

WOMAN'S

HOME JOURNAL

GERONIMA T. PECSON COLLECTION

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THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

ON OUR COVER this fortnight is a photograph of Mrs. Jose Avelino, wife of the President of the Senate of the Congress of the Philippines. Very many photographers had a chance to photograph her in this striped terno, but Bob's portrait was the one which passed the test for our cover.

SENATOR DOÑA ENRIQUETA is the picture of the perfect hostess. Her new home on Gilmore Avenue has been the scene of many sumptuous parties. One of the most successful know-the-Philippines-better parties which were mainly Filipino-American get-togethers, was held there. There is a wide-spreading garden all around the mansion. The cook's marketing becomes simplified with the vegetable garden conveniently grown near the kitchen. Our mouth watered as Doña Enriqueta described the ripe fresh tomatoes, crisp green string beans and garden fresh lettuce they have for the table everyday.

We have taken pictures of the interior of the house but we are running them at a later issue. The refurbishing of the Senate President's mansion can be said as having been undertaken under great odds. We mean that prices of furniture, draperies and everything are so high, one can hardly experience any feeling of fulfillment after spending P20,000 on refurbishing. But as you'll see in later issues, the home of the Avelinos is a symbol of well-spent money.

We must have been very much obsessed with the fund campaign and in our candor called Doña Aurora Quezon the chairman of that campaign. She is the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Philippine Red Cross. "They Gave More Than Money" is another Red Cross article blueprinting (Continued on page 34)

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The Marriage Contract

By Isabel Artacho—Ocampo

THE CONJUGAL PROPERTY BILL WILL BE ONE OF THE MEASURES TO BE DECIDED UPON BY THE CONGRESS OF THE PHILIPPINES WHEN IT CONVENES IN A FEW DAYS. THAT IT WILL ENHANCE MUTUALITY OF RESPECT BETWEEN THE SPOUSES IS AN ACCEPTED FACT. WILL OUR LEGISLATORS CLOSE THEIR EYES TO THIS?

WHEN a man and woman take each other as husband and wife, they unwittingly form a partnership which, to all intents and purposes of the law, is called the "conjugal partnership". This last is a term that does not mix into the language of love and romance. How many bedazzled brides and bridegrooms rush to the altar never dreaming that a marriage contract carries with it certain rights and obligations governed by our Civil Code. Ask any bride what provisions the conjugal partnership carry and she will tell you that she has not even heard of any such animal. It is not until years later when things go awry that she realizes to her heart-break that she has plunged blindly into a venture that leaves her neither here nor there. Too late it dawns upon her that marriage can be truly a "fate worse than death".

The remedy to the whole situation is in the hands of the Congress of the Philippines. Right now, as Congress convenes, one of the bills our law-makers will tackle will be the Conjugal Property Bill wherein an amendment is sought so that the wife may have a legal leg to stand on when the partnership crumbles and the husband decides to dispose of all the worldly goods he and his wife have accumulated as he well pleases.

The wife in the conjugal partnership is more than industrial partner and capitalist put together. She may be as such a wage earner or a business executive as her husband, in which case she puts in money into the partnership. Her effort as housekeeper is worth in money too. She may have income from her private properties and all these go into the conjugal coffers, too. Not to mention the love that she lavishes when she is double-crossed? The least that

could be shoved her way would be the right to have a say on the disposal of what she has helped put up or accumulate.

If even an industrial partner who does not put in capital is recognized entity in any ordinary partnership, why is the wife so ignored in this most important of all partnerships? The injustice is only too flagrant in a case where the husband after spending the conjugal wherewithal leaves the support of the family up to his wife. There have been many such cases.

In Anglo-Saxon countries, although there is the conjugal partnership much as we have ours, the wife is allowed to have for her separate property all her earnings, rents and profits and income of her paraphernal property. In England there is a movement now wherein the wife may receive wages for her housekeeping services. We are seeking no such thing here. We wives just want



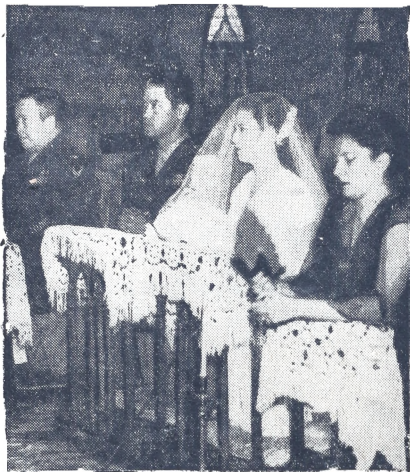
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lim. "With this ring I thee wed..." There is no room for any thought on partnerships and conjugal properties.

to be consulted and we would like to have a legal voice should things go wrong. Our men, especially our legislators should not resent the women's efforts to amend the law on conjugal partnership because (1) it is not a challenge to their authority and leadership (2) it is not intended for us who have been fortunate to have an education and a knowledge of taking care of ourselves under handicaps but for that mass of women who toil unselfishly to make a go of a partnership in which eventually their husbands maneuver as they

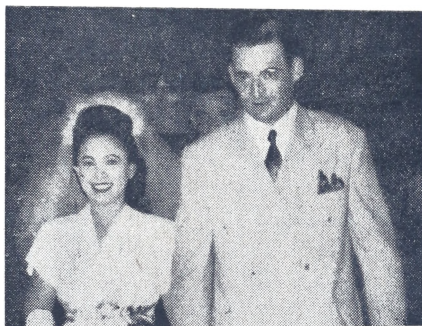
well please.

Article 1315 of our Civil Code provides, "Persons who may be joined in matrimony may, before celebrating it, execute contracts. In the absence of contracts relating to the property, it should be understood that the marriage has been contracted under the system of legal conjugal partnership".

Unlike ordinary partnerships, it is a limited partnership, in the sense that there can be only two members. The husband and wife contribute to the common fund for the support of the family. Art-



Captain and Mrs. Renato L. Barreto may not need to know the legal aspects of the marriage partnership. May long and happy days be theirs.



The Hunts look too radiant to be bothered with the sordid details in the provisions of Articles 69 and 1412 of the Civil Code.

icle 1392 of the Civil Code provides "By virtue of the conjugal partnership, the earnings or profits obtained by either of the spouses during the marriage shall belong to the husband and wife, share and share alike upon the dissolution of the marriage." Why, then, can't the wife have any say on a property that is hers? It is but fair and reasonable that the

properties of the conjugal partnership be divided equally between the partners upon its termination as both of them have contributed to said partnership during its existence.

Article 1401 of our Civil Code again provides that "To conjugal partnership shall belong: (1) Property acquired for a valuable consideration during the partnership

marriage at the expense of the partnership whether the acquisition is made for the partnership or for one of the spouses only. (2) That obtained by the industries, of salaries or work of the spouses or of either of them. (3) The fruits, income, or interest collected or accrued during the marriage coming from the partnership property or from that which belongs to either one of the spouses." It is apparent that the spouses do not retain the ownership of the earnings and profits of their separate properties nor those obtained by their industries, salaries or work. The wife, however, has no legal protection against the husband for the latter can do what he likes with the properties of the conjugal partnership; he is empowered by law to dispose of it in any manner without the consent or even the knowledge of the wife.

According to Articles 69 and 1412 of the Civil Code "The husband is the administrator and the manager of the property of the conjugal partnership." Articles 1413 and 1416 provide that in addition to his powers as manager, the husband may, for a valuable consideration, alienate and encumber and even dispose of the property of the conjugal partnership without the consent of the wife.

This civil law theory which deprives the wife of her right in the administration of the conjugal partnership and which makes the husband the sole arbiter in the disposition of the conjugal properties makes the wife indifferent to the welfare of said partnership. She has no interest to accumulate wealth because she has no say in its management and this lack of concern destroys the unity in the home. Any privileges enjoyed by the wife is given by the husband out of courtesy to her, may be because she happens to be the mother of his children, or out of consideration for the many years of sacrifice and devotion for the sake of their conjugal partnership.

But when a conflict of interests and rights arise the wife has no legal leg on which to stand, she is left at the mercy of the husband as the courts of justice have to interpret the law as it is written in the statutes and cannot give her any legal aid *moltu proprio* or out of their own volition. What the outcome will be after many years of labor and sacrifice is a matter of luck, if her husband turns out to be a good one or a bad one. If she is not lucky and

her husband prefers to philander the conjugal properties, she has no right to stop him from so doing nor seek redress from the courts or from other government agencies. So she conjectures: What if after a lifetime of hardships and sacrifice, those earnings and savings to which she has contributed with the sweat of her brows and with her private income, should be wasted by the husband in vices and dissipation without any right on her part to interfere. Is it fair, honest or decent for one partner to be the sole dictator and manager of a given partnership when both contribute in terms of capital and industrial and manual labor? Can it be vindicated upon any principles of justice or equity?

We have come across many cases in which the wife had no legitimate business to interfere in the inefficient management of the conjugal partnership by the husband or to stop him from wasting away the properties because, she has no legal remedy to seek from the courts, justice or equity. All the written laws are on the side of the husband and any obvious privilege that a married woman seems to enjoy is just given to her out of consideration or courtesy. But when a conflict of interests arise, she has no rights whatsoever regarding the control, management and disposition of the conjugal partnership.

It is about time that a law is passed by our Congress to better and improve the lot of our women and lighten their burden and make them happy because by so doing, we believe, that they will not remain indifferent to the national and economic problems confronting the country. We agree that this is still a man's world but in seeking the betterment of the lot of the women, we do not intend to challenge the authority and leadership of men. On the contrary, we believe that for the success of the marriage relationship, one of the spouses should be the head of the family and this one must needs be the husband or father. In what we object is the concentration of power in the husband to dispose of the properties of the conjugal partnership, without consent or even knowledge of the wife. If in an ordinary partnership, even an industrial partner who has contributed no capital has a vote and a say in the administration of the partnership, how much more a wife who has devoted all her time and energies to the attainment of the common goal?

THE COUNTRY'S GREAT MEN AND
WOMEN HAVE TAKEN TIME, MONEY
AND EFFORT TO DEVOTE TO THE
CAUSE OF THE PHILIPPINE RED
CROSS

They Gave MORE

THE RED CROSS story is not unknown to the majority of the people everywhere in the world. It is an age-long story told in terms of various forms of assistance to humanity. In a sense the Red Cross is a story of humanity itself based on the idea of humanitarian service, the original gist of which may be boiled down to this: a kindly neighbor extending aid to another neighbor in distress.

Any of the thousands of people who has been benefited by any of the assistance extended by the Red Cross will tell you the Red Cross story. In fact, it has been told and retold many times so that by now almost every one know it by heart. That is the reason why people rally behind its good old cause. Which brings us to the story of the thousands of volunteer workers who responded with generous enthusiasm to the recent roll call of the Philippine Red Cross.

With Mrs. Aurora Aragon Quezon, the illustrious widow of the great exponent of social justice, and at present the chairman of the central executive committee in the lead, thousands and thousands of men and women — and all the even children, at that — all over the country, chose to devote their time, effort, and energy in support of the Red Cross campaign. Among these thousands of volunteer leaders and workers were prominent figures in various fields of endeavour: statesmen, businessmen, industrialists, civic leaders, bureau heads, and other professionals. The support of the masses, too, can not be underestimated. They, too, had given their full measure of volunteer work for the Red Cross cause. They range from city clerks to tenientes del barrio. In other words, whatever was achieved during the recent campaign is due to the people in general.

The Philippine Red Cross, like all Red Cross organizations, was established for the people, and maintained by the people. It functions along democratic lines. Being an organization of service, those who are in a position to serve extend their services to those in need of service through the Red Cross. Through their support of the Red Cross campaign, a good number of, say, disaster-victims, may be helped out of their predicaments.

It is indeed very touching to note that the instinct among people to help the less fortunate, the consciousness of the human responsibility towards their suffering fellow-men, is not dead after the people of the Philippines, like the peoples of other countries, are still struggling from the destructive effects of the last war, there was noted, however, the eagerness and interest to help one another — through the Philippine Red Cross. Last year's fund drive of the Philippine Red Cross, the first since liberation, which officially closed on the last day of 1946, was very well supported. This is owing to the faithful services of the volunteer leaders and workers, and the generous support of the public.

Not long after President Manuel Roxas issued the proclamation declaring the period for the national fund campaign of the Philippine Red Cross, chapter boards began to be organized, mushrooming, as it were, in almost every corner of the Islands. The President of the First Republic also called on every citizen of this country, including foreign nationals, to "contribute generously to this good cause."

Then leaders of the nation followed suit, and through the press and the radio, raised their voices appealing to the people for their support of the Philippine Red



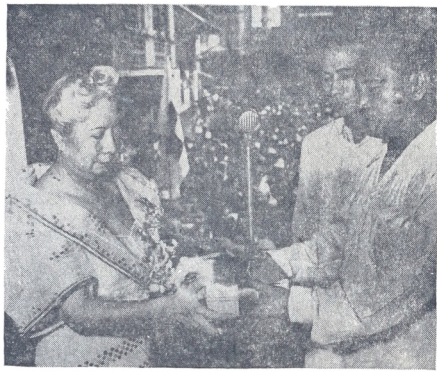
Above, typical of Red Cross celebrations are parades and demonstrations which cannot be gainsaid, considering that the Philippine Red Cross is nobody else's organization but the Filipinos.



Doña Aurora A. Quezon, PRC Chairman, accepts a marble-topped table, the first Red Cross donation in kind, from S. G. Batac, proprietor and general manager of Philippine Ties. From left to right: Mrs. Sofia de Veyra, member of the PRC Central Executive Committee; Mrs. S. G. Batac; Dr. J. H. Yanzon, PRC manager and Mr. W. H. Stett, PRC fund raising advisor.

THAN MONEY

By D. Paulo Dizon



The PRC national fund campaign received a generous response from all sections of the citizenry. Above picture shows Mrs. Quizon, receiving one of the many donations to the Philippine Red Cross.



Placido Mapa (above), well-known business leader, takes time out from his important affairs to help in the PRC national fund campaign.

Cross, outlining to the people the significance of this organization. stance, was composed of men of important affairs, leading citizens of the nation. They contributed not only in terms of money but also their time and effort. These men held weekly meetings, made contacts with other people, solicited contributions for the campaign, delivered speeches—all in all a considerable amount of job.

In view of the forthcoming independence of this organization, the redoubled efforts and a measure of sacrifice, too, on the part of the PRC leaders and workers were required. Whether or not the organization could stand on its own legs, side by side with the other sixty independent Red Cross societies of the world, depended largely upon the success of the national fund campaign. This is a matter of national pride, and a very significant one, too, an added afflatus to make the drive a success.

Conscious of this significant responsibility, such busy people as Gabriel Daza, Placido Mapa, Ernesto Rufino, Arsenio N. Luz, to mention only a few, took time out of their important affairs to help run the campaign of the Philippine Red Cross. High ranking officials did not hesitate to join volunteer committees in connection with the drive. The city campaign committee of the PRC Manila-Rizal chapter, for in-

stance, was composed of men of important affairs, leading citizens of the nation. They contributed not only in terms of money but also their time and effort. These men held weekly meetings, made contacts with other people, solicited contributions for the campaign, delivered speeches—all in all a considerable amount of job.

Mrs. Quizon, who had previously intended to retire from public life, who had in fact refused a good number of offers for key positions in the government, now keeps regular office hours at the national headquarters of the PRC, as central executive chairman. She is assisted by her daughter Zeneida. Maria Aurora Quizon was chairman of the benefits committee of the Manila-Rizal chapter. All the efforts by the thousands of volunteer workers, however, would go a long way towards the amelioration of the welfare of the people. Whatever they have accomplished was committed to a good cause.



Dr. J. Horacio Yamzon, Manager of the Philippine Red Cross, steers this humanitarian organization in its various welfare activities. Above, he is shown making a plea for a generous support of the PRC.

NANDING kept thinking of his wife Angelina, who had been ill for weeks. As he walked towards his office, gruesome thoughts bothered him. He seemed to see his wife lifeless in a wooden coffin surrounded by lighted candles; and their small house filled with the pungent smell of withering wreaths. These thoughts frightened him. He was increasingly seized with a desire to return home and stay by his wife's side. Then someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"Nanding, how's your wife?" It was Maneng, the watchman of their company.

"I think she will be well in a week or two," Nanding replied, trying to appear gay before the other man.

"I hope she gets well sooner than you expect," Maneng smiled encouragingly and bade Nanding goodbye.

But thoughts of his ailing wife persisted in Nanding's mind. He tried to distract himself by walking faster, for the habitual fear of being late to work had crept in, too. Just as he turned in haste around the corner, a strong wind blew off his straw hat. He felt annoyed for he had to run to retrieve it.

The exertion, however, did him some good. Believing he had little time to spare, with the office building within sight, he stopped at the Chinese store nearby and bought a pack of cigarettes. When he came out, a black butterfly crossed his way. He stared at it as it hovered over his head for a while, then playfully fluttered away. He felt a queer feeling tugging insistently in his heart, as his mind wandered once more to thoughts of his wife. Slowly, he proceeded on his way, looked back once, twice... for it seemed to him the black butterfly was following him.

Nanding opened with a sudden jerk the swinging door of his office. When he looked up at the clock he was surprised to see that he was twenty minutes late. That meant overtime. He went directly to his table.

Silently he sat down and began working. He tried to concentrate on his work. But even the click of his typewriter keys failed to banish thoughts provoked by the black butterfly. He looked around as if expecting to see a ghost, and, feeling a bit faint, he fished out his torn handkerchief and wiped his moist face and brow.

An urge for a drink of cold water later sent him through the narrow corridor leading to the water fountain. And again, as if by course, a black butterfly momentarily halted him on his track. Was it the same butterfly that crossed his path this morning? he wondered.

The sight of it maddened him and impulsively he seized the office broom lying in the corner and swat the pestering insect away. But he was not equal to its swiftness, it flew peacefully out of the nearest window. He followed it with his gaze until he saw it enter another window in the opposite building.

THIS was the first time Nanding had an encounter with a black butterfly. Something must be wrong, he told himself, as he tried to cool his lips and parched throat with the refreshing water from the fountain. Something must be really wrong, he mumbled again.

Nanding remembered that he had to borrow some cash on account. He went without hesitation to the cashier's booth. But he was disappointed to see a new circular posted on the left side of its window. He looked at it, carefully read it over and over, to make sure there was no mistake. It read: No wages, petty cash, or balance of salary will be drawn in advance by any employee. He rubbed his eyes, looked at the circular once more, then dejectedly went back to his place.

Where was he to get the money he needed for his wife? How was he to take her to the doctor? Why... oh, what was the use! Questions filled his mind until his head ached, but he could not find any satisfactory answer to them.

Thus lost in tangled thoughts Nanding rose like a robot when the office boy, Catalino, told him that the manager wanted to see him at his office. With a resigned sigh, he stood up to see what his boss wanted. Well, he thought, the more work the better to help him forget his worries. But he found Alejandro, Nestor and Marcial already in the manager's office, and that meant another thing.

The manager, a short man with plump cheeks, was a dwarf in the big revolving chair. He spoke slowly to the four men, informing them about the company's non-too-prosperous income, and tried

The BUTTERFLY Was BLACK

By Oscar de Zuniga

A BLACK BUTTERFLY, LIKE A BLACK CAT CAN BE AS OMINOUS AS THE SIGNS PREDICT... NOT FOR NANDING AND ANGELINA, HOWEVER.

to make them understand that the firm was closing in a month or so. Being the oldest employee, they were being notified ahead of the others, to give them sufficient time to look for another job.

"You may have your whole month's salary now," the manager spoke kindly, "and in case you need my help, just drop in and I'll do my best for you. I am really very sorry, boys..." he stood up, escorted them to the door.

Back to his table, Nanding tried to analyze the sequence of events that happened to him since the time he set eyes on the black butterfly. Then something struck his mind, and his face lighted up with a smile. "The black butterfly was right," he told the inquisitive office boy. "It gave notice that this thing would happen." The puzzled boy merely scratched his head.

Nanding fingered the bills and loose change in his pocket as he descended the stairs of his office. He even forgot about Angelina, pre-occupied as he was with the question of where he could get another job before his money gave out. In the crowded street, he

wearily elbowed his way through a beaten man. He didn't even know where he was going. He kept on walking until somebody bumped into him and was forced to raise his eyes.

He gave the man a dirty look, and when he turned his head, his eyes rested on a funeral carriage heading towards him. The sight of it brought his thoughts back to his wife. He looked around, rather dazedly, and found himself still far from home. He took another glance at the slowly moving carriage and without losing another second, hurried home with nothing in mind except his wife.

ANGELINA was lying motionless on the floor. Nanding's face lost its color at the sight of her and his lips refused to utter even her name. Rushing to his wife, he gathered her in his arms. "God..." he whispered thankfully as she stirred feebly, and opened her eyes.

"You are early today, Nanding," she spoke weakly, struggling to catch her breath. But Nanding said nothing. He simply tried to smile, and carelessly touched her wan cheeks. There



When he came out a black butterfly crossed his way, then fluttered away. He experienced a queer feeling after that.

was a pounding on his temples. Angelina was suffering from anemia and asthma, the doctor at the hospital had informed him. He had been advised to leave his wife in the hospital since he could not afford the fee, she had taken her to the ward.

"In a month or so, she will be on her feet again," the doctor had said encouragingly.

The following days were spent on job-hunting. Nanding kept the bad news from his sick wife, whom he never failed to visit every afternoon on supposed "after-office" hours. He brought her fruits she was fond of, fruits that could do her no harm. He read stories to her to divert her mind. But he either remained silent or shifted their conversation to another topic, whenever Angelina tried to question him about his work or how he was getting along in the house.

The glow of renewed life finally blushed on Angelina's cheeks. The day came when she was released from the hospital. Nanding took her home in a taxi, although he could ill afford the extra expense. In silence, he listened to her enthusiastic plans to offer

her thanks every Friday to Black Nazarene of Quiapo, as soon as she was strong enough to leave the house. She hinted, too, of a desire for a new dress on her birthday, which was barely a month away, and other things she would like to have...

Nanding wanted to tell his wife that he was out of work, that her plans and wishes were impossible just then. But every time he looked at her, his courage failed him.

All night, Nanding tossed restlessly where he lay, wondering what he should do in order to keep up the pretense. He could stay away from the house during working hours, but what would he give her on payday?

As usual he left the house early in the morning, and as he slowly descended the stairs, he tried to make up his mind where to go. He had practically gone to every office he could think of, and the answer had been invariably the same—"We are sorry, but there is no opening just now," or "Please leave your name and address, and we shall notify you when we need your services." He had been walking aimlessly

for nearly half an hour, when he paused to light the cigarette given to him by a sympathetic friend, when his attention was caught by little boys and girls playing on the public playground. Always, the sight of children delighted him, for he was dreaming of that day when he would have one of his own—one with whom he and his wife would play. He stood nearby and watched them having fun.

Suddenly, like a passing wind, a black butterfly fluttered before him, as if insistently claiming his undivided attention. He stared at it with hatred, following its movement until finally it disappeared among the flower-laden bushes in the playground. He shivered inwardly, unable to shake off the fear of another misfortune awaiting him somewhere. It might be an accident or something else more harmful...

Angelina was very much surprised to see her husband home early. She looked at the clock. The hour indicated half past ten. "Has anything happened in the office?" she inquired anxiously. Desperately, he mustered the little courage left in him and said, "Yes... it happened that day I took you to the hospital." He paused a while to gather his breath before going into more ex-

planations. "I may as well tell you now..." he was beginning to say, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the mail man, who threw a long envelop through their open door, which landed near Nanding's feet.

Nanding stooped to pick up the letter. He could hardly tear it open, what with his fingers trembling uncontrollably. Again and again, he ran his eyes over the typewritten lines, as if he could not believe what he read.

"What's it, Nanding?" his wife touched his arms and peered at the letter over his shoulder.

"Look, Lina!" he pointed to the printed words excitedly. "This says I have to report immediately."

"What are you waiting for, darling?" Angelina playfully remarked as she straightened his collar.

"Nothing," he whispered, "I'm so glad it came on time... or else we'd have nothing to live on in a few days."

Nanding left his house for the second time that morning, with his wife fondly looking at him from the side window. Waving to her, he called back, "Lina, the black butterfly gave better notice this time."

But of course she did not understand what he meant.

The World's Best Dressed

THESE ARE very new names—to Philippine readers at least—who grace the 1946-47 list of The Best Dressed Women in the World. The No. 1 Best Dressed Woman in the World was reported to have been delightedly surprised when apprised of her selection. Her first words were: "Most of the judges have never seen me, maybe that's why they selected me. If they ever saw me running around in my blue jeans and wild shirts they might change their minds."

She is MRS. HOWARD HAWKS, wife of the film producer. The judges were composed of some 150 stylists, Fashion editors, and social celebrities.

Runner-up in the 1946-47 list is the DUCHESS OF WINDSOR who topped last year's list.

The other best dressed women in the world are here listed in the order of their selection:

MRS. CUSHING MORTIMER (former Barbara Cushing, sister of Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. John Hay Whitney)

Mrs. NYRON FOY

MRS. THOMAS SHEVLIN

MRS. MILLICENT ROGERS

MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS

MRS. WILL RHINELANDER STEWART

MRS. WILLIAM PALEY

MRS CLARE BOOTH LUCE

HARDER than PAPER

By Sofronio Castaneda

HAVE YOU TRIED TEARING UP CHERISHED LETTERS? IF YOU HAVE THEN YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO TEAR SOMETHING HARDER THAN PAPER.

IN THREE years I have accumulated hundreds of letters from friends all over the United States. I have kept these letters this long, but today, shortly before leaving, I am destroying them. I dare not even read them, for I know that if I do I shall not have the heart to throw them away. It seems like losing so many friends. Maybe it is. Familiar penmanship, familiar stationery. All evening yesterday before the heavy rain, I sat here in the corner of my room, tearing them to bits and throwing them away. I found that in some cases I had torn something harder than paper, and I knew I had torn photographs of friends. It is like the breaking of a heart.

I should be ashamed being sentimental. I should be ashamed for many things else more serious than sentimentalism. When I leave this country, I shall leave it with a heavy heart. Others will feel the same way I do. But I would rather be the one left behind than be the one leaving. It seems less cruel that way.

I have other letters, still many letters I have not yet thrown away. I shall peer through some of them and read them with as much casualness as I could muster, and I promise I shall not keep any one of them. On with the destruction. Here they have lain, for nearly three years, it's better now that these thoughts are free. Like some witchcraft, I wish to imagine that in thus destroying these letters I am freeing some captive birds of loveliness imprisoned somewhere in the memory.

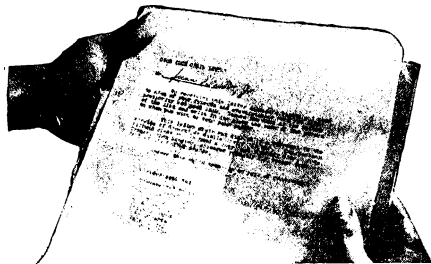
"...I'm glad you continue your weekends in New York and will meet me there sometime in December or January. That will be fun!"

"New York is only a dream once more. As usual it was fascinating—the rain, snow and sleet notwithstanding..."

"Think of this: Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year. If by the mere familiarity of the sound you and I and all those who take us as friends could live again. Once upon a time I used to live... the world outside my windows is white—like the pictures on the gift calendars which we get back home. They say it's almost Christmas—and so the store windows are pregnant with toys and things and price tags. Green and red are the colors. And tinsels are in season. And I think of money! I am afraid this country has taken away Christmas from me!"

"But my head is full of ideas. I get them taking showers, walking along the campus, listening to someone explain the principles of international law. And those I manage to remember as far as my room I want



Treasuring letters and later on tearing them to pieces is like losing so many friends.

to write down..."

"Believe me, you have an uncanny way of feeling between the lines. I'm almost afraid of you. Do you really think it is the hopefulness of despair?"

"Whenever I begin to ponder over on things, I'm inclined to believe that perhaps this strange way of life, which passes for 'the American Civilization', has somehow corrupted my once innocent spirit. You see, I used to be happy wanting so little; now I can only be happy if I have so much. This new kind of happiness is sad, for it is ever beyond my reach. I work hard—or, at least, I try to—and so I neglect the finer things, like answering your letter which I received several weeks ago, or like loafing to enjoy one's exquisite misery."

"I was just looking at my diary and find that two years ago on this day (Oct. 16) I first met you. Remember, we were both going into Wasserman's class? You asked me my name and you said, 'My name is Reyes too,' and I thought you were kidding. I really regret that I didn't learn to know you better.... The leaves were falling then as they are now, you were less bald and I was younger—only 20. We used to walk home together and quarrel a lot. I wonder if we'd still quarrel as much now were we near each other. So many things have happened since then. Pearl Harbor is al-

most two years ago, and we've been dead two years. I feel older, not a bit wiser, and I've lost all my zest and feeling for life. There's no place for love in my heart at all... at all..."

"Tell her that from now on she should not record her existence in terms of the calendar, for that's prosaic. Tell her to count her age in terms of the loves you've made in full abandon... and the joys you have experienced together."

"I'm tired of being poor and I want money and more money. I eat steak only once a month and you know I need it twice or three times a week. I got to live longer than you, if I have to write your biography. Dead ducks don't write biographies, do they? ... Villa and I went out slumming two Sundays ago. He told me he wrote you a card, but you didn't answer him. What's the matter, are you snubbing him now because you got a raise? He gave me a picture of himself with his face wrapped in cellophane. You should see it. He looks like an Easter egg. And his room is now a botanical garden, forested with geranium, cactus, fern, and other plants. He just loves plants, don't you know? He pleaded with me to follow his example. I told him my window overlooks a couple of birch

(Continued on page 23)

HOME TO A DREAM

By Jerrold Beim

SHE WAS standing before the ironing board when sparks suddenly; skyrocketed from the electric cord, frightening her, and she jumped away. She pulled the plug out and saw that a wire was loose, and her heart sank within her. Somehow it seemed like an omen—that everything would go wrong again in spite of the beautiful new housecoat that lay on the board before her.

She had seen the housecoat in a shop window on her way to work that morning and knew she must have it to greet Barry when he came home on furlough tomorrow. He had been uncertain in his letter about what time his train would arrive and planned to meet her at the apartment. She could vision herself opening the door for him, the soft flowing chiffon swirling like a white cloud about her slim ankles, her dark hair cascading to the gold embroidery on her shoulders. Barry's hand would grip hers as he held her back to feast his eyes.

"Lynn, Lynn, you're the most beautiful girl in the world!" And then he would draw her to him, his lips seeking hers, and she would know that he still loved her. All the panic that had lived in her heart, tortured her since his last visit would ebb away.

The housecoat had lain on her desk all day. She worked in a small advertising agency, a job she had held before marrying Barry and to which she had been cordially welcomed back when he went away. The sight of the smart black - and - white-striped box on her desk gave her confidence; told her that this visit would not be like the last.

It had to be different because she could never live through such an ordeal again. She remembered how she had checked the impulse to cry out when she finally saw him off at the station:

"Barry, Barry darling, I'm afraid. We seem so far away from each other. We talked and laughed and tried to have fun but something has changed; something is missing. Barry, if this can happen to us in so short a time what will we be like when the war is over?"

I'VE GOT TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL FOR HIM, LYNN TOLD HERSELF. THEN THE DOOR-BELL RANG AT THE WRONG MOMENT.



"Lynn darling, surprised to see me? But I got off earlier, took the first train I could. How are you darling?"

It wasn't as if they were a newly married couple, one of those hasty war marriages where a boy and girl were practically strangers to begin with. They had celebrated their second anniversary just a few weeks before Barry was inducted, and they had been through so much together. Often on those many nights alone in the apartment she would just sit in a chair and remember some of the things that had happened to them.

That first week in this apartment, for instance. The rent was higher than they could afford, but they were given a concession because they agreed to decorate it themselves.

"Did you ever decorate an apartment?" she asked Barry after the lease was signed.

"Of course not, darling, have you?" he grinned. The mess and spatter they had made, looking so silly in the long white overalls she had bought for them to wear. But how proud they had been when people admired the finished job, the lovely soft color they had created and called "Concession Blue."

She remembered how hard she had worked getting the apartment ready, wanting everything to shine beautifully, to look spic-and-span for his last visit. She had a million and one things to do for tomorrow too: the most important to fix herself up to look beautiful for him.

To look beautiful! In his last letter Barry had written: "I went to a USO dance the other night. Danced with a cute kid, a girl from Charleston. Reminded me of my college days."

Tears had blurred her eyes as she read those words. She had sat before her mirror remembering when she had gone to college dances with Barry, but the image that faced her was no longer a cute kid. And she would probably look older to him each time he came home.

Not that she wasn't attractive, with luminous dark eyes, rich brown hair. In fact, she had looked quite stunning in the new hat she wore last time Barry had

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come home. It was a high-crown, ed feathered affair, and for a moment he hadn't even recognized her among the crowd of women waiting at the station. He had peered at her, grinning wryly, saying, "I guess I'm not up on the new styles."

He had looked different to her too—tanned and more rugged; his shoulders broader in his khaki uniform. She had clung to his arm, crying, "Oh, Barry, we'll have such fun these few days! We're going to your folks for dinner tonight."

Barry's parents lived uptown and they splurged, taking a taxi there. They clung to each other, his lips on hers, but somehow it seemed strange.

Barry's mother greeted them at the door, a stout, gray-haired woman who had always indulged her only son. She outdid herself for Barry that night, having spent almost the whole week cooking, baking, preparing every delicacy Barry had ever liked. Poor Barry had to stuff himself, not wanting to hurt her feelings. And then about ten o'clock the phone rang and it was Connie Stavis.

Connie and Dick Stavis were their best friends, the couple they had been most intimate with before Barry left. They were with the whole gang, Connie said, and were going to a night club, and Barry and Lynn must join them. Everyone wanted to see Barry in his uniform.

They went, even though they were a bit tired. But she was proud of how Barry looked, and it was only natural for him to feel the same way. Besides, the Persian Room was exciting; they could never have afforded to go there themselves. But Dick Stavis had just got a new job and said the party was on him. "Nothing's too good for our soldier!" Dick cried as he ordered champagne.

They didn't wake up until noon the next day. In the dim recesses of her mind she knew she had the icebox crowded with the ingredients of a scrumptious breakfast but the way they felt they couldn't think of anything beyond a cup of black coffee. And then she remembered they had accepted an invitation to a cocktail party that afternoon.

It was like riding a merry-go-

HOME TO A DREAM

(Continued from page 11)

round, that furlough; but she wanted Barry to do all the things, see all the people he missed at camp. There were parties and invitations to shows; such a breathless scramble for fun and excitement, and through it all that panic was slowly rising within her.

It was the last hour of his leave when she began to realize what was happening. That was when everybody dropped into their apartment to say good-by to Barry. The world seemed so full of girls these days, and they were all crowded around Barry, talking, laughing and joking with him.

She saw his face animated, his eyes shining brightly, and she had the strange sensation that they were just guests at this party too, not husband and wife, but two people who had known each other and then had drifted apart.

And a few hours later, she was back again in the apartment, Barry gone, her memories of the furlough as confused as the litter in the room. Mechanically she began to empty ash trays, telling herself that he had had a wonderful time. It would be good to remember when he was back in camp.

She must see to it that he had an even better time in this furlough, yet she was afraid to face tomorrow. As she had unpacked the housecoat and pressed the wrinkles out of the skirt she realized that buying it had been an extravagance, an act of desperation. She felt pressed at the thought of all she had to do; worried about the exciting things she had planned so Barry would enjoy himself. She was afraid each leave would find them farther apart and dreaded to think of when he would be sent overseas.

There was a sudden ringing of

the doorbell and she picked up her purse as she went to answer it, expecting the laundryman. But as she opened the door her eyes widened with mingled joy and horror.

Barry — it wasn't Barry—it couldn't be—he—standing on the threshold!

"Lynn darling, surprised to see me? But I got off earlier, took the first train I could. How are you, darling?"

Barry — his arms about her, straining her to him. Panic rushed through her knowing the sight behind her. The apartment unstraightened; the ironing board in the middle of the living room; her new housecoat on it. And she in old faded balbriggan pajamas, not even any make-up on her face.

"Oh, Barry, it's wonderful to see you, but I wanted everything to be so nice, and even the iron broke."

"The iron broke?" He walked into the living room, throwing his cap on the chair. She leaned against the door, staring at him. He looked different again. He had put on more weight. He was picking up the ironing cord, his brows furrowed. "Oh, this is easy," he said. "Wait'll I get the screwdriver."

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror over the couch as he disappeared into the kitchenette. She looked ghastly. Her first impulse was to reach for the housecoat, slip it on, open her purse for lipstick. But what was the use? He had seen her this way, and there wasn't time.

"Where the devil is the screwdriver, Lynn?" she heard him call out to her.

"It—it's where you left it," she

managed to answer. "I haven't touched it since."

She could at least get the ironing board out of the way. She started to fold it, putting the housecoat on a chair, when Barry appeared in the doorway.

"Gosh, Lynn," he exclaimed, "this is wonderful!"

Wonderful! What was he talking about? She looked up and saw him standing there holding something in one hand. Bread and cheese, she had been making herself a sandwich for a quick supper. He had the screwdriver in the other hand, his tie pulled down, his collar opened at the throat. He stood there, eyes shining, grinning at her. "Gosh, Lynn, you look beautiful," he said.

Beautiful! She was holding the ironing board, and she pushed a strand of hair out of her eyes. He was mad—he didn't know what he was saying; but then she stared at him and slowly she became aware of the fact that her panic had ebbed away.

Her panic had ebbed away, and the room seemed filled with a glow. It was a familiar glow, like an aura around both of them, the glow that had always made this room home to them. This was a moment out of the past. Barry standing there munching a sandwich, she in faded pajamas. Why, this was what they had almost lost, she realized, come back to them!

The phone suddenly rang. They both knew what it would be. Plans for Barry when he arrived tomorrow. Come to night clubs; eat what we've cooked; nothing's too good for our soldier.

The phone finally stopped ringing, unanswered.

"Well, I guess I'll get this fixed," Barry said. He picked up the electric cord and started to hum. Even the song was familiar, an old tune they used to like on the radio.

"I think I'll make myself a sandwich," she said. She put the housecoat back in the black-and-white-striped box, and then she went into the kitchenette. Her eyes were shining, her lips curved into a radiant smile; she was humming too.

The US Philippine War Damage Commission

From the rules and regulations of the Philippine War Damage Commission we have secured extracts regarding pertinent information which will prove helpful to those who may have claims to be filed with the Commission.

We shall likewise continue to publish in question and answer form bulletins on the workings of the War Damage Commission which will include sufficient information to clarify the question. In addition to the ten branch offices that will be organized in the provinces, claimants in the provinces can approach the chapters or sub-chapters of the Philippine Red Cross for information and assistance.

The U.S. Philippine War Damage Commission was created by the Philippine Rehabilitation Act of 1946 for the purpose of authorizing and paying claims for war damage occurring in the Philippines after December 7, 1941 and before October 1, 1945 as a result of certain perils that will be enumerated. Claims are of two types—private and public.

Private claims will be received by the Commission after public notice is given. All private claims must be filed within 12 months from the date fixed in the public notice. Claimants must be qualified persons who had, on December 7, 1941, and continuously to and including the time of loss or damage an insurable interest as owner, mortgagee, lien holder, or pledgee in the property destroyed or damaged. By the term "insurable interest" is meant that the claimant on December 7, 1941 (Philippine Time), and continuously to and including the time of loss or damage, not later than October 1, 1945, must have been owner, mortgagee, lien holder, or pledgee of the property lost or damaged to an extent that he would have been able to obtain insurance to protect such interest. Claims may be filed for any deceased person's interest by heirs, devisees, legatees, distributees, executors, or administrators, if the beneficiaries are qualified persons.

FACTS EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW

(a) Qualified Persons — A qualified person is:

- (1) Any individual who, on December 7, 1941 (Philippine Time), and continuously to the time of filing claim was a citizen of the United States or of the Republic of the Philippines, or who, being a citizen of a nation not an enemy of the United States, which nation grants reciprocal war damage payments to American citizens residing in such countries, was for five years prior to December 7, 1941, a resident of the Philippines;

- (2) Any individual who, at any time subsequent to September 16, 1940, and prior to August 14, 1945, served honorably in the armed forces of the United States or of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, or honorably performed "service in the merchant marine";

- (3) Any church or other religious organizations;

- (4) Any unincorporated association, trust, or corporation (or upon dissolution, its successor), organized pursuant to the laws of any of the several States or of the United States or of any territory or possession thereof (including any other unincorporated association, trust, corporation), but excluding any corporation owned by the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

(b) Disqualified Persons — The

Commission is prohibited from making payments to:

- (1) An enemy alien;
- (2) Any person who, by a civil or military court having jurisdiction has been found guilty of collaborating with the enemy or of any act involving disloyalty to the United States or to the Commonwealth of the Philippines;
- (3) Any person whom the Commission is convinced collaborated with the enemy or committed any act involving disloyalty to the United States or to the Commonwealth of the Philippines;

- (4) Any unincorporated association, trust, corporation, etc., owned or controlled by any of the persons specified in (1) and (2) above.

- ### (c) Property Included—The Commission will receive claims for physical loss or destruction of or damage to property in the Philippines occurring after December 7, 1941 and before October 1, 1945, as a result of one or more of the following perils:
- (1) Enemy attack;

- (2) Action taken by the request of the military, naval, or air forces of the United States to prevent such property from coming into the possession of the enemy;

- (3) Action taken by enemy representatives, civil or military, or by the representatives of any government cooperating with the enemy;

- (4) Action by the armed forces of the United States or other forces operating with the armed forces of the United States in opposing, resisting, or expelling the enemy from the Philippines;

- (5) Looting, pillage, or other lawlessness or disorder accompanying the collapse of civil authority determined by the Commission to have resulted from any of the other perils enumerated in this section or from control by enemy forces.

- ### (d) Property Excluded—The Act excludes the following private property from claim or compensation:

- (1) Accounts, bills, records, films, plans, drawings, formulas, currency, deeds, evidences of debt, securities, money, bullion, furs, jewelry, stamps, precious and semi-precious stones, works of art, antiques, stamp and coin collections, manuscripts, books and printed publications more than 50 years old, novels, curiosities, objects of historical or scientific interest, and pleasure watercraft and pleasure aircraft: Provided, however, that such exclusion shall not apply to such of the foregoing items as may have constituted inventories, supplies, or equipment and carrying on a trade or business within the Philippines.

- (2) Vessels and watercraft, their cargoes and equipment, except:

- (i) Vessels used or intended to be used exclusively for storage, housing, manufacturing, or generating power;
- (ii) Vessels while under

(Continued on page 21)

WE HAVE quite a bit of news them out.

from our friends abroad. There are only two things I complain about besides not being able to get enough sleep and these are the weather and the food. The weather these last few days has been wonderful. They call it Indian summer. But there have been some days when it was so cold I was just miserable. The girls say it will be twenty times colder—just don't want to think about it. The food could be a lot better, too. Considering the fact that there has been a truck strike and the high price of foodstuffs, especially meat, our food has been quite fair. It's the monotonous and the tastelessness that gets me. It bothers me so much that I wrote a two-page essay on American food and handed it in. I haven't had a conference yet with my English teacher so I don't know what she thinks of it.

New York is really amazing. It's so big, and so impersonal, and so superficial. Here appearances are everything. The sales-girls in the stores look you up and down and decide how much you can pay and whether or not you are worth their time. There is no spirit of

prices are not too formidable. Which reminds me—I bought Mita's doll at Altman's, which is a lovely store on the Avenue which, I am told, had no sign outside for many years because it was so well-known, and even now has its name in very small letters. I went shopping for that doll with an American girl. We went to Macy's, but the dolls there even Mita wouldn't look at. The doll I picked I hope you will like. Lois (the girl I shopped with) said it is the kind of doll every little girl should have once in her life. It cost seventeen dollars, including postage. The store is mailing it. If it does not get there, they are responsible for it and will reimburse me—I'm holding on to the receipt. I looked and am still looking for an evening dress for you, but don't think of having it for Christmas unless a miracle happens. I think I will be able to get a white one because white happens to be the color this winter, but the stock in the stores is getting in slowly because of all these strikes, and I'm sure you wouldn't want one that cost about two or three hundred dollars, so let's wait or

buy fruit and crackers (which are not available right now) and although most of my books are second and third hand, they all add up to quite a lot. I am doing my best to keep well, and have succeeded so far. I have not had a cold in spite of the fact that during three terribly cold days last month most of the girls on my floor had colds.

Elvi and I went to the session of the International Assembly of Women at the Waldorf-Astoria to hear Mrs. Legarda speak. She was the hit of the afternoon. She was the best-looking, the most charming, the most dignified and the most applauded speaker, although she was not allowed to really finish because time was limited.

Last Tuesday I went with Gloria Litton to see the Hernandez family. We had a marvelous time—I was so excited to see Cecy. I will see them again next week.

Tell Lola I don't have the nerve to write in Ilcano, but I can read it all right and that I enjoy her letters very much. She ought to go into the business and write a book—Shakespeare had nothing on her. Practically everybody in

live and let live. It is rather the spirit of "eat or be eaten, kill or be killed." The competition is terrific. You've got to be strong and ruthless and brainy or you don't amount to anything. At first I did not like it so much. It's exciting and fascinating, and there is something to do all the time.

I have been to the Metropolitan Opera twice to see the Original Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. It's simply out of this world—everything I have imagined and more. And the shops! I could write a book on Fifth Avenue—the beautiful window displays and the smart, smooty shopgirls; the smart women in magnificent furs who are there to pick and choose and the women in cheap clothes who can only look. Sometimes it's very sad.

By this time I have picked out certain nice stores where the people are courteous and where the

school knows what a nice grandmother I have, and they are all just as excited as I am when I get a letter from home.

Give my love to everybody and pass this letter around because you won't get another one for quite a while. And tell everybody to write. Perhaps I have said this before, but I repeat—there is nothing so miserable as an empty mailbox.

P. S. What's the gossip around town?

It is simply amazing, the number of things you cannot get in this city that is supposed to have everything. There is no Kleenex, no soap, no meat, and very few dresses worth the price they ask. Speaking of clothes—I bought my winter coat. It is beautiful—black, with a trim of persian lamb. One of my good friends, a French girl, says I have good taste and can go to France. I have not bought my winter underwear and boots and mittens and my good dressy dress, which, I assure you, is most necessary, for the simple reason that I have no funds. If all my debts are paid and the rent is coming in, please send my allowance with all possible haste. I assure you that I have not been extravagant. Even Elvi admits that. It is just woolen clothes are quite expensive and so is school. In order to supplement my diet I have to

AND now we come to more letters from Mrs. Legarda. We begin with one she wrote from Washington, D. C. to Mrs. Paz M. Catolico, acting executive secretary of the National Federation of Women's Clubs:

Thank you for your very encouraging note. It is nice to feel that one's efforts are noticed and appreciated. I received only one

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

me very much. They elected me freshman representative to the Executive Committee of Residence Halls' Council. It is not a high position but it is a mark of confidence on the part of the girls which touched me deeply. I honestly did not want it because I have no time to devote to extracurricular activities. It involves a certain amount of responsibility but not much work. I just have to sit up front in a cap and gown during house meetings. It is the committee, by the way, that runs the activities in the dormitories.

I have had quite good luck in having met nice girls. I have not yet met anyone I positively dislike and am getting on quite well as far as the girls are concerned. I have made it a habit to go to the library to study every evening because if I stay in my room I cannot study. People drop in all the time and I just cannot throw

me very much. They elected me

live and let live. It is rather the spirit of "eat or be eaten, kill or be killed." The competition is terrific. You've got to be strong and ruthless and brainy or you don't amount to anything. At first I did not like it so much. It's exciting and fascinating, and there is something to do all the time.

By this time I have picked out certain nice stores where the people are courteous and where the



INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF WOMEN - SO. KORTRIGHT, N.Y. - U.S. - OCT. 1914

Shown in the above picture are the delegates to the International Assembly of Women at South Kortright, New York. These delegates are from different nations of the world. Mrs. Trinidad Legarda and Mrs. Mercedes Evangelista represented the Philippines in this Assembly.

little clipping with your letter and none from Miss Rey. Will you please find out what happened?

I think you deserve congratulations yourself. It seems you are doing wonderful work yourself in reorganizing the clubs in the provinces. Keep it up and let us really get these clubs going.

There is a great demand here from individual clubs to make direct contacts with some of our local clubs. Will you please sit down right away and send me a list of the clubs that have, up to this date, already reported to us and whose name and list of officers is already on our record? I shall assign them here to different groups who will contact them. Please include the Damas Filipinas as I would like to help them in their Settlement House project.

We are guests here of the General Federation of Women's Clubs during our brief stay of ten days in Washington. We went to the Children's Bureau and the Wo-

men's Bureau for observation and interview with the directors, who are both women whom we met at the International Assembly at South Kortright.

For the past week, we have been touring North Carolina as a guest of the Women's Clubs there who have definitely pledged to help us rebuild our club-house, besides giving us the necessary equipment for our office.

The chances of Miss E—getting a scholarship are now more or less definite and I hope she can get it so as to inject new ideas and better procedure when she comes back to work for us.

Kindly take care of all the clippings I send back there as they are all that I have. Miss Rey

can take care of it for me. Enclosed are new ones for the Federation to use if they care to.

Hope everything is well with you and that you can get to Honolulu as you so ardently desire.

With best wishes to everyone in the office and my kindest regards, I remain.

P.S.—Has Mrs. Morales had her new baby yet? Hope she's all right and the baby too.

FROM the Copley Plaza in Boston, she wrote to Mrs. Henares:

Now I think I can consider my U.S. tour complete after seeing Boston and meeting your son, Larry, as I promised you I would. He is looking fine and making

good grades at his school, I understand. Everybody likes him, for he has a very engaging personality. You two can really be proud of your young man.

I have just come from Washington, D. C., where I stayed, as a guest of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, for two days after our visit with North Carolina Women's Clubs. While at the capital, I was able to have an interview with Assistant Secretary of War Royal regarding the checks signed by the war prisoners in favor of the Federation. My intention is not to collect from the War Department the amounts specified on the checks but to present the checks as affidavits to support our claim of war activities—the mortgaging of our clubhouse and the consequent arrest of our beloved, Pepa, for the wonderful work she did among the internees and the war prisoners.

Also, many clubs here want to

(Continued on page 32)

WOMAN of the Month:

Mrs. Concepcion Felix de Rodriguez

MOTHER OF THE FIRST SOCIAL MOVEMENT SPONSORED BY FILIPINO WOMEN, DONA CONCHA HAS SEEN THE BIRTH OF ALL WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES. OF AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY OF WHICH SHE WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT, THE SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT SAID: "I DO NOT KNOW WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT, THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OR THE 'LA GOTA DE LECHE'."

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that the National Federation of Women's Clubs in the Philippines has, since its institution, counted on the constituency of the country's leading women. It can be honestly said that the warp and woof of which the Federation is woven is of the finest fibers.

One of its present advisers is the subject of this write-up not so much because of the part she plays in charting the course of this all-important organization as because she is one Filipina who saw the birth of Filipino women's organizations, has since been part and parcel of these organizations which have kept plodding against all odds toward the goal of women's progress.

White-haired, daintily-groomed Doña Concepcion Felix de Rodriguez whose presence makes any women leaders confab complete can hold a candle with any feminist here and abroad by reason of her indefatigable activities as a woman of liberal ideas, a social worker of inherent qualities, a crusader for reforms, a suffragist, a trained educator, a public speaker of telling force, a mother and a wife of exemplary qualities, and above all, a veritable handy-man in the multifarious to-do's appertaining to women's endeavors.

As far back as 1899, Doña Concepcion recalls, women's organizations were as active as they are now. Under the auspices of the Philippine Red Cross the women

then as now did their share of civic and welfare work capably. The first social movement was that undertaken in 1905 by the Association Feminina Filipina when it effected reforms in the penitentiary, alleviating the lot of women prisoners. This organization of which she was an executive made possible for women prisoners to (1) be separated from the men, (2) not to wear the humiliating tigers uniform, (3) be taught occupational work such as embroidery, weaving and the making of balanggot chinelas, (4) to profit from lectures by capable teachers.

This association of women eventually became reorganized and took the name of the Manila Woman's Club, the first and naturally the oldest woman's club in the Philippines. This was in 1912. Under the tutelage of an American woman, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt this first woman's club was dedicated to the suffrage movement and all its waking hours were spent in planning woman's progress.

But five years before the Manila Woman's Club took that name, the association of "La Gota de Leche" was formed. This much needed "mother" for babies who must eat or die go on record as being found on October 17, 1907. Doña Concepcion was its first president. The next day the first Philippine National Assembly was inaugurated. Written in history is what Secretary of War Taft said at the

time, "I do not know which is more important, the National Assembly or the Gota de Leche. The first makes laws but the second nurtures babies into healthy citizens to execute the laws."

Those years when the Filipino woman was working tooth and nail to be heard as well as seen, women orators like Concepcion Felix were what gave the women a foothold in their upward climb. As a law student she blazed the trail for the women debater. She carried on polemics in the newspaper with men as opponents. One outstanding oratorical achievement she has to her credit was that one she delivered in 1905 before the first Congressional Mission headed by Secretary of War Taft. Her piece was "Filipino Women during the pre-Spanish regime, and during the American occupation". After this she was often referred to as the woman "con la lengua de plata".

Her silver tongue came in very good stead during the hectic years of campaign for woman's suffrage. 1918 marked the beginning of the intense campaign. Here the Manila Woman's Club, the National Federation became the backbone of the drive. Then as now these organizations of which she has always been active part were to the women's projects what a mother is to a home.

Representative of the older members and components of the National Federation, Doña Concha is a product of the Spanish schools and colleges, but she speaks English quite effectively, one more proof of her versatility and up-to-date-ness. She is a graduate of the Asuncionistas and the Instituto de Mujeres where she later on became instructor in Mathematics and Tagalog.

(Continued on page 29)



Mrs. Concepcion Felix-Rodriguez is actually one of the advisers of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in the Philippines. The title is just a drop in the bucket of her activities as a woman of progressive and liberal ideas.

ANTICIPATION

By Pedro C. Joven

THE incessant pattering of rain increased in a crescendo accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning mingling in fury with the thunder that shook heaven and earth. He sat huddled in a dilapidated chair, viewing his surroundings with dismay in the flickering candle light. The room he was in, composing the barong-barong he had improvised out of wooden planks, was barren save for a heavy trunk safely locked against rats and the like. He gazed uneasily at the dark, eerie walls before him as if expecting them momentarily to cave in. The water that fell in torrents from the gaping roof was less disturbing than the shrieking wind that lashed mercilessly at the tiny, fragile house. He was afraid the cruel gale would uproot the very foundations of his abode and blow him into kingdom come. God! he thought, will the storm never cease? He had suffered privation, hunger, disease, but this would be the ultimate blow. He loved his Home fanatically, this humble home he had himself built. He prayed fervently to God saying, Please, spare me my house, and let me live to see tomorrow come. As if his prayers had reached heaven, the rain ceased suddenly. The mounting water that for a time threatened to wash away anything that stood in its path of destruction receded gradually until its presence was felt only in the sodden earth.

The change of weather worked a magical change in the despondent man. He jumped out of his cramped position with alacrity, fished out from a dark nook a large empty can and started bailing out the water that had reached ankle high. He was oblivious of time, unmindful of the sweat that clung to his soaked shirt; he was only conscious of a tingling sensation, a youthful exhilaration as he hurled the water outside by the tinful. At last the man paused from his work, wiping his damp brow with the back of his massive hand. Then breathing hard but working feverishly he scrubbed the floor with a dry rag until finally he stood up with a gladdened cry marveling at the

JOSE DOMINGO WAS A TYPICAL PROVINCIANO WHO CAME TO THE CITY AND DISCOVERED A GREAT MANY DISHEARTENING THINGS

neat job he had done. Lord, he finally said, you have spared me all this and I thank Thee with all my heart. There will be no end to my happiness, and tomorrow, yes tomorrow, the cup of my happiness shall be filled to overflowing, he murmured. Saying this, he blew out the light of the candle, lay himself heavily on the still moist floor and closed his weary eyes. In a few minutes he was snoring, dead to the world.

Jose Domingo, for this was the man's name, was a typical provinciano whose one ambition was to come down to the city, revel in its wide asphalted streets, its towering buildings that made a man feel so dwarfed and puny, its wondrous houses of entertainment where men were men and women were made for love, and the eating houses where one could relish fabulous dishes at a moment's bidding for a paltry sum. Way back in the province, morning, noon, and night, Jose had to content himself with the native, inevitable, but still desirable *kan-kong*. He had found out though, that sponging on people, whether they be his relations or not became repulsive after a time, and he had been doing such a beastly thing for the past ten years since the death of his saintly mother. Small wonder that most of his relatives would welcome a stray mongrel rather than open their doors to him.

He became an orphan at the age of ten. His mother left him when he knew nothing at all. Jose never knew his father, who was said to have been a dipsomaniac who made his wife's life miserable. When at last Jose's father's remains were finally laid in the soft earth he had come from, there were tears in his wife's eyes not of grief, but of

resignation and gratitude.

The poor widow had assumed the burden of rearing little Jose both as mother and father until she too succumbed to a life harder than she could cope with.

Jose's education then, was nothing to brag about, for his upbringing was limited to the little

his mother knew and taught him. One thing only his mother had possessed — the Faith she had painstakingly taught Jose. She had in life never missed her daily visits to Church with Jose trailing along in ignorance and stupefaction. Jose's mother was persevering. Dumb as Jose was he nevertheless learned the Bible from cover to cover. This was a great consolation to her. On her deathbed she smiled bravely, happy in the knowledge that she had given her son something more desirable than riches could be.

With his mother dead, Jose grew up practically in the streets. One by one, his relations turned

(Continued on page 24)



Jose was afraid the police might link him with the man. He excused himself and went to the men's room. When he came back...

PRIZE Winner



Directly at right skirt with a tunic thing to be desirable embellishments of the camisa sleeve of a scarf is wool like spun sugar. nuelo, believe it terno at far right skirt, the solid creamy net leavi bouffant. The gi must. (ALL PHO

ON THE NIGHT the title of Best-Dressed Manilan of 1946 was awarded to Mrs. Claro M. Recto, she was wearing this fabulous dream of a gown. White cobwebby mousseline de soie planned along bouffant lines was inlaid with swathings of white tulle, underlaid by white jersey. Some half dozen yellow blooms of the giant variety blossomed from bodice to hem. Standing beside her, Mrs. Elvira Baltazar-Rufino provides a contrast in a clinging sheath of a skirt with a huge colorful sash that trails down to kiss the hem of the skirt. Note camisa, the simplest ever conceived.



M. Recto, she was wearing this line was inlaid with swathings variety blossomed from bodice girding sheath of a skirt with a nest ever conceived.



Directly at right: the very slim skirt with a tunic that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of embellishments that are echoed in the camisa sleeves. A willow-wisp of a scarf is worn over neckline like spun sugar. There is a pannelo, believe it or not, for the terno at far right. Like an over-skirt, the solid color goes over creamy net leaving front freely bouffant. The giant corsage is a must. (ALL PHOTOS BY BOE'S)



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BY BOB'S)

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

ANY SHELF at all in your home can hold first aid kit essentials against minor accidents like cutting one's fingers with the paring knife or junior's burning his hand from playing with firecrackers. Here is a minimum list of items for your kit or shelf:

- Six one-inch gauze compresses on adhesive
- Six 3" x 3" sterile gauze compresses
- One 1" roller bandage
- One 2" roller bandage
- One triangular bandage
- Burn ointment—5% tannic acid jelly
- Tincture of iodine
- Mineral oil for use in the eye (should be sterile)
- Aromatic spirits of ammonia
- Peroxide of hydrogen
- Scissors

HERE'S a practical idea for your kitchen or back hall. Put up a bulletin board made of a large piece of plaster board or even the side of packing case to which should be edged and painted attractively. Have a pad of paper and several tacks handy

and encourage your family to write down and tack up messages or suggestions. Set up the example by putting up your memos for the cook or servant girl.

For the tiny accessories with no bedroom to speak of, try a way with the bunk. Copy any ship's cabin and you'll have a perfect bunk. Use attractive print cover of mattresses and draw curtains.

For the bedroom-sitting room plan, a must in postwar homes, try the beds with no head or sideboards. Make to look like upholstered sofas by day and comfortable beds by night.

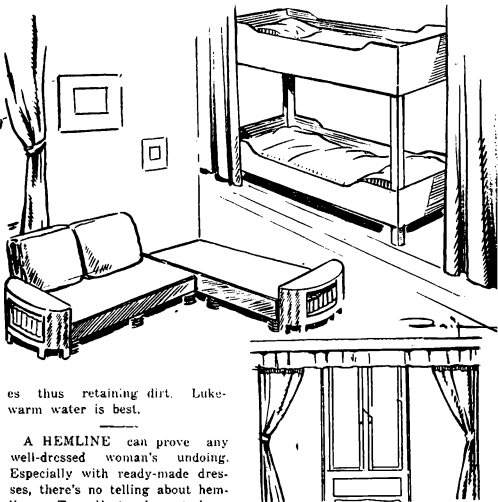
HAVE you heard the story of two end tables made from one round table which was badly burned at the center? The round table was sawed off at the middle. Legs were fitted in and then the two end tables were painted attractively.

IF YOU must soak clothes to loosen dirt, be sure the water is not cold, else the dirt will stick instead. Cold closes up the mesh-

es thus retaining dirt. Lukewarm water is best.

A HEMLINE can prove any well-dressed woman's undoing. Especially with ready-made dresses, there's no telling about hemlines. To adjust, rip out hem, press flat on the wrong side. Turn the edge and mark the correct length. Turn the edge and baste as for a new hemline.

IF YOU live in a place where it has an aparador in it. In bringing up the aparadores or out instead you'll have what looks like of the question, try this solution: a mirrored doorway.



Philippines' Best Dressed Women Of 1946

REGAL, svelte Mrs. Claro M. Recto cupped the first choice in the local best dressed for 1946.

Other winners follow in the order they are listed:

- Mrs. Chona Recto-Ysmael
- Miss Conchita Sunico
- Mrs. Nely Montilla Lovina
- Mrs. Sonia Lizares-Corominas

Other names submitted to the board of judges were:

- Delia Lacson
- Mrs. Balbinita Lacson
- Chito Madrigal
- Mrs. Lourdes de Leon
- Mrs. Segundina Noguera
- Mrs. Thelma Gallego-Villongco
- Imelda Ongsiako
- Pacita de los Reyes
- Mrs. Elvira Ballaxar-Rufino
- Mrs. Mercedes Araneta
- Baby Pamintuan
- Mrs. Esperanza Fabella
- Norma Antonio
- Pepita Erana

Keep on going and the chances are that you will stumble on something, perhaps when you are least expecting it. I have never heard of anyone stumbling on something sitting down.

REMODELLING OLD DRESSES

LET THE SKETCHES here guide you in making over old dresses. The solid color dress was ripped apart and the worn fabric discarded. The good material was pressed flat and measured, and a diagram made of the good pieces. From the skirt a jerkin was cut. Short sleeves were added from the sleeves of the plaid dress. Smart buttons matching one color of the plaid were added to the jerkin. With the plaid skirt this made one new dress.

The waist of the other dress was ripped off the skirt and a new waist added, made out of the plaid waist. The plaid waist had been ripped and pressed flat and a new blouse pattern was used.



THE US-PHILIPPINE WAR

DAMAGE COMMISSION

(Continued from page 12)

construction until delivery by the builder, or sailing on delivery or trial trip, whichever shall first occur;

(iii) Watercraft and commercial vessels of Philippine or American ownership, in harbors and territorial and inland waters of the Philippines;

(iv) Cargoes and equipment on vessels and watercraft described in (i), (ii) or (iii) above, except as modified by and subject to clauses (1) and (2) of this section.

(3) Intangible property.

(4) Property diverted to the Philippines by authority of the United States Government or otherwise, as a result of war conditions.

(5) Property in transit (a) which at the time of loss or damage was insured against war perils, or (b) with respect to which insurance against such perils was available, at the time of loss or damage either at reasonable commercial rates or from the United States Maritime Commission.

(6) Property which at the time of loss or damage was insured against any one or more of the perils specified in the Act, except to the extent that the loss or damage exceeds the amount of such insurance, whether or not collectible.

(7) Loss or damage to property:

(i) For which the War Department or the Navy Department is authorized to make payment, or

(ii) For which compensation or indemnity is otherwise payable, or has been paid or is authorized to be

paid, by the Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines (Republic of the Philippines), or by the United States Government or by their respective departments, establishments, or agencies, unless the War Department, Navy Department, respective departments, establishments, or agencies concerned have declined to pay compensation or indemnity for such loss or damage.

Forms for Private Claims—The Commission has prescribed Claim Forms No. 100 and 100-A for use in submitting claims for loss of or damage to private property. Form 100-A is to be used when automobiles or watercraft are involved and must be attached to and submitted with Claim Form No. 100. Private Claim Forms must be legibly prepared in the English language and submitted in duplicate. All copies must be acknowledged before officers qualified to administer oaths. The Circular of General Information No. 1-1 will be available to explain the proper use of the above-mentioned private Claim Forms. It will be necessary for persons who believe that they have already submitted their claims to re-submit them on the proper forms after the date fixed by public announcement. The Commission appeals to everyone to refrain from sending letters purporting to contain their claims. It is a waste of the individual's time and also the Commission's time. When the Claim Forms arrive from the United States, every effort especially, through the public school teachers will be utilized to assure their equitable and free distribution throughout the Republic.

Filing Claim—All claims must be filed with the Commission at its principal office in Manila or at its established field offices. A postal card which will be provided with Claim Form No. 100 must be self-addressed and must accompany private claims at the

time they are filed. This postal card when returned to claimant will be his notice that the claim has been received. Claims will be considered filed when mailed if sent registered, and when received by the Commission if sent by ordinary mail. All claims not legibly prepared or defective for any other major reasons will not be accepted for filing by the Commission and will be returned to the claimant if claimant's name and address are legible. They will not be considered as filed until the claimant has returned claim forms with necessary correction.

Thus, all claims must be filed in person directly at the main office in Manila or at the ten field branches which will be announced later. Claims sent by mail should be sent directly to the main office in Manila.

Penalties—Whoever makes any statement or representation knowing it to be false or whoever willfully and fraudulently overvalue loss of or damage to property, or attempts to influence action by the Commission, for the purpose of obtaining claim benefits, shall forfeit all rights to benefits, and shall further be subject to criminal penalties provided by United States or Philippine law. Any person who pays, offers to pay, or promises to pay in excess of 5 per cent of compensation paid by the Commission for services rendered to claimant in connection with any claim shall forfeit all rights to benefits, both he and receiver of any such excess shall further be liable to criminal penalties provided by United States or Philippine law.

Conditions and Payment of Private Claims—Payment of private claims is subject to the following:

(A) **Conditions**—

(1) To the fullest extent possible, the Commission will require that the lost or damaged property be rebuilt, replaced, or repaired before payments of money are actually made to claimants.

(2) When the lost or damaged property has not been rebuilt, replaced or repaired, the Commission may, at its option, make payment, in whole or in part, of the amount payable by replacing lost, damaged, or destroyed property with property of like or similar kind.

(3) If it is impossible for any reason beyond the control of the claimant or impracticable to rebuild, replace,

or repair the lost or damaged property, the Commission must require that the whole of any payment or partial payment shall be reinvested in such manner as will further the rehabilitation or economic development of the Philippines.

(B) **Amounts**—

The Commission may make payment as soon as practicable of so much of any approved claims as does not exceed \$50 or 1,000 Philippine pesos. The Commission reserves the right to pay the amount in installments. If the aggregate amount which would be payable to any one claimant exceeds \$500, such aggregate amount approved in favor of such claimant must be reduced by 25 per cent of the excess over \$500.

After the time for filing claims has expired, the Commission will determine the amount of money available for further payment of claims in excess of \$500, and such funds shall be applied pro rata for the payment of the unpaid balances of the amounts authorized to be paid, subject to ratification of the Executive Agreement required by Title VI of the Act.

The War Damage Commission is planning to organize ten branch offices in certain cities that they believe will be generally accessible to the people in the surrounding areas. They intend to use all available resources to make certain that every prospective claimant has an opportunity to get the necessary forms and they are exerting effort to make sure that no claimant is victimized or made to pay a price for the claim form itself. The claim forms are free to all claimants alike and any attempt to make a charge for them will not be tolerated. The Act itself and supporting statutes of the Philippines provide that no person may pay or offer to pay more than five per cent of the amount allowed by the Commission on a claim for services rendered in connection with this claim. It provides that no one may receive more than this fee for service rendered in connection with a claim. It fixes the maximum penalty for violation of these provisions at a \$10,000.00 fine and imprisonment for twelve months. Furthermore, if these provisions are violated, the claimant loses all rights to claim and if any compensation has been paid him, the Commission will take such action as is necessary to recover the payments.

(Continued on page 33)

Children's Clothes From Adults' Old Ones

MAKE an undershirt for the boy of the family from father's old one. You will need a pattern, but you can keep it and enlarge bit by bit as the child grows. Cut the small shirt from the center of the worn garment where the fabric is still good. Bind the edges with tape, or use a bias binding cut from scraps in your rummage bag.

OUTWORN lingerie can often be remade for smaller members of the family. A young girl will gladly remake a fine slip which can be cut down to her size. Let her choose her own pattern and have the fun of making it herself. Silk gowns and slip often have enough good material left to make at least one pair of panties. If the seams are in good condition, use them for the center back and front of the panties. Use an old pair to guide you in cutting them out.

THERE is a pattern for making men's suits into small boys' trousers. Remodeling father's and older brother's suits is still useful practice. There are even patterns from abroad which are for remodeling men's suits into women's suits. The shirt is made from the trousers, and the jacket preserves the most important tailoring details of the coat.

A COAT may have fashionable lines even though the fabric is faded. Examine the wrong side. It may be unfaded and the coat can be turned. At least it can be used to make new garments. If your skirt which harmonizes with the coat material, make a jacket. Or you may need a coat dress to round out your wardrobe. If the skirt of the old coat is in good condition, cut it off at the waistline, try it on, refit the side seams, and attach belt.

IF THE shoulders of an other-

wise serviceable coat are too tight, add a yoke of harmonizing fabric to give additional width at the shoulders. Make muffs to match the yoke.

BATHROBES for boys can be made from worn blankets. Use the child's coat as a guide. Speaking of children's coats, follow patterns with straight lines. As the child grows and the hem has to be lengthened, there's no telltale belt-line to spoil the effect of an otherwise good garment. Many mothers prefer double-breasted coat for children. They also save a little fabric to make cuffs when the sleeves shoot up, and one mother gives the tip that she not only adds cuffs, but has often stitched a band down the center back and let the garment out in front.

MAKE a child's jumper dress of the heart-shaped style by recutting from a straight adult skirt. First decide on the finished length of the skirt and add a hemline. This is the length you will use to cut the skirt. Then decide on the width of the skirt. It should be about three times wider than the hip measure. Now cut the skirt according to these measurements. If the dress you are remaking has a gored skirt, use the widest length that approximate these measures and gather in as much fullness as you can. Bind the top of the skirt with a straight band of self-fabric to fit the waist. Now cut the heart-shaped dicky. Bind the edges and sew it to the waistband of the skirt. Make shoulder straps of self-fabric bands and attach them to the top of the dicky, cross them at the back, and fasten them at the belt.

MENDING men's and boys' shirts should be no trouble if proper precaution is taken. Worn collars should be carefully ripped off and turned over, then sewed back



Panel insets for bodice for enlargement or crosswise band for skirt to lengthen. Grouching children need not discard clothes so fast when there are remedies galore. Pinafores and sunsuits can be easily cut from adults' old clothes.

MADEMOISELLE

" OF MANILA "

Every Woman's Shop

DRESSES—SHOES

906 RIZAL AVE.

in the original seam. In the case of small-patterned materials or solid colors, new collars can be made without much work. Press the old ones flat and use as pattern for the new ones which can usually be cut from the tail of the shirt without impairing its usefulness. In a striped shirt, it is not possible to do this without destroying the shirt. If a new collar or cuff is added make them of a new material whose color matches that of the background of the shirt. If the shirt is not worth preserving as such, it can be made up into aprons, children's smocks, rompers, sunsuits, pajamas, slips, and panties, etc.

trees and they are enough greens for me. I don't want my bedbox buried by primordial growths. I got enough snakes in the grass to worry about without making my room resemble a habitat for some more creeping insects."

"Wasn't it the beloved RLS who wrote that so long as one had a friend one is not lost? And, if memory serves, he also said that finding a friend is better than finding a five-pound note. . . . These were my thoughts when I was reading your letter. Perhaps the motive is selfish. With our country temporarily inaccessible and so far far away, you and folks such as you have come to personify the Philippines. Being in touch with you is somewhat like vicariously returning to our home."

"Next time you repeat to me that I'm fighting for honor and country I'll scream. What honor? What country? I like to think of country only as a place where you plant potatoes and get dairy products. The minute someone tells me that it's geography, sociology and government wrapped in red and white and blue and green and yellow, why, I give up."

"You know, there's something more in this draft business than the fear of getting the war fever. If I go into the Service, it's not because I want to wear a uniform and carry a gun and shoot a Jap or a German or an Italian. Nor is it because I am ashamed of the dubious and reproachful glances the pretty girls cast upon my civilian

HARDER THAN PAPER

(Continued from page 10)

clothing. Nor that some day I would hate to tell my children that I just played the bum while the cockeyed world burned. Nor do I want to be a hero. If I go into the Service, it's because I have nothing really to live for, and if I were going to die, I might just as well die for the benefit of those who believe they have something worth living for such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Some call it fighting for democracy. Others call it fighting for Christian civilization. And the rest call it fighting for love of country. All these are pretty objectives. But these are not really what I'm going in the Service for; for these are ideas and dreams which are beautiful, but do not touch me deep enough to make me hate bitterly those who try to destroy them in me. Rather, I shall call mine dying for greater love, so those who believe in pretty things can continue believing in them until they die. The stake I have in this global war is the stake my good friends put in it. Reduce this to a principle and I feel like yawning to death. I am bored stiff by patriotic slogans. I don't want to be a hero. On the other hand I don't want my lovely friends to look at me as though I were zero. True, I hate regimentation, but greater do I hate the cause that brings it about.

"Yes, I don't want to be caught in the draft. If I must have air, I want it to come from the sea. There's something very clean and fresh about ocean breezes. Squalls, hurricanes, and strong winds—these airs have color and force. Whereas air in army camps is loaded with dust. You know, there is something clean about dying in the ocean; you go deeper than six feet from the surface of the earth. The very thought that my dead body might be eaten by ants and buzzards seems very repulsive to me. I would rather a whale swallow me, for who knows I may come up again as ambergris which might eventually become part of pretty milady's perfume. Then it would comfort my soul very much to know that the essence of my body linger upon a beautiful

were too absorbed to talk to me. I know how much we both hope you won't have to stay in this country longer, but as long as the bad luck continues, we might as well make the best of it."

lady's form. How poetic to die that way, eh, Cassanova?"

"We can talk about literature and all the things we didn't get around to that last sticky sizzling summer at Columbia U, especially the day you saw me on the Broadway streetcar and

These are some passages from these letters that I have to destroy. I am in a hurry, and I must have missed a lot of lovely things, but then perhaps I must have also missed a number of things enough to sour a whole life's sweetness after rain.

DO YOU WANT A Lovelier Complexion IN 14 DAYS

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a woman with a soft, glowing complexion, looking slightly to the side. Above her is a banner with the text "DO YOU WANT A Lovelier Complexion IN 14 DAYS". The woman is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment. The overall tone is clean and fresh.

This beautiful girl, like millions of women in 72 countries all over the world, has chosen Palmolive Soap for her daily beauty bath—and her skin is soft, smooth and radiant. . . . all over. For you, too, Palmolive offers a simple, easy plan that brings a more beautiful skin to 2 out of 3 women.

The proved 14-day Palmolive Plan. Each time you wash, work up a thick, rich lather with Palmolive Soap and massage it onto your skin for one full minute. Now a quick rinse and pat dry. Remember it takes only a minute, but it is that extra 60-second cleansing massage that brings to your skin the full beautifying effect of Palmolive's creamy lather.

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

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



Keep that lovely Schoolgirl Complexion

SPEAKING OF ANGELS

A little girl was put into an upper berth in a Pullman for the first time. She kept whimpering until her mother told her not to be afraid because the angels would watch her.

"Mother, are you there?" she cried plaintively.

"Yes, dear."

"And a few minutes later: "Daddy, are you there?"

"Yeah."

A fellow passenger lost all patience at that point and bellowed: "We're all here. Your mother and daddy and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. All here. Now go to sleep."

There was a pause, then very softly: "Mother?"

"Well?"

"Was that one of the angels?"

him out of their hearts. Yet Jose had one great asset. He had somehow inherited from his good mother a virtue of perseverance and as his hobby was tinkering with engines he never stopped fiddling all sorts of mechanical gadgets until he became an expert mechanic. On his twentieth birthday, he decided to try his luck in Manila.

On his first day in the city he found a job to his liking. He buckled down to it with bucolic fervor, working like a dynamo until late hours of the night. His colleagues started calling him "pasikatero", but Jose turned deaf ears to their taunting remarks. He minded his own business and worked with more gusto than ever. As a mechanic in the auto repair shop, his pay was small and the little "baon" he had been given by his "endearing" relations in the province was slowly dwindling away. He had been fortunate to find this job, but he had no roof he could call his own. On his second day in the city his boss had sent him to an errand near Queson City. To his delight he saw vacant lots which had just been recently vacated by the Army. To add more to this new-found haven he encountered a junk-pile full of massive wooden planks. Then and there he had resolved to come back in the afternoon and build his own house. His wishes came true when the following day after a night of ceaseless hammering and sawing and cutting there stood a barong-barong awkward but strongly built notwithstanding. That morning he went to work tired and spent, but feeling buoyant and happy inside.

He was indeed contented for he had a steady job, a house he could proudly call his Home. But there was still one wish that had not come true. He had spent frugally, pinching pennies day in and day out, eating twenty centavos of Mami at Chiquito's place at lunchtime, skipping breakfast at times and going to bed without supper. He had been saving all week so he would receive his pay intact. He wanted to treat himself to the real thing, including the proverbial "lechon". There was that gleam in Jose's eyes as the days glided on, not of intelligence but of anticipation. He smacked his lips with relish while he contemplated the dainty morsels he would savor. He even extended his imagination to a show of entertainment, a cinema, or even a night club. But on second thought he would pre-

fer to lavish his money on the summit. Jose fumbled in his food, rich, beautiful food.

Saturday afternoon came and Jose was in an ecstatic mood. It was pay-day and he longed to grasp with his nervous fingers the new crispy bills he had worked for so vigorously. His body twitched with excitement as the hour approached the knock-off. At last the bell rang. Jose washed his hands that shook so much he could hardly rub his arms with the soap he held. Today, reaching the barong-barong, he washing his hands seemed to Jose a ritual, a great ordeal, for he was greatly excited. It was the first time he would get hold of some money he could boast was really his. He wiped his hands with the dry towel he carried with him and stood in line with his co-workers until his name was called. He stood out and extended a huge paw. He was handed a white envelope which he handed gingerly for fear he might tear the money it contained. He stepped out of the shop feeling like a millionaire. Jose strolled homeards nonchalantly, his heart singing, rubbing elbows with his co-pedestrians, unmindful of the sweltering rays of the sun that descended unrestrained upon the throngs of people that jammed the already burdened traffic. His pace was regular, never faltering in rhythmic cadence with the crowd, his eyes gazing far but unseeing, his thoughts elsewhere. He presently looked about him and lost himself in a fog blinding dust. Instinctively he covered his nostrils with one hand and waved at a jitney with the other. The vehicle came to a stop and Jose jumped in. In a few minutes Jose had buried himself in reflections. Now, he had the wherewithal to satiate his hunger for the food for which he had so persistently longed. Tomorrow would be ideal to celebrate and make merry and receive the good graces he merited.

Suddenly without warning the rains came full blast beating a steady tattoo on the concrete pavements. The wind was fierce and it gathered momentum as the car speeded up the incline. Jose became panicky, his face a sickly color. What if his house had not withstood the storm, the potent gale? At last they reached the

steps towards Escolta but finally decided to retract them. He knew the elite of society would entirely ignore him.

Turning a narrow street he glanced upwards. Na Wam Pan-criteria, the sign said. Yes, this was the right place, only the common tao frequented these places, he thought. He stepped inside the place with a swagger.

He beckoned to a waiter imperiously and raised a finger. The Chinaman led Jose thru a corridor and gave him a lone table. Jose heaved a sigh of satisfaction and glanced at the bill of fare. Susmariosep, making a sign of the cross, but the prices here were preposterous. This was indeed black market. How could he eat like he envisioned with the prices so high. But he was starving, he had to eat something or other. Besides this da...d Think was already eyeing him askance. Well, he thought, I can still skip off lunch tomorrow. He gave his order finally after a careful deliberation of his finances. It was such a small one the waiter spat in disgust.

Left alone the poor Jose started counting his money. Jesus Christ, why he would have to fast to last till pay day for two days. Just then another customer came in and espying a vacant chair at Jose's table sat on it. The man looked over the menu card and started cursing in a suppressed voice.

The man looked at Jose and in a hurt tone said, "Pañero, how could one live nowadays on the little that he earns. Laborers are being paid far below a living wage they could hardly make both ends meet. Why these proprietors, these big shots, they are the worst profiteers. They should be prosecuted, and look who suffers—the people, the common tao. Yes, my friend, it's the poor man who shoulders all. He works all day long and for what? Every centavo he saves by the sweat of his brow only goes to his employer, who pockets the proceeds. So what does the laborer do, why, he goes berserk, no?"

To all this Jose nodded his head in assent. The man had ideas, he thought. The man drunk Jose's glass of water and ordered two bottles of beer. "Why," the man continued, "this is where the Huks come in, and do you think their opinions are respected? No, a thousand times no. Instead the poor Huk is hunted like an outlaw dead or alive. Confidently my friend, I am one and

ANTICIPATION

(Continued from page 17)

'Seems to Me

By Piu Mancía

SEEMS to me that this is as good a time as any to make resolutions that will "take". Let's not call them resolutions if the term sounds childish; let's call the process a taking stock of our assets and liabilities—a weighing of one against the other and of deciding to develop the former, diminish the latter. In other words, a progressive inventory.

For instance, in the case of our country. We are independent, but with the privilege of independence have come incumbent duties and responsibilities. Independence has given us added dignity and a cognizance of our value as a people. Witness, for example, how violently we fought and are fighting race discrimination. But independence has also given us the problems of grown-up nation.

We are facing huge problems of rehabilitation. The government is gearing itself to face these, with America helping all she can. In this connection, I recall reading in Elliot Roosevelt's book, *As He Saw It*, how, in the conference of Winston Churchill and the late President Roosevelt preparatory to the promulgation of the Atlantic Charter, the latter reminded the former that post-war policy had to rid itself of any idea of exploitation. These were his words addressed to The Prime Minister of England:

"Whichever of your ministers recommends a policy which takes wealth in raw materials out of a colonial country, but which returns nothing to the people of that country in consideration, is employing eighteenth-century methods of colonization. Twentieth century methods include increasing the wealth of a people by increasing their standard of living, by educating them, by bringing them sanitation—by making sure that they get a return for the raw wealth of their community." That is what President Roosevelt felt America did, would be doing, for the Philippines.

And speaking of trade, President Roosevelt had said: "The peace cannot include any continued despotism. The structure of the peace demands and will get equality of peoples. Equality of peoples involves the utmost freedom of competitive trade. Will anyone suggest that Germany's attempt to dominate trade in central Europe was not a major contributing factor to war?"

Yet, in spite of the provisions of the Atlantic Charter, war still rages on in India, in Indo-China, in China and in Palestine. The big powers are not ready to abide in toto to the post-war ideals of the charter. President Truman's New Year's eve announcement came therefore as a welcome surprise, namely that of relinquishing the U. S. government's jealously cherished war powers—an action which means \$1,500,000,000 tax cut and the scrapping of the nation's biggest strike control weapon. It is significant both as an indication of the national and international policy of democracy of the U. S.

right now the authorities are moving heaven and earth searching for me."

Jose looked at the man stupefied. He could hardly breathe, the police might link him with the man. The bottles of beer came at the propitious moment and the man poured them in two empty glasses expertly. The stranger offered one glass to Jose and with the other in his hand offered a toast. "Here's to the Huks." Jose could hardly sip his beer, he was scared to death. Beads of perspiration started trickling down his spine. Just then

Jose's order arrived. The man sniffed at it and said that it looked good. He gave a double order of it. Jose felt bad, he wanted to vomit.

He excused himself and went to the men's room. When he came back the table was empty of food and man. Only a piece of paper was there and it said, "Thanks pal you have done a lot for the cause."

The order of the man was laid in front of him. He could hardly look at it. He had lost his appetite.

To go back to the Philippines, in the process of big-scale industrialization, no stone is being left unturned by the administration. The guiding idea is to work towards self-sufficiency.

In the meantime cultural reconstruction is not being neglected. Four million pesos have just been set aside for this purpose, and music, art and letters will be taken care of. It will be recalled in this connection that last year the State Department in Washington gave scholarships to twelve deserving students who were to study along their different lines of interest. The Philippines has been represented in different art and cultural conferences of the world and has shown up creditably beside other nations. Here with us the upsurge in music is noteworthy. The move to bring the symphony to the people by giving concerts at nominal prices is being undertaken by various entities, notably the Filipino Youth Symphony Orchestra and the Manila Symphony Orchestra. Incidentally the latter is giving a concert at the Santo Tomas Gymnasium on Sunday, January 5, at 3:00 P.M., which will be conducted by KZRH's Stephen Markhan, known by radio—music audiences as the man who gives beautiful music to people. He arranges the Music-for-all-of-us hour, and has proven what Deems Taylor has said, namely, "music is written for our enjoyment, and only incidentally for our edification." This Sunday's program will include Excerpts from Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, Debussy's *Clair de Lune*, and Beethoven's 7th Symphony. The proceeds of the concert are to go towards maintaining, adequately supported, musical scholars abroad.

The problems of our veterans and their dependents are being eased up little by little as solutions for them are offered. At least there is active, vigorous interest to help them not only here but also in America. For instance, there is a new legislation being sought by U. S. congress designed to entitle P. I. veterans to the same benefits the United States now provide for eligible veterans of World War II. The resolution has directed the Legion's National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee to take any and all steps necessary for such a measure to be enacted into a law. It also points out that at the time the Filipino veterans rendered said service and received their honorable discharge or were separated from the service, the Commonwealth of the Philippines was under the sovereignty of the United States. Because of this fact, said veterans held and owed allegiance to the United States and therefore the providing of said benefits is only just. It is also badly needed by, and will assist greatly in, the rehabilitation both of the Filipino veterans, and their dependents, and of the economy of the Philippines, and will serve the welfare of the United States in the Philippines and the Pacific. It is hoped that the legislation will go through.

In this weighing of assets and liabilities, it seems to me that our women should get into the picture. Here, as abroad, their voices are being heard more and more. In a recent party given by women-leaders to the visiting couple, Mr. and Mrs. Winter, who are intending to publicize the Philippines in America, Mr. Winter had

(Continued on page 31)

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PANCIT LOGLOG

- 1/2 kilo fresh miki
- 1 1/2 cups shrimp
- 3 cakes tokua
- 1 bunch kinchay
- 5 hard-boiled eggs
- 2 onions
- Calamansi, pepper, patis for seasoning
- 1 cup powdered chicharron
- 1 cup pork, boiled then diced
- 12 fresh squids
- 1 head garlic
- 1 bunch green onions
- Flesh of 10 tinapa

Blanch and peel shrimps, then cut lengthwise. Set aside heads. Prepare tokua, kinchay onions as for Pancit Guisado. Remove bones, scales from tinapa. Saute garlic. Boil squids separately with vinegar, salt and pepper added to the water. Mince onions. Fry tokua along with garlic, add shrimp, pork, onions. Season with patis and pepper, color with a little achuete. Blanch miki, drain, set aside. Arrange on platter. Garnish with cooked mixture, top with slices of hard-boiled

EGGS.

To make the sauce: To 3 cups shrimp juice which has been previously extracted from the heads of the shrimps, add 5 tablespoons flour or starch. Color with a bit of achuete.

GOLLORIA

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 4 tablespoons milk
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour once, measure and add baking powder. Sift again into the bowl. Cut in shortening. When flour is mealy add beaten egg with milk of just the right amount to dampen. Knead slightly, then toss on floured board and roll to 1/2 inch thick. Cut into strips about half an inch wide and cut again into small pieces. Roll and curl on tongs of a fork. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Make syrup of 1-1/2 cups sugar with 1/2 cup water. Cook syrup to thread stage. Toss in gollorias, toss well until well coated with syrup. When dry, they are ready to serve.

POLVORON

- 4 cups flour toasted
- 1/2 pound butter
- 1 cup powdered milk
- 3/4 cups sugar

Toast flour to light brown. Powder sugar with rolling pin or pound in mortar. Sift toasted flour and sugar together. Add butter, milk and mix well. Mold the mixture.

FLUFFY GRIDDLE

CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 3/4 teaspoons baking powder

The Cook's

REC

- 1 egg
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons melted butter

Beat the egg until lemon colored. Mix in milk. Add flour sifted with baking powder, salt and sugar. Mix, taking care to make dough just damp enough. Add melted butter and cook in hot greased pan. Serve with syrup.

RIBBON CHEESE SANDWICH

Grate cheese, add chopped red pimiento, chopped pickles and cream. Add enough cream to make consistency just right to spread. Make your rainbows by putting right filling in between three deckers of bread.

HAM CHICKEN SANDWICH

- Sliced ham
- Chicken
- Pickles
- Mayonnaise
- Bread
- Lettuce

Spread mayonnaise on bread and line with lettuce, ham and pickles. Cover with bread, then spread another layer of chicken, tomatoes, etc.

SAUTEED SPAGHETTI

- 1 package spaghetti
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 1 onion
- 1 big slice ham

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- 1 chorizo de Bilbao
- 2 cloves garlic
- 5 tablespoons grated cheese
- Lard for sauteing

Break spaghetti into desired lengths. Drop in salted boiling water and cook till done. Mince onions, pound garlic and dice sausage. Dice ham. Saute in enough shortening garlic, onions, ham and sausage. Add tomato sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Wash cooked spaghetti in cold water, drain. Saute along with the rest of the ingredients. Add grated cheese, stir. Arrange on platter. Garnish with the rest of cheese.

EMBOTIDO

- 2 kilos chopped lean pork
- 1 big can Vienna sausage, chopped
- ½ cup chopped pickles
- 1 or 2 chorizos de Bilbao
- 1 big onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 4 raw eggs
- ½ cup flour
- 3 hard-boiled eggs

Chop pork, add chopped pickles, onions, Vienna sausage. Leave some of the sausage whole. Add chopped ham and chorizo. Mix all together thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper. Add toyo, ½ teaspoon sugar. Mix well and add raw eggs one at a time. Add flour. Set aside. Prepare "unto-sin-sal" or leaf lard. Cut leaf lard into pieces the size of a type-writing paper. Lay piece flat on a clean board. Lay ingredients on this as follows: spread of layer of chopped mixture, putting

at the center hard boiled eggs sausage which were left whole and pickles. Cover this with another layer of chopped meat and then roll. Wrap in cheese cloth. Tie both ends. Steam at low temperature, adding enough water to cover. When done, cool, then freeze in ice box. To serve, cut into slices, garnish with greens. Serve with gravy.

GRAVY: Brown 4 tablespoons flour in pork lard. Add toyo, sugar, pepper and the broth from the embotido.

SUKIYAKI

- A few sprigs Baguio onion
- 1 can bamboo shoots
- White meat of one chicken
- 1 cup cabbage cut to pieces
- 1 cup chicken broth
- ½ kilo beef (pierna corta)
- 1 cup mushroom cut to pieces
- ½ cup saki wine
- ½ cup toyo
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 cup sotanghon
- 1 can apulid
- 2 onions cut into wheels

Dress and clean chicken. Save chicken fat for sauteing. Dice white meat, pound lightly. Slice beef, pound. Soak sotanghon in hot water and cut in long pieces. Drain, wash in cold water. Extract lard from chicken fat. Add

cabbage, onions, beef, chicken, mushroom and toyo. When almost done add saki and sugar. Add chicken broth. Just before serving, add sotanghon and cook two more minutes.

CHICKEN CHOP SUEY

- 3 cups diced cabbage
- 1 can apulid (wheels)
- 1 patola, sliced
- 1 cup blanched shrimp, sliced lengthwise
- ½ cup boiled pork
- ½ cup chicken meat, diced
- ½ cup kinchay

- Pepper, flour
- 1 cup liver, sliced thin
- ½ cup ham, diced
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 3 hard-boiled eggs
- 3 tablespoons toyo
- 2 cloves garlic
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Saute onion, garlic, pork, ham, shrimp, chicken, apulid, cabbage, patola, kinchay, celery. Season with toyo, sugar, and pepper. Add a little flour dissolved in ½ cup shrimp juice. Cook till done. Serve hot, garnish with hard-boiled egg.

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Club Woman's Bulletinboard

MRS. Clarita F. Ochoa, president of the Binangonan Woman's Club, Rizal reported that through the initiative of their club, the puericulture center was organized and this is the instrumental factor in improving the health of the mothers of the community. The credit for the success of this project is due to the entire efforts of the officers of the club. Two nursery classes were organized and also a campaign for funds for disabled veterans conducted. The other officers of the club are: Mrs. Severina Celerian, vice-president; Dr. Agapita Ferncheino, secretary; Teodora Arcilla, assistant secretary; Dionisia Manusong, treasurer; and Africeta Antaso, assistant treasurer.

THE acting secretary of the Batangas Woman's Club, Mrs. Juana Condez-Lira wrote that after the reorganization of their club, they had one cine benefit and two benefit balls to raise funds. After the inauguration of the Republic, a delegation from the club came to Malacañan from the club came to Malacañan to pay their respects to the First Lady of the Land. Soon after the reorganization of the club, a puericulture center was opened but because of the absence of a consulting physician the center was temporarily closed. However, a visiting midwife goes around and gives pre- and post-natal care to indigent mothers. The club assumes the responsibility of

paying the monthly salary of this midwife. Soon the construction of the building intended for the puericulture center and the maternity house will be started. Almost all the materials to be used have been donated by businessmen of the locality.

For two months during the harvesting season the clubwomen were so busy that they could not even have a meeting. However, they have resumed their work and they hope to have a full program of activities soon. This is in accordance with the report of Mrs. Miguela N. Colorado, president of the club. The other officers are: Felisa Alminiana, vice-president; Soledad Garcia, secretary; Esperanza Gadong, assistant secretary; Petra Colorado, treasurer; and Juliana Garcia, assistant treasurer.

AT ONE of the meetings of the Morong Woman's Club over 250 members were present including representatives from the barrios of San Guillermo, Lagundi, Mayabang, and Bombochan. The Morong High School orchestra were in attendance and furnished the music which made the meeting lively. According to the report of the president, the club operates the Morong Puericulture Center and employs a physician, Dr. Mauro Atendido and a nurse, Miss Juana Francisco. They make periodical visits to indigent patients, particularly

nursing mothers, including those residing in remote barrios. Two nursery classes were opened and additional classes will be opened as soon as necessary facilities become available. More than 100 subscribers to the Woman's Home Journal has been reported by the president of the club, Mrs. Amparo Francisco. Voluntary contributions were given to the war veterans fund and the woman's club contributed to the Morong High School for the purchase of musical instruments for the high school band and orchestra. This report was sent in to the National Headquarters by Mrs. Gregoria Patag, secretary of the club.

Miss Paz Biglete, president of the Junior Woman's Club of the Alamos High School, Alamos Laguna, wrote that after reading so much about the Woman's Home Journal and the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the director of the high school, Atty. E. Madrigal Dalagan, Miss Efigenia Almendrala, principal, and Miss Iluminada Fule, adviser and dean of girls, decided to organize the Junior Women's Club. They were inspired by the accomplishments of Mrs. Legarda and they believe that in one way or another they will be able to help in uplifting Filipino womanhood and promote social justice among the masses. We wish the Junior Woman's Club much success and we hope to hear more from them.

AS USUAL the Bautista Woman's Club of Pangasinan under the able leadership of its president, Miss Maxima S. Francisco, led the clubs in the selection of the most outstanding mothers. The club decided to select one in every district of the town so seven outstanding mothers were selected representing each district. They are: Mrs. Rosario A. Sison, Poblacion; Mrs. Petronila R. Diaz, Nibalero; Mrs. Maria de Guzman, Ice Plant; Mrs. Tarcila de Galsim, Nandacan; Mrs. Maria de Cacapit, Caandungan; Mrs. Eustaquia de Paningbatan, Batuyot; and Mrs. Ines M. Salonga, Station.

Mrs. Rosario Acosta Sison, one of the most outstanding mothers, is the present treasurer of the club and was formerly vice-president. She is the widow of Dr. Pio Sison of Tabora and had 15 children, 13 of whom are alive. Of these 13 children, Mrs. Carmen Sison Almario is a pharmacist and the wife of Dr. Ricardo Almario. Jose is an industrial engineer and was a lieutenant in the Philippine Army. One is a priest, Rev. Father Jesus Sison. Angel, another son, is one of those who took the last bar examinations. Concepcion is a graduate of the Sta. Catalina College and has just entered the nursery. Antonio is taking a course in mechanics. Manuel is in the pre-medic of the Sto. Tomas University. Teresita and Pacita are in the Sta. Catalina College while Juanchito and Luis are in Letran College. Rafaelito and Dominguito are in the Bautista Elementary School. Mrs. Sison is herself a pharmacist.

Mrs. Petronila Ramos Diaz, another of the outstanding mothers, has eight living children. The eldest is a lady doctor, four sons were Bataan veterans and three are now in the high school.

During the ceremony proclaiming the outstanding mothers, all of them were escorted by one of their sons. In addition to this and all the other activities previously reported by the club, Miss Francisco further reported that she was chairman of the municipal fund campaign of the Philippine Red Cross and oversubscribed the quota given to them.

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Happy New Year!

Listen, dear one, to the glad refrain
Of joyous bells tonight
That ring the New Year in at last
To everyone's delight.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year
And gladness forever more!
May there be songs of peace and joy
Resounding from shore to shore!

New hopes, new faith, and greater love
And greater courage, too!
A happy heart a stronger will
In all the things we do!

Happy New Year, my dearest friends,
No matter where you are —
May you find Heart's Ease, my dears,
And the wondrous shining star!

—Consuelo C. Banag

WOMAN OF THE MONTH:

MRS. CONCEPCION FELIX RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 16)

Doña Concha is the widow of the poor cohesion in the Filipino homes Lawyer Calderon whose name today. She believes in religious ranks among the Philippine's Best. instruction especially for the She married after years of widow. children.

hood Domingo Rodriguez. She has held, besides executive posts in the Manila Women's Club and the National Federation which will remain always her first loves, positions as member (the first woman member) of the Playground Committee of Manila, as well as member of the Manila School Board, and Member of the Preparatory Committee for the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress.

She believes that the women now can do much to help in the rehabilitation. They can elevate morals, preserve old traditions while adopting international ways to Philippine ways, and definitely do something about the very evident

Clubwomen, she believes, should not only lecture but set the example as well, on what constitutes good morals, on why one should know more his duties than his privileges. Clubwomen in the provinces especially have much to do in the way of banding together and accomplishing much even as a small sewing circle where old clothes can be made to render more wear, where they can cook, or organize children's classes and playrooms, where they can read and discuss things intelligently. She envisions a very bright field open for women's organizations to cultivate.

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FLOWERS BY RADIO



The phrase "Say it with flowers" is now more than just a sentimental cliché. It has become the mainstay of thousands of flower shops.

AT A GLANCE, it would seem that flower shops are frivolous fripperies, and that florists are in the business for their health or for want of something better to do. Vases of cut blossoms, baskets and bouquets, boxes of corsages bloom perennially in these shops with lush arrogance while a hungry world passes by, sniffing cautiously at their high-priced fragrance. A dozen zinnias are easily the equivalent of a couple of gantas of rice; and between zinnias and rice, which do you think a hungry man would rather have?

But it is interesting to note that these flowers do not beg to be bought. The florist smiles the superior smile of one who knows the selling power of his stock, one who is doubly sure that he is not there because he wants to enjoy the company of beautiful flowers all day. He knows that flowers are the sweet diplomacy that may

FLOWERS MAY NOW BE SENT TO AND FROM ANY PART OF THE WORLD

abort a war when threats and weapons might fail. And he capitalizes on this knowledge.

A flowership on Taft Avenue, in front of the Philippine General Hospital, makes it its business to send flowers to the four corners of the world. To date, this little shop has radioed flowers worth over ten thousand to Shanghai, Australia, France, Switzerland and the United States.

Captain Jesus Villamor is one hero who has faith in flowers. To Los Angeles, where his wife awaits his return from Manila, he sends flowers very frequently. New York, has been receiving corsages and bouquets from

friends and loved ones in the city. Rosie Osmeña is another girl who receives flower messages from the Philippines. Cecilia Lichauco, niece of Marcial Lichauco as well as Clara Maria Arevalo, daughter of the Santa Clara Lumber magnate, are two other girls abroad who have no cause to com-plain that the folks at home are all so "abominably negligent."

Flowers fly Manila-ward, too, through the same little shop in front of the PGH. During the hour we spent there asking questions, no less than six orders for flowers arrived by radiogram. One came from Dick in Chicago to Betty Arnalot, of 1334 Tuberias, Quiapo. Typical of its kind,

it read: DELIVER CUT FLOWERS TO BETTY ARNALOT, 1334 TUBERIAS, QUIAPO. TO BETTY, MOM AND SIS MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM DICK. This tender thought came on the morning after Christmas Day to stretch yuletide hours for Betty, Mom and Sis.

Sorrowing mothers in the United States whose sons died here and whose remains now lie in military cemeteries are great flower senders.

The cost of sending flowers abroad is not too unreasonable. You can place a minimum order for five dollars plus radiogram costs, that's about all. A wire of twenty five words costs P4.34; one fabulous Cattleya, the highest-priced flower, about P50. While orders generally don't specify the kind of flowers, roses are sure to be clearly indicated whenever the sender wants roses and

'Seems to Me

(Continued from page 25)

occasion to mention the fact that the women are taking their rightful place in the affairs of the world. The concluding statement of his speech was that the world needed this cooperation of women and would not mind even their rule, if need be.

Seems to me that it is in point to men—from here a few New Year's resolutions which we women may adopt: in a nutshell, these resolutions embody what other women, notably in England and America, have been working for steadily, namely, that women should not cease to grow even after and especially after leaving the school or college portals. They should continue to be curious about the affairs of the world—not only the immediate, but the distant—and make their opinions articulate on national and international matters. In a world which envisages to make possible soon a six-hour trip from Manila to San Francisco, no foreign affairs can be too foreign to be interesting. In spite of the definitely progressive move among our women to show interest in extra-household affairs there still remains much to be wanted. Our men still have to change their topic of conversation when the women are around for fear that politics, economics, history or current events would bore their gentle companions. In the meantime, on the other side Mrs. Roosevelt is causing a rumpus because, in no uncertain terms, she has voiced her opinion, wrong in my estimation, that the Reverend Niemöller, a Lutheran clergyman and a Nazi, should not be listened to. But at least she says what she thinks—which is more than many of our Filipino women do, who sometimes do not even know what they think.

Seems to me that now more than at any other time in world history should we mull over, as a New Year's idea, and correct it as need be, the following thought given out by a serious writer regarding christianity. "All and wisdom was distilled out of christianity... one became a christian without noticing it... christianism has done away with christianity without being quite aware of it." And let us all adopt, for our New Year's goal, what Aldous Huxley suggests that is the Hypocritical oath, a bit modified of

nothing but.

The local flower shops depend for supply not only on the suburbs of Manila like Pasay, San Juan but also on Los Baños and other towns in Laguna which grow African daisies and Gladioli. Cebu is where practically all azucenas are bought just some florist's slogan. From here come from. From Baguio "Million Flowers," carnations, dahlias, Gladioli, Calla lilies, Sweet Ives, "Baby's Breath," etc. The plane service is beautiful and never fails to bring in the flowers.

"Do you incur losses often?" we asked, looking at the flowers that had wilted in a heap. "Oh, we make an average of twenty pesos a day," came the confident reply. Not a day passes, it seems, without some garden bloom being called upon to deliver a message and gladden someone's existence. The dead help the living Funeral parlors and cemeteries

are worth thousands every second of the day in flowers alone.

Incidentally, florists are also experts on the language of flowers. Flowers, they know, is the surest way of telling a woman she is a joy to know. "Say it with flowers" has become more than just some florist's slogan. From the receiving end of the transaction, it can be made of record that a woman, peevish and displeased, gets a redress of grievances upon receipt of a bunch of cut blooms or a corsage of her favorite flowers. Be they the prosaic daisies or the exotic cattleyas, the floral peace offering touches the giver's and the receiver's heart alike. Even when he is in her favor, flowers make her happiest.

This romantic appeal of flowers was most probably what influenced 8,000 florists all over the world to form the Telegraph Delivery Association to make possible promotion of world peace through flowers.

course, as our pledge not only to our country but also to the world: "I pledge myself that I will use my knowledge for the good of humanity and against the destructive forces of the world and the ruthless intent of men, and that I will work together with my fellowmen of whatever nation, creed or color for these our common ends."

Seems to me the Town Hall meeting which takes place every Wednesday evening at the Selects is doing much to enlighten the public about questions of the day. Yesterday's subject was the justification or non-justification of government commandeering of prime commodities. Secretary Abello took the government's stand on the matter which, in a nutshell, was that emergency measures had to be taken during emergencies, this period of economic depression and post-war chaos being one of them. Senator Rodriguez, speaking for the merchant and rice-producer, called attention to free enterprise being one of the privileges of democracy and to the fascistic color of government commandeering.

No definite solution to the problem on hand is given at these Town Hall meetings, but the fact that there is a free airing of views releases much of the tenseness of situations; also, in the course of sideights are thrown on the problem which otherwise may not be clear to those who are in charge of solving or helping solve it. The Town Hall meeting is a polite way of having a show-down. Feelings get an outlet, opinions are expressed, the issues clarified. It is "seems to me", one of the bright spots of a democratic setup.

Seems to me that with Christmas coming, it won't be amiss to ponder a bit about business called living. I agree with the editor of Life that nowadays there is a tendency to find fault with everything: Pessimism is in the air. It might be well to mull over this little thought of Bruce Barton's which deplores such pessimism. He calls it the **Problems of Goodness**. He relates how deeply impressed he was with the sermon he heard in a little country church. The preacher said: "People talk to me about the problem of evil, but I tell you an even greater problem: the problems of goodness. How do you account for the fact that in such a world as this there should be so much self-sacrifice, so much unselfishness, so much love? By what miracle has man, who only a few thousand years ago was living on the level of the beasts, risen to a point where he will literally lay down his life for his family, for a cause, for a friend?"

According to Bruce Barton the real test for growth is to find out us, as the years accumulate, a person finds himself more sympathetic and tolerant, with a higher reverence for the nobility of his fellowmen.

Of great importance "seems to me" are the imparts of these thoughts on men's hearts today since there is still so much lack of sympathy and intolerance. We read of racial attacks in Georgia, of Ku Klux Klans and Columbians who cannot tolerate the existence in the same world with them of Negroes, Jews, Chinese or any other foreign group. At a time when we are talking of a One-World-idea, stories of discrimination of natives in South Africa reach us, our own troubles with G. I. prejudice bother us. Listen, therefore, and be heartened with me, to the declaration of teen-age boys and girls in America in a youth forum that they are against all forms of discrimination. They said that anti-discrimination should be taught in colleges and schools, and that the achievements of various cultures should be propagated as a means of combating prejudice.

I recall seeing, while I was in America, black children playing in grade schools quite naturally with white. There was no self-consciousness, the child-to-child relationship being taken for granted. In high schools, and certainly in college, the youngsters having been taught the idea of racial differences and discrimination by a wrong system of education they have already learned to put up the color barrier,—the beautiful relationship begun in childhood is left off to die in bitterness.

"Seems to me" that while education is being overhauled — at least in theory—this item should be made a significant one. During the Japanese Occupation, one of the benefits the Filipinos derived was the knowledge of Oriental history which had always been, consciously or unintentionally, presented to them in the most skimpy manner. Books on history played up the Western world—gave little import to the East, which was, after all, the seat of early civiliza-

(Continued on page 34)

have direct contacts with our clubs there. I asked Mrs. Catalico to prepare a list and send it over. Please tell her not to forget the Quason City Women's Club and the President's name.

Hope everything is all right with you. Please tell Purita to send me the clippings which Mrs. Catalico told her to mail.

Mercedes has gone back West to organize more Women's Clubs among the Filipinos there. I think her scholarship is now assured and she may enroll in the U. of California.

With best wishes to Hilarion and your family, remember me to the other members of our Board, and here is hoping and wishing you continued success in your Presidency, I am.

NOW we can relax. The missing manuscript from Mrs. Legarda, which we mentioned in one of our issues has been located. Let her tell in her own words:

Is my face red? I went thru my drawers to begin packing my bags preliminary to our getting ready to go to Washington and the Southern States before we take a boat back to the good old P. I. and what do you think I found? The articles I told you about in my first letter. They were in the Manila envelope I had put them in with the original memo to Ben to mail it to you when I left for South Kortright to attend the Assembly. He said he forgot all about it—and, of course, now it is too late. Besides, I could not keep it up either as I hardly have time to breathe. We have been traveling quite a lot, visiting different places and the Women's Clubs. The North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs was assigned by the General Federation of Women's Clubs to assist the Philippine Clubs in its rehabilitation program and Mercedes and I spent one whole week visiting them. They were all very nice to us and definitely pledged to help us raise funds to rebuild our clubhouse. At least, that is something.

Have you seen the clippings I've been sending to the office? Hope you can use some of them.

Please tell Mrs. Bienvenido Gonzalez that I have received a request for exchange letters between Filipino young men and young women, ages ranging from 15 to 21 years, and American youths of the same age. This special request is for three (3) girls and three (3) boys. Can she ask some of the nice Girl Scouts and Roy

Scouts or U.P. students to do this? Just send the letters to:

Mrs. Victoria Corey
KDKA, Pittsburg
Pennsylvania

Hope you are all well and also your family.

I have heard of at least five (5) G. I. brides who want to go back to the P. I. Four of them are married to Filipinos and only one to an American. What is wrong with the picture?

League Of Philippine Women's Clubs To Be Here Wednesday
(From the Greensboro Daily News, Greensboro, North Carolina)

Mrs. Trinidad F. Legarda, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippine Islands, will make Greensboro her first stop on a four-day visit this week to the North Carolina Federation of Women's Club and will be honor guest Wednesday at 12:30 p.m. of the Greensboro Woman's Clubs at luncheon at the clubhouse.

Coming to the United States to attend the International Assembly of Women, Mrs. Legarda and her executive secretary, Miss Mercedes Evangelista, remained to accept some of the invitations from state federations which assisted the Philippines club in its rehabilitation. Mrs. Karl Bishopric, Spray, North Carolina federation president, extended the invitation for this state and Wednesday night the visitors will be house guests of the Bishoprics.

After the luncheon here Mrs. Legarda, who is also president of her country's National Council of Women, will go to High Point for a meeting of the women's club there after which a reception will be held at Sheraton Hotel. Thursday morning the visitors will attend a special meeting of the Winston-Salem Women's Club and will speak in Spray in the Methodist Church that night at 8 o'clock before an assembly of all federated clubs of the Leaksville-Spray vicinity.

Friday the visitors will be taken on a tour of Duke University, Durham, and after lunching with Miss Fannie Mitchell on the university campus will go to Raleigh for a

meeting and tea of the State College Women's Club. They will spend the night in Goldsboro with Mrs. S. B. McPheeters, chairman of the state federation's committee on foreign and territorial clubs, and address an open meeting of the Goldsboro Women's Club.

In Raleigh Saturday Mrs. Legarda and Miss Evangelista will breakfast at Carolina Hotel with Mrs. R. L. McMillan, president of the Raleigh Women's Club and other clubwomen. That afternoon the visitors, Mrs. Bishopric and Mrs. Charles Doak, Raleigh executive secretary of the state federation, will be guests of the University of North Carolina in the president's box for the Duke-Carolina football game at Chapel Hill. Saturday night the visitors will leave by train for Raleigh for New York to join the Legarda family awaiting them there.

Clubwomen of North Carolina and from other states have made considerable contribution toward rebuilding the Manila clubhouse which was destroyed by the Japanese during the war. The North Carolina clubs gave funds to buy furniture for the headquarters office. During the occupation Mrs. Legarda kept club work going, helped members of the resistance, and organized the first home for war widows and orphans, and the first camp for released prisoners.

Miss Evangelista, still in her early 30's, worked day and night through the underground as a social worker during the Japanese occupation of her homeland, tending to the needs of allied internees and prisoners of war. She was captured and imprisoned because she replied when accused of being an American spy, "I am not a spy but as a Catholic woman I am carrying out the doctrines of my religion."

Filipino Women Seeking Child Aid
(From the New York Times)

President, Secretary of Clubs in Island, Arrive in U.S. to Press for Share in World Bounty

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26—Mrs.

Trinidad Legarda, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippine Islands, and Miss Mercedes Evangelista, executive secretary, have come to this country to urge the rights of Filipino children to some share in the world's nutritional relief system.

Alone of all the formerly occupied countries these women said, the Philippines has had no help for children except what the club women themselves have been able to give through child welfare clinics conducted by each of their 600 clubs.

"What is wrong with the Filipino children that they get no milk, no vitamins, no clothing?" asked Mrs. Legarda. "After all, they suffered as much as the children of Greece and of Yugoslavia. We are not envious of those countries, but we do want a little diverted to the Philippine children who are so thin and spindly now."

Tells of Devotion to America
"We who have been so devoted to America should be given a chance along with the European countries in securing such aid."

The two club officers said that their organization had taken the leading role in feeding and clothing United States prisoners and civilian internees during the war. They had been so adroit about it that they had carried on the program for two and a half years before the Japanese suspected it. When it was found out, however, vengeance was swift. Mrs. Josefa Escoda, the former president, perished in a Japanese prison. Their clubhouse, which had been mortgaged for 20,000 pesos to carry on their work of feeding American prisoners, was blown up and burned by the Japanese.

\$75,000,000 Appropriated

The \$400,000,000 Philippine Relief Bill passed by the last Congress, they noted, had thus far resulted in but \$75,000,000 appropriated, "just for repair of roads and bridges, no milk, no vitamins." There was in the fact no provision in this law for any child welfare expenditures.

Aside from an emergency \$12,000,000 relief program conducted in the Philippines by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration pending action by Congress, the Philippine nation had received no relief up to the time the \$400,000,000 bill was belatedly passed, they said.

Mrs. Legarda and Miss Evangelista

lista said they are also much interested in securing the re-introduction and passage of a bill to provide veterans' benefits for Filipino soldiers who fought with United States forces.

COMES a letter to Ching Ayong (Mrs. Rosario Llanes Arambulo) from her nephew Sonny, who is still in Glen Ridge. We also copied a news item from the Glen Ridge paper about his speech before the Young People's Society of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church. The marks of Sonny in school are as follows, and he is certainly doing fine and has now a place in the honor roll:

Scholarship Marks

Physical Education	B
English	B
Latin	A
Algebra	A
Biology	A
Spanish	A

I got your very welcome letter yesterday so this journal letter is addressed to you. I am getting along fine in my classes. Just yesterday I got a 97 in my Latin test (highest in the class) which isn't so bad and in English I got the highest rating in a vocabulary exam. Ain't that something. The American kids have to be taught that they aren't the only smart ones. Being a "foreigner" helps me quite a bit.

Enclosed you will find a clipping which will tell you how my speech came out. I did make a few mistakes, however, in my gestures etc. but the speech itself was O.K.

All you boys in the family will be interested in football, I'm sure. It's a rather rough game, whether its tackle or touch (just play touch football, so don't worry) but it is very interesting. Incidentally, I made a touchdown for my intramural team, last Wednesday.

Several weekends ago I went to West Point which Col. Connard, a friend of the Griffiths, to watch the West Point team play Columbia in football. The scenery was exquisite with all the trees turning gold and red. The mountain-side seemed to be on fire. West Point, itself, is a very pretty place. We got there at noon and the Col. and I saw the sights. We sneaked in the Quadrangle and watched the plebes falling in formation for mess. As each plebe (first year cadet) fell in place he had to shout at the top of his voice "BEAT CO. LUMBIA" over and over again. It was a sight. We then had a picnic lunch and watched a full dress



Shown at left is a group of Filipino pensionados to America. Among those in the picture are Nena Florendo, Tony Sison, Lourdes Concepcion, Bob Benedicto, Julie Benedicto, Lyd Arguilla and H. Abaya.

review for Gen Eisenhower. The precision marching of the cadets was a magnificent spectacle, one worth traveling a long distance to see.

I challenged one of the members of the tennis team in school and beat him 6-3. I played another day and beat him again 6-4 and he beat me the second set 4-6. Another boy whom I have become friendly with beat me 7-5. I wish I had you here to teach me. I'm sure you could beat any of them. I might go out for the tennis team next spring and might try out for the basketball squad this winter.

Talk On Philippines At Youth Meeting

Tony Escoda Gives History Highlights

Tony Escoda, a member of the junior class of Glen Ridge High School, who formerly lived in the Philippines, was the speaker last Sunday evening before a very

large crowd at the weekly meeting of the Young People's Society of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church. For the fifth consecutive week the attendance was approximately 100, which is the largest ever in the history of the organization. The applause at the conclusion of Tony's talk was ample evidence that no program in recent months was enjoyed any more than his. Tony is a comparative newcomer to this country, but in the short time that he has been here he has become one of the most popular member of his class, and he is proving to be a very effective "ambassador of goodwill" between the two countries.

Tony had prepared a paper giving in brief form most of the highlights of history of the Philippines, and he had taken pains to organize his material in an interesting and logical fashion.

Tony was introduced by Eugene "Beany" Beggs, leader of the Junior Class in the Young People's Society.

THE US-PHILIPPINE WAR DAMAGE COMMISSION

(Continued from page 21)

Furthermore, the Commission explained that the claim form is a clear and concise document consisting of four pages with an additional two pages for insertions if the claim applies to automobile and watercraft. All questions pertaining to the claimant and his claim must be answered. Additional information, if required, must be appended to the claim form and should be appended thereto if it is needed for clarifi-

cation. All claims and supplemental information must be acknowledged before an officer duly authorized to accept acknowledgments. Those assisting in the preparation of claims should make absolutely certain that the claim is proper and that it has been properly prepared and properly submitted. Its decisions are final and are not subject to review by any court.

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tion. If the three years of extreme hardship had done us any good, it would be to have injected this iron of self-pride in the colored races which our blood sorely needed. It still shows itself now, this new robustness of spirit in the way we fight prejudice, the dignity with which we contest any infringement on our national integrity. Both Mr. McNutt and General MacArthur have shown sympathy and understanding for our fight to uphold our distinct nationhood.

Of extreme interest also seems to me, are the other suggestions of these American teen-agers regarding the solutions of the problems of juvenile delinquency. Nouncing very novel in the solutions except that they come, as it were, from the mouths of babes: namely establishment of settlement houses and other community centers for young people; parent-education; more extra-curricular activities in schools and extension of schools activities; education in word-concepts, psychology, sex; raising Teachers' salaries; political freedom of teachers; ruling that teachers teach subjects they majored in, not those suiting the convenience of schools.

While we are on the subject of schools and education let me quote Dr. Pedro T. Orata of the National Council of Education on the necessity of coordinated action between youth and the adults who are their teachers. This is what he says: "A sage is said to have remarked that the only thing that saved humanity from the first world war was ignorance. It was, on the other hand, time that saved us from destruction in World War II. Given six months more, Germany would have been able to use the atomic bomb ahead of the Allies. A third World War will be a war to the finish which will be presented only by applied wisdom and character. It is important that the youth and adults now, through effective mass education, acquire a sense of duty to save the world from mass suicide by living and letting live... the schools must teach more than facts and skills and more than platitudes and information about character and citizenship."

"Seems to me" that all this is in keeping with the Unesco ideals, and that every thoughtful citizen of the world should echo Major O'Duray when he told the 540 teen-agers who attended the youth forum: "In your time," he prophesied hopefully, "there will be no trace of prejudice."

In harmony with the One-World idea, seems to me, is the opinion of Mrs. Vijaya sakshmi Pandit, chief of the United Nations Indian delegation when she said: "I don't believe at all that East is East and West is West. I want to see a harmonious blend of East and West." Both her daughters are American educated.

Incidentally, according to her, the Indian women are more politically conscious than the American women. India, she feels, is probably the most politically conscious nation in the world right now.

She would like to see an exchange of students among countries. That, indeed, seems to me, will help remove prejudice, and foster understanding among peoples.

Novel, in my opinion, is her view about resolutions. For instance, the Danish resolution providing for equal political rights for women of all the United Nations, is of no value if it is not followed by actions. She does believe, and so do I, that the equal rights resolution may make the women more conscious of their part in international affairs.

Our women are, some of them, at least, keenly alive to the problems of the country at this time. For instance, the Home Service Committee of the Philippine Red Cross has decided to see Dr. Villarama, Secretary of Health and Welfare, tomorrow to ask him to extend the help of the War Relief Office in Tayuman to stray provincianos who, stranded in Manila, cannot go home for lack of funds or for the fact that they are ill. This problem should be within the province of the Bureau of Public Welfare, but since there is no appropriation for just this function and the War Relief Office is provided with funds, the latter, by an extension of their scope, may take in individual cases, not necessarily of war relief but certainly of much-needed charity. The War Veterans' Administration has also loosened up on rules regarding the neces-

sity of just this and that document for claims to be honored. It decided that, looking these other self-evident proofs would be acceptable. This is a good sign, for in these times when people are suffering from much privation and want, what is needed is not sticking one's nose to the letter of the rules, but in using latitude, imagination, heart and wisdom in the decision made on each individual problem of the poor.

Seems to me that the topic of the symposium of the Senior Council of the University of the Philippines—World Peace—was well-chosen for its timeliness. The interesting part of the symposium, incidentally, was not only in what each participant said but in the fact that world peace is really showing itself to be the problem of every thinking group, every thinking individual, in the world. Walter Lippman, as a matter of fact, said just that—that world peace, attainable through world legislation, would be possible only when individuals all over the world take it, as a part of individual morality and duty, to allow war and work for peace. In other words, the idea of peace must come from within, not imposed from without.

THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

above all things the distinguished constituency of the Executive body of this all-important organization and the effort they put into it.

The Conjugal Property Bill now up for consideration before the Congress of the Philippines, is absorbing all the attention and concern of the women who feel it will be a definite recognition on a part of the men that women are not chattels, if they pass the bill. There is nothing drastic in the proposed revision, all it aims to achieve is to give the wife in the marriage partnership a legal leg to stand on should things go away. She is more than industrial partner and capitalist put together, why should she not have a vote in the disposal of the conjugal property?

Attorney Isabel Artacho Ocampo, of the Philippine Association of University Women, writes with vehemence on the subject and would accept no compromise. She believes that at least to heighten mutuality of respect between man and wife, the bill should pass.

Vital statistics you should know about the Philippine War Damage Commission are fully set forth here. We believe that it is something to clip and file for future reference. Rehabilitation ceases to be just a happy phrase once you've made use of this department or understood its aims and purposes and capabilities.

Harder Than Paper is a rather misleading title. The author, a well-known writer, hides behind a pseudonym. He avers that the facts are so true, he runs the risk of arousing jealousy on the part

of persons concerned. Those excluded from letters he would hardly part with. Tearing them, he said, was tearing something harder than paper.

Our short stories, Home To A Dream by Jerrold Beim is a cozy story, to be trite. Something bachelors of both sexes who can't make up their minds, should read. The Butterfly Was Black is a short story by a poet. Oscar de Zuniga writes a story every time he wants to feel free not to measure his lines. Pedro Joven weaves a fine tale in Anticipation. We'll promise not to say a word in order not to spoil your anticipation.

The letter from Ding Escoda we've been telling you about is here in black and white at last. It is so newsy, it takes all restraint not to turn to it first thing.

Out here in the office with the staff, we had reason to feel elated, one afternoon, A.R.D. of the Evening News came over to our desk and began to leaf through the pages of the file of the Woman's Home Journal. Without a word he asked for the subscription rates. Losing no time, he went down to the second floor and handed in a subscription in favor of a lady friend. It was only for six months. When we asked him why, he answered, "After six months, I expect to bring home the copies of the Woman's Home Journal." Thereupon, H.P.V. the business aficionado had a bright idea. "Why not give a free month subscription for every newlwyed?" He wants to know why not. What do you think?

—P. T. G.

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