hair popped out. The hair made her. It transformed her from a sensible-looking girl into a shockingly beautiful woman. The hair turned her skin the color of sun-drenched sand and snapped her eyes to an electric blue.

"I'm Christy Bond," she said. "I work at Kraven's five days a week. I keep up a house and a garden and sew for the Red Cross."

believe he is not bad but has made a mistake. Unless we succeed in helping a child to want to do the right thing, we had better change our methods of dealing with his behavior.

PUNISHMENT

The mother who does not excitedly punish a child on impulse but tries to think about his problem and make a plan that is reasonable will be rewarded by her child's appreciation of her fairness.

Punishment is worthless or sometimes even harmful unless it does more than just stop poor behavior. It should cause a child to be thoughtful about what he has done, but it often causes him to be resentful instead.

When the consequences of a child's act can be used as punishment, the reasonableness of these results is brought home to him. If, through carelessness, he breaks a toy, doing without it and not having it replaced immediately helps him to be more careful with toys. If he hits another child, going without companionship for a while teaches him what he has forfeited by his behavior.

When a child insists on doing things that are dangerous, such as climbing where he has been forbidden to go, swift, immediate punishment that makes him realize his parents feel strongly about his behavior may be not only necessary but also desirable.

Even when loving parents get angry and punish impulsively on occasion, they should not feel too guilty. If there is real affection between parent and child, the love that the child knows is there makes up for the angry outbursts, if they are not too frequent. It is when parents have no strong underlying relationship with their children that hasty, poor forms of punishment may become habitual, with harm to their children's personalities.

I paint the fence and mend the faucets and bake the cakes around here. When a box falls on my foot I come home from work and mow the lawn. All the while, I'm raising a son. I was doing a good job of it, too, until you sent that blasted Japanese sword to Dusty!

"Whoa, back!" I said. "Hold your horses, madam. . . ." "You and your Jap sword! Why couldn't you let them lie where they fell! Of course Scowler insisted that his father send him a sword like Dusty's. But his father can't. So Scowler thinks I never forwarded his message. That's why he's angry with me."

"Take it easy," I said. "I'll get a saber for the lad."

"Keep your infernal saber! You wanted to know what's troubling Scowler, and that's it. That's the nub of it. Now you can swing into action. Now you can be a professional father to an unhappy little boy."

Almost forgetting to limp, Mrs. Bond advanced on me. She was one blazing, beautiful blonde. I glanced around for my cap.

"You think you're an expert father," she said bitterly, "because you hired a six-foot childless widow to mind Dusty while you went to war. Let me tell you something! Dusty Cardinal spends more time here than he does at home. He's here waiting when I get home from work. He runs my errands, weeds my garden. But he won't do a tap for Mrs. Grunther. Why? Because I'm a good mother, Mr. Cardinal. Even to Dusty. And Mrs. Grunther isn't a mother!"

I got hold of my cap and said: "Woosh!" While I was backing down the hall she caught her second wind.

"Thank Dusty for the rock bags," she said. "I'm sure he caught them all himself. Scowler and I fish with Dusty often."

Giving her a sickish smile I started walking fast down the flagstones. Christy Bond limped to the steps and called:

"Dusty takes that Jap sword up into his attic and slices the rafters. Ask him why he slices the rafters, Mr. Cardinal! Ask him!"

Retreating up Pine Street I imagined that the neighbors were leering at me. There goes Marty Cardinal, the buttinsky! I told myself. You predicted that you'd get a punch in the nose, and it came true.

Dusty was still out somewhere probably kicking a tin can and whistling. In the kitchen, Mrs.

Grunther was rustling dinner, banging pans and definitely not whistling.

The telephone in the library leered at me, too. I thought of calling Mrs. Bond to apologize for my brass. And incidentally throw up a belated defense, when I could just talk to her without having to look at that mesmerizing silver hair. Looking at it made me wonder what Lieutenant Bond must be feeling, two years away from it. A woman like that. . . It had been a good many years since I'd noticed anybody's hair, except Dusty's tawny bristles.

DUSTY came up the walk, bouncing a tennis ball. Though it was dim in the library he came in there unerringly, calling, "Dad?"

"Dusty," I said. "Son, when you get mad at Grunt. . . that is, Mrs. Grunther. . . how do you blow off steam? Do you drink out of Fin-negan's birdbath?" I tried to make it sound jocular.

He bounced the tennis ball on the rug, frowning. Then he looked at me sturdily. "Not by a damn sight! I'm going on eleven. I take my biggest knife up in the attic

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and carve hunks out of the rafters."

"That's what I figured," I said. "One trait I've taught him, one thing I'll take credit for. He's belligerently honest. Putting my arm around him I found my pride mixed with shock that he'd been unhappy. In two years his letters had given no hint of his feelings toward Mrs. Grunther. Come to recall, they'd been good morale-building letters, never carping, just reporting on his shenanigans and egging me on to slam Nips around."

"I've called on Mrs. Bond," I said.

"Did you, Dad?" he said enthusiastically. "Didn't I say she was super, didn't I?"

"You underphrased it. I hear you're a frequent caller there."

Dusty thrust out his chest. "Any old time I feel like it. Mom says I got the run of the place."

"Who says?"

"I just got dropped to the rug. I was got in the habit. She took Scowler and me swimming on Picnic Point a lot this summer, and I just sort of got in the habit of saying som."

"Get out of the habit. Don't muscle into other folks' families."

"But she wants me to call her mom!" he cried.

"After today, I wonder. Why does Scowler want a Nip saber?"

"Just to hang in his room. He's too little to—"

"To use it on the rafter?"

He bounced the tennis ball again. "Yes, sir. Just to hang on the wall. It's big stuff with the guys in the block."

"I think I can fix him up," I said.

Dusty leaped on me. "Well, for Pete's sake, go do it!"

"But I doubt if Mrs. Bond will accept the blasted thing."

After dinner we hiked across town to Ted Wozny's boarding house. Ted opened his door and gave me a startled grin before saluting out of habit, forgetting we both were out now.

"Ted," I said. "You got any use for the saber we collected that day?"

His grin broadened. "Marty, I ain't used it but once. To open a coconut. You're welcome to it."

Dusty and I walked home with the saber wrapped in newspapers. It was a lulu, a four-footer with a curved handle that dripped with tiny sparklers of some kind.

"Now take it over to Bonds'," I said. "And hustle back. It's your bedtime."

"You go," Dusty said. "I'm all

tuckered out."

So I tugged on my cap and lugged the saber around to Mrs. Bond's house.

One look at Christy Bond's tight, unfriendly face told me she wouldn't accept the blasted saber.

She let me into the living room with the gingham shades, but because of that strained face it wasn't a serene room any more.

The lamplight glittering on the saber didn't sparkle half so lovely she said, a little breathlessly, "can as her silver hair. "Let him think his old man sent it," I urged.

"We needn't actually lie.... Why Grunt... that is, Mrs. Grunther. I've been meaning to tell you Mrs. Bond, I hope Dusty ain't making a nuisance of himself around here."

For a fraction she almost re-ented; her lips parted to say something. And then the blue eyes hardened again and I began to rewrap the saber in the newspapers.

"Thank you for your interest, Mr. Cardinal," she said formally, "but Scowler can't be waked up now. And I don't want him to possess such a deadly thing as that sword. His father sends him

souvenirs enough."

She motioned toward a stack of boxes on the floor near the fireplace. "Well," I said. "If you change your mind—"

Back in the hall the telephone rang and she excused herself to answer it. I glanced at the pile of crated souvenirs and tucked my fancy saber under my arm.

Christy Bond came back into the living room. "Mr. Cardinal, she said, a little breathlessly, "can as her silver hair. "Let him think his old man sent it," I urged.

"If he isn't he'll catch it from Grunt... that is, Mrs. Grunther. I've been meaning to tell you Mrs. Bond, I hope Dusty ain't making a nuisance of himself around here."

He seems to have found something—You know how it is," I finished up pretty lamely.

"I know, I know," she said hurriedly. "But he's not a nuisance. He's a dear, he's a pal. It's too bad our boys had to live these years incomplete—"

Without warning she started to bawl. She sank onto the sofa and turned her face aside and let go.

"Easy," I said uncomfortably.

"It isn't that though. It's temporary, can't be helped."

"It's not that," she sobbed. "It's Scowler. Scowler's lost!"

You never heard a more forlorn bleat. A despairing surrender to the strain she'd been hiding behind that unfriendly face. A mom whose kid was lost at nightfall.

"Lost?" I said. "He can't get, very lost in a town this size."

"But he is! The police just phoned. They can't find him anywhere. Mr. Cardinal, what shall I do, what can I do?"

"What have you got a buttinsky neighbor for?" I said heartily. "Remember me? Helpful Hank? Get your coat."

Bum ankle or not, she fairly leaped off the sofa. All she needed to buck her up was somebody on her team.

Her black coat was so plain it looked as if it might have been cut down from one of Lieutenant Bond's civilian duds. In the lamplight it turned her hair to platinum. She'd stopped weeping, but her face stayed white and tense.

I took her arm: "Let's start at my house."

Because of the gimpy ankle she could only hobble. I put her in a soft chair in my library while I went searching the house for Mrs. Grunther.

"If the dog is missing too, I'm surprised," Mrs. Grunther said acutely. "She doesn't usually let that dog run wild like she does Scowler."

PRESENTS COST RISE EVIDENCE



APPEARING BEFORE the joint Congressional Subcommittee as it met in New York to investigate spiraling prices, a representative of the League of Women Shoppers presents evidence to show that it takes about \$10 today to buy what about \$5 would have purchased in 1939. As Exhibit "A" she brought in two baskets filled with similar foods. (International)

Escaped Plotters



ONE OF several high ranking Greek officials reported to have been marked for death in a Communist-inspired plot, Stylianos Gonatas, head of the Liberal Party, is shown above as he voted in a recent election. Some 500 persons, purportedly engaged in the assassination plan, were arrested in Athens. Gonatas was Minister of Public Works in the last government, which yielded to the new coalition. (International)

dog. Matter of fact, no sign of my dory, either.

"Can that sealawag handle a boat?" I said.

She shook her head.

"Well," I said. "I'll bet he did."

We went from dory to dory until we found one that wasn't padlocked. I handed her in, and we shoved off. She sat shivering in her black hand-me-down coat while I rowed up the channel through the weeds, into the moon lane.

"Picnic Point's closest," I said. "If he poled through the channel, this breeze might have drifted him that far. Didn't you take the boys' swimming over there this summer?"

All the way over we didn't speak. Of course she had all her thoughts and prayers on him. I was thinking of Scowler too, but I had room left over. I laid into the oars, disgusted with me. I'd learned to accept my life; dull as it was, I'd got it in shape and accepted it. And I wasn't going to disorganize it with any foolish ideas.

As we beached the dory she seized my arm again. "Marty! I don't see your rowboat here."

"Could have drifted off," I said. "I'll bet that infernal saber against your gingham window shades that the boy's here and safe."

I only wanted to perk her up while I searched the Point. But she wouldn't stay behind. So we roamed the moonlit picnic grounds together. Because of her ankle it was slow hunting. With a tight grip on my elbow she limped along, gritting her teeth.

First we smelled the woodsmoke. Then the fat coach dog padded out of a grove, growling fiercely. Recognizing Christy, he yipped crazily, and after that we were all set.

Scowler lay asleep beside his all but dead campfire, head on his hands, like a kitten. He smelled of fish and bilge, water and bonfire and blackberries.

When I lifted him he sighed deeply, almost a sob, as kids do sometimes when they've fallen asleep crying. He opened one eye and saw Christy sniffing over him, and he grinned and struggled into her arms. He didn't hold his arms beligerently bowlegged now; he wasn't a tough little cookie any more. He was just a frizzletop who had forgotten to be mad at his mom, at least temporarily.

WE ROWED back and carried him home and plopped him into bed without giving him a bath. But he fussed and held tight to Christy's hand as if the dark had finally got the better of him.

"Marty," Christy pleaded. "Could Dusty come over and sleep with him? Just for tonight, please? He thinks so much of Dusty."

When I nodded, Scowler immediately released her hand. She went downstairs with me and took a flat box off the pile of Lieutenant Bond's souvenirs near the fireplace and tucked it under my arm.

"A present for Dusty for doing us the favor," she said. We went out on the porch. "You've been wonderful, Marty. After the way I dressed you down. I'd never have made it alone."

"Alone," I said. "There's too much loneliness been going on in this world. But pretty soon you won't need to be alone again."

Only, I still will, I thought. "Good night," I said too loudly. Getting down the steps fast, I almost tripped over the bronze mud scraper. When I latched the picket gate she was still standing on the porch, framed in the

glow, wearing the lieutenant's hand-me-down.

Dusty rolled out of bed willingly. He put on his sneakers and a thick bathrobe and strapped his Scout axe around his waist. That little-boy trick reminded me again that I'd have to do something about Grunt, who would have made him take it off.

From the sidewalk I watched him trudge sleepily down Pine Street and turn into Christy Bond's picket gate. Then I went up into the attic and switched on the light and leaned against the wall, looking at the rafters and thinking.

Those rafters hacked up with Dusty's biggest knife made me as miserable as I ever hope to feel. Counting the accusing gouges, I thought, Dusty, son, you can get all the fish scales on your knickers that you please! And the heck with Grunt. You can wear out your sneakers as fast as you like, and ditto to Grunt. There isn't going to be any more Grunt.

I went down to the library and lit a cigar. First time I didn't enjoy a melancholy smoke. I opened the flat box that Christy had given me from the stack of souvenirs sent home by Lieutenant Bond. It was an acydeydey set, which is a hybrid crap game that sailors and old ladies esteem highly, although the old ladies call it backgammon. I turned the flat box over.

It had come from Wartburg's department store on Main Street. From Wartburg's, right on Main Street.

Did all those souvenirs come from Wartburg's?

I looked around for my cigar, stoked with a jittery match. I was scared—just plain damned deliciously scared. I thought, let's get out of here. I clamped my cap on my creeping scalp and went outside and started walking down Pine Street.

It's been so long since I talked with a woman that way... What the hell do you say?

Christy Bond, still wearing the hand-me-down, was sitting in her porch swing. As I came up the steps she said anxiously, "Marty, what's wrong?"

"You are," I said. "Christy, why doesn't Scowler get letters from his dad?"

The porch swing's gentle swaying halted. She looked at me steadily, saying nothing.

I said hurriedly, softly, "Christy, why'd you do such a damn fool thing? How'd you expect to keep something like that secret?"

Silence. In the dark I waited

for the porch swing to resume its gentle swaying. I sweated it out, and then the murmuring creek, creek of the swing chains started up again. Christy said, "I kept it secret for two years. I came to a town where no one knew us, where we had no friends who might accidentally tell Scowler."

"But why? Why didn't you tell him?"

She said gently, "He loved his father so. I was going to tell him when he got big enough to take it."

"That boy can take it right now," I said. I sat down on the porch swing and she pulled her legs up under her to make room. "Christy, listen to me. That's the real reason he went haywire. He knows you've been giving him a fast shuffle about something. He's bewildered and resentful."

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And believe me, the kid's nineteenth smart to it right now.

"Two years," I said. "It's—'I've been going it alone for five."

She said calmly, "I've licked that part of it. Pretty much. But it still gets me down when I think of Scowler's life."

The screen door opened and out came Dusty, still wearing his thick bathrobe. He was half asleep on his feet. He padded over to the porch swing and wriggled in between us and rested his head on Christy's shoulder. "Scowler's sleeping," he said. "I told him the story about the Dutch kid sticking his finger in the dike in the olden days."

"I hope you didn't make it sound gruesome," I said, knowing what realism Dusty puts into his stories.

He yawned. "Gruesome? Not by a damn sight, Dad."

Well, I thought, searching for a fresh cigar, I suppose I said worse things when I was his age.

He snuggled sleepily against Christy and murmured, without opening his eyes, "How much do lemons cost, Mom? Scowler and I figure on building a lemonade stand on our lawn tomorrow."

Whose lawn was that? Christy's or mine?

Over the top of his head Christy winked at me.

THE END

OUR LACK OF...

(Continued from page 7)

to enforce these laws; but as long as the people, either thru ignorance, indifference, or lack of moral courage and civic dignity and pride, do not all themselves actively and militantly with the forces of the government in the fight against the violators of these laws—as long as the people content themselves, as they do now, in blaming the government for all the existing ills, merely conveying from one gossiping center to another loose talks or rumors of graft and corruption and lawlessness, without offering and helping to establish the truth of any specific violation of the law—we are doomed to frustration.

Such a deplorable state of affairs can and should be remedied. The lawbreakers (except perhaps in a few areas now dominated by dissident elements) constitute a very small minority of the citizenry. There is no reason why they could not and should not be subdued and their depredations brought under complete control, if only the great majority of decent and law-abiding citizens would realize that it is their moral and civic duty and their obligation to themselves and to their families as a matter of self-

ARE YOU AN APOLOGETIC HOSTESS?

By MIRIAM POPE CIMINO

WE WHO have recovered from that deadly affliction, apologizing to guests, have something worth while to crow about. How wonderful to give a genuine come-right-in handshake to unexpected guests, when kitchen steam has mixed your face powder and perspiration into something feeling like biscuit dough! Or when your hair, after a bout at plum gathering, feels embrodered with cockleburs! To lead guests smilingly into a living room with the curtains just down from the dirtier-than-you-thought windows, and a puppy puddle spang in the middle of the floor! How delightful not to have to waste most of the precious little time good friends have together in explaining away the shortcomings of your clothes, food, housecleaning and what not!

Apologizing hostesses should imagine themselves guests at their own tables, and visualize their enjoyment of a meat loaf after being told it had been assembled under peculiar circumstances and from doubtful

substitutes. How long would it keep its tempting appearance and good flavor?

Why not let guests think the cake frosting is just the way, the Lord, or a cookbook, meant it to be? That the fallen soufflé was merely an ordinary accident, with malice toward none, and not worth ruining a whole luncheon party?

Apologizers might take a tip in real non-chalance from the old servant who, after watching a horrified host lift a bottle nipple from a platter of beef stew, said calmly, "Well, I wondered where that was!"

It might be something quite trivial which keeps a hostess blushing a watermelon pink. But her guests don't know this. They only know that she is uneasy and apologetic.

For some of us, a bumpy log crawling with ants is more comfortable than the finest down chair of an uneasy apologetic hostess. Let's leave "Excuse it, please" to telephone operators, and stop apologizing all the hospitality out of our homes.

LEAP YEAR FOR OLYMPIC ENTRANT



IN TRAINING FOR THE OLYMPICS in February, Barbara Ann Scott, Ottawa, Canada, tries out a difficult stunt at Davos, Switzerland. Miss Scott, 19, is world's champion figure skater, having won her European title last year in an international contest at Davos. (International)

protection to ally themselves and cooperate actively and militantly with the forces of law and order in their constant war against crimes and criminals.

On the morning of April 30, 1830, one Joseph White, an aged and respected citizen of Salem, Massachusetts, was found murdered in his bed. Not the slightest motive for the commission of the crime could be conjectured and there was no clue as to the perpetrator. A public meeting was held by the citizens, and a Committee of Vigilance consisting of twenty-seven members was appointed to ferret out the offending parties. As a result of such vigilance and cooperation of the public-spirited citizens the murderer and his accomplices were arrested, convicted, and executed. That, gentlemen, is the kind of civic spirit that we should stimulate here.

I earnestly urge you, provincial governors and city mayors, to organize such a campaign in your respective provinces and cities. Call a meeting of your municipal mayors and councilors and explain to them the necessity for such a campaign to achieve the

moral regeneration of our people as a means to suppress, or at least minimize, lawlessness. Charge your municipal mayors and councilors and other intelligent and civic-minded citizens with the duty of organizing periodic meetings in their respective communities to enlighten the people on their duties and responsibilities as citizens, to arouse their civic spirit, and to enlist their aid in the prevention, detection, or suppression of crimes. In this campaign of enlightenment and moral regeneration you are at liberty to call upon the judges of first instance, the fiscals, the justices of the peace, and all other officers of the government, whether national, provincial, or municipal, for their active aid and support. Every protection, encouragement, and praise should be given to those who display civic spirit by cooperating with the forces of the government in the identification, arrest, and prosecution of law-breakers. And anyone who shirks his civic duty thru pusillanimity, indifference, or selfish interest should be held up to scorn and regarded as a social outcast.

WHAT'S FITTING?

(Continued from page 18)

Tall slender girls can wear wide-spaced, splashy patterns, but if you're short and inclined to be heavy, choose small, all-over designs.

Choose your bag for size. If you're a little girl, don't carry a too-large bag. If you're tall and slender, don't pick a too-small bag. When carrying a suede bag, always wear gloves to protect the leather from perspiration marks. Use a good suede cleaner and brush your bag with straight strokes. Then brush with a soft brush.

Now, about your shoes. Fit is most important. Corns and callouses are a sign you're fitting your eyes, not your feet. Look at the soles of your shoes. If they are worn unevenly, something is wrong. If your heels seem to spring under, you're being fitted too short. Simple plain pumps add length to your leg and extra bows and buckles can make one pair look like several. If your legs are short, never wear straps.

Action clothes must not hamper. Skirts should be full and arm action free. If your legs are good but your bust large, wear shorts and a full skirt. Conversely, if your legs are heavy but you have a nice throat and back, wear sun dresses.

Now, I've told you my tricks—it's up to you to make your wardrobe fit!

USE THAT SPACE

(Continued from page 19)

an excellent utility piece in this room. A desk which folds neatly into the wall could also be included in the living room design, as could a radio cabinet.

For the dining room, a legless cabinet that hangs from the wall can double as a serving table. If the room is very small, a table projecting from one wall can save much space. A china closet could be built into that corner where no store-bought piece could ever fit.

WHY WE NEED...

(Continued from page 8)

speeds convalescence. A transfusion after an operation can cut down a patient's time in the hospital by days.

Medical science has discovered important new lifesaving substances in blood; that is a second reason why we need so much today. The word "plasma" became a part of everybody's language during the war; now we are going to hear more and more of two new words—"fractions" and "globulins."

Fractions and globulins are the new products derived from plasma which prevent or modify measles, treat whooping cough, prevent sterility following mumps, treat kidney and liver diseases, and skin ulcers and anemias too.

Needing blood so much, why can't doctors get it easily? First, commercial blood donors are fewer than they used to be. No one can explain why. But even if as many donors were available as before the war, the supply of blood they could furnish would not be enough. The great use of blood during the war was made possible by the thousands of volunteer donors in every state. Since peace the volunteers have dropped away, even where the blood centers were kept open.

What's needed now is the same drive to persuade volunteers to give and the same organization to make it possible. In Cleveland last June the problem was presented to a special meeting of the important Red Cross central committee. As an emergency the blood shortage was as grave as any of the disasters the Red Cross was organized to meet. Would the Red Cross help? The committee was quick to accept the challenge. The Red Cross is tackling the job, effective at once.

No one I talked to at Red Cross national headquarters in Washington thinks the job is going to be easy.

The easiest task is the first—raising money for equipment and laboratories. The Red Cross expects to spend five million dollars to start the program and twenty millions annually to keep it running on a full-scale national basis. The hard job—and the longest—will be training hundreds of volunteer workers and paid technicians. But medical chief Dr. G. Foard McGinnis says it can be done. Whole blood, plasma and blood derivatives will be available to everyone in the United States

without charge, he hopes within three to five years.

Persuading volunteer donors to give will also take some doing. During the war it was easy to persuade patriotic Americans to give blood again and again to help save the lives of their sons, brothers and husbands. The need was great and the drama was responded generously with more than thirteen million pints of blood.

In peacetime the need for blood donations is as great—even greater—although the drama is less. More than a hundred and seventy-five thousand Americans were killed in action from December 7, 1941, to V-J Day. Monuments commemorate their sacrifice. But more than twice that number died in home-front accidents during the same period: They are, as a group, forgotten.

Yet accidents may happen to any of us. It is the Red Cross's job to make us realize that a free source of blood, easily available when necessary, is to the advantage of us all. When we vo-

INDIAN BEAUTY IN SNOW FESTIVAL



FIRST FULL-BLOODED INDIAN girl to represent the Black Hills in the Snow Queen Festival at Aberdeen, S. D., is beautiful Darlene Rose Decoy, 17. She has ambitions to become a Hollywood actress. (International)

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LANA TURNER

PREVENT THOSE WRINKLES

Neglect of the arms, hands, and elbows can bring about a wrinkled or rough effect which can do much to detract from an otherwise attractive appearance.

If they are rough or wrinkled, all three of these complexion areas should be regularly scrubbed with a stiff-bristled hand brush, with an abundance of soap and water being used. Such treatment is usually especially needed on the points of the elbows.

Rough, Tough-Towels

The briskness which should mark such a brush scrubbing process should also be evident in the drying of the hands and arms with a towel. Use the roughest, hardest kind of a towel, applied very vigorously, for such drying. Incidentally, such a rough, hard towel is also the most effective kind for drying the body, after a bath or shower. But don't use such a towel for drying the face.

When the hands and arms have been dried, further their softness by applying hand lotion. Be sure to include the elbow points in this application. If the elbows are extremely rough, treat them regularly with skin cream.

Face Wrinkles

The problem of hand wrinkles, just roughed upon, is nowhere near as serious a matter as the problem of face wrinkles. And, as I have frequently warned in this column, facial wrinkles are by no means confined to those of an advanced age. Young women who don't wear the glasses which they need become victims to them. School-girls who are called upon to do overmuch reading and study frequently suffer from them. And, unless corrective steps are taken, these originally temporary wrinkles around the eyes can become permanent mars to the appearance.

Do It In Time

Squint wrinkles can be eradicated if corrective measures are taken in time. Don't be idly vain and refuse to wear sight-correcting glasses if you need them. And, even if your vision is perfect, protect your eyes with tinted glasses if you expose them to the sun or wind to any great extent. Remember that the motion pictures or magazine illustrations which so often show Hollywood's beautiful screen stars wearing such tinted lenses are not testimonials to a merely passing fad. The wearing of such glasses by these stars is a time-tested device for the preservation of their eye beauty.

Young Women

Neck or throat wrinkles don't often appear on a young woman unless she has suddenly lost a great deal of weight. If wrinkles appear after such a loss of weight, don't depend upon skin cream massage to overcome them. Massage with such a cream will often delay the appearance of old age wrinkles to some degree, and will sometimes even make wrinkles disappear to an appreciable extent, but this is not an effective treatment for wrinkles which come from too rapid loss of weight.

Regaining lost pounds is the best wrinkle cure for such cases. If you have lost much weight and don't know why, see your doctor. If you have been dieting to the point of starvation in order to lose weight, so at this process move slowly and moderately.

lunteer it will not be for some remote charity—we'll be giving for ourselves, our families and our friends.

HOW will the volunteer plan be set up? Details haven't yet been worked out but fortunately for us all the State of Massachusetts has provided a model which may be adopted quickly. State officials realized two years ago that the method of getting blood from professional donors was out-dated and asked the state health department to work out a new one. It seems sound and is likely to be adopted by the Red Cross on a national scale.

In Massachusetts any man or woman who gives a single pint of blood to the state blood-donor program is promised all the free blood every member of his immediate family may need for one year. Two mobile blood units visit each community twice a year to collect the donations. The volunteer is registered and may call for help whenever he or his family needs it.

One of the units visited the watch-manufacturing town of Waltham several months ago. Among the thirty women who volunteered to give, blood that afternoon was Mrs. A. J. Her husband scoffed: "We'll never need any blood. And if we do,

there will be plenty of time to line up our friends." But she kept her appointment anyway. Three weeks later Mrs. A. J.'s husband was in the local hospital with internal hemorrhages from stomach ulcers. He needed two pints of blood at once to prepare for emergency surgery—and would need more immediately after. Rut the hospital discovered that A. J. had the rare type B Rh-negative blood and only one pint could be found through commercial channels. The surgeon called the state blood bank at Jamaica Plain. Yes, they had the rare blood in their bank. A Red Cross motor corps driver broke a few speed laws delivering the precious stuff but the blood arrived in time to save the man's life.

This was a routine handling of an everyday emergency case in Massachusetts. Contrast it with a case only four hours away by air in a Washington, D. C., hospital. Young Walter B. arrived with a ruptured appendix and an uncommon AB blood type. All day long his parents stood helplessly while friend after friend went to the hospital and

submitted to blood tests until at the last desperate moment—and luckily—one was found whose blood was a suitable match. This too, was a routine handling of an emergency case—outside of Massachusetts.

If our biggest city hospitals have inadequate blood banks, what can be expected at a rural hospital? Many an automobile accident happens sixty miles from nowhere. If the injured are taken to a small hospital they may die before necessary blood is obtained. Any hospital in Massachusetts, no matter how remote, can get lifesaving blood quickly. Deliveries are made from strategically located blood centers by automobile or if necessary by plane. If Red Cross plan works out, that will be true everywhere in America tomorrow.

Blood and plasma will save lives after accidents. The new blood products, the fractions and globulins, while less spectacular, have as vital a role in treating contagious diseases.

In a bad measles year a million American school children will spend two weeks out of school. The immediate effect on their studies is not so important as the after-effects—weakening of eyesight and hearing. And even common ordinary measles can kill—twelve hundred children died of it in 1946.

Doctors say most of those who died could have been saved if their local health departments had on hand a supply of immune serum globulin made from blood plasma. And many of the others need never have had the measles. Globulin inoculations after exposure can prevent measles entirely for weeks at a time. They do not give permanent immunity but they can protect a child until an epidemic is over. Or if given after a child has contracted the disease, the injection can moderate the severity of the disease, preventing serious aftermaths such as pneumonia or ear or throat disorders.

Massachusetts had a real measles epidemic last year. But in forty thousand cases reported there were only fourteen deaths. Why? The state health department was prepared, thanks to the state blood program, and able to give more than thirty thousand globulin inoculations.

Another globulin, made from the plasma of people convalescing from the mumps, will soon be widely used to prevent the sterility that often follows that disease.

Diarrhea is a major killer of

infants and children chiefly because it robs their bodies of vital proteins. Plasma can serve here too, according to Dr. Frederic Burke, pediatrician at Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C. When a child can't take food by mouth, he says, the protein needed for tissue building can be supplied by plasma injections.

ALREADY available in some hospitals is a brand-new blood product, fibrin foam, which controls bleeding in surgery. The stuff looks like a pale yellow sponge and can be sewed up in the incision. Because it is pure human protein the swabs are gradually absorbed into the blood stream.

Extreme bleeding after a tooth extraction is stopped immediately when dentists use fibrin foam packs. Brain surgeons also use a fibrin film to replace the injured covering of the brain, eliminating the old use of silver plates. The film, a parchmentlike tissue, helps the brain covering grow into place and finally dissolves without further injury to the patient.

Few major operations are performed today without a ready supply of whole blood at hand. And many operations once considered impossible—particularly those on very young children and very old people—can now, with whole blood and plasma at hand, be performed with safety.

No pregnant woman goes into a modern hospital's delivery room today without first having her blood typed. Blood must be ready immediately for her and her baby should unforeseen complications develop.

Fifteen per cent of all American mothers have Rh-negative blood. Some of them during their pregnancies build up antibodies which endanger the life of their babies. With new transfusing techniques, doctors can now save the child by replacing the dangerous blood with a complete new supply.

Knowing about all these vital needs and uses for human blood should help you decide favorably when sometime soon the Red Cross in its new role enters your life and asks for blood.

We'll be giving for ourselves.

(THE END)

WOMEN in the NEWS

(Continued from page 11)

March 26 on a year long journey through the Orient, Middle and Near East. As always she will be accompanied by Polly Thompson, her companion, secretary and substitute eyes and ears.

"We are going to help the blind," Miss Keller explained. "Because of the war their condition has become even more desperate. It is my prayer that I will be instrumental in breaking the chains of their darkness."

In city after city, in troubled nations and occupied lands Miss Keller will appear at public meetings. She will visit schools and hospitals. She will talk to men and women responsible for the care of the blind.

After months spent in the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand, she will return to Japan in September for her visit in 11 years.

What does she expect the trip to accomplish?

"We must interest government's and medical men in the plight of the blind," Miss Keller continued. "We must educate blind children. We must train blind adults to support themselves. We must have this kind of work for the blind abroad as we are establishing it at home.

"We must work to prevent blindness. That is the most important thing."

YOUNGEST OPERA SINGER IN THE WORLD

Manila music lovers experienced a rare treat last February 8 when a 14-year-old girl, Cely O. Carillo, appeared in the role of Gilda in the opera Rigoletto.

Miss Carillo is the daughter of Tomas C. Carillo who always shows his daughter's birth certificate to doubting Thomases to prove that she is really the youngest opera singer in the world. Cely was born on February 18, 1934, which makes her 14 years this month.

According to Major Carillo, Cely started taking voice lessons only

about two years ago from Prof. Jose Mossessgeld Santiago-Font. People who know the Carillos do not wonder that Cely has turned out to be a singer, for Major Carillo studied violin and voice, while Mrs. Carillo is a pianoforte graduate.

Cely is a lyric soprano and her voice is said to register as high as sol.

MANY WOMEN AMONG JAPANESE UNION MEMBERS

Tokyo: Labor Unions in Japan numbered 26,421 on November 30, 1947, according to a report from SCAP headquarters. Total number of members was 5,993,613 of which 1,388,124 were women.

WOMAN GETS HIGH POST IN JAPAN

Advances which Japanese women have made in politics received another impetus recently when a woman—for the first time in history—became a parliamentary vice minister of justice when Habuki Satake resigned.

Mrs. Sakakibara, 51, has been twice elected to the house of representatives from Fukushima prefecture. She also has served as reporter for Fujin-no-tomo magazine and as secretary general of Yokohama Women's Association. She is head of the Fukushima Prefecture Chapter of Christian Women's Society for moral reform.

CHILD PRODIGY MAKES DEBUT IN NEW YORK

Nena del Rosario, 12 year old pianist made her American debut on a nation-wide Columbia broadcasting system program "Gateways To Music." She played a piece by Bach on a half hour program devoted to music of north German composers.

CBS said the program is tentatively scheduled for rebroadcast to the Philippines.

Nena came to the United States a year ago and lives with her parents and three brothers and a sister in a suburb near New York. She attends St. Gabriel's School there and continues piano studies under Milne Charnby in New York. Charnby is married to Maria Osmeña, daughter of former President Osmeña, who has been living in the United States for over ten years now.

SOCIAL WORKERS ORGANIZE

THE PHILIPPINE ASSOCIATION OF SOCIAL WORKERS was fully organized after considerable deliberation and consultation with the UNO Consultants on



Cely O. Carillo, 14-year-old singer made her debut on the stage by singing the role of Gilda in the Opera Rigoletto presented by Jose M. Santiago last February 8 at the UST auditorium.

Social Welfare Work, currently assigned in the Philippines. The PAWS has been organized to promote and maintain a professional standard for social work practices; to provide means and opportunities for professional training and improvement of the members; and to inculcate public social consciousness which will result in more sympathetic support and effective action for social welfare.

Eligibility for membership in the PAWS which is open to both men and women is based largely on professional education and experience in social work. Membership in the Association operates as a voluntary certification through which an individual establishes his professional status in the field of social work.

The officers of the PAWS are Mrs. Josefina Jara Martinez, president; Mrs. Minerva Gusayco Laudico, vice president; Mrs. Olimpia Ubaldo Lozano, secretary; Mrs. Felicidad A. Silva, treasurer; Mrs. Flora A. Palomar, Miss Agapita Murillo, and Miss Carmen Montinola, board members.

'SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 13)

"And now let me get onto a favorite topic of mine—right now what I have to say may have no particular, no immediate meaning to you, but go home and mull it over and see what you can make of it.

"I am thinking of values, the values generally accepted for worthwhile achievements like success, reputation, popularity. Our accepted gauge for these are money, power, position. Are these, do you think, the right standards? Would a man or a woman be successful in your eyes simply because he or she sported a car, lived in a big house, had numerous servants? Or because he or she is an Assemblyman, or a Senator? Or he or she is a Mr. This or Mrs. That in our society?

"Would you not prefer to consider successful the man or the woman who deals honestly with his fellowmen, who is kind and thoughtful, who is helpful and courteous, unselfish and humble? Would you not say that the poor farmer in the little story I told you was successful because he had done the best he could for everybody around him, and that some of our big politicians and social leaders, some of our big men and women are not because they are,

U.N. WORKER HAS EYE ON TURKEY



IN CONTRAST to the people of France, who were cold and hungry, Pollette Marie, a United Nations attache from Paris, enjoys the Holiday season hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lyons, Binghamton, N. Y. She was one of 175 U.N. workers who were guests of typical American families in three New York State towns, and at the moment she is particularly interested in a second helping of turkey. (International)

in their turn, doing only the best thing they can for themselves with' out thinking of the other fellow?

"If you believe this, dear girls, as I so solemnly do, you will see what values you have to change as you go through life, fighting the wrong ones other people place upon things. But being girl scouts, you will go on fighting, for the cause is good and worthy, and you are good and worthy, yourselves."

As, it seems to me, this spirit is rampant everywhere, it is more or less taken for granted. If you do not "indulge," you are dubbed impractical, unrealistic, or, at worst, an escapist. Seeing the disease clearly, but not subscribing to it, is to them, who do indulge, akin to folly and surely a sign of some illness. Such a person is "crazy," "queer"—or other equally uncomplimentary epithets. 'Seems to me, as a mater of fact, that the adjectives, implying what they do, are complimentary.

THE BETRAYAL

(Continued from page 4)

into submission. Perhaps because I know he can't be starved into submission. Which is no excuse at all for not trying. And certainly no reason for feeding him. It's insane."

"You could," Elena suggested after a long thought "point out his hiding place to the Japs."

"I wouldn't do that."

"But think, Paulo!" She added, with growing vehemence. "Think of the — the consequences! With undeniable reason you are trying to avoid the war. But you are get-

and to spread comfort to as many areas as can possibly be covered under adverse circumstances.

Now that the Red Cross needs our help, we must not let it down. We would be recreant to our civic duties were we to turn a deaf ear to the pleas of the Red Cross. The direction and control of this humanitarian entity is in capable and honest hands. Mrs. Aurora Quezon, the Chairman of the Board, called upon to direct its policies, is zealously and disinterestedly working to expand the service of the Red Cross. The nation owes her a great debt of gratitude. Solicitor-General Manuel Lim, Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo-Lim and many others who are assisting in the management and administration of the Red Cross, deserve likewise the full-hearted acknowledgment of the people. They are a constant inspiration to the great unused number of hardworking doctors, nurses and operatives that patiently execute the various programs and projects of the Red Cross.

PRESIDENT ROXAS...

(Continued from page 5)

ing hand that it may the better carry on its noble functions. We should spare no effort to make of this organization which is truly national in scope and universal in function, an entity worthy of our pride, our honor, and our prestige as a people.

In normal times we do not think so much of the Red Cross. We take its functions for granted. We feel that it is not our concern that it should carry on. But when catastrophes strike, such as the last typhoon or the recent earthquakes which disrupted public utilities, and deprived thousands of our people of their homes and gravely affected their means of livelihood, the first thought that occurs to us is, "Notify the Red Cross." But the Red Cross needs no prodding. The Red Cross is on the job night and day, taking great risks to save lives, to restore property

This unselfish organization merits the full confidence of the people. Whatever support we give to this organization will go out in multiplied benefits to the millions of our under-privileged masses who, by the strange irony of fate, always suffer the most when national catastrophes strike us.

I appeal to the entire nation and to every individual to give and to give unthinkingly—so that the Philippine National Red Cross may truly be national in ideal as well as in service. Contribute all you can to this worthy cause. However little it might be, it will help to save a life, or give shelter, food or clothing to the victims of disaster.

Charity is the greatest of all virtues. Here you have an opportunity to exercise that virtue. Give generously to the Red Cross!

ting right into the thloek of it! Think of this place of yours—and what it means to you! Think of your ideas. Don't throw everything away, because of Flint!"

"I don't know," Paulo said sadly. "I don't know. Everything that had seemed so right, so incontrovertible falls into shreds now before this situation which I can not justify on any logical ground. It goes so against my reason, that all the explanations I try to make for it fall flat.

"I say to myself, You pity him, an underdog, so you're helping him. But I don't pity Flint. He doesn't need pity, and reason dictates he is a fool. Why should I compound foolishness with reason? That is illogical.

"Maybe, it's because he's an American, and we had ties of sympathy with the Americans? But no, I have time to remember personally of kindness from Americans—or from other whites—except from one or two missionaries. Thinking how shamefully some Americans in Manila had treated me, I have a pretty good excuse for hating them. But why should I hold that against Flint?"

"In fact, thinking back on it, I'm sure I'd feed the fugitive, were

he any guerrilla or — or Captain Floh."

"Maybe, then, it is the thrill of it," Elena's voice was edged with scorn. "There was nothing thrilling in what happened to — to Father."

"It's not the thrill of it. Why should I be thrilled in prolonging the inhuman agony of this man, in aiding him to barter his life for illusory ideals? Elena, all that is repulsive to my spirit."

Though the fowls had by now obliterated Flint's tracks, the shadow of the American lay suddenly between them, dark and menacing. Across the narrow table, littered with the remains of breakfast, Paulo sat, his eyes remote, his head wreathed in clouds of tobacco-papaya-leaf smoke. It was as if he had become distant to her all at once, because of Flint, and she hated him as she hated Flint, and she felt warmly for him in his bewilderment, in the hungry restlessness of his spirit, and she loved him, and she did not know what to do about it all.

"Paulo," Elena said jerkily. His wide eyes turned on her, a startled look in them, as if he had been abruptly called out of a deep reverie, and she asked dismally,

If Your Child Has Headaches

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

A GOOD many people have the idea that children are not subject to headache. In this they are completely mistaken for youngsters do have headaches, apmetimes, quite severe ones.

Headache in the child may be produced by many different conditions, some of which may be trifling and temporary while others indicate disorders of the utmost seriousness. Thus, headache in children should never be neglected or treated lightly. In every case headache deserves attention and careful study to discover the cause so that effective treatment can be given.

Sometimes, to be sure, a complaint of headache on the part of a child means no more than an attempt to escape a distasteful task.

Imitate Elders

Children imitate their elders. If the parents complain of headaches in order to get out of doing something they do not want to do, the child also is likely to learn to complain of headache when he is faced with some unpleasant task. Thus, parents should not complain of illness in the presence of their children, and certainly should not complain of illness when none is present.

One of the more frequent causes of headaches in children is eye strain, especially the type of eye condition known as astigmatism, due to abnormal shape of the eyeball. If there is a great degree of eyesight trouble, simple tests will

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usually reveal it. However, the best thing to do is to have the youngster's eyes examined by a doctor.

Caused by Anemia

Still another cause of headaches is anemia or a lessening of the amount of coloring in the blood. It is a simple matter for the physician to examine the blood to determine when anemia is present, and, of course, treatment of the anemia with iron-containing preparations and foods rich in iron such as liver, meat, eggs and whole-grain cereals will usually relieve the difficulty.

Children often develop headaches because of exposure to sunlight and glare, sitting in rooms without sufficient ventilation and lack of rest and sleep. Of course, these things are easily corrected.

More Unusual Cause

A more unusual cause of headaches is a lack of sugar in the blood. Children are active and they burn up food materials rapidly. Active children need extra sugar. The headaches caused by a lack of sugar are easily relieved or prevented by giving the child sweets at the proper time.

Of course, headaches may be caused by more serious conditions such as tumors of the brain, migraine, chronic kidney disorders, prolonged constipation and sinus infections.

The child's complaints of headache should not be ignored, but a doctor should be consulted as soon as possible so that the source of the trouble can be determined.

"So you're going to keep on feeding him?"

He nodded. The little cord-like muscles of his jaw showed. Her eyes travelled fondly over his face for a moment, and she knew without conscious thought that she couldn't let it happen to him, too. She couldn't let it happen to him, as it had happened to them. She knew now what to do.

"All right, Paulo," she said. "If that's what you feel about it. Many thanks for last night's lodging and the swell meals. I've got to go

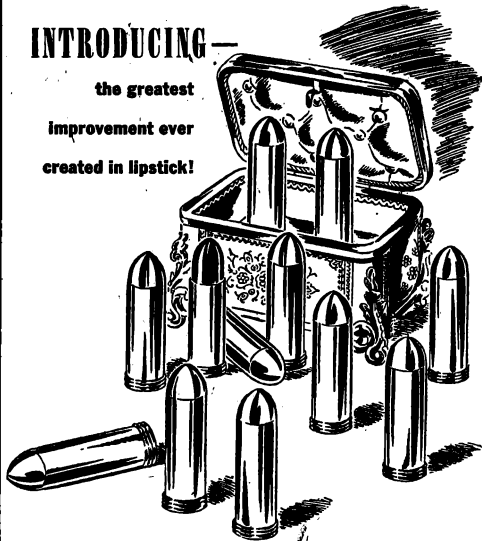
now. Mother will be very worried."

With short running steps she hurried across the fields on her way to town. She ran in an erratic half-world of mist like an inverted cup of cottony white that moved with her, discarding and including details of landscape, such as headlands and trees and the dikes of rice paddies, as they advanced. It was as if she carried her purpose in a sieve, and must hurry and reach town before all of it ran out.

Half-seeing the path worn in the

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(Ad-Ex-34-B)

Crisp, Cool Cottons Are a Good Choice for Summer Days

By ELEANOR ROSS

BATHE often, brush your hair off your face, and wear crisp, clean cottons. This is just about the best practical prescription possible for warding off the warm weather dol-drum, that sooner or later, threaten to engulf those of us who have to stay in town and stick to the hum-drum routine, come summer.

An all-cotton wardrobe is sound summer sense for many reasons. Cottons today are magnificently styled, are smart enough to go roof-garden dining and dancing, keep the wearer divinely cool, crisp, chic and unruffled. Constantly improved methods of processing for color fastness, crease resistance and reduction in shrinkage enhance the appearance of cottons and make their care simpler.

For Kitchen Duty

Gingham house dresses make kitchen duty easier. Seersucker play suits and sailcloth slacks are perfect for rough and tumble outdoor wear. Beautiful chambray and shirting frocks and suits make going out a pleasure, whether bound for the golf course or for town. Dance and evening frocks of beautiful cotton are applause getters, and they range from cotton organ-dies trimmed with ruffles and ribbons to rib-hugging crisp pique numbers.

Cotton bras, nightgowns and slips wash like a charm and are cool and comfy, as are cotton house coats and negligees. White cottons are a cinch, but unless colored cottons are color-fast, then care must be taken to avoid running color. Soak an inconspicuous part of the garment, such as the end of a belt, the inside of a pocket, in a glass of lukewarm suds for several minutes. If the water is tinted, work as rapidly as possible when washing garment.

There is no effective way to "set" colors. If a color is fugitive, it cannot be made "fast" by adding salt or vinegar to the water. Remove white or light-colored trimmings. Do not soak. Wash each article separately and quickly.

Suds should be cool (85-90 F). Squeeze suds quickly through garment, avoiding rubbing or twisting. Rinse quickly and thoroughly, using water the same temperature as the suds. Squeeze out water. Place an old Turkish towel inside garment and roll it in another Turkish towel. Unroll at once. Do not allow colored garments to remain rolled up in damp towels.

Shake out garment and place on rust-proof hanger. Dry indoors or in shade. Iron garment while still slightly damp, putting an extra cloth over the ironing board to protect the cover.

grass, mounting low rock walls, through loose strands of barbed wire in this strange inverted world she was most aware of the Idea that had suddenly crystallized into Challenging Duty. She'll have to do it. Paulo shall be saved. The town shall have peace.

She topped the spur of hill that walled Ambuco valley from the Tamaung plain. The sun's rays burst through the mist. Tiny diamonds trembled on blades of grass. On the rolling sward lay great silver coils of spiders' webs scattered prodigally on the land last night. On the bushes hung strings of pearls. He shall be saved. The town shall have peace.

Along the ridge of the hill she hurried. Upon the massed vapors in the wiley her shadow fell, and around the head of her shadow a halo fell circled by three concentric rainbows, the biggest one of which overreached the incredibly blue sky that had suddenly broken through a rift in the mist. He shall understand and forgive, and he shall be saved.

Elena paused to contemplate her halo, while mist flew before the sun and massed in the hollows, and ragged ends of it caught on rocky crags and tree tops. She cast a glance backward at Ambuco, at the notch at the foot of Baderman where her father's hut had been, and all she could see were the charred remains of vegetation on the gulch sides where the fire had spread. This sorrow shall

cease. She tore her eyes grimly away, and hurried down on the other side of the hill. The cool harvest wind wove around her, and the mountains cast their shadows on the plain, and the reapers moved like ants among the grain, and the golden sea on the Tamaung floor broke in waves against the rocky feet of the surrounding hills, and the misty white of the cacuate traced the long straight road, the winding paths and the fences, she must hurry, hurry, hurry. She has a duty to perform.

She hastened frantically across the rice fields and up the red road that ran up the slope of hill in the town — "Where have you been, Helen? So early in the morning?" "AY, there, only there. Ni, I pass you by." "Yes, ah," — impatient at the distance she had yet to go, shutting her eyes to the sight of the cacuate — What was it that Flint had said? — that afternoon oh years and years ago — like the peach blossoms of Arkansas . . . Golly girl, you're whale-skinned . . .

That was the house, now, and her mother and Clara leaning out of the dining-room window, and wasn't that Mr. Watanabe, the interpreter, standing in Main Crossing?

"Oh Mr. Watanabe!" He turned, saw her, grinned, and bowed. "Ohayo!" "Ohayo!" "Helen! Maria called from the window. "Where have you been?" The girl looked at her unseeing-

COMING TO U.S. FOR HEMLINE WAR



BRITAIN'S LEADING anti-long skirt crusader, Mrs. Gillian Greenwood, wife of a member of Parliament, kisses her daughter goodbye in London as she starts for the U. S. to carry on her "hold-tha-hemline" campaign. British women are seriously fighting the new style on the ground that it wastes needed materials throughout Europe. (International)

Best-Dressed Woman in Town

By ELEANOR ROSS

ONE of the best-dressed women we know isn't all wealthy. In fact, she has to manage on the proverbial shoestring, yet she is always a fashion-plate. Her secret: She buys very, very carefully, confining most of her purchases to basic clothes, eschewing dated fads, fluffy ruffles, much extraneous trimming in favor of fine fabric and simple but well-defined lines. The same thing goes for hats, for shoes, for coats. Every two years she has a tailored suit made, and through the years has built up a good suit wardrobe, always having three suits in hand.

Care of Wardrobe

Now to our part of the story, which, of course, is the care this wise woman takes of her wardrobe. For wise buying and proper upkeep is the secret of always appearing beautifully dressed.

Her closets boast a full complement of hangers, varied types of suits, for coats, for blouses, dresses and for skirts. When clothes are doffed they are placed in hangers and set where a current of air will freshen the garment.

Before a garment is replaced in the closet it is gone over to take care of any rips, tears, loose fastenings or whatever. Spots are removed at once. The garment is given a good brushing, with special

attention to folds, pleats, tucks and seams, and replaced in the closet, ready to be worn again without that last-minute frenzied going-over that has wrecked the day of many a woman.

Frequent Washing

Dresses and other garments that are washable, such as blouses, are washed frequently, long before dirt actually shows. Washables are washed with care. Water that is just comfortable to the elbow is just about right for washing "fine" fabrics—rayons, nylons, sheer cottons, and especially woens.

For the pretty neckwear, jabots and such that give suits such a lift, and for fine laces and lacy summer gloves, half fill a screw top or mason jar with warm soapy water, place the collar or dicky or glove in it, cover tightly, and shake. Rinse with clear water in the jar and blot in a clean Turkish towel before drying.

Our friend has another good trick for dealing with suede, be the article a bag, shoes, or belt.

First the suede is brushed off, then the article is wiped with a piece of Turkish towel dampened with just a little cleaning fluid. Then the leather is held over the spot end of a boiling kettle or steam iron for a moment, and turned to reach another spot. The garment is dried before being replaced on trees.

ly, and hurried to Mr. Watanabe. The interpreter took a peek into her basket and exclaimed delightedly, "Bananas!" "Bananas!" she agreed. "Mr. Watanabe."

The interpreter agitated his brush mustache, and his nostrils moved,

as if he were about to sneeze.

"May I have one?" "Take all you want," Elena said hastily, and went on, "I came to tell you about Flint. Paulo Gray can tell you where he is hiding."

TO BE CONTINUED
IN THE NEXT ISSUE

such fashion fame as Hattie Carnegie and John-Fredericks.

Of similar interest are the hand-arts shown by hundreds of other women at the Exposition, women from Norway, Palestine, France and almost everywhere, but not quite. A few countries didn't R.S.V.P. last year, so this year they weren't asked.

for monograms has become a nationwide craze.

"Sure, my child, they all want monograms now," says Mama Greenhut. "During the war my business grew fifteen times bigger. Why? I can only guess. Maybe when life is so uncertain they like to make their belongings as personal as they can."

It has been fifty years since Regina Greenhut left her native Austrian village, yet her accent is still delightfully old-world, and the work of her hands retains that exquisite skill developed by the women of Czechoslovakia. From minute initials on a handkerchief to applique letter, foot-high on a bedspread, each monogram is an individual creation.

Monograms No Crowns

I know a jam-packed little three-room apartment in an old brownstone house on East 56th Street, where you can hear more famous names reeled off by the minute than any Broadway columnist could quote legitimately in a matter of years. . . In the small front room, amid towering piles of linens and silks, Mama Greenhut chirps as merrily as her canary birds. "Ma-ma," as everyone calls Mrs. Regina Greenhut, is New York's foremost embroiderer of monograms. Staring at the incredible heaps of things waiting to be initialed, you begin to suspect our desire

just invited Mama to a first-night

tid-bits

From Princess
Alexandra Kropotkin's
Writings

Sleep On It

My New York tipster on superstitions says the thing to do for the 14th of February is this: have a cake baked especially for you to put under your pillow the night before Valentine's Day. Break the cake in four pieces—mumble some magic words (if you know any) then arrange a piece of cake comfortably beneath each corner of your pillow. You're supposed to dream of the man you'll marry. Medieval stuff, yet I have no doubt a wide-awake bakery could sell lots of Valentine dream-cakes.

I get these superstitious angles from my friend, Claudia de Lys, who lectures and writes on the subject. Her East 56th Street apartment is crammed to the ceiling with files of notes on folk-lore beliefs from all over the world. The first volume of Claudia's big book on popular superstitions, already published in French, will soon be out in an English edition.

Our very first Valentine poem is said to have been penned by the French duke, Charles of Orleans, twelve years before Columbus discovered America. Charles sent the valentine to his sweetheart from the Tower of London, where he was locked up at the time, having been taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt. . . . According to ancient custom, all Valentines at least should be plentifully decorated with touches of red—"the color of the heart."

Feminine Fair

On November 3rd the Women's International Exposition opens at Grand Central Palace in New York City for a week of hand-art and fashion displays, speeches, lectures, concerts, folk-dances and patriotic exercises. From small

beginnings as a hotel exhibit of women's activities, the enterprise has now become a real world's fair, with forty-nine nations participating, two thousand women serving on the various committees, and an impressive list of supporting organizations.

Flora D. Cunningham, a Long Island housewife, showed me how she used ordinary kitchen technique to produce a new decorative plastic. She said, "I was teaching a class of boy-scouts to decorate picture frames, cigarette boxes, pottery, etc., with simple sculptured designs. Decorating like that for gifts was a hobby of mine. All the plastics we tried were tricky to handle and took too long to set. I wanted a plastic that would shape as easily as pie dough—so I experimented in my kitchen until I made some."

She calls her new plastic Deco-Ren, rolls it out on a bread board with an old wooden rolling pin, stamps it with biscuit cutters, exactly like cookie dough, applies it to glass or ceramics or plywood panels, then paints and glazes it.

Mrs. Elise Saenger, wife of a prominent European doctor, had no intention of launching herself on an art-craft career when she made her first artificial flowers, after she and her husband escaped to this country at the outbreak of the war. Says Mrs. Saenger:

"I have always loved orchids, but as a refugee I couldn't afford them. For consolation I started odds and ends of velvet and chiffon together in the form flowers."

Well, let me tell you, Elise Saenger's flowers made of gold leather, fur, felt, silk, colored beads, all sorts of materials, are so handsome they're absolutely unique. A few friends ordered them, and pretty soon she had paying customers, customers of



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... feel lively
... keep lively

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opening. . . . A golf expert wants golf clubs on his ties and socks and underwear. . . . I see a pyramid of neckties, in rainbow hues, monogrammed with the initials, 'D. R. They are the neckties of Damon Runyon. . . . I see a fragile, frivolous pair of feminine panties with "Lulu" embroidered across them in outside letters. . . . There's only one monogram job the Greenhut workshop refuses to take on. No royal crests or crowns.

"The time for crowns," chuckles Mama, "is past and gone."

Her prices range from twenty-five cents for one small letter on a hankie to ten dollars for an elaborate three-letter monogram. Higher still for applique monograms. Mama's personal taste inclines toward the simpler types of work. She'll try to discourage you from ordering splashy jobs.

Pink For Luck

Want to ward off the evil eye? Want to adorn yourself stylishly with something forty-five million years old? Wear coral.

This lovely pink stuff they fish out of the ancient Tyrrhenian and Adriatic seas, endowed, so they say, with strange powers of for-

ture, is returning again to vogue. Paris dressmakers have been showing some of their latest model gowns embellished with coral ornaments.

I believe coral's new popularity will catch on here, and I have scouted out the following facts for you:

For about fifty cents you can buy a small string of spiky little coral beads called spezzari—or you can pay as high as thirty thousand dollars for a string of light pink coral beads of the same even color all over, perfectly matched. As far as the trade here knows, that's the top price on record for a coral necklace.

The range of pinks is extremely wide. Visiting the offices of Luigi Mazza, wholesale gem importer, I was escorted to a large safe in which several compartments were packed with coral necklaces, each in an individual envelope. After ohing and ahing over dozens of beautiful strings priced from fifty bucks to half a grand, I inquired how many different shades are kept in stock.

"Always at least seventy-five different tones," said Mr. Mazza. "Customers often send us a sample of dress material, ordering a string of coral to match. Matched

ABE LINCOLN Fights A Duel

By PAULINE BLOOM

ABE LINCOLN was shy with himself the author of a shabby bit of bad writing and bad taste. But he was one addicted to the Shields promptly challenged him writing of anonymous letters, a to a duel.

The challenged party being privileged to name the weapon, Lincoln chose "cavalry broadswords of the largest size. . . ." At wrote to the Sangamo Journal a letter signed "Rebecca" in which he mildly poked fun at the State Auditor, a small, meticulous ladies' man named Shields. Under the same non de plume he wrote a second and a third letter, full of a quiet, penetrating wit which amused all Springfield.

Lincoln's big mistake was in revealing the identity of "Rebecca" to Mary Todd, who promptly took up the correspondence. The fourth letter, a hodge-podge of clumsiness, was followed by a crude bit of verse which finally broke Shields' patience.

It took more than physical courage to assume responsibility for all the letters. Despite his growing reputation as a literary stylist, Lincoln had to proclaim

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coral is a favorite fancy among the smartest of dressers."

It is true, I know, that many women of taste, the Duchess of Windsor for one, like to wear certain shades of coral which are particularly becoming to their complexions, and have long done so, whether coral happened to be fashionable at the time or not. If an Italian mother can possibly afford it, she will hang a bit of coral on a ribbon around the neck of her child for protection against evil, and in Italy many grown-up men and women carry a small coral charm.

Our word coral is derived from the Greek words, kore and alos, meaning Maiden of the Sea. Nice!

Harvard's authoritative professor, Alexander Agassiz, estimated some underwater reefs of coral to be forty-five million years or more of age. Finest deep-sea coral is obtained along the coasts of Sicily, Sardinia, Dalmatia. Genoa fishermen started taking it from Africa as far back as eight centuries ago, but for the last six hundred years it has come to us chiefly from Torre del Greco, near Naples.

Center of the coral-finishing industry is Leghorn, where American troops are now stationed. The world's greatest school of coral carving is at Torre del Greco, and Japan also has coral carvers of notable skill.

This FORTNIGHT'S Issue

(Continued from page 3)

help keep our towns clean—why, there are basureros to sweep out the garbage and they are being paid, are they not? As Mrs. Le-garda says in her message to our clubwomen, in connection with Clean-Up Week, everyday in the Philippines should be clean-up day, otherwise we shall never make this country of ours clean.

The Philippine National Red Cross Fund Campaign is still going on, hence the two articles we are running in this issue. The President gives the example to the nation by setting a large check to the PNRC funds when the campaign started on the first of this month.

In addition to the two articles about the fund campaign we are reprinting an article on blood plasma to acquaint our readers with its uses. The PNRC, as mentioned in the introduction to this article, is planning a campaign for blood donations so that a blood bank may be established for use in emergency cases. So if you have blood to spare, give some of it, for who knows that you—or members of your immediate family—may need it in the future?

ALEMAN'S MOTHER HONORED



MOTHER OF PRESIDENT Miguel Aleman of Mexico, Senora Tomasa Aleman receives the key to San Diego, Calif., from Edmund T. Price, president of the city's Chamber of Commerce. Senora Aleman was in San Diego on a visit and shopping tour while her son was being honored and entertained by President Truman in the East. (International)

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