

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

December 31,
1946

J O U R N A L



MRS. AURORA A. QUEZON
and her daughter
ZENAÍDA

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THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER of the Great Leader, captured in an exclusive photograph adorns this fortnight's cover of the Woman's Home Journal. As Chairman of the Philippine Red Cross Fund Campaign, Mrs. Quezon finds herself extremely busy. She has taken Nini, her daughter, as her secretary in this work. Nini, the volunteer worker, finds the job enjoyable but fatiguing. Of afternoons when you call her up knowing that she is home, you'll invariably get the answer that she is resting. This you'll understand if you know how she budgets her time from seven in the morning to six in the afternoon.

Determined that the fund campaign should not fail, the drive has been extended. Mrs. Quezon, as she emphasized in the beginning of the campaign, reiterates her plea for understanding and cooperation from each and every Filipino. The goal of P840,000 is not a staggering amount when viewed in terms of 18,000,000 Filipinos each with a willing heart to do his bit.

DEAN Ursula Uichangco-Clemente (When Is a Woman Lovely? p. 4) has been on her job for well nigh twenty years now and knows whereof she speaks. Speaking before a gathering of Pharmacy students she chose not to talk of diligence and hard work coupled with honest formulas. To her mind, the best formula in life is honesty to one's self manifested in a wholeness of mind and spirit. To her a wholly woman is not necessarily a beautiful woman.

WORD has come that the Women Lawyers Association which has put up a legal clinic will give our readers the benefit of its advice, consultations, and information free. The clinic, beginning with (Continued on page 31)

Contents

This Fortnight's Issue	3
When Is A Woman Lovely?	4-5
Ursula Uichangco-Clemente	
Why Grow Old?	5
Josephine Lowman	
First Generation	6-7
C. M. Vega	
'Seems To Me	7
Pia Mancina	
Travel	8
Jesusa Bautista	
Rehabilitation of the National Library	9
Jose Arcellana	
My Mother's Illness	10
Emigdio A. Enriquez	
Come In, New Year	11
Oscar Nepomuceno	
Magnet	12-13
Bienvenido Agdeppa	
Friends in America	15
The Case Against Women	16-17
James Thurber	
Have A Good Marital Spat	17
Evelyn Millis Duval and Reuben Hills	
Fashion Futures	18
New Year Motifs	19
The Cook's Round-up of Recipes	22-23
Sleeve Problems	20
Household Notes	24
Cautions in Letter Writing	25
Club Women's Bulletin Board	26-27
The Two Women and the Crocodile	29
Maximo Ramos	
Letters to the Journal	34

"As unto the cord the bow is
 So is man unto woman
 Though she draws him
 Yet she follows him
 Though she bends him
 Yet she obeys him
 Useless each without the other."

When Is A

By Ursula Uichangco-Clemente

Friendships between young men and young women are natural things. Good women have, from time immemorial, been the inspiration of good men to higher and nobler deeds. Chivalry reached its peak, and knighthood bloomed into flower because of the inspiration of lovely women.

When is a woman lovely? I wish I had the point of view of the men. However, I shall as a woman attempt to analyze what to my mind makes for loveliness, perhaps not necessarily in the eyes of men; but in the hearts of other women.

Order is heaven's first law. How can a woman be lovely whose head is like a nesting place of birds; whose dresses defy the glare of the midday sun; whose skin never shows the gloss that comes from a good daily scrub with plenty of soap and water; whose breath is like that of putrid meat; and whose presence reminds one of that odoriferous ruminating horned quadruped? Form, carriage, expression—all, have their significance. Visual, olfactory and auditory factors affect the attractiveness not only of women, but also of men.

If a woman, and for that matter, a man, is not born handsome, it is not his fault; but if he or she is not fascinating enough, he or she alone is to blame. Many a beautiful face has repelled, many a homely countenance has charmed. There is an inward beauty that radiates from the soul and shines through apparently impregnable barriers that have been built around the exterior. Every one, man or woman, can and should cultivate this inward beauty that attracts, this incorporeal strength that wins, this nobility of mind and heart that should guide as an inner lamp of the spirit.

Mere physical beauty, no matter how ravishing in early youth, if founded on nothing else deeper than the skin, rubs off easily and fades into nothingness with the earliest onset of old age. It is readily devoured by the wrinkles. On the other hand, one may never

dance only mellows with age. friendship is worth having.

"Opposite poles attract" is a well accepted law of physics. Every young person, man or woman, should aim to develop pleasant associations with those of the opposite sex. They should learn to keep it on the level of agreeable and pleasant companionship with no thought of sex. Friendship between the two sexes should be as any other friendship, healthy and wholesome. It should be frank, open, and sincere. There should be no prudishness of manner, nor any unpleasant behavior that will offend and repel those whose men and young women.



This is a movie love scene by foreign protagonists. There's no telling what words man and woman speak but they can't be anything but decent, poised and above board judging by their clean wholesome bearing.

Woman LOVELY?

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH OF THE LAND ON A SUBJECT CLOSE TO EVERYBODY'S HEART FROM A WOMAN EDUCATOR WHO KNOWS WHEREOF SHE SPEAKS

"O! Pagsintang labis na maka-pangyarihan
Sampung magaalma'y iyong nasaklaw
Pag ikaw ang nasok sa puso nino man
Hahamaking lahat. maunod ka lamang!"

Such a passion is commonly mistaken for love. It is not. It is infatuation. It is only sex talking — the craving for the gratification of an instinctive animal urge. It is blind and it is deaf. It is ruthless. It refuses to see any fault in the object of one's desire. It listens to no reason. It heeds no advice. It defies social conventions. Without mercy, it tramples under its clawed hoofs any one, friend or foe, that hinders its way. It is a passion that burns and consumes. Unfortunately, however, it is usually of short duration. It is much like the cogon grass which burns over-brightly but only for a very short time. Its flames leap into the air and momentarily dazzle the eyes. But as suddenly as they come, their overpowering glare soon fades out, leaving only ashes of destruction in their wake.

Social conventions should be understood and respected. They are practices which the race have found useful and beneficial. Thus, they have become accepted norms of conduct. They protect by forestalling personal intimacies which are fraught with biological and social dangers. Holding hand, the encircling arm, caresses and kisses have only one biological purpose—that of arousing sex. We cannot and should not take for granted too much emotional security in ourselves and in others. Very of-

ten, those who do, reap the bitter fruits of their folly, and live only to nurse pangs of regret. A young woman, especially, has to avoid even the slightest suspicion of laxity regarding sex, for it can ruin her reputation, and thus herself. The ardent male may wheedle and argue against the chaperon and other social observance, but it is best to stick to correct social practices. Many men may talk about not caring when a girl is virgin or not. But of an American college boy of twenty one once remarked, "I do not know how any one who will marry her, if he knew she isn't." I only wish that every man will try to help a girl, to be at all times the kind of woman he would respect and proudly marry. The loss of chastity can only debase a woman in the eyes of those (and perhaps the very man) whose respect she would most like to have.

While infatuation is an expression of fancy, an unreasonable product of one's imagining, a blind and a consuming passion; true love on the other hand is clear eyed and true love is founded upon reality. It is born in the heart and tempered in the mind. It is lasting. It weathers all storms; it lives and it endures.

Real love is sublime. It is beyond what is merely sensory and selfish. It is not only a sensual and romantic relationship; but a companionship as well. Real love is altruistic and seeks at all cost the welfare of the loved one. In those who are capable of it, such

a love throws a glory around life that is not dimmed by the renunciation of all that is personal.

Marriage, which should blossom into the most perfect of human relationships, is one of the outgrowths of altruistic love. It has, however, many angles which should be seriously considered before one can embark on it. It is a subject for another discourse, so I shall not attempt to take it up here. Suffice it to say that young people should never rush into it. "There should be no hurry about marriage. It is better to hesitate than to be sorry." I do not believe in divorce, for it can only bring more chaos and confusion.

Mrs. URSULA UICHANGCO-CLEMENTE, Associate Professor of Education and Dean of Women of the University of the Philippines, told officers, members and guests of the U.P. Junior Pharmacy Club that this is a "message close to my heart—a message which I hope can be heeded to prevent much unhappiness later."

"In our education," she continued, "the perfection of technical skill and ability alone is not the sole aim. Rather it is the creation of well-balanced citizens who can efficiently take their places as individuals or as members of their own respective social groups in a democracy. By nature, men seek happiness, but such happiness, to be enduring, should be based on the cultivation of desirable traits and ideals that will result in the greatest amount of enjoyment for the greatest number of people. It is my ardent hope that our university young men and young women will always stand for dependability and reliability with respect to these traits and ideals."

WHY GROW OLD?

By Josephine Lowman

Few of us are free from worry in some form, but some unfortunate people worry so intensely about everything that it amounts to mental ill health.

WORRY takes huge amounts of nervous energy in such a destructive and dreary manner, energy which could be invested in creative thinking, accomplishment and joyous living.

WORRY WHICH IS DONE before an occasion or important event or test of some kind can be very valuable. Without this kind of worry success would be impossible. Constructive worry aids in avoiding mistakes. Worry about making good on a job spurs us on to better work; fear of dependence in old age causes us to be thrifty on youth; worry about our children leads us to preventive medicine.

On the other hand, worry after something which has already happened is a terrible waste of energy. If you can do nothing to

change a decision or a situation it is silly to spend time looking back regretfully and mulling things over and over again in your mind. The well-balanced person will be able to throw depression off, mark the incident off to experience and learn from it while looking toward the future.

WOMEN are especially guilty of worry technique, and they often fret about trivial incidents. This injures health and is destructive to beauty and personality. It is somewhat like taking dope. The woman in question is in the grip of the habit and almost enjoys inflicting pain on herself, as she goes over and over the incident in her own mind and in talking to her friends.

ONCE we fall into this habit, we must exert self-discipline by consciously cutting off the unpleasant thoughts and replacing them with better thoughts, hard work or strenuous activity.



Lita is no respecter of time. At 2 o'clock in the morning she wakes up, asks for water, and commands her father to play games with her.

YOU KNOW Lita, my young-heart and spirit.

Best daughter, because she could be your little girl, too.

My Lita could be your Lita—she with brown locks playing secret playmates with the slightest whiff of wind. Or the child with dancing ebon hair about her forehead to match the bangs at the nape of her neck.

She could be Lita, yes, O, any other Lita in the world.

"Proud of Lita? I am!

I am proud of her because she is a meaning beyond the comprehension of soul and mind, of

In my arms, singing her to sleep, her chubby arms around my neck, her tender fingers become wine caresses. O fathers of the world! only you would understand the swelling of pride every nearness that brings our Litas to us!

But I wouldn't be writing this story of Lita had not the night before last rustled its wings and fanned my silent sleep into full awakeness and found Lita softly crying beside her mother.

I stood from my bed and went to her. My wife was fast asleep,

And Lita did not wake her mother—as she always did before.

"Lita, darling," I whispered. Night was a flower exuding pregnant perfume in Lita's silent face, with her tears drying, and now her lips opening for utterance.

I held her in my arms, kissed her gently.

"Pa..." she now smiled against my breast, "Pa..." then broke again into tiny sobs as she looked sheepishly at my eyes.

Instinctively, I passed my palm below her seatpants: she was not wet.

I felt her forehead apprehensively: she was not ill.

I flashed the light under the mosquito net: there were no mosquitos.

I searched her pillow and mat: there were no bed-bugs.

"Lita," I said, "what happened? Why are you crying?"

She had stopped crying. But she did not answer.

Lita, for her age, knew my temper. And she knew my voice: once firm, it is the sign of impatience.

"Lita," I said sternly under my breath...

outside to get her a glass of water.

She drank. "Asiat..." she said, after drinking. (asiat is for gracias, meaning, Thank you.)

"Tell me," she said cajoling, "did you cry just because you wanted a glass of water?"

"No," she answered in the only perfect Spanish word she knows.

I looked at my watch. It was only one o'clock in the morning.

"Say," I said, "you've got to sleep now, otherwise you wouldn't grow as tall and as big as Sonny."

"I'm not sleepy," she said, with her head adding emphasis to her decision.

She wanted to play with me, I thought. And I was yawning.

"But you must sleep," I insisted.

She tried to be convincing with her answer: "I am not sleepy, Pa..."

I wanted to become stern in my voice again, but something within me sang: Conversation at midnight and all the world it means... All right," I said, "get my pack of cigaret..."

"Onde," she asked, without me finishing my order. (Onde for

FIRST

THE JOYS OF FATHERHOOD MAKES
A SHORT STORY WHERE A POEM
WOULD BE FOUND WANTING

"Awa..." she said simply.

Why did not common sense strike my sense earlier? All my children—Sonny and Baby used to wake up at unholy hours of the night to cry out for a glass of water.

"Awa..." Lita repeated, softly.

(awa, incidentally, is not a new language. It is perfectly the language of children. For awa is Lita's pronunciation of agua, meaning water. That's right, we speak Spanish with our children; and they to us.)

I gently put her down, took her out of the mosquito net, and went

donde meaning Where.)

"On top of the table," I said. Then Beauty sang proudly in my heart as I saw Lita trip over Baby's foot. Lita rose again without saying a word, although I saw her squirm.

Lita came back with my pack of cigaret, along with my lighter. Forgetting Baby's foot, she tripped again. I saw her hurt her right arm, but when I tried to stand to help her, she stood up smiling.

I got the pack and pulled one stick out after lighting one end

luxuriously, puffed contentedly. "Asiat, Pa," she blurted, looking me straight in the eye. I choked with a mouthful of smoke!

Why did I forget the very tradition that my wife and I insisted followed in the house: to say Thank You for every act of kindness done?

"Lita, darling..." I said regretfully. "Lita, darling..." being the only words that audibly came out of my lips...

WE must have talked about a lot of things, did a lot of games, sallied into a lot of converse for when I looked at my watch again, it was quarter to three!

"Let us sleep now, really," I urged, yawning.

She was willing to go to sleep.

I was on the act of opening the mosquito net when she tugged at my pyjama and I saw her shaking her head.

"What is the matter now?" I asked.

"I am not going to sleep with

us not play horse..."

But she was there on top of me now: two angel feet standing firmly against my flat breast.

Then she bellowed with all the mighty voice of a child: "Ta... san...!"

That was the limit. My wife suddenly woke up and tried to pull my legs:

"Pa... Pa..." she said excitedly, "you are dreaming... you were laughing very loud..."

I couldn't control my laughter. And I was laughing still and my wife stupefied when Lita hollered again:

"Ta... san...! Sam... pion...! That broke down the house: for the little woman became once more brilliant with palliatives. I did not choose to understand, except the concluding words, "You and your foolish ideas... playing like a child at night..." as she took Lita back with her in her bed.

THEREAFTER I couldn't sleep. My sides were still aching from

GENERATION

By C. M. Vega

Mama," she said. "You can't sleep with me either," I said. "You may fall from the bed."

"Will you let me, Pa?" she asked.

How else could I answer that question?

I took her in my arms again and placed her gently on my bed.

"No more naughtiness now," I said, as I began to yawn seriously, continuously.

"Yes, Pa," she said smiling and then suddenly stood up. I saw her intentions.

"No," I said firmly again, "Let

the terrible joy that Lita gave me...but I liked it. O what I wouldn't do to play again, "like a child," at one or two or three o'clock in the morning with my children. With Lita!

Other parents of the world might do the same, I consoled myself. Even Lita, I said, as the first faint rays of sunrise began to streak through the crevices of our barong-barong. Even Lita, who will soon grow into maidenhood and womanhood and motherhood and bear and rear her children whom she will love to play with at one or two or three o'clock in the morning....

'SEEMS TO ME

By Pia Mancía

I HAVE just been reading a book which, it seems to me, it will do well for many people to read, too. It is called the *Public Schools and Spiritual Values*. It distinguishes religion from spiritual values, the former being a possible extension of the latter, but not necessarily identical with the latter. The seventh yearbook of the famed John Dewey Society, the book *Public Schools and Spiritual Values* takes to task the public schools in not inculcating enough in the youth a proper sense of proportion in seeking in life only "the true, the beautiful and the good." The book does not have any quarrel with religious teaching asserting that "there is a large area of ground common for both public school teachers and religious teachers to the end that they should have common concern for the spiritual values... and can likewise find a common support for those values. Outside of this common ground, into the area of religious authority, the public school teacher as such may not go, while therein the religious teacher is free to teach as to him seems right." The book explicitly affirms the full right of any religious group to add, under its separate teaching auspices, any religious authority, or any non-socially hurtful religious considerations it may choose. But it does pointedly reject and oppose any denial by religious groups of the full right of the public schools to teach spiritual values in accordance with human reason.

"Every effort should be made to find some basis of community," according to the book. "The luxury of going our own separate ways in the teaching of spiritual values is too expensive. The danger which threatens, if we fail to establish a community of interest in the spiritual values of our civilization, has been amply and conclusively demonstrated by the events leading up to the Second World War. Not only did the democracies lack thorough going confidence in the spiritual values of democracy, but they were divided in their support of the ones they accepted. In the face of a hard-hitting, subtle, and wily enemy, the democracies had difficulty in presenting a united front in defense of their values." The book emphasizes that this must not happen again. And it is certain that it need not happen again if we will sincerely and persistently pursue the basis of community which will recognize the teaching of spiritual values in the public schools.

I TOOK time to give a sort of bird's eye-view book-review of the excellent book *The Public Schools and Spiritual Values* because I think it has extreme timeliness and significance, especially in the light of the present UNESCO Conference in Paris. The United States is showing eager interest and sincerity in the solutions of the World's problems, as can be seen from its effort to think out suggestions for world peace. In the UNESCO, the U.S. proposals which will be sponsored by American Representative Benson will include:

1. A conference to rewrite the world's textbooks, so that old, ultra-nationalistic misunderstandings would not be passed on the school kids.
2. International exchange of students, teachers, artists, scientists.
3. International agreements to end restrictive copyrights, censorship, etc.
4. A study of the causes of national misunderstandings.
5. A worldwide war against illiteracy.

A member of the U.S. team remarked: "One of the most hopeful results may be that in setting standards for the world we will raise our own."

Justice Francisco A. Delgado had the same idea when in the

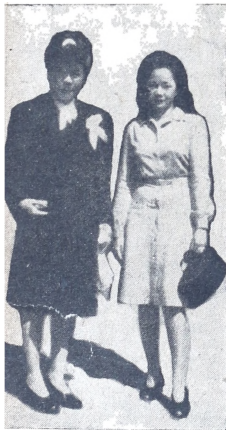
(Continued on page 14)

Travel

By Jesusa Bautista

TWO FILIPINO GIRLS SAW THE WONDERS OF EVERY STATE IN THE UNITED STATES BY MOTORING 6,000 MILES ACROSS COUNTRY ALL BY THEMSELVES.

WHEN my cousin Virginia Hidalgo and I started our cross-country motor trip through the United States on February 22, 1946, we little realized that we would stir a lot of curiosity and amazement over our supposed "daring, verve, and enterprise". Looking back to it now, I wonder if people were not right after all when they gasped, not quite able to comprehend the miracle of our 6,000-mile trip achieved in an ordinary Lincoln Zephyr which managed not to lose its way from Washington, D. C. to San Francisco California and all the detours in between. You see, we followed the coastline. But let me begin properly.



Originally, brother-in-law and sister, Senator and Mrs. Tomas Cabili were to have gone with us but since he was recalled to the Islands by the administration, Jinny and I were left to proceed as planned. We were given all kinds of warning about housing difficulties but we were determined to face the situation as we knew wartime conditions could not be solved overnight. For our first stop we wired a Payetteville, Virginia hotel for reservations but upon arriving there we were given the familiar answer, "Sorry, no room." So we drove on to the next town, Emporia, where luckily we found lodging at the Darden Courts.

Refreshed the next morning we started for Rocky Mt., North Carolina, ate breakfast and wired

Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo-Lim, reports Miss Bautista, is fine and looks forward to seeing the Philippines again.



In San Anton the girls dropped in at the airport where many "compoblanos" are at present employed. Phil Benitez, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eulogio Benitez and Nony Quimbo, son of Col. Quimbo are among those in the picture.

my cousin Dr. Oscar Jacinto in Jacksonville, Florida to expect us in two days and therefore make hotel reservations for us. Our next stop was Pocaia Springs, Sumter, South Carolina. By then we had already learned to get rooms by stopping at around five in the afternoon and hunting for a place to stay for the night. From then on Jinny and I had always been lucky in securing a room either in hotels or motels. A motel is an auto court with hotel facilities.

We heard our first Sunday mass during this trip, in the Georgia cathedral, Savannah. The old Southern homes with their grilled iron balconies and porticos reminded us very much of home. After lunching at De Soto Hotel Virginia hotel for reservations but upon arriving there we were given the familiar answer, "Sorry, no room." So we drove on to the next town, Emporia, where luckily we found lodging at the Darden Courts. Refreshed the next morning we started for Rocky Mt., North Carolina, ate breakfast and wired

A direct contrast to Washington's bleak winter scene pervaded in Florida. There were flowers galore, men and women in light suits and colorful dresses. Oscar proved a very good host.

He took us around, showed us what Jacksonville had to offer and brought us to his friends' homes where we were entertained. At Dr. Morris' home Oscar asked that the record of our Broadcast over WWDC station in Washington, D.C. be played. The Americans present were just too curious to hear what Jinny and I had to say on "Should Filipinos adopt American Customs?", the subject of the broadcast.

We stayed there four days, time enough to do the inevitable shopping, the visits to the Fountain of Youth discovered by Ponce de Leon, to the oldest house and schoolhouse in the U.S., to the Leche shrine, too. We also indulged in the luxury of the fashionable horse carriage which gave immeasurable delight to tourists. I was not particularly impressed as I had not yet forgotten the unpleasant rides I had in them during the Japanese occupation in the Islands.

Our next destination was Ocala, Fla. where a little way off was Silver Springs—Florida's International attraction because of its underwater fairyland. Riding in glass-bottomed boats we saw the hidden beauty of Nature underneath. Our car needed some mil-

(Continued on page 32)

Rehabilitation Of The

NATIONAL LIBRARY

By Jose Arcellana

READ OF A BRIGHT PLAN
WHEREIN PEOPLE MAY KEEP
ON READING IN THE FACE OF
THE PRESENT DEARTH OF
READING MATTER. "MAN DOES
NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE."

REMINISCENCE is all that is left of the Philippine National Library. Book lovers sigh every time they pass the ruins of the Legislative building which, once upon a time, housed one of the richest libraries in the Far East.

The Philippine National Library before the war had 733,099 volumes worth P5,727,545. For its 19 branches scattered all over the Philippines, 116,099 books were circulated or loaned to the public, while the rest was with the central library in Manila.

Because of the war, 696,492 volumes valued at P3,727,545 were lost. Out of the 617,000 volumes of books in the central library, only 17,122 volumes were recovered while from all the other branches a total of 20,075 volumes were saved by the Salvage Committee headed by Dr. H. Otley Bayer.

The archives division which took care of 7,000,000 pieces of documents pertaining to the Spanish regime dating as far back as the 16th century has reported that it is practically intact. The gallery of arts and history division containing 10,000 museum specimens was a total loss except for 14 paintings loaned to Malacañan.

It was reported that the book value of the loss of the museum specimens including the Victorino Mapa collection of precious jewels, coins and medals could be estimated at around P500,000.

Soon after the liberation, the National Library was organized on March 15, 1945 with offices at the Old Bilibid compound. Luis Montilla who was appointed as officer in charge pro-

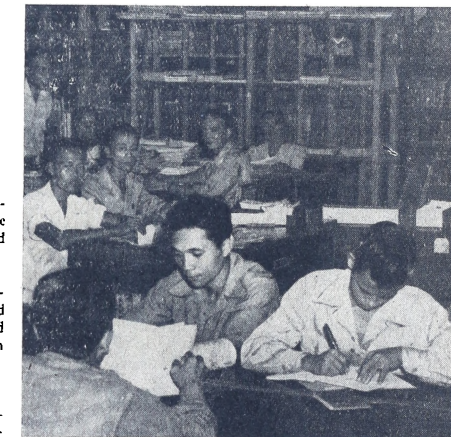
ceeded to open up the library proper with the assistance of Tiburcio Tumaneng, Leoncio Cruz and Herminio Cayton.

In such a small and undignified place the library was cramped until a few months ago the space even became smaller when the bureau of supply and the bureau of audits moved over to the Bilibid compound, and finally when the donations from the United States started coming, the Philippine National Library was forced to move the archives division at the sacrifice of the three-century old documents which are brittle.

Everything is ready now at the library to resume its pre-war activities but due to lack of space, the circulation department cannot work.

In the mornings, nobody can ever concentrate reading in the supposedly reading room because just at the other side of the partition board the bureau of supply holds its bidding.

The library employes are mostly not civil service eligibles and they are all temporary. The reason for this is that the old em-



What would avid readers like these library-addicts do without a public library and a reading room?

ployes are slow in coming. The average salary of the employe is P30 basic pay plus P50 living bonus.

Last April to June, lectures on elementary library science which include cataloguing and classification had to be given the new employes one hour everyday in order to acquaint them with the more interested and they will have a greater sense of ownership.

Before the war the National Library had a foreign exchange service with 70 countries but presently it has only 40 and mostly with the United States. To date around 8,000 volumes of bound and unbound documents have already been received from the US Congress Library which Philippine National Library which is the depository library of the United States. Donations to the National Library from different sections of

Because of this separation, it (Continued on page 31)

My MOTHER'S Illness

By Emigdio A. Enriquez



A serenaC would sometimes be resorted to cheer up my mother when other things failed . . .

IF THERE ARE THINGS THAT ARE STRANG- ER THAN FICTION THIS IS IT. A MODERN STORY ABOUT A MODERN AILMENT

MY MOTHER has a chronic illness that is strange. It comes upon her in spells and every time we think it is the end. She complains from a toughness in her stomach that rises and falls with her every breath. Her face contorts with agony and she invokes all the saints of her acquaintance. She sighs ceaselessly. Sometimes I say to her: "Mother, will you please try not to sigh, especially at night? People might think we are keeping a ghost in the house." She sighs and laughs between her sighs. "If I do not sigh my breath will snap."

Often the neighbors come to the house and fuss around her all anxious to help relieve her of her torments, but they end up in crossing their arms and standing at a respectful distance because there is nothing anyone can do and their bodies exude too much warmth it only serves to worsen her. At times we give her a sponging of warm water and then she is relieved. But at times, too, she complains from too much heat inside her body that an application of some more heat upon her body is simply intolerable. When the spells come, she is restive. She can never lie down quietly and

wait for the spells to pass. She gets up and walks and clings to the wall and sits down and gets up again and lies down very much like the way I saw my sister-in-law do directly before she was delivered of a baby. And there is always someone to constantly fan her. Fanning her with an ordinary Japanese paper fan or an abaca fan or an improvised cardboard fan will not do. One of the maids, or my big fat brother, or my big fat sister, my slim reedy sister-in-law, the little lame orphan girl my mother adopted from her poor relations up in the hills during the

war, or myself will have to get a regular winnower and swing it up and down over her, careful not to swing it too close lest she imagine the chaff of rice spreading over her.

We engaged a doctor whose manifest solicitousness for her recovery worked a hopeful change over her. She said one day: "The doctor is very nice to me; I think I will get well." She began to get the spells less and less frequently. One day the doctor left for Manila on business without notifying her. She looked forward to his every-other-day visits eagerly for a whole week and was sadly disappointed when he did not show up. Then when we told her we heard the doctor had left temporarily, she did not like it. She said the doctor did not want to see her recover after all. When the doctor came back from Manila, he brought all kinds of patent remedies for her. She took the medicines dutifully but as she said, she knew it would not do her any good, the spells repeated themselves to rapid succession.

My mother has approached death many times in the past. There was that time up in the hills when the trainees, as we then called our soldiers, were still fighting our enemies at the foot of the hills. The neighbors had come to the house and lamented over her dire condition. Such a woman, an old old teacher of so many now important men and women of the town. Who would think she would so be found. In better times her funeral would be mammothly attended and she would be laid down to rest in pomp and impressive ceremonies. May be one of the lawyers who had learned his ABC's under her would not need to be persuaded to make a fitting eulogy. But unfortunately now, maybe, and may the Good God not consent it, she would be buried in the unblest sod of the mountains. Were there any pieces of board

(Continued on page 30)

Come in, NEW YEAR

THIS ATTITUDE AGAINST NEW YEAR'S DOESN'T HAPPEN BY ACCIDENT, BECAUSE IT IS A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE THAT IS NOT EASY TO ATTAIN.

By Oscar Nepomuceno

THERE IS an old superstition to the effect that next to Christmas, New Year's is the best day of the year. Of course it isn't next to anything: New Year's is the best.

No, this sourpuss is not one of those sticks-in-the-mud that nobody gave anything to last Christmas. He got his share of gifts, from a ten-centavo greeting card sent by a short-story writer to a five-pound ham from an ex-black whose wife he (this sourpuss, of course) helped get in the society news. Still he (well, you know who, by this time) would not put Christmas before New Year's.

There are a lot of things about New Year's that make it what it is—the best holiday in the year. Of course you are likely to have a hangover after it, but Christmas not only sometimes leaves you a hangover too; it always gives you a tummy-ache. And one more thing: On New Year's no one sends you lousy greeting cards.

New Year's is a day of bright hope. It gives you a feeling of adventure, like a girl wearing a new dress or a middle-aged man wearing a new hat. You know perfectly well that it is one more year to add to your age. But since it is just beginning, you do not feel old. Just oldish. You could open that calendar pad you got last Christmas, riddle its pages, and say to yourself, "Well, old man, you have 365 days to live before you get a year older. Why worry?"

The guys with the five-dollar words could tell you a lot about the implications of New Year's. Even we who have not read anything heavier than the poems of C. M. Vega, have a sneaking suspicion that it is a very old holiday, full of hoary implications (we'll look that up in the dictionary), and all that.

Although we could not tell you right off what the origins are behind the noise-making and the general revelry, we concede it must have something to do with the planets. And when you speak

as a layman, that includes everything in the sky.

Maybe it was an Inca hailing the new course of the sun that started everything, or maybe it was just a primordial GI going on a bender. In any event, the religious or emotional release which used to be necessary for a very high purpose in the days of the cave dwellers has come down to us in the form of a very profane, pleasant custom—suspending all notions of decorum and the anti-noise ordinance in the interval between nightfall and early morning of New Year's.

This works very well, or it wouldn't be tolerated up to the present. If there had been no New Year's in which normally sedate people could cut up, someone would have been bound, soon or late, to invent an excuse for raising Cain on the town, anyway.

Man (and, to the professors, that includes women and children) is a long-suffering animal. He will invent the profession of writing books on good manners, so that he can, sadist-like, inflict corporal punishment on himself, perhaps in a subconscious effort to wipe out his sense of guilt (never mind where that nonsense comes from. You see, we too have been reading up lately). But he can stand only so much. After a while, he is ready to throw caution to the cliché heap, and be

just himself. Should he shoot the etiquette makers? Of course not. By this time they have become sacrosanct, like godfathers, rich aunts, and school-days pictures. So, what Man does is invent an occasion, a big one. And that's New Year's. Don't let any-

of sense in it. In fact, it means nothing at all. That's the beautiful thing about the whole business.

Christmas means a lot. In fact, it means so much that for the last fifty years or so writers have been harping on its meaning, and they are by no means through yet. That's because it gets tied up with an incredibly large number of things. You can hardly think of Christmas without connecting it with some emotional or gastronomic experience. It conjures memories, from walking around all night with a drunk to sitting on some rocks with a perfectly sober female.

That's the whole trouble. You can't enjoy any real peace and quiet if memories keep sneaking up on you. Let's say you're a successful tycoon (of course, all tycoons are successful, but never mind) and you are sitting around the Christmas tree with the kids. Then you think of that perfectly sober female on the rocks. That makes it hard for anyone to concentrate on any Christmas tree. You're out on a limb, that's all.

But New Year's—well, you can connect it with anything, or simply refuse to, at all. If the memories don't suit you, just unlimber your flask and take a good swig. Before you know it, you are feeling so fine you can tackle all the memories you can conjure in the 60 minutes that a mighty swig is usually effective. After the effect wears off, another swig would probably be necessary. This process goes on and on until you reach that incomparable condition known as "passing out" or "going under the table." (You ought to be thankful you have a table to go under. Some people just sleep in the gutter).

And when could you do that without being noticed or making an ass of yourself? Only on New Year's. That's why everybody likes it.



Dressed for the part, this tot likes New Year's for reasons very different from the author's.

body tell you different.

The Chinese, according to the non-Chinese writers on things Chinese, have a very sensible custom of beating drums and gongs during an eclipse to scare away whichever one of some ten-thousand devils happens to be trying to gobble up the moon. Raising a noise on New Year's is no less sensible than that. There is a lot

EVERYBODY liked Pablito.

Pablito was the only child of **Cung Isiong**, one of the sixty-odd tenants of **Indang Mameng**. Pablito was adored very much by his parents. But it was not because he was an only child. It was because he was such a good child—kindly and loving. All of the village folk, composed mostly of the tenants of **Indang Mameng** and their families, adored him, too. Even **Indang Mameng**, who did not usually take kindly to children of peasants, liked him.

Pablito was nine years old and he was in the fourth grade of the village elementary school. Pablito was not exactly brilliant but he was well above average. This, together with his adorable qualities, endeared him to both his teacher and classmates.

As a matter of fact, **Cung Isiong** was quite proud of his son.

"That son of yours, partner," one of the peasants said one day, "—he will be great some day."

"I think he has possibilities," he answered. "I wish him to become a lawyer some day..."

"A lawyer!" the peasant exclaimed. "A lawyer among us! God-almighty, that would be great!"

"I wish, though," **Cung Isiong** rejoined, "that we were rich, so we could really send him to study to become a lawyer—instead of just dreaming like this."

Since Pablito went to school in the morning only, he helped his father and mother in the afternoons and during Saturdays and Sundays do any work that his little hands were capable of doing. But most of the time he pastured their one carabao. In the afternoons, when his father would be through working with it, he would go with the other boys of the village to the pastureland near the **Waig**, about one kilometer east of the village. The pastureland was really a wide riceland planted during the rainy season but left vacant the rest of the year.

ONE Saturday afternoon, while on their way to the pastureland, Donato, son of one of the

tenants, stood on the back of his carabao.

"Hey, everyone!" he shouted. "Hurry up with your carabaos! I have something to show you—something you've never seen before!"

"What is it?" chorused three or four of the boys.

"Go on with you!" Donato said.

"I won't tell anybody until you have tethered your carabaos. I shall be under the duhat tree after I have tethered mine. If you want to see, you go there."

The boys drove their carabaos to a run and when they reached the pastureland, they tethered them as fast as they could. Then they hurried to the duhat tree.

This knife here is something you have never seen before. Wait and see."

He stooped and thrust the blade of the knife into the thick dust of the earth, then held it up. "Look!" he said. The boys looked. Their eyes went wide.

"Those tiny black things," another one of the boys said with excitement, "—they're clinging to the blade of the knife!"

"Yes, aren't they, pal?" Donato said with triumph.

"What are those tiny black things?" Pablito asked.

"They say they are little pieces of iron," Donato replied. He paused. "But you haven't seen all, friends," he continued. "You haven't seen all!" He really looked

another and let it cling to the second. Pablito moved forward.

"What makes the nails and the little pieces of iron cling to the blade of the knife?" he asked.

"Oh," Donato said. "Would you like to know? Well, if you must, I'll tell you. It's magic."

"Magic! What's that?"

"Magic is something one can not explain. This knife here possesses magical powers. This makes the nails and the little pieces of iron cling to it."

The boys were quiet for a while. They just looked at the knife with the nails and the "tiny black things" clinging to it.

"Would you mind if I tried it myself?" Pablito said.

"Sure, you can try it," Donato

MAGNET

By *Bienvenido Agdeppa*

SYMBOLIC OF THE ALL-POWERFUL
MAGNET OF FATE IS THE "MAGIC"
KNIFE IN THIS STORY OF FORCES
BEYOND OUR CONTROL SO CAP-
ABLY TOLD.

When Pablito reached the duhat tree, several of the boys were already there, huddled around Donato. Pablito quietly looked on.

Donato dipped his hand in his pocket, then held it up. "Look," he said proudly, as though he were a magician performing tricks.

"Oh, is that what you were going to show us?" one of the boys said, disappointment in his tone.

"Yes," Donato replied, grinning. "It's just a knife," the boy said. "We have seen lots of knives before."

"Maybe you have," Donato countered. "But this knife isn't just a knife. It isn't an ordinary knife.

like a magician this time.

He thrust his hand again in his pocket and took out a piece of one-inch nail. He held it up about a half-centimeter from the blade of the knife and let it go. The nail literally jumped to the blade and clung there. It went swinging to and fro like a pendulum but it did not fall off.

Excitement was great. Some gasped. Mouths opened and remained thus for quite a time. Eyes went wider.

EXCITEMENT was even greater when Donato took another nail and let it cling to the free end of the first nail. It dangled but would not fall off. Then he took

said.

He took off the nails from his blade of the knife and wiped off the "tiny black things." He handed the knife and nails to Pablito.

Pablito held one of the nails to the blade of the knife a half-centimeter away. The nail jumped to the blade and clung. Then he made the three nails cling together, end on end, the way Donato did.

"Here, let me try it myself," another one of the boys said.

Pablito passed the knife and nails on to him.

The boys played with the "magic" knife the whole afternoon. Altogether, it was an enjoyable af-

term for them.

When the boys went home, Pablito drove his carabao beside Donato's.

"Will you lend me your knife for one day, Donato?" he asked.

"Sure," Donato said. "But make sure it's for one day only."

The next day, when Donato went to claim his knife, Pablito wanted to borrow it for another day. But Donato was adamant. Pablito had to return the knife.

"Where did you get your knife, Donato?" he asked.

"My big brother gave it to me," Donato replied.

"Did he buy it?"

"I don't know."

"Could I buy a knife like yours, Donato?"

"You could, but it won't have the powers of this one."

"Is it possible to get a knife with the powers of yours?"

"Well," Donato reflected. "Maybe you could."

"How?"

"You could buy an ordinary knife in the market. Once I heard my big brother talking to another big boy and it seems that if you place the blade of a knife on the rail and have it run over by the train, the knife would take on magical powers."

"Are you sure it would, Donato?"

"I think it would. If you wish you buy a knife and I'll help you go to the railroad."

"I think I will," Pablito said.

"But not now. I have no money."

"Why don't you ask from your mother?"

"I won't. My mother said not to spend our money. We need it to buy food and clothes."

The next day Pablito confronted Tang Adio, the village zaeceros, on the street.

"How much do you sell the that much grass, Tang Adio?" he asked.

The old man dropped his load on the ground and straightened

his back.

"Eighty centavos at the least, son," he replied. "Why?"

"If I gather grass, Tang, would you help me sell it?"

"Sure, my lad. Why not?"

THE afternoon of the next day, after he had tethered his carabao, Pablito gathered grass, instead of playing with the other boys under the duhat tree. And early the following morning he went with Tang Adio to the main highway to sell his grass. Pablito, being able to carry less, received less than Tang Adio. He was paid only fifty centavos for this grass.

For five days Pablito gathered and sold grass. After the fifth day he had two pesos and fifty centavos. This he thought enough to buy a knife.

The morning of the next day, it being Saturday, he and Donato went to town. They bought a knife like Donato's.

"When are we going to the railroad, Donato?" Pablito asked on the way home.

"It's too late now. We'll go tomorrow morning. Anyway, tomorrow is Sunday. A train passes by at nine thirty."

Sunday morning they started early for the railroad. The railroad was only about three kilometers from the village but there was no road leading directly to it. They had to pass across wide fields. When they reached it the time was about nine o'clock. They had to wait for the train for a half-hour.

While waiting, they played with Donato's knife.

"When my knife shall have taken on magical powers," Pablito said, "I won't have to borrow yours any longer.—By the way, do we have to take off the blade from the handle when we place it on one of the rails?"

"It would be better if we did," Donato said.

They tried to take off the blade of Pablito's knife from its handle but they could not with their bare hands.

"We don't have to take it off," Donato said, after they had failed. "We'll just place the blade on the rail in a diagonal position and support the handle with a piece of stone."

"I think we had better place it now," Pablito said.

"All right," said Donato.

Donato looked for a stone as long as the width of the rail and they placed the knife in the position they wanted. They supported the handle with the piece of

stone. Then they stood off a few feet from the rail to wait.

Soon a black speck was seen in the distance.

"Here it comes now, Pablito," Donato said. "It won't be long now before you will have your magical knife."

After several moments the black speck was no longer just a speck. It had grown much larger and its form could already be recognized. The two boys waited. They watched the knife on the rail.

Then unexpectedly the stone support of the knife collapsed. The knife slipped off the rail and fell on the ground.

"Oh," Pablito cried and ran to fix it. He tried to put back the knife in its former position but he had difficulty in standing the stone support. At this time the train was already just a hundred yards away.

"Pablito, hurry!" Donato shouted, amidst the din of the oncoming train. "It's coming! The train is coming!"

A moment later, however, Pablito was able to replace the knife. He stood up and started to run to where Donato was.

But his foot struck a stone. And he slipped. He fell astride on the rail.

The train came splashing by.

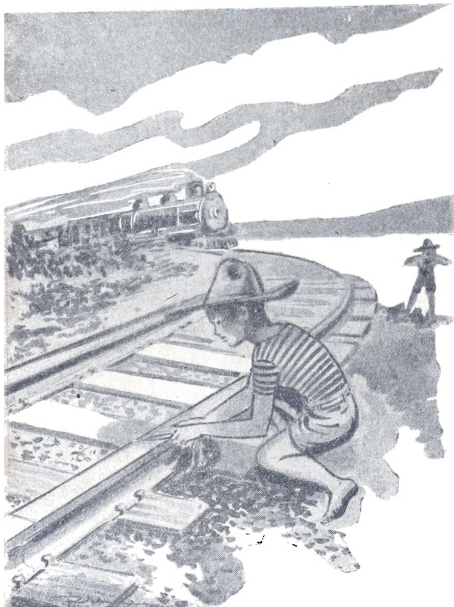
PABLITO'S mother moved in slow even movements, as though her mind was not in the things she was doing.

She took the knife, regarded it a while, then in sudden decision opened it. She took the three pieces of nails in her hand and held one of them to the blade of the knife about a half-centimeter off. The nail drew to the blade and clung there. Then she took another of the nails and let it cling to the free end of the first nail. Finally, she took the third, and this she made cling to the second.

She regarded the sight for a while. Presently she took the nails off one by one, and these she put into the envelope containing "tiny black things". She closed the knife and, together with the envelope, put it into a small cardboard box. She closed the box.

She stood holding the box with both hands, as though it were a breakable thing and she was afraid to let it fall, and remained thus for a while. Then, slowly and with infinite care, she put the box on the side of the mangled body on the floor.

As the train approached the knife was dislodged from its perch so Pablito went back to the rail to fix it. . . he must have a magic knife at all cost. Then the train came grunting by.



World Fellowship meeting at the YWCA one Saturday afternoon, he said that unless the youth became mentally averse to war and inwardly attached to the ways and art of peace, the threat of war would always hang like a pall over mankind's head. He deplored the fact that right after the world had gone through the most horrible war in history it already started to talk about a possible third world war as though that were a part of an inevitable cycle of human affairs.

AND WHILE we are on the subject of youth, it seems to me that the Washington Conference which opened yesterday on juvenile delinquency may do something to solve this heart-breaking, head-splitting problem. Incidentally, we are being represented in the conference by Mrs. Genova de Guzman of the Philippines Health and Public Welfare department.

Raising the penalty for juvenile delinquency, or lowering the age of majority in order that the young delinquents may be prosecuted criminally as adults are heartless, untenable measures. Let me quote from an article on the subject: "Few teenagers are incorrigible. In San Francisco, a port of embarkation where the population soared and transients poured in by tens of thousands during the war year, juvenile delinquency was kept to a minimum. Of 3,000 youthful offenders in 1945, Judge Teresa Meikle and probation officer George Osoko rehabilitated 2,987, sending only 1 to prison. These officials are concerned, not with punishing a crime but with saving a child."

THE last meeting of the Home Service Committee of the Philippine Red Cross, Mrs. Sofia de Veyra took occasion to deplore the sad plight of the Filipino war widows and orphans. She said that often they would go from place to place, not knowing what to do, following a news item they had read regarding benefits to be given out to them. They are told by one informant that the place is Malacañan, or the City Hall, by another that it is the Auditor's Office, or the Bureau of Health. They go about thumbing their papers or even offering to pawn them, just so they can tide over the difficult times. The Committee discussed the reasons for the lack of coordination of movement of the agencies charged with the giving out of relief. Mrs. Minerva G. Laudico, director of the Home Service Committee, said that one reason is the untimely publicity given to news about relief. The war widows and orphans read the news items and, without enough information, because really there isn't any yet, go the rounds of offices to get much-needed help. It might be suggested, therefore, that these agencies desist from giving undue publicity to incomplete information, biding the time when it can be completed as to the following: (1) benefit to be distributed, (2) when (3) where (4) person to contact.

For the present this bit of counsel may be given to war widows, orphans and disabled veterans: immediate emergency relief may be parcelled out to them at the War Relief Office at Tayuman. The person to see is Miss Catalina Galvez. The help may extend to sometime, if the applicant deserves it. Incidentally, Dr. Villarama of Health and Welfare and not Mrs. Quezon, heads the War Relief Office. Mrs. Quezon heads the Philippine Red Cross.

As for free legal advice and help, these war widows and orphans may go to the Philippine Women Lawyers' Association, whose present headquarters, pending better ones, is the Bureau of Public Welfare, San Rafael St. The person to look for is Atty. Gertrudis R. Cabangon. There is no need for any war widow or orphan to go chasing after a heartless shyder who will just as soon as not take the camisa off her back and off her children's to obtain his ill-begotten fees. All these needy people need do is to go to Mrs. Cabangon (or to Mrs. Laudico of the Philippine Red Cross who will direct them to Mrs. Cabangon too) and everything they must have to make good their claims will be given them.

Considering what kind of soldiers the husbands and fathers of these bereaved people had shown themselves to be, nothing we can do, who have not supposed as much as they, can ever be enough.

Major General A. M. Jones, head of the U.S. Military Mission has called them "great soldiers," adding, "I am deeply indebted to them and my government is indebted to them as well." We all know General MacArthur's high opinion of the Filipino soldiers, which Maj. General George F. Moore shares. Anything they can do for those people whom these soldiers left behind they promised they would do. I hope they will also straighten out the problem of discrimination of pay between American and Filipino service-men.

In the memory of these same soldiers, these generals will also try to ease up the tension between the American soldiers and the Filipino civilians. During the liberation it will be recalled that pamphlets were given out from General MacArthur's headquarters advising the American G.I.'s on how to deal with Filipinos. After the Philippine independence Ambassador McNutt took time to tell his fellow countrymen here the customs and mores of the country, the sensitiveness and single pride of the people, their sense of personal and national dignity. The injunctions may have done good, but not enough good. There were instances, not so long ago, fortunately diminishing now, than goodness, of rude treatment, or even maltreatment, of Filipinos by G.I.'s. Fortunately we have with us now, a man like General Moore who seems to know how to tackle the problem. "I am going to try as part of my job as a soldier," he said, "to somewhat educate the American soldiers on Philippine problems before he even comes here. They will be indoctrinated on the customs, mode of life, culture of the Filipinos by someone who knows this country thoroughly." Then, he continued, the soldier will be trained for a short period in the rural districts of the Philippines before he is allowed to take up duty in Manila.

It seems to me that with such a sympathetic approach to the problem it cannot but be solved. Surely after these many, many years of Filipino-American friendship a problem involving only a number of individuals from the two countries cannot, must not, be allowed to disturb the affectionate relations.

Seems to me that Virginio Santos Cruz chose a very felicitous moment to usher his favorable point of view on cooperatives. He said:

"It is worth reflecting on this business of cooperatives by thinking of the Biblical wisdom about cooperation: Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

He went on to give a bird's-eye-view of cooperatives in the Philippines, how it gained considerable momentum in 1941, the year of the war, which gave it also a crushing blow; how the neighborhood associations during the Japanese administration tried to revive it—he did not speak of the difficulties and the anomalies that went with these associations, however.

Came liberation and with it a new lease of life for cooperatives. There was a rush to organize city and provincial cooperatives—again the selfishness and cupidity of man rushed in too—unscrupulous managers and presidents undermined the cooperative movement in these places and it just flopped down and died quietly!

Now with the move for the nationalization of retail trade, a network of cooperatives (producers' and consumers') can be spread throughout the country and the people can be taught the advanced stages of cooperative philosophy. Cooperative schools may even be established to train men and women in specific trades and cooperative management.

It will be recalled that the Snows (Edgar Snow and his wife Nym Wales) did much for the cooperative system in China. China is made up of people more individualistic and less cooperative-spirited than we are. Yet the cooperative idea caught hold of its people perhaps because the Chinese is essentially a philosopher and the cooperative philosophy is a logical—"a threefold and is not

Friends In America

THE PRESIDENT captured by the Japanese and still among the missing, and its secretary grilled and tortured, the National Federation of Philippine Women's Clubs has emerged from the war battle-scarred and homeless but still functioning.

Wartime hardship and adventures were told yesterday to Alta Mira Women's Club and guests yesterday by Mrs. Trinidad Legarda, the new president, and Miss Mercedes Evangelista, executive secretary, stopping here en route to New York, where they will participate in the International Assembly of Women next month.

For her part in smuggling food, letters and medical supplies to American prisoners in the Philippines during the occupation, Miss Evangelista was twice captured and tortured and once sen-

tenced to death as a spy. She told how the federation did what it could to aid prisoners in the camps without the knowledge of the guards.

Mrs. Antonio Escoda, who headed the federation at the outbreak of the war, was captured with her husband, a Manila newspaperman, and has not been heard from since, Miss Evangelista reported. Local clubwomen remember Mrs. Escoda as a visitor here in 1939 for the Golden Gate International Exposition and the California Federation convention that year in Oakland.

Only "one little post" remains of the federation building in Manila and all records, equipment and funds are gone, Mrs. Legarda revealed in an appeal to American clubwomen to help in the tremendous job of caring for veterans, orphans and the destitute.

"Words cannot describe the destruction in our city," she said.

"It looks like a child's toy city smashed in a fit of rage."

In spite of the fact that most of the destruction came during the liberation rather than during

the occupation, Filipinos hold the strongest friendship toward the Americans and look upon MacArthur almost as a god, she said.

During the occupation Tojo himself complained that 95 per cent of the population was pro-American and the other 5 per cent undecided.

Also honored at yesterday's luncheon, attended by nearly 100, was Mrs. Benjamin F. Warmer of Ontario, president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in the Bay area for the State board meeting now in progress in San Francisco.

The 800,000 federated clubwomen of the Philippine Islands gave up their usual activities during the war with Japan to devote their energies to care of wounded veterans and to aid for prisoners of war.

Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines, is in San Francisco this week en route to New York to attend the International Assembly of Women. She told the story

of her organization's war work yesterday at the meeting of the State board of the California Federation of Women's Clubs.

"We even put a mortgage on our own clubhouse in Manila to get funds to aid the prisoners of war," she said. "We served as nurses' aids in the hospitals and we visited the wounded. The Japanese tried to wean us to them, but they did not succeed. Our girls did everything they could for the American prisoners of war—gifts of cigarettes, bananas and other treats were tossed to them right under the noses of the Japanese."

Mrs. Legarda described Manila as "the worst devastated city of the war. The Japanese systematically destroyed the school buildings when they left, and thousands of homes and buildings were razed in the bombing."

"Our greatest need now is housing," she said. "Whole families are living in little temporary dwellings and the ruins of bombed-out buildings. What

(Continued on page 28)

Women delegates to the International Conference, UNO, photographed in the gardens of Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, New York. Mrs. Legarda, hatless, may be discerned in the left wing.



The Case Against

By James Thurber

A BRIGHT-EYED woman, whose sparkle was rather more of intelligence, approached me at a party one afternoon and said, "Why do you hate women, Mr. Thurber?" I quickly adjusted my fixed grin and denied that I hated women; I said I did not hate women at all. But the question remained with me, and I discovered when I went to bed that night that I had been subconsciously listing a number of reasons I do hate in women. It might be interesting—at least it will help pass the time—to set down these reasons, just as they came up out of my subconscious.

In the first place, I hate women because they always know where things are. At first blush, you might think that a perverse and merely churlish reason for hating women, but it is not. Naturally, every man enjoys having a woman around the house who knows where his shirt studs and his briefcase are, and things like that, but he detests having a woman around who knows where everything is, even things that are of no importance at all, such as, say, the snapshots her husband took three years ago at Elbow Beach. The husband has never known where these snapshots were since the day they were developed and printed; he hopes, in a vague way, if he thinks about them at all, that after three years they have been thrown out. But his wife knows where they are, and so do his mother, his grandmother, his great-grandmother, his daughter, and the maid. They could put their fingers on them in a moment, with that quiet air of superior knowledge which makes a man feel that he is out of touch with all the things that count in life.

A man's interest in old snapshots, unless they are snapshots of himself in action with a gun a fishing rod, or a tennis racket, languishes in about two hours. A woman's interest in old snapshots, particularly of groups of people, never languishes; it is always there, as the years roll on, as strong and vivid as it was right at the start. She remembers the snapshots when people come to call, and just as the husband, having mixed drinks for everybody, sits down to sip his own, she will say, "George, I wish you would go and get those snapshots we took at Elbow Beach and show them to the Murphys." The husband, as I have said, doesn't know where the snapshots are; all he knows is that Harry Murphy doesn't want to see them; Harry Murphy wants to talk, just as he himself wants to talk. But Grace Murphy says that she wants to see the pictures; she is crazy to see the pictures; for one thing, the wife, who has brought the subject up, wants Mrs. Murphy to see the photo of a certain costume that the wife wore at Elbow Beach in 1933. The husband finally puts down his drink and snarls, "Well, where are they, then?" The wife, depending on her mood, gives him either the look she reserves for spoiled children or the one she reserves for drunken workmen, and tells him he knows perfectly well where they are. It

turns out, after a lot of give and take, the slightly bitter edge of which is covered by forced laughs, that the snapshots are in the upper right-hand drawer of a certain desk, and the husband goes out of the room to get them. He comes back in three minutes with the news that the snapshots are not in the upper right-hand drawer of the certain desk. Without stirring from her chair, the wife favors her husband with a nameless fear. "Look for your faint smile (the one that annoys self)" he snarls. The wife does him most of all her smiles) and reiterates that the snapshots are in the upper right-hand drawer of the desk. He simply didn't look, that's all. The husband knows that he looked; he knows that he prodded and dug and excavated in that drawer and that the snapshots simply are not there. The wife tells him to go look again and he will find them. The husband goes back and looks again—the guests can hear him growling and cursing and rattling papers. Then he shouts out from the next room. "They are not in this draw-

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The woman always knows where everything is and she wears that quiet air of superior knowledge which makes a man feel that he is out of touch with all things that count in life. To persons who deal in nickels and dimes, she hands a five hundred dollar bill to change. She loses gloves in restaurants and makes the poor escort crawl under the tables to look for them. This alone can explain a woman-hater.

er, just as I told you, Ruth!" The wife quietly excuses herself and leaves the guests and goes into the room where her husband stands, hot, miserable, and defiant—and with a certain nameless fear in his heart. He has pulled the desk drawer out so far that it is about to fall on the floor, and he points at the disarray of the drawer with bitter triumph (still mixed with that there is a sign reading "Please have exact change ready," a woman never has anything smaller than a ten-dollar bill. She gives ten-dollar bills to bus conductors and change men in subways and other such persons who deal in nickels and dimes and quarters. Recently, in Bermuda, I saw a woman hand the conductor on the little railway there a bill of such

inst Women

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES WHO READS THIS MAY SMILE THE SUPERIOR SMILE THAT IS HER PRIVILEGE THE WHILE SHE ADMITS TO HERSELF THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE POOR FELLOW MIGHT BE RIGHT AT THAT.

huge denomination that I was utterly unfamiliar with it. I was sitting too far away to see exactly what it was, but I had the feeling that it was a five-hundred-dollar bill. The conductor merely ignored it and stood there waiting—the fare was just one shilling. Eventually, scrabbling around in her handbag, the woman found a shilling. All the men on the train who witnessed the transaction tightened up inside; that's what a woman with a ten-dollar bill or a five-hundred does to a man in such situation—she

tightens him up inside. The episode gives him the feeling that some monstrous triviality is threatening the whole structure of civilization. It is difficult to analyze this feeling, but there it is. Another spectacle that depresses the male and makes him fear women, and therefore hate them, is that of a woman looking another woman up and down, to see what she is wearing. The cold, flat look that comes into a woman's eyes when she does this, the swift coarsening of her counten-

ance, and the immediate evaporation from it of all humane quality make the male shudder. He is likely to go to his stateroom or his den or his private office and lock himself in for hours. I know one man who surprised that look in his wife's eyes and never afterward would let her come near him. If she started toward him, he would dodge behind a table or a sofa, as if he were engaging in some unholy game of tag. That look, I believe, is one reason men disappear, and turn up in Tahiti or the Arctic or the United States Navy.

I (to quit hiding behind the generalization of "the male") have been faithful to thee, Cy-nara, "after my fashion" instead of "in my fashion." They will bet you that Alfred Smith's middle name is Olosius, instead of Emanuel. They will tell you to take the 2:57 train, on a day that the 2:57 does not run, or, if it does run, does not stop at the station where you are supposed to get off. Many men, separated from a woman by this particular form of imprecision, have never showed up in her life again. Nothing so embitters a man as to end up in Bridgeport when he was supposed to get off at Westport.

I hate women because they brought into the currency of our language such expressions as "all right" and "yes indeed" and hundreds of others. I hate women because they throw baseballs (or plates or vases) with the wrong foot advanced. I marvel that more of them have not broken their backs. I marvel that women who coordinate so well in languorous motion, look uglier and sillier than a goose-stepper when they attempt any form of violent activity.

I had a lot of other notes jotted down about why I hate women, but I seem to have lost them all, except one. That one is to the effect that I hate women because, while they never lose old snapshots or anything of that sort, they invariably lose one glove. I believe that I have never gone anywhere with any woman in my whole life who did not lose one glove. I have searched for single gloves under tables in crowded restaurants and under the feet of people in darkened movie theatres. I have spent some part of every day or night hunting for a woman's glove. If there were no other reason in the world for hating women, that one would be enough. In fact, you can leave all the others out.

Have A Good Marital Spat

"The Martins are fighting again!" thought Jim, who lived next door. He liked them both, and their fighting used to bother him; but he had learned that after a good fight the Martins seemed to be happier than ever.

The Martins know the fight will end without a threat to their marriage. Before things get too rough Sadie will start crying, and then both will soon feel better. They were never exposed to the disciplines of the "sweetness-and-light" school of marriage. They were never trained to count to ten before saying the nasty word.

Their open and aboveboard way of lashing out to release pent-up emotions is probably the least dangerous of the forms of domestic discord. There isn't much cause for long-time misunderstandings. The troubles are taken up periodically and settled on the spot.

A more dangerous form of combat he rarely saves the mate from fight is a type of mutual despondency in the long run. Inhibited, unexpressed, which is never faced he builds up resentment within or clear understood by either himself which eventually spills person. With the misguided intention of preserving marital harmony may suppress his anger, husband who doesn't say a word

AN OCCASIONAL SPAT MAY CONTRIBUTE TO THE ART OF GETTING ALONG IN MARRIAGE

By Evelun Millis Duval
and Reuben Hills

when he is bawled out by his wife for not asking for a raise gains nothing in understanding or release by kicking her pet cat as he leaves the house to escape it all.

Many of us feel conscience-stricken after a marital spat. We still see marriage as the patriarchal system which flourished in Puritan New England. Out of this period came our hundreds of maxims glorifying marital bliss and peace-and-quiet in the home: "Turn the other cheek." "Bear

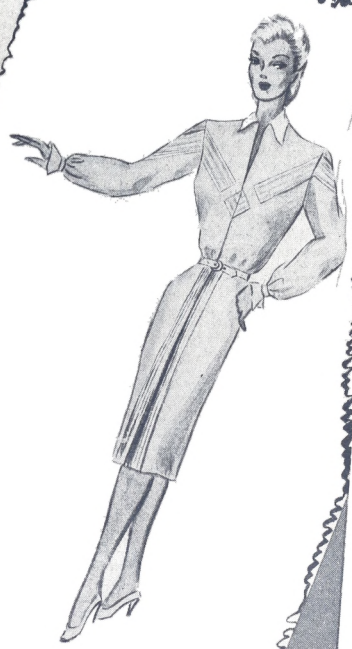
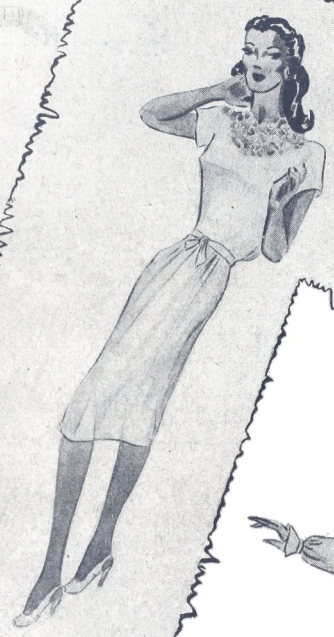
and forbear." "The soft answer turneth away wrath." Children were supposed to be seen and not heard, the wife and mother was supposed to be passive and long-suffering. Quarreling of any variety was evidence of the breakdown of patriarchal authority and was to be quelled without delay. But there was much covert conflict, much unhealthy, hidden resentment.

That we are burdened today with

(Continued on page 33)

FASHION

features



Will it be a pastel future in daytime frocks for women? Look to these three sketches from Hollywood for an answer. Take the long-sleeved shirtmaker at right. Tucks regimented into designs can go awry with an indiscreet choice of color. The clinging sheath next boasts a fabulous neckline decor that can only be right on white . . . or pale bonbon shades. Coming to the third sketch above, we have said nothing yet. Swathes and drapes in a beautiful white (there we go again) whimsy.



GLORIFIED GABI LEAVES make an original motif for this bouffant two-tiered terno worn by Corazon Vizcarra. For color scheme, let your potted gabi plant supply the inspiration.

NEW YEAR Motifs



CRISP SHEERS promise to be a 1947 favorite. This one worn by Carmelina Belmonte has a bustle and the glittering treatment lends a brittle candy effect to the fragility aimed at and executed in this terno.

SLEEVE PROBLEMS

(How To Refurbish Sleeves)



A SMART and simple dress-up addition to a dress is a short sleeve made in the cross puff illustrated. This kind of sleeve should be applied only to an easy fitting armhole. If the armhole is too tight, cut a little deeper and proceed as follows: (1) Remove the old sleeve and measure the armhole of the dress; then measure the number of inches across the shoulder top of your

arm—measure down a few inches on each side, using the shoulder seam as a guide. (2) Cut a straight piece of fabric twice the width of the shoulder top measurement; and as long as the number of inches around the armhole, plus 2 inches. Fold the material after it has been cut to size, and cut off the short ends in a slant from about 2 inches at one end to nothing at the other. (3) Make

a hand-rolled hem on the longest side of the fabric. Then take running stitches at each end of the material. Gather these ends so that they are no more than the width of the shoulder-top measurement and fasten the stitches. Place one gathered end on top of the other gathered end and baste them together. (4) You are ready to fit the new sleeve. Pin it in place around the armhole making sure that the gathered sections are at the top. Try on the garment and if the sleeve fits sew the seam as for a regular sleeve.

IF THE sleeves are torn at the armholes, say, cut the back or front of a dress, they can be put back in a broad armhole or a different type of armhole, which may mean re-cutting the shoulder seam. A piecing for the torn-out sleeve, or one too tight across the back, is an underarm treatment shaped to look like a jacket. In these adjustments it is wise to use a contrasting fabric—it can be the same color and different texture, or a contrasting color, or print.

Outline the proposed alteration on the dress with basting or a row of pins. This will help you decide what kind of replacement will be most becoming. If you are inserting a piece without a pattern, measure carefully and cut a paper guide, allowing for seams. Baste the new fabric in place before you cut away the old material underneath.

If the sleeve is torn at the underarm, first find out why the underarm tore. Did the fabric tear or split? Is the dress too tight? Is the sleeve too narrow to permit movement? If the sleeve is too narrow, set in a strip two inches wide along the entire length. Rip the underarm seam of the sleeve and of the blouse; lay the folded end of the dress fabric over the edge of this new strip of material. The insert should be tapered off, wide in the middle and narrow at the ends. Or inserting a contrasting band from the neck edge to the hem of the sleeve. This will give added width to sleeves as well as added length to bodice. Make insert look like a trimming.

IF THE sleeves are torn at the elbow, insert crosswise bands to cover the damage. Three of these bands will look like descriptive stripes especially if they come in different but harmonizing colors. Rip underarm seam, press flat

and apply band or bands.

Some blouses with torn sleeves are better left sleeveless. Cut off sleeve completely and make blouse into vests. Improve armhole then pipe in contrasting fabric or finish with bias tape.

TREAT YOUR CLOTHES RIGHT

THE CARE of clothing—cleaning, mending, and pressing—is a time consuming item in any household routine. A systematic plan and a little expert knowledge can substantially reduce the number of hours required for this task.

Most homemakers know a great deal more about the care of washable garments than about non-washable ones. Spots on wools (your husband has woolen clothes) wool blends, silk, and cottons and rayons are perpetual trial. Know your dry cleaning establishment and stick to it. Or get a quick cleaning kit for home use.

Fully as important as cleaning is the daily care of clothes—brushing, correct hanging, correct pressing, mending ripped seams, replacing loose buttons, and other quick mending.

Government chemists say that spots should be removed while they are still wet, or as soon afterward as possible; and there would be few stubborn spots to cope with if this practice were followed. Too often a spot is set by the wrong treatment, or a garment is pressed without cleaning, for "just one more wear" before it goes to the cleaner.

The first necessity for immediate removal of spots is to have the equipment handy. If the iron is in the kitchen, the ironing board tucked somewhere else and other cleaning paraphernalia nowhere to be found, removing a spot becomes a monumental labor. If a place is made on the bedroom floor for an extra iron and ironing board and a complete cleaning kit, every member of the family is more easily encouraged to attend to spots the moment they are discovered.

Heed these professional cautions as to stains. Stains are hardened by exposure to wear; others grow stubborn with ironing. Protein stains—from meat or milk—are permanently set by hot water. Other stains are permanently set by the alkali soaps used in washing.

A drawer in every bedroom should contain a pin cushion with threaded needles so that every

To echo the print in your dress have vari colored ribbons weave in and out the braid. Perch knot over ear, ribbon ends dangling gaily.

Movie Tidbit



WHEN you put your hair up like this, and you want to stud your pompadour with seed pearls, have the coil above for guide. Thread seed pearls through hairpins and stud them in a double row like this or dot all over.

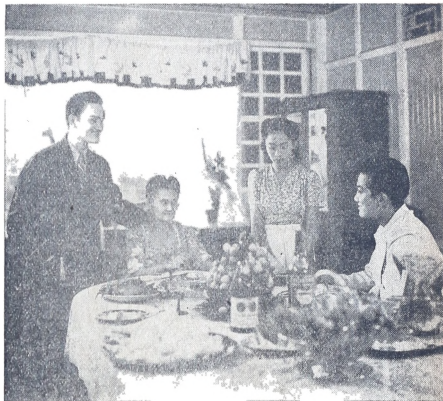


member of the family can take a few quick stitches during dressing if he discovers a minor rip in the garment he wants to put on.

A small rip should be overcast with a few stitches. Secure the thread with care and overlap a few of the stitches not ripped. This rip will never trouble you again.

Buttons which hang by a thread should be sewed securely on the spot. It takes only a moment and prevents the loss of the button, sometimes a whole row of them.

room of everything unnecessary and everything a child might trip over. Provide low, steady furniture he can hang on to, such as a day bed or couch. As the child grows, you can add small furniture; but while he is learning to walk, substantial furniture which will steady his footsteps is an asset.



Shown in the above photo are Narding Anzures, Rosa Aguirre, a bit player and Angelo Castro in a scene from Philippine Pictures' "Ang Estudyante." Narding Anzures stars in this picture. Philippine Pictures has opened a contest on the "Outstanding Student of 1946" in connection with this film in which various high schools, colleges and universities are participating.

TOTS' NURSERIES

PROVIDE a small washable rug, a little larger than the play pan. The rest of the room can be covered with oil cloth. Be sure there are low shelves within reach of a toddling child. If you stencil decorations on the wall or have panels or pictures, be sure to place them low. Even a baby's eye is attracted to the bright decoration when it is low enough for him to see. Be sure the room has a comfortable chair for mother. It should be covered with a slip cover which will add color interest to the room and be easily laundered too. The child's crib can be in this room and a day bed as well, with a matching cover that is boxed so it does not trip up unsteady little feet. Clear the

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Chicken Pie

- 4 hard boiled eggs
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup of chicken stock
- Legs and breasts of 2 chickens
- 2 Spanish sausages cut in 4 pieces lengthwise

Boil the bones of the chickens together with the gizzards until meat and gibbles are soft. Cut the legs and breasts of the chicken into small pieces and place them in a pie dish. Lay the pieces of sausages over the slices of hard-boiled eggs on the top of both. Cover the dish with pastry. Brush the top of pastry with egg yolk diluted in 1 tablespoon water. Bake until browned.

Chop the eggs fine. Make a sauce of the melted butter, then mix with the flour and seasoning, add the stock which should be added gradually. After it has boiled, add to the eggs and the other add to the chicken. Arrange in alternate layer in a buttered baking dish, cover with the crust and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

Baked Chicken and Eggs

- 6 hard-boiled eggs
- 2 cups of chopped cooked chicken
- 1-1/2 tablespoons butter
- 3-1/2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups of chicken stock
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs mixed with 1 tablespoon of melted butter

Chop the eggs fine. Make sauce of the melted butter, then mix with the flour and seasoning, and add the stock which should be added gradually. After it has boiled, add half to the eggs and the other add to the chicken. Arrange in alternate layer in a buttered baking dish, cover with crumbs and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.


Snipes (Bird) with Stuffed Olives

Dress and clean the birds.

Place them in a saucepan and cover with equal part of sherry wine and chicken stock, 1/2 cup olive oil and 1/2 cup sliced onions. Cover and give the bird a hard boiling. Simmer until birds are tender. By that time the liquid must be more than one-half evaporated. Chop stuffed olives to the amount of 3/4 cup and add to the pan. Let it boil for ten to fifteen minutes more and serve.

Baked Chicken with Milk

Prepare a chicken as for roasting. Mix a dressing of bread crumbs moistened with butter, salt, and a little pepper. Stuff the chicken with this. Place it in a baker and put six cups of milk in the bottom of a pan. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until chicken is tender; turning and basting as often as necessary. Thicken the gravy in the pan and season it with salt.



FROZEN Vanilla Custard

2 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

1 tall can Libby's Evaporated Milk, chilled

Best eggs. Add sugar and vanilla; continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Whip Milk very stiff. Fold in egg mixture. Pour into cold freezing tray and freeze firm.

Amount—One quart.

Baked Takakituk with Cheese

- 1 lb. fish
- 4 slices salted pork
- 1/2 lb. cheese
- Salt and pepper

Cut the salted pork in small pieces and spread them in an enamel ware or aluminum baking pan. Lay the fish on top of them with salt and pepper. Cover with cheese which has been previously grated. Bake for twenty-five

minutes.

Baked Shrimps

One and one-half cups of shrimps cut in small pieces; six tomatoes, two tablespoons butter, two slices of onions, one cup of bread crumbs, one-fourth cup cream and salt to taste.

Remove the top of the tomatoes and scoop the pulp out. Melt the butter in the frying pan and fry the onion in it. Then add the tomato pulp and cook for ten minutes. Stir into mixture the bread crumbs and the cream and when it is thick, smooth paste, add the shrimps and cook for three minutes. Add salt and a little pepper, if desired, and put the mixture in the tomato cases. They may be served in the raw cases, but if preferred, the tomatoes may be put in buttered baking dish and baked in the oven. Serve with toasted bread.

Oyster Specialty

Select two dozen large oysters and have ready as many pieces of thin strips of bacon. Fasten the edge of the bacon with a tooth pick. Place these pieces in a hot pan and brown on one side, turn and brown the other. Serve hot.

Ham and Cheese Omelet

- 1/2 cup finely chopped cooked ham
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 6 eggs

Beat eggs until light and mix in it the chopped ham and cheese. Grease a frying pan and pour mixture over it. When cooked on one side turn and brown the other. Serve hot.

Filette

Put ribs with soft meat. Sprinkle some salt to taste. Let stand for an hour. Drain the salt water. Beat 3 eggs. Moisten the ribs in lightly beaten eggs. Roll in crushed "Bizocho" or bread crumbs. Fry in deep hot pork

The Cook's REC


lard. Serve hot with Perrin's sauce and ketchup.

Crab Patties

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups crab meat
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Melt butter, add flour and mix well. Slowly add milk and cook until thick. Add remaining ingredients. Cool and form into round patties. Roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg previously beaten and roll again in bread crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat and drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot with the following sauce:

To one cup mayonnaise dressing add ten small sweet pickles finely chopped and a teaspoon of minced parsley.



HONEY Milk Shake

1 cup chilled Libby's 1 egg, well beaten
Evaporated Milk 2 tablespoons honey
1 cup ice water or molasses

Combine ingredients in order given. Shake well. Serve over chopped ice. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Amount—Serves 2.

Round Up Of IPES

Baked Shrimps

Shell 6 large shrimps (sugpo). Make a paste of ground liver and bacon (1.4 kilo of the former and 8 pieces of the latter), one small onion chopped fine, 1-1/2 cups bread crumbs and yolk of 2 eggs. Grease rather liberally a baking pan, arrange the paste on it so as to practically cover the bottom of the pan and lay the shrimps side by side. Bake in hot oven nicely browned. Serve with white sauce to which one tablespoon of lemon juice has been added.

Galantina de Gallina Trufada

Clean a chicken and remove the skin. Spread it out and rub with white wine or sherry, salt and nutmeg. Bone the chicken, separate the breast and cut into long slices. Pass the rest of the meat through a grinder with 1/2 kilo veal, 1 cup bread crumbs soaked in milk, and 150 grams of bacon. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, white wine and three eggs. Pass through a sieve. Add equal quantities of lean ham, Vienna sausage and truffles. Use this for filling. Then shape the "galantina". Bind the two ends of the skin together. Wrap tightly in a napkin and cook in a saucepan with plenty of water, until cooked. Serve with aspic.

Aspic: Pass a quantity of chicken broth through a collander and add the yolks of two eggs beaten well. Set the broth over a fire. Add 12 pieces of fish fins for every liter of broth used.

Relleno (Fried Stuffed Peppers)

1-1/2 cups cooked veal

1/2 cup seeded raisins

1/2 cup cooked sausage meat
or boiled ham

1/2 cup blanched almonds

Tomato sauce

1/2 cup veal stock

1/3 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon pepper

6 green peppers

1 egg

Pass the veal and sausage meat or ham through the food chopper. Then season with salt and pepper. Chop the raisins and almonds coarsely. Moisten with the stock. Parboil the peppers, remove the seeds and white connecting tissues and rub off the outer skin. Slit down the side so that they lie flat. Place a portion of the stuffing on each. Roll up and either tie or fasten with small wooden toothpicks. Beat the egg, add the flour to it, dip each pepper into this mixture and saute until brown in oil or other preferred frying fat. Serve hot with rich tomato sauce.

Spanish Rice

2 tablespoons butter

1/3 cup minced onion

1 pint stewed or canned tomatoes

2 good-sized green peppers,
minced

1 cup unpolished rice

2 cups boiling water

1 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter. Add the onion and pepper and cook them until barely tender. Add the tomatoes and some water, add the seasonings, bring to boiling point. Stir in the rice and cook until the latter is tender, about 35 minutes.

Huevos (Spanish Eggs)

6 eggs

2 tablespoons minced onions

2 tablespoons green pepper

1/2 cup chopped fresh tomatoes

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon cayenne

2 tablespoons melted butter

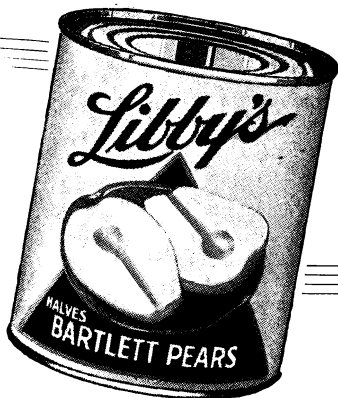
Buttered toast

1 teaspoon minced parsley

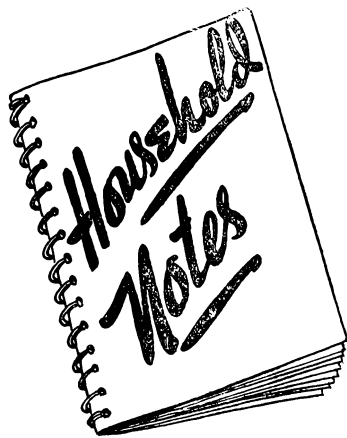
Cook the onion and green pepper in the melted butter for 5 minutes. Add the tomatoes, salt, and cayenne. Cover closely and set on the back of the stove where they will keep hot but not cooking. Fry the eggs on both sides. Place an egg on each round of toast. Pour hot sauce over it. Garnish with minced parsley.

*During the Holidays-
and all other days...*

LOOK TO LIBBY'S
FOR PERFECTION



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AT one time we passed on the tip about empty coffee jars for flower vases. We have found another use for them. You may have recently empty ones: they have every place in your sewing shelf. Alongside the boxes containing remnants let these glass jars stand as receptacles for buttons, snaps, hooks and eyes and other odds and ends that come from ripping or remaking old clothes.

THE hemline of your dress can either make or unmake you. Uneven hemline shows sloppiness. Here are pointers to achieve perfection: (1) Consider length of skirt in relation to current fashions and your own figure proportions. During the fitting use the same

style of shoe you intend to wear with the dress when finished. A variation in the height of your heels can make a great deal of difference.

(2) If you are fitting your own skirt and no helper is available, you can even your own hemline by placing a row of pins or chalking a line wherever the table touches you at your arm. The table must be low enough so that the mark comes below the hipline. Measure from this mark to the hem of the skirt; and a uniform measurement from your chalkline to the hem, all the way around, will insure a straight skirt hanging at an even distance from the floor.

(3) Another way of using a

table as a skirt marker, is to chalk the edge of the table. Then as you gradually turn, the chalk will be transferred to the skirt in a regular line. You must have a straight-edged table to do this; a rounded edge will give you a chalk line too broad to be accurate.

DON'T laugh at the girl who collects magazine pictures of beautiful homes. She may not be able to afford anything like those rooms but she can glean ideas from them. The length and fullness of the curtains, the color harmony, the arrangement of furniture, the good taste in decorations.

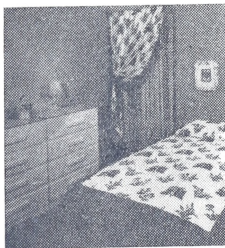
THERE'S no telling about the postwar construction of houses especially here in Manila. A friend of ours live in a new accessory with an old cement floor. Since the place was a take-it-or-leave-it proposition, she took it as is. She had a thin layer of cement laid over the old pock-marked floor. When this had thoroughly dried, she painted it to resemble a linoleum covering complete with designs and color. She used ordinary house paint.

of the junkman or thrown away with the garbage. This old trusty can iron certain fabrics which our shining new flat iron can't cope with. The explanation for this will yet be forthcoming, in the meantime we keep three kinds of flat irons: the time-tried charcoal flat iron, the old dilapidated looking electric one and the new shining thing for which we paid a little fortune.

HOME REPAIR

WINDOW shades can now be repainted to look like new at small cost. Get a water-proof paint especially designed for painting canvass. Spread the shade smoothly on the cellar or attic floor and paint it with a brush, just as you would paint anything in the house. A glazed coating is formed, which does not crack off when the shade is rolled. You will find, too, that the paint waterproofs the shade.

If the shade has a torn hem or is missing its stick or needs a patch make these repairs before you paint. The new mending tape is the best to patch the shade. You can buy paint in the usual tan shades or work out a decorative color in your home by choos-



FOR the couch-in-the-daytime-should cost you around a hundred bed-at-night plan, here's a bright and twenty pesos. Make the bed-idea. Order from the bed factory a spread yourself of a bright plain bed without headboard, bedposts or skirt and flowered top. Repeat end supports. With mattress this scheme for the door drapery.

DON'T throw away a blackened electric bulb. It will still render service although its life span might not be long. Assign to grow vines in and to pinch hit them to sockets least used.

ing a colored shade.

For faded sofa cushions which because they are always exposed in the porch, beach or boats, need a more drastic treatment, try painting also with water-proof paint, provided the fabric is the right kind. Before you try painting the cushions try first on a piece of fabric.

WE HAVE an old electric flat iron which we are glad we haven't entrusted to the mercies

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CAUTIONS IN LETTER WRITING

quickly broken"—at any rate, the cooperative or Braille schools are a marked success in China. No longer are Chinese new materials exported in vast quantities and returned to China as highly finished products. China is learning to manufacture her own needs—and is rapidly becoming industrialized. In the business life of England and many European countries the cooperative system has long ago entered too, in America, the well-known TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority, is an excellent example of successful cooperative enterprise. Indeed, as Mr. Virginia Santos Cruz claims, "cooperative enterprise is rooted in the principles of democracy, it is the business of the people." We may effect our economic rehabilitation with the aid of the cooperative philosophy. An authority on cooperatives, Desjardin said: "the people's welfare can be best secured by institutions organized by the people themselves."

The news about the rapid growth of the cooperative movement in the Philippines, is, seems to me, very welcome news, indeed. The latest on this is the league formed by 81 Pangasinan coops. Our people are realizing little by little that they must participate in the economic up-building of the nation. "Our government is taking a lesson from the experiences of other nations," said Mr. de Castro formerly executive officer of the Eca, "and is shying off capitalism to give the people a chance to take part in the nation's economic rehabilitation. The objective of cooperation is 'the greatest good for the greatest number.'"

SEEMS to me that no matter how we look at things, try to forget troubles and feel New Year hopes, we cannot but be conscious of the fact that right at this moment our country is involved in a fratricidal war. It is a painful thought, this—that our people are killing each other. Every gunfire we hear is directed against a Filipino's heart, takes a Filipino's life. True it is that the government is doing all it can, but true too is the fact that the fighting is still going on. While, as a local editor claims, many countries are suffering an aftermath of war similar to ours, we cannot take refuge in the comfort of a common misery. We have to face facts and problems; we must work out solutions. For the wisest solutions, the wisest minds—are we using them now?

THE lifting of the ban on outside teaching for public school teachers is a very sound move on the part of the administration. The principle is good all the way round. The teachers will profit by the discipline and experience of their new teachers. Sad as the fact is, it must be admitted that discipline is not the object of most private schools. A public school teacher, used to exacting obedience to rules from his pupils in the public schools will require the same mode of conduct in his new post and the result will be salutary.

The University of the Philippines can loosen up too, on faculty regarding outside teaching. Considering the fact that its instructor are generally regarded as of the select, should it not let the other schools of the country profit by the excellence of this faculty by sharing them with the other schools?

While we are on the subject of education, there is a great deal of talk about what is called "visual education." The news items about it make much of the fact that a young person learns more from written words. The pictures register deeply into the mind, it is classical, and being graphically presented, cannot but remain engraved there.

Of course, we are in an age when everything is being streamlined for us. Our movies depict the life of Chopin, of Pasteur, histories, biographies and adventures we do not need to read in books anymore, we can go to the shows or glance over a book or a play-review. Already our magazines are too graphic—too pictorial much of it is visual, very little is left for the imagination, for the mind. Canned music takes the place of the real treat; news is even broad-

Letters need not be long. Say what you have to say and stop.

Give your correspondent the news and information he wants. Don't begin every sentence with "I". It is not necessary to avoid the use of the personal pronoun entirely, but avoid tiresome repetition.

Don't use tricky stationery. Plain white or grey is preferred. Gayly colored or decorated stationery is cheap and in poor taste, also odd-shaped and ornate envelopes.

Don't write a calamity letter detailing all your woes. Better not to write at all than tell only of illness and trouble, unless the information is necessary for some important reasons.

Don't use the typewriter for invitations, acceptances, regrets or strictly social correspondence. Letters from one friend to another may be typewritten but usually that form should be reserved for business purposes.

Always date your letters. The form January 1, 1947, is far less confusing than 1-1-47.

Do not write across a page already written on.

Do not use paper and envelopes that do not match. Do not, ex-

cept in emergencies, write a letter with a pencil.

Do not use gaily colored ink for social correspondence.

Don't send loose coins in letters. They are liable to wear a hole through the edge of the envelope and be lost in the mail. If a coin must be sent either wrap it carefully in a separate piece of paper before inserting it in the letter, or better still, get a special mailing coin holder of the proper size at a stationery store. The only safe way to transmit money by mail is postal money order or bank draft.

The use of sealing wax for social correspondence has happily gone out of fashion. Its use now is confined to the business world for sealing envelopes or packages containing articles of great value.

Never put anything into a letter that could cause you, the recipient, or anyone else, mortification or discredit if the letter later becomes public.

If a note is longer than one page, the general rule when writing on folded note paper is, first, second, third and fourth then turn the sheet and write sideways across the second and third.

cast for those peoples who are too lazy or too busy to read it. Seems to me this is not living. It is just living through life—very fast—so fast we cannot see its beauties, its depth, its heights. We can, must slow down a little.

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CLUB WOMEN'S BULLETIN BOARD

THREE NEW branches of the League of Women Voters were organized in three different parts of the Philippines. The following were elected officers of their newly formed association:

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Leonor F. Veridiano
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Isabel Evangelista
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Victoria Domingo
Marta Paluje
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Mrs. Luisa Pefulos, treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Petrona Estrellado, Mrs. Ruperta B. Zalamea, Mrs. Sofia T. Palad, Mrs. Demetria Estrellado, Mrs. Tomasa E. Esperanza, and Mrs. Laura R. Gillan.

Imus, Cavite: — Mrs. Eugenia de Guzman, president; Mrs. Rosario M. Paredes, vice-president; Miss Juana D. Gonzales, secretary; Mrs. Nicolasa J. Sapinoso, treasurer; Dr. Mabini Virata, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Maria J. Nane, Mrs. Emilia N. Darwin, Mrs. Isabel T. Darwin, Mrs. Manuela V. Stuart, Mrs. Victoria R. Nanago, Mrs. Remedios M. Paredes, Miss Martina Parabot, and Miss Francisca Narvaez.

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San Fabian, Pangasinan: — Mrs. Esperanza S. Caballero, president; Mrs. Juana J. Villanueva; vice-president; Miss Macaria Serranon, secretary; Miss Constanca Eristingkol, assistant secretary; Mrs. Melchora S. Zamudio, treasurer; Miss Asuncion Patangan, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Esperanza A. Sevidal, Mrs. Maria V. Fernandez, Mrs. Encracion S. Bernabe, Mrs. Victoria N. Blanquera, Mrs. Dolores A. Narvas, Mrs. Maria Z. Aquino, Mrs. Natividad A. Torres, Mrs. Josefina Z. Baltazar, Miss Rosario E. Abalos, Miss Maria de Nieva, Mrs. Genoveva S. Ungos, and Mrs. Belen Erfa.

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ONE of the "baby" clubs of the NFWC sounded apologetic, which

it had no reason to be, when it reported that they were organiz- ed just a few months ago, and so had just accomplished the follow- ing: aid in the fund campaign for war widows and veterans, distri- bute rice and sugar rations at the authorized price by the govern- ment, and strive for the improve- ment of the barrio. This is the Quisao Woman's club.

PASAY WOMAN'S CLUB

ONE of the most successful re- organization activities undertaken by the National Federation of Woman's Club was that held October 17, 1946, at 4:00 P.M. at the residence of Mrs. Vicente Fragante. Election of new officers took place before the Tea Musicale which was one of the special fea- tures of the afternoon.

Mrs. Mary H. Tambuato was elected President and the Advisers are Mrs. Vicente Fragante and Mrs. Regina Padua.

Miss Nati Careaga was in charge of the musical numbers ef- ficiently executed by the Misses Andrea Ofliada, Enriqueta Enri- quez and Baby Herrera.

The special guests of the oc- casion were mesdames Julia V. Or- tigas, Regina Padua, Concepcion M. Henares, Paz R. Cuernpocruz and Rosario Kalaw Roxas.

The hostesses were mesdames V. Fragante, Mary H. Tambuato, Josefa Claudio, Purificacion Lopa, Emiliana Pekson, T. Gutierrez and Misses Petrona Navarro, the charming daughters of Mrs. V. Fragante, Rosario, Margarita and Anita, helped the clubwomen en- tertain the visitors.

Mrs. Tambuato gave a short

talk and explained that the pro- jects of the Pasay Woman's Club are the establishment of nursery classes, education of illiterate mothers about infant feeding and cleanliness by organizing baby con- tects and also the establishment of adequate playgrounds to avoid delinquency which is rampant among the boys of Pasay and to find employment for them to keep them out of mischief.

Mrs. C. Henares, Acting Pres- ident of the National Federation of Women's Clubs congratulated the newly elected officers and ex- pressed election over the projects nearest her heart because as a resident also of Pasay she knows the welfare problems of the vicini- ty. She also extended an invita- tion for the club to plant a tree at the Quezon Grove, another project of the NFWC.

Mrs. Pas M. Catolico, Actg. Exec. Sec. acted as Toastmaster and Mrs. Solita N. Bautista as Chairman of the Board of Can- vassers.

Mrs. Henares administered oath of office to the newly elected of- ficers as follows:

President—Mrs. Mary H. Tam- buato

Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Adeilaída S. Ala- friz

Secretary—Miss Clarita Tan Kiang

Asst. Sec.—Miss Nati Careaga

Treasurer—Mrs. Josefa Claudio

Asst. Treas.—Mrs. Maria Trinidad

Advisers: Mrs. Vicente Fragan- te and Mrs. Isabel Padua.

Board of Directors: Mrs. Fran- cisca Herrera, Mrs. Remedios Con- cepcion, Mrs. Gracia Galvez, Mrs. Emiliana Pekson, Mrs. F. Gutier-

rez, Mrs. Purificacion Lopa, Mrs. Juanita Chuapoco, Dra. Pacita Pronove, Mrs. Eliodoro Segui, Mrs. Fernando Sison, Mrs. Anita de Je- sus, Mrs. Paz Pardo, Mrs. Rufina Rabadilla and Mrs. Soledad P. Bautista.

THE IMUS women's club soli- cits voluntary contributions to maintain a class C puericulture center where indigent mothers and children go daily for consultation and treatment. Powdered milk was distributed free.

A VERY interesting letter was received from Mrs. Juana Ordoñez Ayrosa, president of the women's club of San Esteban, Ilocos Sur. She writes that reading over and over the letters from the NFWC president arouses her interest so that she is inspired to call on her friends and explain the good plans of the club. "It is not hard to obtain the interest of a true Fili- pin woman if she really loves her country."

Quite a number of the members died during the occupation, others moved to the other towns, but Mrs. Ayrosa has higher hopes that it will not be long before the club will be sufficiently re- organized to start a nursery class. They had one before the outbreak of the war, and the advantage of a class is very evident as shown by the children who attended and who are now in the regular classes in school.

MRS. Maria Senaon, secretary of the San Fabian women's club in Pangasinan, reported that the club has organized a puericulture center with a physician who vol- unteered his services. A nurse is also employed. Milk was given for distribution.



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MANY HAVE BEEN CONVINCED...
 BE ONE OF THEM.



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schoolhouses are left are used as shelters. We desperately need reconstruction of roads and bridges to facilitate transportation of food, and, though we now have water and sanitation, there is no gas for cooking."

The Filipino people really need America's help both in the reconstruction emergency and in the care of the thousands of wounded veterans who fought side by side with our men on Bataan and through later campaigns, Mrs. Legarda said.

The program of the Philippine federation, she explained, included rehabilitation projects ranging from tree planting along the avenues to restoring the Manila Symphony orchestra.

State board business yesterday included confirmation of new committee chairmen and the first reading of resolutions.

Mrs. Benito Legarda, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in the Philippines, received support of the California Federation at its recent State Board meeting in San Francisco when she spoke before the group in behalf of her nation's clubwomen. She is en route to New York where she will attend the International Assembly of Women Oct. 12-24.

Credit to California
"California is the second State federation to offer assistance to our rehabilitation program, and it is my hope that many more of our sister clubs will respond," Mrs. Legarda said.

"Since the Philippines became a republic our veterans are not recognized as United States veterans, even though they served with the U.S. forces," Mrs. Legarda reported, "and it shocked us when the U.S. Congressional proposal to provide for our men, failed to pass by one vote.

Work for Veterans

"We are working beyond our means and strength to serve our hospitalized veterans and their families, and the war widows and orphans," she said, "and we need help."

In addition to heading the Philippine federation, Mrs. Legarda is president of the National Council of Women of the Philippines and president of the Manila Symphony Society.

PHILIPPINES

Active in many women's organizations and president of her

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 15)

country's National Federation of Women's Clubs is this delegate from the Philippines. During the Japanese occupation, Mrs. Legarda helped members of the resistance. She organized the first home for war widows and orphans and the first convalescent camp for released prisoners.

Of course the first thing about America that strikes a visitor from a war-torn country is its completeness. It's so whole. There are no great gaps in the buildings. But naturally, that's not a real reason for liking a country.

"I think what I like and admire most about America is its women. They're progressive. Willing to listen to new ideas. And efficient.

"This is my first visit to the U. S., and I can truthfully say that there's nothing now that I really don't like about America. But I'll tell you something: before I came I had all sorts of prejudices against America. I thought it was a country of many love affairs, easy divorce, gangsters, and things like that—ideas I picked up from films. So maybe my chief criticism is that you don't do a good job advertising yourself."

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THIS IS fulfilling my promise to write. My hands have been too full with all the tasks that inevitably come with starting housekeeping in a new place, getting the children in school, speech-making (which is going to be a major part of my life here, as I see it now), and social engagements. I want to write to so many friends but it will be some time before I can complete my list.

Washington is very lovely. It is so different from the other cities I have seen so far. The drives, the trees, the parks, the big buildings, and the homes are all a delight to the eyes.

Courtesy and helpfulness make shopping so pleasant and enjoyable. The markets and the shops are a treat to the eyes; with cleanliness and the artistic touch so predominant.

Conditions have not been very satisfactory for some time, though, as there have been all sorts of strikes: bakery, beer, hotel, coal, airplane, university,

and I don't know what next. There was no meat for a long time, and now that ceiling prices have been lifted, there is plenty to buy, but at high cost. Everywhere prices have gone up, but having been used to sky-high prices in Manila, I am not overwhelmed, but the people here are.

The Washington women are keenly interested in the plebiscite today—whether the district of Columbia should be given the right to vote for the officials of the city government and for the President and the Members of Congress. They, too, will determine whether the cost of meat will go down or not. Thousands have signed that they won't pay more than 60 cents for a pound of meat. Thousands of volunteers have gone out for contributions to the Community Chest. I am impressed by their civic consciousness. Parent-Teachers' Organizations are active here. (I belong to that of the Central High School and I am Chairman of the Legislative Committee.)

The progress of the Filipino women, their heroism during the war, and their role in our national life, in these they are deeply interested. Our national dress, they find it very fascinating. The weather so far has been kind and I have been able to wear my terenos (with the pañuelo) to the functions I have attended but I am afraid I shall not be able to wear this much longer, not until after Winter. It has been a real delight and pride for me to boost the Filipino woman of today here.

Life can never be dull here, for there is always work to do and interesting people to meet. Miss Cornelia van Asch van Wijck, President of the World's Y.W.C.A., and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson both of whom I met at a party at Mrs. Sayre are women who have impressed me much.

The diplomatic circles here are now busy with social affairs, and we expect to be quite busy with our own soon after the Ambassador moves into his own beautiful home. We were pleased to dine with the Italian Minister to the Philippines before he left for Manila at the home of the Italian Charge d'Affaire's here.

Occasionally, we come across GIs who had been in the Philip-

ines. We found difficulty in getting sugar (which is rationed up to now) and rice in the beginning. Then fortunately, we met a GI who had been in both Leyte (was wounded there) and Manila, and who works at a grocery store which his family owns. Since then he has given us all the sugar and the rice we need and has even helped us get our meat and vegetables from the best sources. In the buses on their way to and from school, my children have come across friendly GIs who had been in the Philippines. One time, my elder daughter's attention was called as she was walking by "Oy! Manila" and at another time, "Kumusta kayo?" coming from boys who had been there.

Tomorrow I shall see Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine", at the Lisner Auditorium of George Washington University. I am sure I shall like her very much and enjoy her performance. My daughter has been raving over her since she saw her last week. What a contrast she will be to Mae West whom I saw in "Come on Up!"

We drove to West Point three weeks ago. It is really an admirable spot. Very exciting was our first meeting with our young plebe so stiff in his uniform. The drive was very enjoyable, for the Master Painter had made the parks and the woods indescribably lovely with the varying hues of Fall: yellow, gold, brown, rust and almost red. Now, many trees have shed their leaves, and soon all will be bare; tree life will go to sleep to wake up in Spring. (I can hardly wait till then, for the Cherry blossoms along the Potomac, I am told, will be a gorgeous sight.) With Fall almost over, our excitement grows keener everyday at the approach of Winter; the first snow will cause us no ordinary sensation.

Many sights have thrilled me: the tunnel under the Hudson, the skyscrapers, and Radio City of New York, the imposing monuments, the Arlington Cemetery in Washington, all marvels of art and engineering, but none has given me greater thrill and joy than seeing our flag side by side with fifty other flags at Constitution Avenue.

This is all for the present. I wish for you the best of luck in your work, and with fondest regards, please believe me to be,

Very cordially yours,
ANGELA V. RAMOS
Philippine Embassy,
Washington.

THE TWO WOMEN AND THE CROCODILE



By Maximo Ramos

ONCE upon a time there lived two old neighbors. One was very kind, but the other was very cross. One day the kind woman went to the river to fish. As she was passing under a bamboo tree on her way, she heard a tiny squeaking sound over her head and then at her feet dropped several small fish. She picked up the fish and said:

"Please squeak again, O Bamboo Tree, And some more fish shake off for me!"

The bamboo tree squeaked a second time and shook off more fish. The old woman picked up the fish and proceeded to the river to see whether she could catch a few larger ones. She went farther down the river but did not find a single fish. Finally, in a deep, dark bend of the river, she met a large crocodile.

"Good morning, Grandmother," said the crocodile.

"What are you looking for?"

"Good morning, Crocodile," replied the old woman. "I am trying to fish, but the

fish are hard to catch today."

"If you come to my cave and sing my baby to sleep," said the crocodile, "I shall go and catch fish for you."

"Why, of course I will sing your baby to sleep," said the old woman, feeling afraid but not knowing how to run away from the crocodile. She followed the crocodile into her cave and there saw a dirty baby crocodile crying in its cradle of woven grass. In a soft, pleasant voice, however, the old woman sang the baby to sleep.

Now, before going on to catch fish for the old woman, the mother crocodile had stomped outside the cave to listen to her song. She was pleased with the old woman's lullaby and so went to catch plenty of large eels, crabs, and dalag. Then she wove a basket of grass and placed the fish in the basket. After that the mother crocodile returned to her cave and said:

"Grandmother, thank you for putting my baby to sleep. Take this basket of fish home and come back whenever you need any more."

"Thank you, good Croco-

dile," replied the old woman. She took the basket and went home.

When the cross woman saw her neighbor come home with so much fish, she said crossly, "Tell me where you caught so much fish. I want to go there, too."

The kind woman told her neighbor how she obtained the fish and gave the cross woman half of the fish that she had brought home.

Next morning the cross woman hurried to the river. When she came to the bamboo tree, she stopped and said in a cross voice:

"You squeak for me, Bamboo Tree, And all your fish you give to me!"

But the bamboo tree did not make a sound. It did not even shake off a leaf. The cross woman at once grew angry and ordered:

"You must squeak, Bamboo Tree, And all your fish give to me!"

Still the bamboo tree did not squeak or shake off a single fish. So the cross woman threw stones at the tree and hurried with a frown directly to the dark, deep bend of the river. There she met the mother crocodile.

"Good morning, Grandmother," said the crocodile.

"What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for large eels and crabs and dalag," replied the cross woman. "But I cannot find any. If you go and catch plenty of

large eels and crabs and dalag for me, I agree to sing your baby to sleep."

The crocodile was not pleased with the manners of the old woman, but just the same she led her into her cave. Seeing the baby croco-

(Continued on page 34)

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that could be made into a coffin? Oh, what a pity it would be to roll her up in a native mat and deposit her thus in the cold, cold ground.

My mother in a pallet in the other side of the partition sighed and gasped and called on her dead mother and the holy saints of her acquaintance. My sister began to weep silently and my aunt started the novena to "Cristo Agonizante." And then the spells passed, and she was not well but only sick again—not dying any more.

When the Americans were stepping up their bombing of the town and people were running in and out of air-raid shelters any time of the day or night, the spells returned. This time my aged but intrepid father who had not then yet succumbed to pneumonia, that maledictid pneumonia that set into him suddenly one evening and stole his breath away one day less than one week later, my aged but intrepid father as I said, hitched the carabao to the sledge, crossed a fast rising river and came back with an old Spanish priest. My mother, an old catechism teacher could not die without the last sacraments. She had to have a priest administer them to her if she was going to die at all. She had made nine consecutive first-Friday-of-the-month communions for the intentions of the Sacred Heart and as God was God and could not go back on His promise to Saint Margaret, she was going to receive the last sacraments before she died.

"When I was a young lady, Padre, I was about to die," we heard my mother say to the priest. "But a cholera epidemic was raging in town and no priest could come to administer the sacraments to me. I told my mother who was weeping over me, to stop crying, I would not die. But now, Padre, I know I am going to die."

The padre said: "No, Señora, you are not yet going to die."

When the Americans came, she wanted an American doctor. We called in one doctor, two doctors, three doctors, all the doctors we struck up an acquaintance with. They were all kindness. They gave her all kinds of medicines. They watched over her and shook their heads over her. One forbade her absolutely getting up from bed. This she would not do. There was a catch somewhere. She suddenly

MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS

(Continued from page 10)

saw something behind the doctor's touching concern for her. She could never agree with me and all of us that my big fat sister had no attractions for the Americans. Finally, the doctors brought her to the PCAU hospital and gave her into the hands of the Filipino doctors. The Filipino doctors, we knew them all by their first names, were all efficiency. They tested her blood, they tested her urine, they tested her heart and kidneys and liver and God knows what else. They pressed on her stomach and asked, Does it pain, Señora?

No, my mother said.

It was not tumor or cancer, they told me. It was her kidneys, maybe. After one more week they said: She could go home now if she wants to.

My mother stayed another one week more.

This is a PCAU hospital, she said, I can stay as long as I want to.

We engaged a lady physician. Her house was a copra shed, the walls of which were painted up with soot. If you were not careful when you entered her house you got painted yourself. She came to the house and congratulated us on our luck of getting such a good habitation for shelter even before she inquired where or who the patient was. Her foot slipped in between two weak slats of bamboo that, together with many other slats, made up the floor of the house, but she did not take back her word. And when she left she still looked like she wanted to stay. But what had she done for mother? She had stripped her, pressed her here and there, pulled and tugged at her and said: There's nothing wrong with her, except of course that paralysis is setting in, her heart is weak from old age and her kidneys are all bad. That toughness in her stomach, oh, that's nothing. It's her digestive system that's what's wrong. Keep her

down on a diet of liquids.

Mother did not like the liquids. She told us we were killing her. She accused us to the neighbors of wanting to get rid of her because she was too expensive to keep. The spells came more often. We dropped the lady physician.

My aunt came to the house one day. What were we doing to her sister? Did we really want her to die now that she was old and infirm and useless? No? Then, why didn't we do something? Why didn't we call in the son of Guachi! The son of Guachi was a wonderful witch-doctor. Better than even his own father, Guachi. He had made her well up in the hills when everybody else had given up hope for her. He had played on a guitar and sang to her and passed the first egg laid by the first hen in the first nest of so many other first's she did not remember what anymore and she was made well again.

We called in the son of Guachi and he played on a guitar for mother and sang to her and passed the first egg laid by the first hen in the first nest of so many other first's I don't remember what anymore. But she did not get well. She got angry, Furious. She called the son of Guachi an agent of the devil. She lectured to us on the sinfulness of witchcraft and voodooism. She held up to us the tortures in hell that await heathens like us and our accomplices. We went back to sponging her with hot water.

This remedy we had discovered earlier during her illness quite by accident. She was nursing a strong cold one day on the change of weather. We gave her a foot bath and a warm sponging. She got rid of the cold and felt relieved even of the stifling heat that afflicted her. She asked to be sponged again and again. And when the spells came she asked for it again and declared she felt better.

It was while we were giving her

a sponging one day that Senora Chiquita, quite a character in town because she went about in a boy's bob and spent hours at the the confessional and was a widow and lived chiefly on the benevolence of friends, came to the house to visit with my mother. Like many others who were there speaking in low but cheerful voices for mother's benefit, she, too, had heard that mother was not so well anymore and might slip away anytime soon. She is my mother's comrade and it would indeed be remiss, not to say, unsentimental of her to fail to see her once before she went. No, she did not say so to anybody, but she looked so. And she whispered with the others and looked at mother and whispered again. And then Neneng came up. Neneng is middle-aged, almost old, but Neneng is too noisy and laughter-loving, and carefree and pompous in carriage to be other than just Neneng to me. Besides, she is a third cousin on my father's side. Neneng came up the house, took one look at mother, and said:

"Oh, and they would have me believe that you are dying! By the holy saints, you are as well and thriving as any one of us." She turned to the others: "Ha, ha, and all you here, I dare say, have been so cheated by Enchay. But it is nice to see all of you here. This is like a meeting of the Catechistic Center. Even Chiquita is here. And what do you say Chiquita? And tell me Chiquita. Whatever made you cut down your hair to that ridiculous bob? I have always wondered and have always wanted to ask but never had the chance."

"Ay, hermana mia," Señora Chiquita said, "I'll tell you. I know people are laughing at me, you are all laughing at me, but what can I do about it?"

"Oh, no," the others protested. "We don't. You must have a reason for it. You simply don't want to look funny."

"Well," Neneng confessed. "I do laugh. That is why I want to know, so that I can stop laughing."

"You can go on laughing even after I have told you, Neneng. I don't mind. You are a laughing woman. You laugh at everything, including yourself."

And Neneng laughed. And everybody laughed. Even mother laughed.

REHABILITATION OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY

(Continued from page 9)

the United States have been pouring in the Billbid compound. More than 700 boxes containing around 70,000 volumes have already been received but a great number of them has not yet been made accessible to the public because they have not been reallocated yet since their arrival several months ago. The reallocation committee appointed by Dean Benitez would not be able to work at all, it seems, until the chairman, Professor Gabriel Bernardo who is at present in the United States comes back.

Because the government is hard up in funds, the National Library has been campaigning vigorously for donations. This year there are only three donors. Jose Palileo on May 11 donated 80 volumes. Dr. Manuel V. Arguelles gave away to the National Library 1,096 volumes. Of this donation 149 titles are Filipiniana while the rest are medicinal books and treatises. From the Spanish government came on July 11, 107 volumes of Spanish literature.

"But this is why I had my hair cut down this short." She held up a hand to her short-shorn hair. "I can't wear my hair any longer than this. If possible I'd like my hair to be completely shaved off. My head feels hot inside and I get dizzy spells very often. I am afraid to go mad. I don't want to go mad like all my children!"

Instantly, there was a death-like stillness in the room.

"You know my last child also went mad two months ago? The youngest, the most beautiful, the most intelligent! My only hope and saving, consoling angel all through the war. She went stark mad like the rest of them. The war was too much for even her. I brought her up to Manila to the hospicio. She is there now in the care of the sisters. They tell me there is hardly any hope for her. She is too mad. If I let myself think too much of her, I am afraid I'll go mad myself." She blew her nose hard. "And I saw my other sons," she continued. "Ramon, I saw him naked. What a beautiful body he has, poor, poor man," and she choked and

In order to encourage donors who have few volumes to give, the National Library will soon have a big post office box conspicuously displayed at the Post office building where small donations may be dropped in.

Aside from this book-raising campaign, the National Library has also plans of enhancing the cultural rehabilitation of the country in the most economical way. The plan calls for the putting up of municipal reading rooms which shall later on be converted into regular library deposit stations.

The municipal reading room is a local town's affair. It shall not be subsidized by the national government. The National Library instead shall only assist and supervise these reading rooms until the townspeople shall be ready for a library deposit station.

These reading rooms do not have to be housed in government buildings. Even the homes of civic-spirited people will do, for example, the town mayor or treasurer. For a start, donations of chairs, tables, or anything a libra-

made a wry face but swallowed her sobs and composed herself.

Nobody was laughing now. Not even Neneng.

My brother removed his shirt from the nail on the wall behind the door of his bedroom. Some loose change fell clattering to the floor, and rolled out to the sala where the ladies were. Senora Chiquita bent down and collected the money. There were two pesos and several cents. She held the money up to my brother, but my mother said: "Keep it for yourself, Mareng Chiquita."

My big fat brother said: "Yes, Señora Chiquita, you may keep it..."

My mother is just as unwell. Just as weak and infirm and gets the spells just as often. But her sighs are less pathetic to hear and her invocations to the saints of her acquaintance are more patient, less dolorous. There seems to be more stoicism in her prayers. I might only be imagining it but she even seems to enjoy her suffering.

ry of humble beginning may need, are most welcome. The municipal council may appropriate P200 for the purchase of periodicals, magazines which shall be ordered through the national library in order to effect some savings by means of discounts.

A property custodian may then be appointed by the municipal council to look after the reading room which in the National Library shall help in its infancy by sending representatives to train the custodian in the rudiments of library science. The National Library shall also furnish the reading rooms with government publications on state affairs, historical and literary, agricultural and medical pamphlets. The reading rooms shall be more like a local board of information.

As soon as the municipal reading rooms are ready for conversion into a regular library deposit station, the next plan is the proper step.

The library deposit station plan shall have 1000 municipal libraries at the end of five years. For every year of the five years, 200 deposit stations shall be put up. The total expense needed amounts to P230,400 for the purchase of books and for administrative and incidental expenses, such as, the salaries of five cataloguers, cost of book cards, labels, etc. This calculation is based on the prevailing abnormal condition of the times. After the fifth year a cut of 20% to 30% on the appropriation shall be possible, for expenses shall only be for book replacements.

With the appropriation of P150,000 to P200,000, 60,000 books can be purchased for the 200 deposit stations or 300 books for every locality. Book rotation after three to five months shall be adopted in order to provide a variety of titles.

Each book which shall circulate to the people shall be due in five days. In one month's time the book shall have circulated six times or 72 times in one year. Which means that 21,600 persons shall have the opportunity of reading the 300 books in one year. This figure is much more than the most thickly populated locality. For one year, the 60,000 books which shall be purchased can be read by around 4,320,000 people. After five years as planned, 300,000 books shall be available and which can circulate around for at least 21,600,000 times a year.

THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

the next issue of the Woman's Home Journal, will resume the department it ran before the war in these very same pages. Send your troubles in to the clinic and be assured of help.

SOMEONE wants to know why we ran the picture of the Escoda children Bing and Sonny without the letter which they must have written regarding their experiences. Said letter is still going on the round-robin and when it does get to us, our readers will read it too. The picture in our department, Friends In America, is that of the women delegates to the International Council of Women. The letter from Mrs. Legarda which came with that picture you may have already read in last fortnight's issue. Excerpts from press releases regarding the activities of our friends abroad come pouring. Read what the foreign papers say about our women abroad.

WE have always contended that there are more writers in this world than ever come to our notice. Manila socialite Jesusa Bautista welds a capable pen. With characteristic modesty she skims

(Continued on page 34)

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nor repair so we took it to a garage and got a cabin at Silver Springs court. Next day found us at Daytona Beach. Going farther down Florida we felt so lucky to escape the cold in the East and enjoy the pleasant weather and scenery in the South. Just for fun, Jinny counted the number of Cadillac cars of the rich we met on the highway and in one single day she spotted forty of them laden with Florida oranges which grow there like pebbles.

Next in our schedule was Titusville, then Stuart where we had our radiator tubes changed to brand new ones. We found out these were cramping our Lincoln Zephyr's style. Then came Miami, Fla., the gayest spot of the season. Hotels were full but again luck was with us and we got a room at the D'Este Hotel thru the AAA (American Automobile Association) of which Jinny is a member. There, too, we learned of tours conducted in Havana, Cuba by plane. We meant to go as far as Key West, the southernmost tip of Florida to take a boat to Havana but no boat service was available yet. Going around to town we saw advertisements of the Consolidated Tours. We immediately jumped at this chance to see Havana and bought tickets for a three-day tour.

Next day, Sunday, we heard Mass at the Cathedral and later joined a Bus tour of Miami proper and Miami beach which was swarming with the rich and near rich vacationists. We visited the Indian village, Crocodile and Monkey farm, the Pink Flamings and the dog races. Being the only Oriental-looking people there, we were mistaken for Chinese or Japanese, much to our disgust. On learning that we are Filipinos

and that I have but recently come from the Philippines and was an evacuee in Bataan, I was besieged with questions concerning the war and conditions existing there before I left. We concluded that there is not enough enlightenment abroad about the Filipinos as a progressive people and that the average American does not know enough of us.

Early next morning we explained for Havana, Cuba and in an hour and a half we beheld a gorgeous sight from the air. Havana—a bit of Spain and of America, with its own native ways. The wealth and opulence of this city is remarkable and its culture is revealed in its beautiful parks, monuments, edifices. We noticed that all houses were made either of concrete or stone. We were shown the Capitol and its 34-karat diamond given to the government by Cuban laborers as a token of appreciation. The Morro Castle, now a Military Academy, was a formidable fortress before and still attract tourists to its dungeons, torture chambers and the well kept cannons used in the olden days.

To highlight our visit we were taken to their Casino, the rendezvous of Cuba's 400 and later to a typical nightclub. The Alhambra whose special feature was a stagemore showing different versions of the Zamba, rumba and conga. We felt so much at home we hated to leave so soon. Try-

TRAVEL

(Continued from page 3)

ing to leave Havana, we ran into unforeseen difficulties. At the Airport they suddenly realized that we are not American citizens. Our passports were refused. The Vice-Consul who at one time was a resident of the Philippines helped us fix our papers, right away.

And the following day we were back once again in Miami. Next day we drove on to Sarasota, another Florida resort. There we lollied at the Lido beach, bathe in what is part of the Gulf of Mexico. After a restful day we kept on rolling again through Bradenton. We spent a night in Tampa, where we took pictures of Dupree Gardens. At Panama City we had to stop for car repair. It did not take very long and we were soon in Mobile, Alabama. Here we saw the Bellingrath Gardens, a five-acre property growing all varieties of camelias, azaleas, lilies, roses, etc. The Spanish moss which grows abundantly in the South adds to the beauty of the spreading trees surrounding the gardens.

Having taken in these sights we headed for New Orleans, Louisiana. The Mardi Gras carnival was just over and still notes were full so after an extensive hunt for a motel we found a room at the Roxy Tourist Court. Due to heavy rains and a desire to see more of this interesting city we remained for four days and were entertained by an American friend Elizabeth Dudley. She showed us Loyola University, Tulane University, the museums and churches and the Latin and French quarters where so many scenes were reproduced in the moving picture "Saratoga Trunk." New Orleans among other things is famous for its French cuisine. We dined at La Louisiane's and Antoine's. This last houses the Rex chamber showing the crowns, jewels and all the paraphernalia pertaining to the Mardi Gras. In that way we didn't feel too badly about missing the Carnival in lieu of Havana.

Passing through Baton Rouge, Opelousas and Lake Charles, La., we arrived at Houston, Texas and there visited with Dr. and Mrs. Van Vorst, a nice elderly couple.

We spent the following night at Big Rock court at Seguin, Texas where once again we were able to cook our own meals in our motel kitchen. Our next stop was San Antonio, Texas, famous for the fight at the Alamo which we visited together with some Air corps friends from Randolph Field. Having secured beforehand a visitor's card for Mexico from the Mexican Consulate in Washington, D.C., we set out on the third day for Laredo, Texas, a bordertown. Again we obtained further information from the AAA about our sojourn in Mexico and took the representative's advice to have an automobile insurance. That was a very wise move for the next day we had hardly crossed the bridge to Nuevo Laredo, Mexico when a Mexican driver bumped our car. This accident augmented by border officials' refusal to recognize our visitor's card from Washington, we decided to give up the idea of going to Mexico.

Texas is so big and vast, there were times when we drove for miles and miles without meeting any car or pedestrian on the way. One memorable episode in Laredo was the amiability with which an American couple from Iowa took the trouble of inviting us to their cabin so we could tell them about the Philippines. This was but one of the several occasions when Jinny and I found the chance to inform people about our native land.

Through Carrizo Springs, Del Rio, and Pecos, Texas we traveled without any mishap nor hold-ups as popularized in the movies. I might mention that our only guide along these states was a road map prepared by the AAA outlining the interesting places any tourist would likely want to see. Hence next in line was Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. The caverns are a huge cave where stalagmites and stalactites in huge proportions are beautifully formed and had been left untouched by human hands for ages; an elevator goes several hundred feet below the cave where a restaurant serves lunch and drinks to the tourists after a five-mile walk through the different caverns. The nearest thing we know next to the caverns is the Crystal cave in Baguio.

The following night found us in Rosewell, then Albuquerque. The first and only flat tire we had during the trip occurred in Gallup, N.M. but fortunately we were very near a service station. So we lost no time in having it fixed and

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vestiges of this self-righteous, sweetness-and-light mode of thinking is proved by the hundreds of couples who come to marital guidance clinics to gain relief from guilty feelings of unworthiness because they quarrel at home. But we are beginning to revise the past saying, "It takes two to make a quarrel and I won't quarrel," to read: "If there's anything between us, let's have it out." Some of the guilt and unworthiness can thus be made to disappear.

The workaday world does not permit the frank expression of emotions which exist in every normal person—vanity, jealousy, resentment and selfish ambition, feelings just as natural as tenderness and love. The individual must control his annoyances; if he flies off the handle at his boss he may lose his job. There needs to be some place, however, where he can give vent to his annoyances and be himself, and that place seems to be in marriage. If there is a certain amount of quarreling in a marriage, the couple should chalk it down as proof that their marriage is performing one of its main functions—providing a place to let off steam and re-establish

HAVE A GOOD MARITAL SPAT

(Continued from page 17)

emotional balance. If a marriage is so fragile that it must be maintained by the kind of artificial manners common in an office force, it is pretty precariously based.

Though much of the conflict in marriage is normal and desirable, we must still distinguish between productive and destructive conflict. Productive quarrels make marriage stronger through a re-definition of the situation causing the conflict. They are directed at an issue, and lead to a new and more complete understanding. Ideally, they tend to become fewer and less violent as the marriage progresses and basic solutions to problems are established.

Productive quarrels reveal to the married couple how strong their relationship really is. Some men and women, deluded by the romantic notion that love must have left when monotony comes in, are surprised at the force of

the love emotions which arise as a result of a quarrel. Quarreling thus helps to stabilize the marriage by reminding the couple, as they make up, of the depth of their love.

Destructive quarrels, however, leave fewer assets in the relationship than it had before. They are directed not at an issue but at the person. Concentrated on the other's ego, they belittle and punish. Destructive quarrels lead to alienation; they turn love into hate, for they become progressively more severe.

In a quarrel, the marital sparring partner who plays the defendant role has a special responsibility. If the irritability of the aggressor seems due to sickness, fatigue, pregnancy or menstrual blues, the situation may call for listening it out, for reassurance and sympathy rather than active opposition. The person who has been emotionally wounded in his workaday contacts may need the same sympathetic understanding. Humiliations and personal defeats may be offset by the understanding and interest of the partner. But the partner needs to be sure of his ground, for there is nothing more infuriating to the person out to pick a fight than failure on the part of the defendant to respond to his aggressions. The need for response is all the keener in the person on an emotional spree.

Quarreling has a pattern, and runs a course which is predictable. In the first stage there is often petulant irritability and jittery nagging on the part of the wife, if she is the aggressor. If the husband is the aggressor the symptoms of tension express themselves in emotionally toned growling, gripping about the sloppy house, the overdone steak, or the bill from the hairdresser. The aggressor is getting ready to take out accumulated frustrations on the partner, who soon begins to fight back.

The second stage is the battle royal itself. It consists of laying the cards on the table, meeting accusation, arguing, cajoling, wise-cracking. This stage may be short, a matter of minutes, or it

may last, in relatively nonviolent form for hours into the night. Settlement may come more easily the next morning, when things look rosier.

Third stage begins as the aggressor recognizes a letup in his inner tensions and makes offers of conciliation and peace. The defendant may by this time have built up tensions himself and may be unwilling to kiss and make up, which may prolong the battle. But in the end both are once more relaxed and loving companions.

It takes emotional maturity and stamina to carry through the three stages successfully. But an open quarrel, especially in its third stage, brings release of tension and a glorious feeling that the world is right and marriage is swell.

buying a new one for spare. The car dealer was very nice to us and upon hearing of our plight he very quickly got us the tire we needed. With the new tire we confidently drove along the Holbrook, Arizona in order to see the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest the next day. Looking at the Painted Desert was like looking at a mirage. Such varying hues of color! At the Petrified Forest Lodge where we bought souvenirs, the shop owner was very eager to hear about the Philippines. His son was at the time doing overseas duty in Manila.

Going to Grand Canyon was the hardest part of the trip. We were only half way going up the mountain (over 7,000 ft.) when it began to snow. Jenny drove on, there was no sense in stopping now and besides we were bent on seeing the famous Grand Canyon. Praying and plodding on despite our icy windshield, we reached the Grand Canyon Lodge. The hotel clerk, a former pilot in the 8th Army Air Corps serving in the Philippines was most cooperative. Again the conversation centered

about the Philippines. Next day was a beautiful day which helped give a most spectacular view to the canyons. Fred Harvey's restaurant proved once worthy of its name. After lunch we drove down the mountain, stopped for the night at Prescott and that afternoon arrived at Phoenix, Arizona. Just like the rest of the vacation spots, accommodations were nil. We finally found rooms at the Travelers Hotel for just one night. Next day we moved to Greenway Terrace where we were allowed to stay for two days. We met Filipino friends who lost no time in making us feel at home and made our visit enjoyable.

Our next stop was Riverside, California. First chance we got, we visited the Mission Inn Hotel which is an odd combination of hotels, museums, and churches. That night we called up Mrs. Pilar Lim, Jenny's aunt to announce that we were at last arriving in Los Angeles. After a whole week's visit with the hospitable Lims, we started out again for San Francisco where, with the Sulits, I spent the remaining days while waiting for my boat.

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Dear Editor:

I am very glad to know that we have a magazine in the Philippines in which the Filipina is featured in all her glory. I was fortunate to get a copy of the *Woman's Home Journal* here in the States recently. I enjoyed reading it, to say the least. I would like to subscribe to your magazine. Could you furnish me with particulars?

I admire very much the fashion double-spread wherein you featured Miss Pepita Eranza. She is a Filipina to be proud of. If she does not mind, would it be too much to ask permission to correspond with her?

ROBERTO L. MILANA
(U.S.S. Catoctin A.G.C.—
5)
16th Fleet
c/o F.P.O. Norfolk, Virginia

Dear Editor:

As an enthusiastic follower of *Woman's Home Journal*—the best magazine for women I have come across, and I think children are naturally inseparable from it.

I am sending you a picture of 10-month-old baby Esperanza Batallones, First Prize winner in the

1946 baby contest, which I hope, would be of interest to you and the readers of your journal.

The parent of the child are none other than the distinguished pair of concert artists—Professors Ramon Batallones, violinist, and Cleofe Enage-Batallones, pianist.

The contest was held in connection with the Parents Day celebration, December second, under the auspices of the Tacloban Woman's Club.

CIRILA EDICTO
Tacloban, Leyte

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is good. But how does one go buying it in the newsstands? I have never been able to get myself copies of it on the newsstands or from newsboys. Maybe I always get there when the copies are sold out. Coming all the way to your office is too much trouble for some busy folks. See more copies of your magazine on the stands next issue.

MAXIMO RAMOS
Department of Public
Instruction
Manila

over the trip so hurriedly as if wanting the reader to minimize the credit that should go to two vital Filipino girls who made short work of a 6,000-mile trip over the United States. But for space limitations we could have run all the pictures she took of every nook and cranny they went to. There was one fetching photograph of the oldest school house in America. Vine-covered, the old building could easily pass for an old historic place in the Philippines.

OUR POET C. M. Vega decides to stretch a point this time and

snatched the basket from the crocodile and ran home with it. Having taken care that her neighbor did not see her come home, she stole up quietly into her house. Then she kicked off the bamboo ladder, bolted tight the door, closed the windows, and stopped up every hole in the walls and floor. To make doubly sure that her neighbor was not around, she peeped out again, and seeing no one coming towards her house, she opened the basket.

Out jumped large caterpillars, scorpions, centipedes, and snakes, which were soon swarming all over the house. The cross woman barely saved her life by breaking through the door and jumping off the house. Then she ran away to her neighbor's house shouting:

"You liar! You told me the bamboo would shake off small fish and that the crocodile would catch me large fish. When I went to the bamboo and told it to shake off fish for me, it did not even shake off a bamboo leaf. I went to the crocodile and sang its dirty baby to sleep, and what did I get for my trouble? Large caterpillars and scorpions and centipedes and snakes! Why did you tell me such lies?"

But of course you know that the cross woman got neither small fish nor large fish because of her bad manners.

makes it a short story instead of a poem. The subject matter is poetry itself. The joys of fatherhood may not be sufficient cause for citations come Mothers Day but the father alone knows he needs no accolades. Playing with your offspring at midnight is enough compensation.

COME IN, NEW YEAR is bylined by a pseudonym. A member of the Fourth Estate, he has not yet soured sufficiently to be harmful. Whatever he says about New Year's may sound inane at first glance. Not if you ponder on the relationship of life to New Year, the futility of resolutions, and the rolling in of the years one on top of the other and your inability to do anything about it.

'SEEMS TO ME, a feature we are starting with this issue reveals the musings of a woman with a perspective. On the printed page, over the air waves, she is equally on her own. Read her opinion on many things that matter.

WE tried to play oracle in our fashion pages. We are thinking of fashions as the old year ends and the new year begins. It is more profitable than drawing up New Year's Resolutions. Happy New Year.

—P.T.G.

THE TWO WOMEN AND THE CROCODILE

(Continued from page 29)

dile in her grass cradle, the old woman asked:

"Is this dirty and noisy thing your baby?"

"This is my baby," replied the crocodile.

"All right, go and catch for me and I shall try to sing it to sleep," said the old woman.

The mother crocodile went out, but before proceeding to the river to fish, she stopped outside the cave and listened to the old woman's song.

The old woman sang, "Sleep, you dirty and smelly baby of a dirty and smelly mother living in such a dirty and smelly cave! Sleep, sleep or I will beat you flat!"

Hearing this song, the mo-

ther crocodile grated her teeth angrily and beat the water with her powerful tail. She had a mind to return into the cave and eat the woman, but on second thought she went out to fish. Soon she came back with a large basket of thickly woven grass, and when she reached the cave, she said:

"Grandmother, take this home with you. But before opening it, you close your door and windows and stop up all the holes in the walls and floors so that your fish will not run away from you."

"All right, give me my fish, quick, because I cannot stand the smell in your cave," said the cross woman. She

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Coverage of the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL includes the 60,000 members of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines, the Journal being the official organ of this National organization for the past twenty years.

The magazine measures 9" x 12". It has four columns. The printed page measures 8-1/2 x 10-1/2". It has department on foods, shopping and other interesting features.

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This is Mrs. Esther Garcia. Her husband Mr. Garcia is an average family provider. The home where they and their children live which is a nice little affair is wholly paid for and is wholly their own. Their family income is not very much but it is a buying income and enough for her to afford most of the necessities and the conveniences of a good home. Mrs. Garcia typifies the average reader of the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL.

Mrs. Garcia and the thousands like her compose the choicest portion of the Philippine market of women consumers. Her home is like the thousands of other Filipino homes where living standard compare favorably with the average American family. Mrs. Garcia has her own particular grocer, makes appointment with her hair dresser and she knows what special values she can get from her local department stores.

Like the average American housewife, Mrs. Garcia buys the needs of her home and her children. Sometimes she too even chooses the color of her husband's ties and shirts. She influences the buying moods of her neighbors and friends. Her daughters share her taste on the things for herself and they have a common brand of toilet articles.

Mrs. Garcia and the thousands like her compose a buying group which is the biggest and most consistent consumer of American goods in the Philippines. This group comprises the territory covered by the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL.

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