

Woman's
HOME
JOURNAL



JULY, 1946
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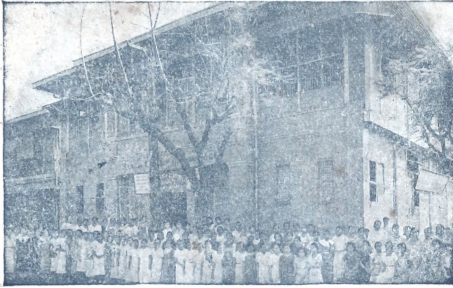


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July 1946

W o m a n ' s Home Journal

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

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Vol. XVII, No. 9

July, 1946

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This Month's Issue

THE MESSAGE of the President of the Philippines to the *Woman's Home Journal* came under rather special circumstances. We had hardly thought of it when it came like manna, thanks to the gracious offices of Press Secretary Modesto Farolan. In its wake came the permission to reprint in full the First Lady's first public address. Incidentally, His Excellency's message is, in a way, a definition of his stand on the role of women—an issue on which he has often been misquoted with dire results. Before the election, this topic afforded the women much cud to chew. The Journal takes pride in recording faithfully this opinion as it comes verbatim from Malacañan.

CALL TO ACTION is the clarion sounded by Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda, President of the National Federation of Woman's Clubs to the clubwomen all over the Philippines. Her message gains sparkling vigor with knowing her better. Symbol of Women's Activities (p.29)

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Call to Action

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS is one of the organizations which suffered most from the war. Still staggering under the impact of its loss, it is exerting every effort to make a fresh start, to rebuild something out of nothing except the cheerful courage and determination of its members who have a legitimate pride in the uninterrupted record of twenty-five years service to the country by this organization.

Records and equipment it has none for they were all burned and destroyed. Its spacious club-house was razed to the ground and only the empty piece of land on which it stood remains as a mute testimony of the once bustling center of women's activities in the Philippines. What little money there was in the treasury was spent during the occupation for the succor and relief of war prisoners and internees, war widows and orphans.

Yet all this physical loss is nothing compared to our greater loss in the death of our former president, Mrs. Josefa Llanes Escoda, than whom a braver and nobler woman our organization has yet to know. The deeds of unselfish daring and bravery which she and her handful of volunteers performed during the war, from the time the enemy entered our land till the day she was taken prisoner by the military authorities, constitute a golden page in the annals of the Federation. So universal is the recognition of her work that the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America with which our organization is affiliated, upon learning of our decision to rebuild our club-house as a fitting memorial in her honor, promptly included this project in its outline of activities for the coming year.

The example given by Mrs. Escoda should inspire all of us to try our utmost in rebuilding the organization under whose banner she identified herself and her activities so that it will not only be the biggest woman's organization in the Philippines but also the true exponent of Filipino womanhood. For the present, due to our lack of funds, we have to make the best out of a precarious situation by limiting our activities to those that will be helpful in our post-war needs and yet will not necessitate a big outlay of money. We are aware of the many things that we can do and should do, but unless we rehabilitate our own clubs first, there will not be much that we can accomplish.

There are today more than six hundred woman's clubs with an aggregate membership of approximately 600,000 women, all over the Philippines. This formidable group, representing the best women in every community, should provide us with an inexhaustible source for leadership in every thing that vitally concerns the welfare of women and children, the home and our flag.

Thru the pages of this post-liberation issue of the Woman's Home Journal, a clarion call is sounded to all the members of the Federation to reactivate their clubs and get them started in their program of activities immediately. Time is precious; none of us can afford to shut herself up in an Ivory Tower like the princesses of old, nor to sit unconcernedly on a high horse and relegate the task to only a few when there is work for all of us to do.

Our country has as much need for our services, today, if not more, as in yester years. Now that we are a member of the confederation of free nations, thru the noble gesture of the United States of America, we should take cognizant of the new duties and obligations, the new sacrifices and resolution, which each and every one of us is expected to fulfill if we are to survive our new role. Knowing the unlimited resources and resourcefulness of our people when they have their backs turned to the wall, let us keep faith that the future will merge harmoniously with our glorious past.

TRINIDAD FERNANDEZ LEGARDA
President, National Federation of
Women's Clubs



His Excellency Manuel Roxas shown taking his oath of office as President of the Philippines on May 28, 1946, flanked by his mother and wife.



From The PRESIDENT To The WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL

MALACANAN PALACE
Manila

I am glad to see the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL revived. I take it as a significant sign that we are at work on the road to recovery. I believe in the Filipino woman and the very important role she plays in our national life and economy. Without unnecessarily encroaching in the fields where men have always been active and useful, the Filipino woman can carry on with the work assigned her by her nature and destiny. Her positive effort in the performance of family duties and civic responsibilities can facilitate the restoration of a stable and progressive order which alone can release our creative energies and fulfill our highest possibilities as a Christian and democratic community.

MANUEL ROXAS
President of the Philippines

Manila, June 14, 1946.

From The First Lady to The Women



The First Lady, with Mrs. McNutt beside her, is shown delivering her first public address to the women.

Dear Ladies:

I WOULD rather face a den of lions than make a speech. Ordinarily my husband and I have an agreement on this point. He makes the speech in public and I make them in the privacy of our home.

HOWEVER, I feel that this is an exceptional occasion, and I know of no more worthy group to test my courage than this one. This is a group which specializes in courage... not that courage to make speeches, but the courage to do things, noble and brave things.

The accomplishments of the Volunteer Social Aid Committee during the war and the liberation are accomplishments to make every Filipino citizen proud, and to make every person associated in any way with this organization glad and happy in that distinction.

YOU have rendered your country a great service. It will not be forgotten. The part you have played is a story which will be told by mothers to their daughters for generations to come. You have erected a new standard of courage and self-sacrifice for all Philippine womanhood.

BUT you cannot rest on the accomplishments of the past. The past is history and should be remembered, but the future is now, and calls for action. In every direction we turn there are things to be done. The Government has its own great responsibilities... the major responsibilities for rehabilitation and reconstruction. But we women, members of the volunteer organizations and groups, must not wait for a government bureau or a commission to take the lead. There are a hundred things to be done which no government bureau or a collection of bureaus can even begin to do.

THERE are individual cases needed. There are shocking conditions of inadequate housing and hunger in our own back yards. We must do what we can to help on an individual as well as on a group level. And that is not yet all.

We can help to keep high the morale of those who are and will be working so hard to save our country and insure its future greatness. We can help in so many different ways in activities, such as those which have been carried on by this organization in the past.

YOU have just begun your work. You have just started with what there is to be done. I hope this organization will continue in the inspiring leadership among the women of the Philippines that have characterized it to date.

LET us continue to be a proud boast to say, "I am a VSAC girl." All honor to you. For my small part. I am ready to help in whatever way I can.

THERE was a famous actor who used to close his performance much as I am going to close mine:

My husband thanks you, my children thank you, and I thank you.

TRINIDAD ROXAS

The WOMEN Sound Off On INDEPENDENCE

INDEPENDENCE, like a warm, soothing, all-protective blanket now clothes the Filipino nation. If, over the countless years when freedom was still a bird in the bush, there was a time when the better angels of our nature played truant and allowed some of us false prudence to toy with the idea of re-examination, that phase now belongs to a dim, dead past.

The women, too, may have had their share of doubts and apprehensions, of ifs and buts—of cynical indifference, even—doubtless born of the seeming futility of the struggle, but that swift interlude of indecision, of not knowing what to want, has likewise long since been discharged from the memory.

After Bataan, after the nightmare of enemy occupation, after the holocaust of liberation, nothing else remains that the Filipino woman feels she is not ready to face. The women of the land are resolved "to dare and endure" anything that comes under the price of freedom. The phrase is not trite. It can not be hollow, no, not to a citizen of this favored land. Not to the Filipino who feels the meaning of Independence in the tightening of his throat, in the heavy pounding in his breast as he essays to shout "Long Live the Philippines".

How game are the women? Read the following symposium. The staff pounded their shoes thin ferreting out opinions from the women when they least expected it. Spontaneous verbosity plagued the desk each time our reporter came from her rounds. The women are full of plans. The women will know what to do with Independence.

FLORENCIA BERNARDINO, MARKET VENDOR

The good things that independence can bring us are not complete unless we Filipinos have the full control of our retail trade. Everybody knows that previous to the last world war the local retail trade was in the hands of foreign merchants. Practically all commodities for home consumption were in the hands of the Chinese merchants; and now with the passage of the Bell Bill, and in the event that it is accepted by the Filipino people, I am sure that not only the retail trade but also the wholesale will be in foreign hands. I shall pray that we be given a chance to compete in at least the local market with the government helping us and encouraging our industrialists and big merchants to compete with foreigners. To tell the truth we are planning a thorough campaign for a fair competition after we are given our independence. We shall try to prove to the world that we have been benefited by the many experiences in the past.

Another thing is educating the women for wifehood and motherhood. Here in the market-place, we observe how women manage their home by the way they make their purchases. Some of them do not even have the slightest idea on how to tell good food from bad and what foods are cheap but nutritious. Certainly an excessive accumulation of fats does not mean health, but mothers and housewives do not seem to mind the difference. Independence should mean, for one thing a thorough re-orientation of our culture.

MARCIANA VELASCO-MARTINEZ, A RELIGIONIST

I have lived the prime of my life and all those years of my youth were fraught with dreams of freedom. I have heard my folks before me talk of liberty and the pride and the glory that swell out of the big hearts of free men who had known the struggles and the odds that accompany the strife to be independent. I know our people are not unwilling to sacrifice, nay, to give their all for their cherished hope to be free. Our forefathers have lived and died for it. Recently our youth have consecrated their precious blood in the battlefield; and our history is pivoted on the main theme of the

struggle to be free. Independence Day is a holy day for us Filipinos who will be recipient of the blessings of freedom, but it shall be the holiest day for the greatest power of the world because that day will mark not only the symbol but the reality of the best example and the supreme wisdom of the sovereign power in world leadership.

Now let us perpetuate that freedom by coming back to ourselves and struggling to realize that which is the best in us. Let us see to it that the education of youth in the coming days is guided towards self-discovery and putting up a personality that is genuinely true to ourselves. Religion is always the best source of love and wisdom, of truth and justice. Make our youth solid not only in science but also in religion. Let us educate women to live and not feign religion.

NENA SAGUIL, PAINTER

Suffering always characterizes the first few years of an independent life. We all are aware of that fact. We have time and again been reminded of the consequent reign of terror and maybe of continental chaos should the Americans release us from their protection. Well and good! That's a part of the game anyway. We are not afraid to suffer, trained that we were in the darkest part of history when we got the best portions of those heart-rending experiences, thanks to the Japs. We are no longer afraid of hardships.

The great excitement has subsided,—who knows if but temporarily! However, it is not beyond imagination to see now that the coming days will offer new themes, new perspective, and a rich fountain of rare inspiration. I am beginning to dream now of what harmonies shall go with the brush in portraying the free Philippines.

FELISA DE CASTRO, A MOTHER

We are now a free country. I wonder if this freedom would make us any better. I'm not worried about the government. Mr. Roxas will take care of that. My worry now is my child. I could see that my child, after these years of training in the schools, is a confusion of complexes. She is such that I do not really understand what personality she represents. I'm afraid she does not even have a personality at all. By her behaviour I can see that while she attempts at sophistication, she mistakes smartness for finesse and good conduct. While she can converse with a show of thoroughness about the preparation, accurate to the last detail, of the cream of Tartar, or the most elaborate Russian salad with trimmings *a la mode*, she fails at cooking rice to the satisfaction of her father, for the rice is either half-cooked or burned.

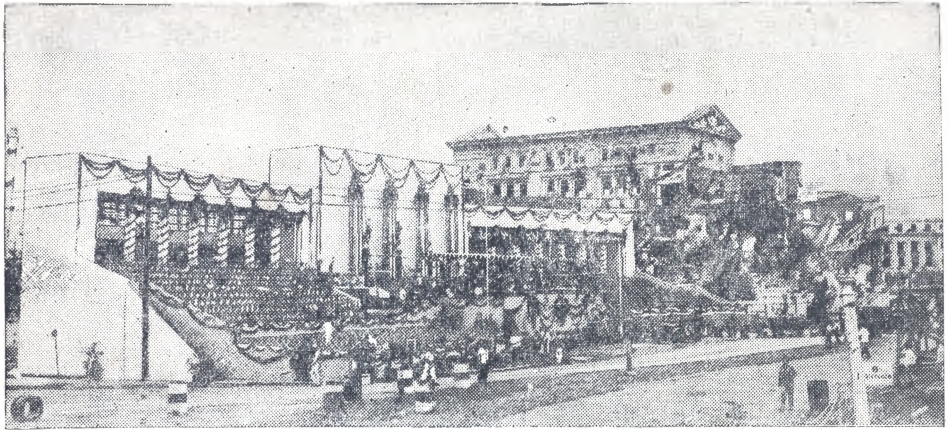
My daughter admires the greatest woman scientist, Madame Curie, but she follows the examples of a Greta Garbo. She loves the classics in music and literature, but she hums the boogie-woogie every time she is in the mood for song, and reads with voracious passion the adventures of a night-club waitress. And while she says she abhors POLITICOS, I think she is falling in love with a soap-box orator who is obviously aiming for a seat in the Philippine Congress.

She reads a lot ever since she went to school, but up to now—she is about to finish college—she does not have any idea truly her own. She would not dare to speak her mind unless it be with the support of a line or two from a book. She is afraid to dare as if she is not entitled to discover the truth.

I hope Independence will give us a much better system of education for women.

LUZ S. AMPIL, BUSINESS WOMAN

I have always thought that we are not as yet ready for independence. But since it is here whether I like it or not, — well,



Grandstands are always symbolic, assuming significance as far-reaching as the event that takes place in them. On this grandstand, Manuel A. Roxas took his oath as the last President of the Commonwealth. On a similar grandstand at the Luneta, he will be sworn in as the first President of the Philippine Republic.

the best way might be to start thinking now how we can be free in the true sense of the word, that is, politically and economically. The country is "flat on its tires", the recent world catastrophe has drained our purse to the bottom. The country's economic possibilities are crippled to such an extent that we shall need the assistance of the United States to recuperate from the effects of devastation brought about by the war.

But any kind of help is not sufficient to carry on a good program of reconstruction and rehabilitation. We need to harness the power and full efforts of economists and business people—men and women—just so reconstruction and rehabilitation of the country could be faster. It goes without saying that pretty soon, under the provisions of the Bell Bill, should it be accepted by our people, the American capital will flood the Philippine market. Then the monopolies. I am wondering how well local businessmen and women can bear the strain of keen competition, or how local businessmen can survive when monopolies have dominated the market.

Obtaining economic stability is much more difficult than getting our political freedom!

ROSARIO CONCEPCION: A TOBACCO-FACTORY WORKER

God bless Independence day! Though I'm afraid it will be a pretty hard time for us women. The children have to be stuffed with good food and our kitchens are lean. We often hear of the glories of freedom, its accompanying satisfaction of man's desires to perpetuate his heritage. The whole thing seems to touch the vainest part of our fancy, but when we come to face realities we find it difficult not to be afraid.

Industrializing our country is a MUST for us. Labor today is TOPS. Provided its rights are protected and the proper party ministers to its needs, its healthy support in whatever is for the best of the country is always available.

I am sure women laborers will march with the times!

AMELIA RIVERA DE ESPIRITU: A CHEMIST

The technical field in the Philippines has long been neglected. There is much room for improvement which calls for our attention. The war has opened our eyes; we have learned to become self-sufficient. It is therefore sad to note that with the present inflow of a great amount of imported goods our energetic chemists and technicians of wartime have lost interest in further improving their products and have thus shifted to the more profitable business of import trading.

With the grant of independence of the Philippines the luxuries we are at present enjoying will surely be curtailed to a great extent. It is therefore high time for our government officials to develop the technical and industrial fields in this country. Researches should be encouraged. Budding scientists should be given a chance to use what they have learned. The N. D. C., National Footwear, NACOCO, and other government-owned corporations should be given greater support not only by the government but also by the people. Let us therefore spend more time in thinking of the many things we could export than of the various things we could import thus preventing the great outflow of our money to foreign countries.

EMMA BENITEZ-ARANETA: SOCIALITE MATRON

After July, 1946, when our men assume the complete and full responsibility of government, the women, too, will take their proportionate share of the burden. I look forward to the women—(retaining their affiliation to their respective organizations) to form themselves into a solid body with the National Council of Women acting as its unifying and centralizing head, act as the "National Conscience" for the Filipino nation.

Presently we are faced with many conflicting and grave problems. True, our men leaders have all the capacity and ability to solve them. But the woman, if given a voice would certainly be able to help smooth out many of these headaches. Woman was created with that sense of fairness, with more heart than head with more finesse and tact that she can tackle some ticklish problems with better results. Not that our men are not equal to the task, but the counsels of a mother have always been invaluable. And so when she comes across these national problems; she deals with the thing not simply as a problem in economics or mathematics but as a problem involving her sons, husbands and fathers; not as a mere issue in politics—a gain in power, maybe, or a loss of it—may, but as a child lost and hungry, crying—in need of food and understanding.

So, I say, that with the progress she has made, the Philippine's advance can not be the dead end. The coming of Independence will mean the nation's more dependence on the Women. They seek not power, nor position nor honor. All they want is to continue playing the role they were created for.... that of being a mother, only now they have taken upon themselves the much bigger family.... a nation of Filipino people.

(Continued on page 25)

The dream alone was a symphony no Beethoven could compose



she tries to pluck them out.

She is getting old. The children she has borne, to whom she had hoped, even when they were forming in her womb, to impart figment of her dreams, those impossible dreams that people her thoughts; these children have grown and now they have dreams of their own, and they will not bother with hers. And they do not find the space in their hearts for a little sympathy, a little *rapport* with which they might nurture this mother's dream, this fantasy that their mother insists on thinking as still possible. They have been untouched by the fire of her ambition. What her soul felt when they were but little movements in her womb, when they were but a nausea in the morning, what the mother soul yearned for, and prayed for, these have not seemed to be able to find a thread dyed with the particular color of that yearning and that wish. So they have dreams of their own and they will not bother with hers.

So when she said to them that she was buying a piano, they all laughed at her, and they twitted her and they told her what she would do with a piano, who would play on it, who would listen to her, who would ever not ridicule her, for what would she do with a piano, when she did not, could not, now, ever play?

She had become more their child than they her children. She could never tell them anything that they seemed to take kindly to. If she complained because her daughters put so much lipstick on their mouths, they would pout at her and laugh at her, and maybe they would kiss her, the light ridiculing kisses of little children who are so wise. But if she put on a dress they did not like, if she tried to do her hair with the mistaken notion that it would please them, they would literally undress her or uncomb her, and make her go back to the utterly simple, old-fashioned ways of which she was so tired, and which they seemed to think was the only way to look, the only way, that is, for a woman with grown children.

And she could not, in this world of bombs and violent deaths, in this time of violent loves, and sudden passions even express an opinion that they did not jump on her and tell her to hush. They were (Continued on page 27)

THERE are dreams we dream, sweet and painful and intense, dreams that in our minds and in our hearts we know may never come true; that we are afraid, though we may never admit the fear, we are afraid that we may never attain. Such a dream did Marta have, and in that dream she played the piano. She would see herself playing, evoking out of a darkly gleam-

ing instrument, music such as mortals seldom hear, symphonies which make angels out of men, and make those angels weep or sing.

But look at Marta's hands. They are gnarled with the years during which she has worked and slaved for a family that she has begotten and who now laugh at her because she dares to dream. In spite of those gnarled hands,

In spite of the fact that she knows nothing, not one single note, not one single song, that she could sing or play on a piano if she had one.

And look at Marta's hair. Among the black, the wavy black, there is the peppering of the silver that has steadily, through the weary years, come and stayed, in spite of the fact that sometimes, squinting at herself in the mirror,

Gallant Lady

By A. P. L.

LOOKING at her that balmy day in August almost two years ago, so serene and composed beside her favorite, old desk at the brown, two story-headquarters of the National Federation of Women's Clubs at San Marcelino, I caught no outward-sign of the welter of thoughts that must have been racing in her mind at that moment. My wife and I had just come from the church in Malate immediately after the baptism of our five-month-old girl Nina, accompanied by Pilut Campos and Betty Wright, two of her five "madrinas." Instinctively, one felt the tenseness in that room but Josefa Llanes Escoda greeted us warmly and gave us one of her engaging smiles that had won her innumerable friends all over the country and abroad, giving us no hint of the dark sorrow in her gallant heart over the uncertain fate of her husband Tony. Somewhere in the dismal vowels of Fort Santiago, the grim bastion of doomed men, Tony Escoda, newspaper man, *bon vivant*, caught by the Nips with General Lim off Mindoro in their desperate and futile attempt to contact General MacArthur in Australia, was toying with death.

I regarded her closely as she talked with her visitors, seemingly untroubled. Then inevitably the conversation verred to the one topic uppermost in the minds of my wife and her companions. With the shadow of danger hovering over her for more than two years, her life was not worth a nickel so to speak on that day. For one fleeting moment I thought I caught a look of utter desolation in her eyes. Then it was gone, as quickly as it had come.

"You must flee, Pepa!" I pleaded with her, joining in their hushed conversation. "Now that they have taken Tony, they will surely go after you, if they have not started doing so. Please go with us to Nagcarlan (my wife's hometown). They won't dream of looking for you there. You must lay low for a while. When this blow is over then you can come back, Pepa, while there is still time."

But she only shook her head and smiled sadly. No, she would stick it out. They wouldn't dare lay

their hands on her. She could not desert Tony at a time when he needed her most. She would move heaven and earth to free him. They would let him out—in a few days. And she could not desert her "charges," the American POWs in Santo Tomas, Los Baños, Cabanatuan, and Bongabon. For more than two years she had haunted and fled from one prison camp to another, ministering to the needs of the Filipino and American prisoners by smuggling in these horror camps precious money, medicines, food, and messages from the outside.

That was on a Friday morning. Three days later, August 27, the grapevine flashed the dreaded news. Josefa Llanes Escoda had been taken in. In choosing to remain in the city, in her hopeless attempt to have Tony freed, she courted incarceration in the dungeon from where few mortals came out alive. In her devotion to her husband and the American prisoners, her long service to humanity was placed under the crucible and she lost.

The fate of Josefa Llanes Escoda and that of her husband was sealed for many bleak months within the dark recesses of Fort Santiago. What had happened to her? Was she killed by her tormentors? Or, was she still alive and suffering the tortures of the damned and the condemned? Her sister Elvira, faithful to her until the end, didn't know the right answer. This younger sister of hers, equally talented and determined, had taken over the reigns of her multifarious work as president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and had done everything possibly human to spring her out of prison.

"It's no use," she declared to me in agony and on the verge of tears when I paid her a visit one day in late November at their quarters at San Marcelino. Only an hour ago the American Eagles had made another devastating raid on military installations in the suburbs of the city.

"They won't do anything for Pepa," Elvira continued, her eyes hollow and her voice almost a sob. "They simply won't listen to me.

On August 27, the grapevine flashed the dreaded news. Josefa Llanes Escoda had been taken in. In choosing to remain in the city, in her hopeless attempt to have Tony freed, she courted incarceration in the dungeon from where few mortals came out alive.

I have seen Aquino and the rest of them. They can't do anything for Pepa. Poor Pepa. Poor Tony. What will I do? O what will I do?"

I tried to reassure her but my voice was weak and flat. My eyes wandered in that room, where three months ago, I asked Josefa Llanes Escoda to escape. I looked at the bookcases standing against the wall. I stood up and regarded, with a growing fascination the unusual contents of the cases. For inside them were not old and dusty books but trophies, war trophies. They were steel helmets, canteens, belts, and other war accessories. On these were inscriptions, many inscriptions, made by some blunt instruments and penned by the hands of men grateful and unforgetting. These war souvenirs were presented to Josefa Llanes Escoda by the Filipino prisoners of war who came out of the hell that was Capas alive partly through her gallant efforts. These invaluable mementoes are gone as that room and the building where in I was at that moment. In the historic Battle of Manila between the liberating American forces and the Japanese forces, this building, one of the many landmarks of the city as it was in this very building that Pilar Hidalgo Lim and Josefa Llanes Escoda laid out the blueprints for the enfranchisement of the Filipino woman, was razed to the ground in that blazing inferno that was the southern end of Manila. But these war relics that were lost in the rubble and debris wrought by the ugly hand of war will live long in my mind because they are the imperishable testimon-



Mrs. Josefa Llanes-Escoda has not died in vain. Today, July 4th, in the tumult and the shouting, she is with us.

onial of prisoners of war who lived through the most diabolical interlude in their life because a woman lent them a helping hand at the cost of her life.

In San Fernando, Pampanga, Josefa Llanes Escoda witnessed part of the "Death March" after the fall of Bataan, the macabre march that was to be eulogized in prose and poem and song. In that memorable meeting with one of the grimmest realities of war was born an inspiration in her that was to make her disregard everything in her desire to keep the spark of life alive in these doomed men.

Back in Manila, in the headquarters of her nation-wide organization, she started the biggest job in her many-faceted life. With the country in confusion and chaos, with thousands of families all over the country uncertain over the fate of their soldier husbands, brothers, and sons, her organization succeeded in obtaining and compiling the names and addresses of thousands of Filipino prisoners in Capas. The brown, two-story edifice at San Marcelino became the clearing house of their nearest kins. The list of prisoners grew longer and longer and the anxious visitors at San Marcelino grew in equal proportion.

Through diverse ways and because of her prestige as a social worker, Josefa Llanes Escoda succeeded in wiggling her way in and out of Capas. And in these numerous and dangerous trips, she managed to bring with her messages from the prisoners to their loved ones. Some of these

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To write up Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda is to write the story of woman's achievements and participation in the task of making this world a better place to live in.

Symbol Of

Women's Activities

NAME ONE woman, one person for that matter, in Manila today who holds in one hand (like a collection of precious nuggets) nine positions all at once—nine positions which are fraught with responsibilities, but which carry no remuneration.

And there is only one answer: Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez Legarda.

It is hard to end the sentence after her name. The chronicler's pen, once aroused, scribbles as if under a spell reeling off the legion of attributes which this favored woman has garnered over a lifetime of active woman participation in the scheme of bettering life and human relationships.

The ideas rush headlong, they create quite a bottleneck, and one does not know where to begin. For it is no easy task to write up a woman who is at once beautiful and brainy and full of achievements to boot. The danger of mixed metaphors is not remote. This scribbler feels it coming now even as the vision of the "Trining" coiffure and her equally exquisite ternos keep elbowing with her commissionership in the Girl Scouts or her presidency in the Manila Symphony Orchestra.

But let the approach be from life. From, say, a Malacañan tea where a fellow guest makes a bee-line for her as she stands by the balustrade regal but friendly, a tea cup held elegantly in one hand. Like a good trouper, and, because she is no hypocrite, she accepts gratefully the compliments on her hairdo, on her terno, or on some rare jewelry or trinket which generally claims her good

taste. Compliments accepted and duly thanked for, she loses no time in paying it back, and ere the tea has begun the fellow guest feels just as tall, just as stately if not just as beautiful and intelligent as she is.

Conversation with Trining Legarda is never just a mere exchange of banalities. From symphony concerts to war brides, to convalescent homes, to rehabilitation and even to running an eating nook—she can wax on felicitously. The weather never gets a Chinaman's chance to get discussed.

Mrs. Legarda is a writer on her own right. The adventures in editing came her way at an era when the Fourth Estate was the men's sole domain. From 1922 to 1926 she was managing editor of the *Woman's Outlook* the then official organ of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. At the same time, she was doing the Soc-

iety pages for the *Manila Times*. The Philippine Herald next solicited her talent to edit the *Woman's Page*. All these to come into the routine of an undergraduate (for young Trining in the years 1918-1924 was still very much a co-ed) is, to be trite, far from ordinary.

Her schooling never had a chance, it seems, to course undisturbed, what with the welter of activities which the feminist movement had brought on. In 1918 she was a contented sophomore student in the Philippine Normal School when the *Woman's Club of Manila* drafted her to take charge of its Provincial Club Extension work which was under the chairmanship of Mrs. E. J. Westerhouse. The Superintendent of the P.N.S. Mr. Franks (later Executive Secretary of the High Commissioner's Office) saw in the bright young student the makings of something bigger than a teacher so he told her, "Would you like to deviate from teaching and embark on a brand-new career? It could be a lifetime job if you like it."

"That was my start in social work," Mrs. Legarda reminisces. "It consisted mainly in organizing women's clubs in the provinces and putting them on a working schedule. We had to make frequent trips to the different provinces including Visayas and Mindanao."

In 1920 the first convention of Women's Clubs was held in Manila under the auspices of the mother club, the Manila Woman's Club. At this convention, it was decided to organize all the existing women's clubs into a federation. The next year saw this federation grow into a full-fledged member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America. For its first secretary, the National Federation in Manila had Trining Fernandez who shouldered both the general and executive aspects of the position.

This she held until 1926 when she had to give it up from pressure of weightier duties.

All the years from 1918 to 1924 the student-social worker-secretary-executive was able to finish the High School course at the U. P. High, and take special courses such as Sociology, English, History in the University of the Philippines.

During this period, too, Mrs. Legarda remembers, "I was on the National Board of Directors of the American Red Cross. From 1923 to 1925 I pinched bit for Mrs. Asuncion Perez who was away, by taking direct charge of the Associated Charities of Manila—all this on top of my duties and obligations with the National Federation of Women's Clubs."

1924 was a banner year for Trining Fernandez, although she refuses to admit it, claiming that the job of being a beauty is a very hard one. On this year the Carnival Queenship was "thrown into her lap" because the then very popular Bachelor's Club just had to have the right queen. "This was an honor," Mrs. Legarda says, "which I have since regretted and at the same time commended. To live up to the reputation of being a Carnival beauty (?) (the question mark is hers) is a hard and difficult job with no let-up. On the other hand, perhaps it was this same difficult role which has given me a healthy interest in clothes and woman's progress in all lines of endeavor."

Close on the heels of her queenship came her marriage to Benito Legarda, of the well-known Legarda family in Manila. The Legardas are a musical clan and Trining found, to her relief, that she's got what it takes to talk shop with her husband and with her newly acquired relatives. As a student in the Normal School, she was closely identified with

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MAN ON STRIKE



STORY BY LORETO PARAS-SULIT

THE men on strike, quietly tense and anxious, had squatted hopefully all afternoon in the churchyard. But as the clock in the San Sebastian spire indicated half-past four, the desultory conjectures on their terms being met that day petered out entirely; the men shifted their positions with nervous, impatient frequency. One of them disengaged himself from a group, stood up stiffly, and shook off the numbness from his legs. He was tall, sparsely-built, of a taciturn, if not almost surly, manner.

He glanced about appraisingly now and then, eyeing that clock up in the spire as if it conditioned his affairs, a faint, ironic smile coming transiently to his lips. It transformed his face for a fleeting moment, revealing an odd engaging quality that surprised the onlooker with the effect of a discovery. He listened to the men voicing common thoughts. Maybe their leaders and the big bosses couldn't come to terms yet, or else one of the boys would have shown up by now. Well, another day for us, again. Not bad, guess I'll sleep

it out all day tomorrow at home to round out a week's vacation and so on and on, but they were half-hearted bandinage and even as the men joked they avoided each other's eyes. These days, laying off from work for a week was not a huge joke.

The moody man on strike with a curt nod to the others as his leave-taking made his departure. One or two comments followed him. Ed is a good sort, said one, and I don't know why I feel he would make a better leader than Reynoso and the others. Another nodded in short assent and contributed the observation: Well, some people are not over-ambitious...

The subject of their remarks was making his way along R.

Hidalgo, he was headed for Quipo with that uneven pace of one who is not quite eager to reach home. But it seemed pointless not to be moving on and so he let himself follow the hurrying crowd, a listless figure mobile in these moments only on momentum. Occasionally the sounds and sights along the street evoked from him his faint, transient smile: the insistent radio voice of a president-aspirant reiterating his platform, expensive looking imported dresses that drew wistful glances from the women, bright varied faces of canned goods, the splash of pictures from magazines athwart doorways, empty-looking dismal restaurants, their lush days of trade over, the long queue lining

There is a tumult keener than labor's woes in
the heart of a man on strike

for *The Phantom* serial at the Zest theatre, and the interminable sight of vehicles end to end, scarcely amove, with which Manila seemed to have been inflated overnight. Hands in his pockets he sauntered with that inner resentment of a man out of work, and the apathetic attitude of one who, for the moment, relinquishes his worries.

Then from one of these wide entrances still to be found among houses even in the most crowded heart of the city emerged a long, blue car beating the passersby to the edge of the street by a split second. Its streamlined, shining body completely blocked progress on the pavement for the vehicle-choked street could not as yet afford ti egress. The sight of the splendid-looking car and the impassive, uniformed chauffeur at the wheel evoked from the man Ed an unwilling thrill of admiration at the impact of its novelty, for the war had put out of circulation these metal love-lies of the rich.

His gaze traveled in swift appraisal of the car and ended in abrupt surprise on the owner as

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Above, Junior Red Cross Adviser Audrey H. Bassett supervises over pupils of Cavite.

The *Philippine* RED CROSS

By R. R. DE LA CRUZ

Right, Knowledge of First Aid is part of Police-men's Course of Study.



Revived shortly after liberation, it now operates twenty-eight chapters throughout the Philippines, promoting a diversified program of humanitarian and educational services.

PARTICIPATING in the gigantic task of rehabilitating a war-torn Philippines, various social and civic agencies have succeeded heroically in resuming their pre-war operations.

Among these is the Philippine Red Cross.

Notwithstanding the handicaps forced upon it by the war (its buildings and equipment were burned; its personnel, limited; other facilities, inadequate), the Philippine Red Cross has risen to assume once more the important position it occupied in the life of the Philippines before the war. Thanks, of course, to its mother organization, the American National Red Cross.

Assisted by American funds and advised by American experts, the

Philippine Red Cross, with a Filipino staff, today serves the people of this country in the traditional Red Cross way,—without regard for color, political affiliation, social standing, or religious creed.

With Manila as its nerve center, the Philippine Red Cross has extended its services to the provinces by establishing Chapter Offices under the charge of competent Chapter Administrators. To date, a total of 28 chapters are in operation, covering Luzon, the Visayas and Mindanao. Several more are expected to open within the next few months.

Predicated on the fact that the Red Cross organization exists as an instrument through which the people may help their less fortunate countrymen, the new Philip-

pine Red Cross encourages volunteer participation in its various activities. Much of what the Red Cross is doing, although planned and directed by professional Red Cross workers, is largely accomplished by volunteers. The extensive educational safety program of the Red Cross, for instance, is promoted with the help of thousands of volunteer first aid, water safety, and accident prevention instructors throughout the Philippines. Chapter Administrators of the Red Cross are assisted by provincial and municipal committees made up of volunteers.

Following closely the structure and operational methods of the American Red Cross, the re-constituted—Philippine Red Cross now operates five important services.

MILITARY WELFARE SERVICE

The Military Welfare Service, the latest to be established, provides assistance to members of the Philippine Army. It was begun in response to a specific request from the Secretary of National Defense. Red Cross representatives are stationed at large Philippine Army hospitals, where they assist enlisted-men and officers in the filling of claims, or in matters pertaining to recreation.

Mrs. A. S. Whelan, American advisor of the Red Cross Military Welfare Service, in discussing the functions of the new department, gave this interesting illustration: "Private Cruz, let us say, a tubercular patient in the 1st General Hospital, who has not seen his

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AFTER A MORNING loud with rustling coconut leaves, and with the blue and foamy sea-water overflowing the banks of the lower reaches of the Wasig, the sandbars off the river's mouth emerged smooth and soft in the waning light of the afternoon sun. Even more quickly than it had set in, the water had rushed back to the sea. It left the river as green as ever, but the coconut trees that stood by the banks were silent: the monsoon wind that had come with the rising tide had died down and no breeze fretted the drooping fronds of the palms.

Then, without any warning whatsoever, something stirred in the quiet stream. The image of the mangrove trees on the water looked foggy as in an old, broken mirror. A kingfisher, with its bright streak of red at its throat, shot from a perch in a mangrove tree overhanging the water and cut the unbroken surface of the stream with one sharp thrust of its bill. For a moment, it capered in the air, and then darted back like a magic arrow into the grove.

Beyond a doubt, something was about to happen. The pulse of the afternoon quickened perceptibly. Then, with a throbbing in the air, a streak of silver burst clear off the mirror of green which by now had begun to shimmer tremulously. Little light from the sinking sun filtered through the thick sieve of mangrove trees.

Then a banca appeared from upstream: Tarang and Tasan, the Troso twins, paddling as fast as they could. Lilay and the albino girl Bukay were also on board and were paddling excitedly with their bare hands. They all came shouting, primitives in their joy.

The Bojol family ran out of their hut to meet them.

"What's happened?" Kikay demanded. "Anybody killed? Anybody dying? Anyone running off with a woman?"

"Nay, thou art a fool, to think so!" the Troso widow exclaimed, in her effusive, affectionate way.

Her manner of speech took Bojol by surprise. "What's happening, Tarang?" he asked the small boy who was panting for breath after having beached the boat.

"Thou, art a fool not to know, Bojol," said Lilay with a laugh.

The "thou" and the "nay" puzzled the man somewhat. He regarded the woman quizzically.

Lilay had stepped out of the

The

Good River

By N. V. M. GONZALES



banca. "Go, borrow a net from Aguacil," she told the twins.

But before she had finished the sentence, Tarang and Tasan had run towards Aguacil's house, shouting at the top of their lungs: "The nets! We may borrow the nets!"

"Why, what has come?" asked Bojol.

"The shrimps?" asked his wife Kikay.

"That diminutive fish called *tabyos*?" asked Bojol.

Lilay had not answered both questions. She had kept on laughing, although at the same time watching the river with rather anxious eyes. "It's not for us to be standing here at this hour of day. It's not for us to talk and talk when there's something to do over at the shallow river's mouth," she said crisply. "Come come all of you!"

"So then, it's not the shrimps," said Bojol, half to himself, for well he knew that you did not catch shrimps off the river's mouth but rather right along the river's muddy edge where your net, if you used a net, was likely to drag dead branches of mangrove trees, or where your hands, if you caught the shrimps with

your hands, were bound to claw at some sharp oyster shells.

"And it wouldn't be the *tabyos* either," said Kikay, "for otherwise you wouldn't have come down this far. The *tabyos* keep upstream—they like it better there—where the water is cool and not so brackish as it's over here."

"Thou art fools to be making speeches," Lilay said, impatiently and with a slight tinge of petulance.

Bojol studied the water for a moment, as though it were a document not unlike his homestead papers. Then, he suddenly, caught on. Perhaps, he had seen the streaks of silver that were scattering now all over the surface of the stream. Perhaps, he had not. But in that one studious look, he remembered Wasig as it had always been: the good provider, the house of plenty.

"Kikay, come," he said. "Let's go." He pulled his wife by the arm.

And Kikay realized in a flash what it was. She shouted, addressing her son Felipe. "Go, run to Aguacil and borrow a net yourself," she said.

But where was Felipe? Where had he gone?

Something was bound to happen, what with the tide so low on the river and silver-coloured fish rushing seaward to spawn...

Well, he had seen the Troso twins and had followed them to Aguacil's house. Kikay presently saw her son, running up Aguacil's yard. There was no doubt in her mind that the boy was himself going to get a net.

His mother called out to him. "Be quick about it," said Kikay. "Running down the beach, Lilay the Troso widow called out to Bojol and his wife. "Be quick as a crow, each of you" she said.

For she meant, of course, the *tigue* fish. It came now in schools that colored the green water silver, and any one could see for himself that a dozen nets could come in handy.

Lilay, with her albino girl in tow, reached the river's mouth. Already, Tarang and his twin Tasan had arrived there with a net from Aguacil's. In a minute, Bojol and his young son Felipe arrived. Kikay came with a basket wherein to put the catch.

"Go, get the sack in the banca," said Lilay to the albino girl Bukay. The later ran back as fast as her small legs could carry her, and her golden hair fell loose down her shoulders.

The *tigue* is a curious fish. The barrio folk ascribe to it one peculiarity; they believe the poor fish have no tongue. What could have happened to it? Did the *tigue*, in a world now lost, play traitor or informer so that its enemies had promptly deprived it of speech, of a tongue?

Now, before the sun had set behind the low shoulder of the mangrove swamps, the whole barrio had run to the river mouth. Men, women, and children had formed a long curved line that extended from one side of river's mouth to the other. It was as though a fish coral made of human bodies, warm in themselves with love, taking the place of bamboo stakes, had been set up. Those with nets covered that portion of the river's mouth where the water was deeper. Over where the men and women and children were, it was no more than knee-deep, the one place where you could squat on the fine sand, and catch with your bare hands the fish that rushed madly to the sea to spawn in the warm shoals off Langawon and Caloocan.

The twins Tarang and Tasan had a net—one of Aguacil's nets, to be sure—but it had come from Pifcong. That is to say, Pifcong,

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Mrs. Irene E. Murphy, field representative of the Philippine War Relief of the U. S., as portrayed by Fernando Amorsolo, one of her favorite painters.

Dependence and Independence

By L. V. REYES

The Philippine War Relief is not so much an agency for mercy as a symbol...an instance of civilization at its best giving its best to civilization.

WHEN, as an appreciative guest, Mrs. Irene E. Murphy left the Philippines in 1935 she did not know that she would be back ten years later to play the role of business-like angel of mercy. She did not dream that war would strike this country at the very roots of its security, reduce its once placid life to a shambles and halt its forward march towards progress.

Now, as field representative of the Philippine War Relief of the U. S., Mrs. Murphy has seen more of the Philippines than she ever saw as guest in Malacañan. By plane, jeep and banca she has ridden to the far-flung outposts which even civilization seems to have left alone, but which famine, no respecter of distance, holds in its grasp. She has seen the misery of a people who lived rather than speak of the meaning of courage. She had seen children foraging like animals, fearful even of the hand which holds out food and clothing. She has seen grown-ups marked for death, staring up at her with the apathetic look of those who have battled with despair. She has seen people rendered mute by suffering, accepting relief as uncomplainingly as they had accepted disaster, no longer capable of a show of appreciation for that which would continue the struggle for existence. And she has been deeply touched by the horrors she had seen, as well as sincerely admiring of the courage which helped a people rise above them.

Active, smiling Mrs. Murphy is not so much the PWR-US executive as a representative of 15,000 women in America who have worked to relieve the war sufferers here. The Philippine War Relief is not so much an agency of mercy as a symbol of the concern and devotion that the war has inspired in the heart of a country thousands of miles away for the plight of a country in the throes of destruction. It is an instance of civilization at its best giving of its best to civilization.

World War II was not half-way through when this volunteer society was organized in anticipation of war's end. Justice Frank Murphy and President Manuel Quezon issued a call to former residents and sympathizers of the Philippines to band themselves together in the worthy task of pre-

paring relief for war-torn Philippines. The response was instantaneous. Illustrious personages as well as simple housewives joined in, bound by just one desire: to be of help in a great undertaking. Money was raised both voluntarily and as part of the national campaign for war funds. A board of directors was set up, with Justice Murphy and President Quezon as president and honorary president, respectively, and with Mrs. Paul V. McNutt, Mrs. Milliard Tydings, Senator Robert Taft, Mr. Charles Green and Mrs. Weldon Jones as the other officers.

Thousands of American women, from Washington to Hawaii, composed sewing circles dedicated to the work of making clothing for the Filipinos who were then waging an economic and psychological battle of their own. Everything that could be done was done

in preparation of that day when the society could at last enter into its real functions.

Just one year after its organization, the society saw its first chance to establish contact with the people it had pledged to help. The first relief to ever reach the Philippines came by military transport to the islands in May, 1945. This was in the form of new, hand-made garments patterned after Filipino designs and sewn in the various sewing circles scattered all over the United States. These garments reached the half-million mark before the year was out.

The beginning of the year 1946 marked the start of a more intensive program of aid by the PWR-US. Mrs. Murphy came to the islands on January 25, and proceeded to organize a local office which can handle the expanding activities of the organization. Acting upon the recommendations made earlier by Mr. Paul V. McNutt, it waged a campaign against disease and famine, two of the most rampant scourges of war. Mobile health units were manned by Filipino crews made up of doctors, nurses and social workers and set into operation. They went to the most remote barrios, unearthing cases of unbelievable suffering and need, giving relief wherever they could. They traveled over bombed roads and bridgeless rivers, over mountain passes and "water hops." They braved obstacles both geographical and social, going wherever suffering called. They dared snipers' fire and headhunters' threats in their ventures of mercy.

"I find it difficult to express my admiration and appreciation for the workers that we have in the PWR," stated Mrs. Murphy. "Ours is a mission of hazards and calls for courage of the same brand as that which Filipinos have shown in the battlefield. One of our doctors has been killed in an accident, five have

been injured, two have been robbed by highway men. Others have suffered minor injuries and extreme discomforts in the pursuit of their duties. I pay my deepest respects to our Philippine staff, which is the most valiant, resilient and productive set of workers one was ever privileged to work with."

There is, at present, only one other American in the staff of the PWR, and he has been a resident of the Philippines for the past 20 years. The others, numbering 130, are doctors, nurses and social workers who boast of long records of service in the USAFFE, the Philippine Red Cross, the Bureau of Health, and other welfare agencies. Almost all of them have come to the PWR impelled by the desire to be of help in the rehabilitation of their country and their people. Their mission has driven them to remote mountain fastnesses, exposed them to the mercies of nature and the elements and tried their courage and patience again and again.

In any of the most remote barrios of the Philippines, a doctor, a nurse, and a social worker sets up a clinic and quietly and steadfastly perform the work which must be done. It is not unusual to find a hundred patients still awaiting treatment by four o'clock in the afternoon, and as the afternoon deepened and the shadows stole over the mountains the PWR workers would go about their task without regard for the lateness of time and the length of the office day. Perhaps, while holding a particularly puny child in his arms a doctor would be reminded of his own daughter hundreds of miles away, and with understandable yearning and thankfulness be happy that she is not the child he now held in his arms. Then he works with the added zest of one more fortunate than his fellowmen, glad to the chance to be part of

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WOMAN'S ROLE

By ASUNCIONA A. PEIREZ

TODAY July 4th, the Philippines becomes independent. She now occupies a seat among the free nations of the world. That place was won for her by men and women who have labored together in peace and in war. We Filipinos have stood well the test of four hundred years of political subjection. Instead of perishing as a race, we have emerged more capable and better prepared for a free political existence. During the long years of preparation for this moment, the Filipino woman has stood by her brother in the home, government offices, in industries, in business, in school and in church. This Independence is as much hers to be proud of, cherish and uphold. The Philippines has not always been a subject nation. Before the West came, the Filipinos were a free people. They ruled over one another in justice and wisdom. The Filipino Woman was supreme in the Home. She enjoyed then as now an essence of political equality with men. She had political rights. In fact, in some of the Islands, she ruled as queen. She was wise and capable as the best of other lands. In the home, she brought up her children in the atmosphere of a culture we remember today with justified pride. The men were strong, just, reliant, hardworking and brave. The women had modesty, courage, patience, industry and wisdom. Together they left a past rich in legends of a simple, joyous and useful living. The long years of political, nay, even cultural subjection came. Western ideas invaded our shores. Political theories, laws, customs, literature and institutions—practically the whole of Western civilization poured in that the West might civilize the East. A weaker people could have perished from the deluge of strange ideas. A less capable one would have been stunned to insensibility. But the Filipinos are neither weak nor incapable. They were as a receptacle accepting with outstretched hand the best and the worst. They learned both with equal facility, for the Filipinos are excellent students.

The task to build a new Philippines is at hand. Out of the traditions of the past and the innovations of the present must be crystallized into a new culture—neither West nor East but distinctly Philippine. It must have all the virtues of the past and be endowed with the democratic ideals of the present. We lack a national language with which to voice our national ideals and feelings; we have yet to develop a music vibrant and alive with our national struggles and hopes. Our Philippine art, worthy of comparison with those of other lands, waits to be enriched. We shall have a vigorous culture rich in essentials.

* Our Political history is at a turning point. Our political ideals and institutions must be so shaped to preserve the principles of democracy. The ideals of brotherhood, equality and liberty for which we fought and died must be upheld. Our laws must be an expression of the People's will and

enacted for the promotion of the common welfare. Their interpretation should be guided with the spirit of understanding and humane justice, adequately flexible to permit that the well-being of man is above the technicalities of the law.

The present economy of the Philippines is far from ideal. Henceforth, we must ever remember in our private as well as national affairs that economy is not just spending. It is creation as well. We need to re-educate our people in the dignity of labor and thrift, to inculcate anew an abhorrence to wasteful and extravagant spending. Only thus can we attain a sound, stable economy. The women must bear in mind that while the Independent Philippines means a nation that is politically free, unless she is economically independent, unless her people are free from fear of want, her political freedom would only be sham.



Mrs. Asuncion Perez, Director of Public Welfare: "...out of the traditions of the past and the innovations of the present must be crystallized a new culture, neither East nor West, but distinctly Philippine." It must have all the virtues of the past and be endowed with the democratic ideals of the present..."

Thus our goal. This independent Philippines will not be the Philippines discovered by Magellan in 1520. It will not be what Spain remembers. Neither will it be the Philippines Rizal died for. Far be it a clever imitation of America. It will be as a child embodying the traits of ancestors of generations past and yet wholly unlike any. It will be singular in that it will both be old and new, native and foreign. Before us the future is obscure. What it will be will depend upon the fortitude and wisdom of the Filipino man and woman of today upon whose shoulder will fall the responsibility of building the new nation.

Half the responsibility of the future is woman's. That Filipino womanhood must be born of the present and of the past to ade-

quately face the future. The ideal Filipino woman of the past is the much glorified Maria Clara. She is modest and beautiful of heart and soul. The home was her kingdom and, however gifted with intelligence she may be, she seldom ventured out of it. She seldom aspired beyond her husband and children. She managed the family income and spent or saved it as she saw fit. She educated her sons to meet the problems of the world, she trained her daughters to be good wives and mothers and sisters. No other woman on earth is more respected and loved, no one more cherished.

The invasion of Western civilization has greatly influenced the Filipino mode of living particularly that of the Filipino woman. She cannot remain unchanged for she must be ready to shoulder added responsibility of not only bringing up a family and making a home but of making concrete contributions in the affairs of the world outside the home. She will be a blend of the Maria Clara and the modern woman. She will keep her innate patience, modesty and industry. She will be frank, sincere, tolerant, and democratic in her ways without losing her dignity and prestige. She will keep making long strides in education, economics, and politics. She will, with her husband, build a home where peace, love, and understanding abide, where children will grow up in fear of the Lord and in the ideals of democracy. She will both be champion and partner to man. There is no turning back for the Filipino woman. She has put her foot forward and must keep onward. The war has shattered her hopes, destroyed her homes, killed her loved ones. It has left her destitute and forlorn. Like women of war-torn countries, she has experienced the extreme of want, the depth of suffering. The war has stripped her of her most cherished possessions. But she still has her courage, hope and faith out of which she must bring together what remains among the ruins of the past in order to lay the spiritual foundation of a new life and a new social order. Whatever doubts we may have had of the capability of the Filipino women has been dispelled by the war. If she has in recent years tried to modernize herself to the detriment of her qualities, she has shown during the war that

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TWO OF THE Season's BRIDES



● EMMA BENITEZ-ARANETA wore a royal bridal gown to her wedding. Above, the camera has caught the queenly coif misted ever so delicately by a whiff of veil that trails unto billows and billows of rich satin skirt. Her bouquet is more bow than flower.

● PACITA ROXAS-SINGSON ENCARNACION had a very quiet wedding. At left, she is seen in the bridal dress which can only be hers. A rare gardenia over her heart, a small cluster of prange blossoms tied to her wrist, and a veil that envelopes her in untold loveliness... This is Ching Roxas through and through.

—Photo by Bob's

NEW *and* FASCINATING



● Three versions of the pañuelo-less terno are here worn by (above left) NORMA ANTONIO in bouffant net; MARITA DIAZ (above) in pink just pepered with sequin stars, a garland of glitter falling from one shoulder to hem; CELINA DIMAYUGA (left) in a pale blue scheme, dark blue sequin leaves fluttering all over her favored side.

—Photo by Bob's

For Beauty's Sake

FOOD FOR FUN AND FITNESS isn't just a play of words. About time you consult your yardstick of daily diet to see how you're doing. You need proteins, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and fats to be healthy and fit and to be beautiful. Your lustrous hair, your gleaming eyes, your beautiful nails, your well-knit *you*—all these you owe to the right foods.

Many think it is smart to say "I don't, I never breakfast!" Especially for the business girl, how does she expect to tear off to work without the necessary fuel to see her through a grinding morning? Lunch, if she does not go home, is bird's food, no less. Then dinner in the evening must usually be huge to make up for the day's fasting. But, do you think our bodies, our stomach approve of this? How about the gastric juices that were ready to digest a normal breakfast and a normal lunch which didn't come, but were not quite prepared for supper with a vengeance?

GOOD GROOMING should be a habit, otherwise you are the girl who is, oh, so smart one day, and oh, so dowdy the very next. The daily beauty ritual shouldn't clip a half hour from your preciously budgeted minutes. A nice film of cold cream (even if you did cream the night before) is always something to wear to your bath. Your bath should be relaxing, tub or no tub. After patting yourself dry, splurge on your favorite cologne (in these season of flies and hot dust motes this is no luxury). Remove cold cream, splash face with cold water, put foundation, rouge, powder and lipstick. Comb out the ringlets you pinned in the night. As you sit down to an unburied breakfast you note that from bed to sports frock is a mere matter of minutes wisely spent. You tarry a moment to check up on your general appearance before you step out to face another day in this brave new world.

If you apply your make-up and arrange your hair after you

have put on your dress, cover your shoulders with a little cape to keep away powder, stray hairs and flakes of dandruff from clinging to your dress. Or if you apply your make-up and arrange your hair before slipping into your dress, then cover your head and face with a scarf or a large handkerchief while you pull your dress on. The scarf prevents your lipstick and powder from soiling the neckline and front of your dress. It also protects your coif. Take this habit to your modiste, when you go for a fitting, she will look up to you more.

THE HAIRNET, visible and invisible, is one of your trusted friends in your well-groomed life. Use the visible to keep your hair trained while you sleep, the invisible to give your coif that every-hair-in-place look. Form the habit of putting the invisible hairnet in a definite receptacle as soon as you remove it, otherwise you'll find, as we have time and again, that this "invisible" gadget can really do a disappearing act.

The betelnut-stained teeth one encounters in rural scenes have their own excuse for being. But

a lipstick-stained teeth is entirely a different story. You insist on fast colors for your dresses, do you exact as much for your lips? Or have you never heard of "lips that run"? Shy away from too-soft lipsticks that smudge especially when you eat. You can't have your lipstick and eat it too.

PERC WESTMORE says: The first step to beauty is honesty. Most women, instead of studying themselves honestly, prefer to see themselves as they looked when they were pinetees. A poor figure or rough beauty edges are obscured in a haze of wishful thinking. Consciously or unconsciously, most women imbue themselves with a near-perfection they do not have, and negligently ignore corrective measures... for instance, make-up is not created to act as a camouflage of skin ills. It is created to enhance and add beauty to good features. In the presence of active eruptions, no make-up other than eye and lip make-up should be used. A cure of the underlying cause must be effected, and for a cure you must consult a doctor...

The Danger Sign — BABY HAS NO APPETITE

If the baby can't eat well, that's a sure sign there's something wrong somewhere. Malnutrition may be, which leads to various forms of children's diseases, principally Infantile Beri-Beri.

Infantile Beri-Beri is a top flight disease responsible for the death of several thousand children every year. Guard against it by giving your baby regular doses of Tiki-Tiki **MANUEL ZAMORA**. It's rich in Vitamin "B" Complex, an element which feeding tests indicate is vitally needed for growth.



Doctors always recommend Tiki-Tiki Manuel Zamora for expectant and nursing mothers and for preventing and curing Infantile Beri-Beri.



FARMACIA MANUEL ZAMORA
928 R. Hidalgo, Manila

Table Talk

Fashion Trivia

DON'T BE IN a hurry to make short work of your canned goods. Holding on to them for the nonce at least is part of the nationwide food conservation and production campaign. The recipe that follows—a new way with salmon and others—is planned against the day when the canned goods must do their bit towards sustaining life in this good old world.

SALMON WITH VEGETABLES

1/2 can salmon	A piece of ginger
Two cloves garlic	A medium-sized onion
Kinchay, minced	A bunch of pechay
Green onions	A medium-sized sayote
1 egg	Lard, patis

Pound the ginger, squeeze a few drops into the salmon, mix. Sauté garlic and half the onion, add salmon, season with patis. Cook until almost dry, add the green onion minced. Beat the egg. Roll a teaspoon of salmon in corn starch and dip in the beaten egg. Set aside. Cook the vegetables thus: sauté garlic, onion, add pechay cut into pieces, minced kinchay, and cubed sayote. Season with patis. Add the salmon balls. Pour two cups of water and boil till done.

SWEET-SOUR STRING BEANS

2 tablespoons butter	1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour	2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup bean liquor	2 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 can string beans

Brown butter well, and flour and brown, then add liquid from can of beans and cook until smooth. Add seasonings, then beans and heat thoroughly.

CANNED CORN WITH BEEF

1 pound ground beef	1 can corn
Salt and pepper	1 cup bread or cracker crumbs
2 eggs, slightly beaten	

Season ground beef with salt and pepper, add corn, crumbs and eggs. Form into cakes; fry like sausage patties in hot fat in frying pan.

TWEN TO ONE YOUR shelf of tinned goods holds a can or two of beets. Twenty to one you don't know what to do with it, except to include it in your salad resolutions. Here's one sure way with beets.

BEEF HASH

1 can diced beets	Salt and pepper
5 potatoes, cooked and chopped	3 tablespoons butter

Wash and drain beets, mix with potatoes. Season and place in frying pan with butter. Add small amount of water if necessary; stir while cooking to prevent sticking. Brown on one side, turn with pancake turner and brown other side.

In the meantime, while waiting for the food shortage to really hit our middle, we can do something about the precious ham and bottled juices still left in the grocery stores. This recipe uses orange juice with ham. Try it.

FRIED HAM, ORANGE SAUCE

6 portions fried ham	2 cups orange juice
2 tablespoons flour	2 oranges sliced
Sliced oranges	

Fry ham and place on hot platter. Add flour to ham fat in pan, brown it lightly. Add orange juice, stir and cook five minutes, or until sauce is thick. Pour sauce around ham, garnish with sliced oranges.

QUICK MEAT STEW

2 cups diced cooked meat	2 tablespoons flour
(beef or pork)	2 tablespoons fat
1 can vegetable soup	

Brown meat in fat, add flour and brown. Add soup and cook until thickened. (Use mushrooms or onion soup)

ACROSS THE Oceans, fashion designers are paying tribute to what they call "the first peaceful summer in five years." They have designed dresses that are gay and "musical." Consider this: Gay bolero, vivid red hue. . . over a dusky dress of smart navy blue cleverly designed with a high neck and no sleeves. . . there is front fullness for the skirt accented by a wide leather belt peppered with glittering stars.

THE WRAP-AROUND tie-on skirt is back in conjunction with the play shorts. The idea is to have a dressy blouse and dressy shorts for gadding about, then when play is done, you tie on your skirt and go to town. Which explains jersey as a play short.

HERE ARE three blouses, all new: (1) cotton in pastel shades with hand applied and hand embroidered leaves hovering around the drawstring neckline (2) A pure silk party blouse with bead accents around the neck, has cap sleeves and button-down back (3) Another pure silk number with an inverted V-design running from the side seams at the waist and pointing to a clever petaled jabot at the throat.

THERE ARE prints that may be hostile in the counter but docile on the back of the right gal. We are speaking of Lourdes Alunan who wore an otherwise distracting jersey print with aplomb to a Malacañan tea. It was plumed and banded with black net.

NYLON EVENING jackets are the latest. Have one in black with fabulous trimming around the edges, like cord loops with glittering centers.

SOMEWHERE IN OUR fashion pages here we have a panuelo-less terno embellished with glittering stars. Now here's a tailored suit that has no business having star embellishments. But it has. And it is called the "celestial suit."

BLUERIBBON BUNNY

LAGOS-VELASQUEZ

SEVEN PESOS A GALLON AT 483 TEJERON, STA. ANA

The advertisement is a two-panel illustration. The top panel shows a woman in a kitchen preparing a meal. On the table are a bowl of fruit, a plate of food, and a large ice cream container. A cartoon bunny is sitting at the table, eating from a bowl. The bottom panel shows the woman standing by a doorway, looking towards the bunny who is still sitting at the table eating from the ice cream container. The text 'BLUERIBBON BUNNY' is prominently displayed at the top, and 'LAGOS-VELASQUEZ' is written below it. At the bottom of the advertisement, it says 'SEVEN PESOS A GALLON AT 483 TEJERON, STA. ANA'.

THE CLUB WOMEN'S

Bulletin Board

TWO FILIPINO nurses, Lts. Gregoria Espinosa and Benilda Castañeda toured Hollywood as guests of the U. S. State Department and the surgeon general's office in Washington. Both served through Bataan and Corregidor campaigns.

CHASTITY BELT. In Atlantic City, a man is out on bail of \$1000 for locking his wife in a chastity belt, fashioned after those used in medieval days.

A TWO-HEADED BABY was born to **Enriqueta Bunag** of Pinalayan, Mindoro. The child lived only for one hour.

FIRST AMERICAN SAINT. Mother **Frances Cabrini** of Chicago was canonized on June 13, thus becoming the first American saint in the Roman Catholic Church.

DECORATED. President **Manuel A. Roxas** was decorated with the Distinguished Service Star and the Distinguished Star with *Awardeado* leaf for valuable military services in Bataan and Corregidor.

LUCKY 13. In Philadelphia there is a lucky policeman, **Jim Nicholas**, by name. He has 13 letters in his name, comes from a family of 13, is attached to the 13th police district, and has worn his present badge No. 13 for the last 13 years.

HIGHEST PAID INDIVIDUAL. **Thomas Leo McCary**, Paramount Pictures director, is ranked as America's highest paid individual, being listed as receiving \$1,113,935 annually. America's highest paid woman is **Carmen Miranda**, salary \$201,458 per annum.

WANT TO LIVE 150 years? Try **Alexander Bogomolats**'s recently discovered life-serum called **ACS**. It is supposed to stretch the normal life span to 150 years.

EXCOMMUNICATED. **Father Ferdinando Tartaglia**, an Italian priest for the Archdiocese of Florence, had been excommunicated for the rest of his life "for spreading false doctrines."

NEW CHIEF JUSTICE. Secretary of the Treasury **Fred Vinson** has been nominated by President **Truman**. He will become the 13th Chief Justice of America's highest tribunal.

—ABROAD—

From the All-India Women's Conference came a letter still addressed to our own Mrs. Escoda. It was a "cordial invitation" to her and other representatives of women's organizations in the Philippines to attend the eighteenth annual sessions in Hyderabad, Sind. The president and chairwoman, **Shimati Kamaladevi**, who sent the letter said that the "ties of friendship between Indian women and those of other countries near us should be strengthened and extended". The letter arrived six months after it was mailed and it was too late to do anything about this invitation. Incidentally, Mrs. Kamaladevi was one of the women submitted by the NFWC to the Committee of Invitations for the inauguration of the Philippine Republic.

Another of the many clubwomen whose first communications were addressed to Mrs. Escoda is Mrs. **Virginia G. McPheeters**, State Extension Secretary of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and currently residing in Goldsboro, North Carolina. Mrs. McPheeters was in the Philippines from March 1922 to the spring of 1924 as Director of Nursing of the Philippine Red Cross and among the Filipino women she remembers are Mrs. **Sofa R. de Veyra**, Mrs. **Francisco Delgado**, **Miss Maria Tinawin**, Mrs. **Genara de Guzman**, Mrs. **Socorro Diaz**, and Mrs. **Enriqueta M. Adriano**. She also mentioned **Dr. Fabella**, when she remembered the child welfare centers established by the women's clubs in cooperation with the Bureau of Public Welfare.

According to Mrs. McPheeters, their National Federation of Women's Clubs has added to its program and objective a plan for "promoting understanding and mutual helpfulness" between the American clubs and Foreign and Territorial Clubs. The North Carolina Federation of which she is State Chairman has chosen the Philippines. We are quoting herewith, part of what Mrs. McPheeters said further, "the relationship of the People of the Philippines and the U.S. has always been cordial but the experience of the war has

drawn us very close. Many of our prisoners of war are indebted for their lives to Filipinos who smuggled food to them at great risk to themselves. And the whole world has been stirred with admiration of the way the Filipino soldiers fought at Bataan". Their clubs will make contributions to a fund to help re-establish the program of social service of the NFWC of the P.I.

The San Francisco City and County Federation of Women's Clubs has likewise extended its hand across the Pacific and promised to assist its sister organization "emerge from four years of inactivity to resume its place in community life." According to Mrs. **Benjamin Warner**, California Federation president, they are going to help their sisters across the sea rebuild their home. This address was in response to an appeal made by Mrs. **Estela R. Sulit** who described the destruction of the NFWC clubhouse. Mrs. Sulit thought of a plan she has to raise some money for us here, which would be a benefit sponsored by the San Francisco NFWC. The Filipino program under Mrs. Sulit's direction would all be free contributions from talented performers.

A significant recognition of the status of our Federation is the inclusion through the recommendation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, of two delegates to represent the NFWC in the proposed conference to be held by the International Assembly of Women in New York next October 12-22.

IN MANILA

Major General **R. Jalandoni**, Chief of Staff of the Philippine Army, commended the work of the NFWC for the "generous aid it extended to the soldiers and their families during the period of their internment in Camp O'Donnell. We quote, "During a time of indescribable physical suffering and moral anguish, the members of the National Federation of Women's Club came to the comfort and assistance of our soldiers, enduring many sacrifices and risking

suspicion and punishment, in order to perform a task of the highest patriotism".

The planting of memorial trees as initiated by the Federation has been received with such interest by everyone, so much so that arrangements are being made to include it in the official program of activities for July 4. Mrs. **Henas**, the committee of one of the NFWC, has been likewise designated to head the committee for the planting ceremonies. The tentative plan is to have the narra tree planted in the plaza in front of the City Hall in the afternoon of July 4.

Slowly, but surely the committee on Nursery classes headed by Mrs. **Benavides** is rehabilitating the classes which constituted one of the main projects of the Federation before the war. Mrs. **Benavides** was likewise appointed to be in charge of preparing the leaflet which will contain a brief history and account of the NFWC activities.

Some of the visitors of the NFWC headquarters were **Miss Mary Wyckoff** of the USO; Mrs. **Maria L. Lopez** of **Moncada, Tarlac**; Mrs. **Francisca A. Herrera** of **Marong, Rizal**; Mrs. **Paz M. Catolico** of **Tuguegarao, Cagayan**; Mrs. **Miguel N. Colorado** of **Mactac, Naujan, Mindoro**; Mrs. **Jabson** of **Pasig, Rizal**; Mrs. **Fresnada Tugade** of **Santo Domingo, Ilocos Sur**; **Miss Felicitas Gonzales** of **Marilao, Bulacan**; **Miss Ines Y. Garcia** of **Santiago, Isabela**; **Madam E. Kollerman**; Mrs. **Elpidia E. Bonanza** of **Cavite City**; Mrs. **Manikad** and Mrs. **Bagawa** of **Santiago, Isabela**; Mrs. **Victoria Romillo** of **Aparri, Cagayan**; Mrs. **Caridad Concepcion**, **Miss Adela Casas**, and **Miss Victoria R. Paguyo**, **Manila**; **Miss Andrea Afliado** of **Pasay, Rizal**; Mrs. **Visitacion R. Juan** of **Laosag, Ilocos Norte**; Mrs. **Felipa Festin** of **Negado** of **Manila**; Mrs. **Paz M. Catolico** of **Tuguegarao, Cagayan**.

IN THE PROVINCES

Leyte—

Through the advice and help of

(Continued on page 28)

ENROLLMENT GOING ON ANY DAY OF THE YEAR.

Lovely Designs and Creations
made
Easy to Learn



AFTER your Harvest, or after you received your Back Pay or after you gained fortune in any manner—
 THINK of the future of your dear children for their Happiness and Prosperity.
 THINK of the School where your children will learn Business trade and Profession for their financial independence and security that will glorify them as long as they live, and
 THINK of the school whose good reputation and trustworthiness is vouchsafed and relied upon with confidence by thousands of happy and grateful parents. AFTER their graduation they will be successful dressmakers, expert beauticians and master tailors or they can establish their own Dress Shops, Beauty Shops and Tailor Shops with steady big income. Be sure to enroll your dear children in the Leading and Famous

DE LUXE FASHION SCHOOL

The Pioneers, The Oldest, The Biggest in the Far East—and the alma-mater of thousands of successful Dressmakers, expert Beauticians and master Tailors all over the Islands. They are our living testimonies. Ours is not a CLAIM nor is it a mere PROPAGANDA—IT'S THE LIVING TRUTH.

DRESSMAKING—HAIR SCIENCE BEAUTY CULTURE & MEN'S TAILORING

Open invitation to all: We cordially invite you and your friends to visit this institution and see for yourself the thousands of students attending their classes. See how we train them in their chosen profession from A to Z orderly. We teach them the easy method in the shortest time to learn but economically. We assure you of the best technical instruction with minimum expense and social justice to all. Enroll at Dasmarinas corner David near People's Bank or at 1424 Azcarraga-Dulungbayan bridge or mail this coupon to De Luxe Fashion School and ask for FREE PROSPECTUS.

Name..... Address.....

Informative • Persuasive • Vital • Complete

SYMBOL OF WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 12)

the musical activities of the school. She was member and soloist of the Mixed Glee Club besides being piano accompanist of the school orchestra.

And so it is that her being the heart and soul of the Manila Symphony Society can not be questioned. A musician on her own right she has the temperament for the job she has undertaken in this line of cultural endeavor. For well nigh 20 years now, that is since 1926 when the late Alexander Lippay first thought of presenting concerts to Manilans, Mrs. Legarda has been part and parcel of this musical world.

She has been able to maintain a balance, though, of her interests. In her own words, "Although since then my activities have been largely in the musical field, I continued to take an active interest as a member in the different women's organizations such as the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the Catholic Wo-

men's League of which I was a member of the Board of Directors for several years, the Associated Charities of Manila of which I was Vice-president up to the time of its dissolution in 1940 and the Y.W.C.A.

The "Asociación Musical de Filipinas" had its turn to be benefited by the genius of this exceptional woman when in 1927 to 1929 Mrs. Legarda became its Vice-President. Then in 1932 when she had her hands full of family, what with a four-year old son and a one-year old baby girl, plus cooking lessons which she was taking at the Cocina Moder-nal Hogar, the newly organized Manila Symphony Society drafted her to be its president. To date she is still President of the Manila Symphony Society.

Of this particular line of endeavor, Mrs. Legarda can be quoted as saying: "The work of the society in presenting symphony concerts regularly every year and making the Filipinos symphony-conscious is now a definite achievement. Before the war, the Manila Symphony Society's work received favorable comment in the pages of *Time*. After the liberation, the concerts which have been held mostly for the Armed Forces (and a few for the civilians) have made the pages of not only *Time*, but also *Life*, *Newsweek*, *Musical America*, *Etude* and practically all the important papers in the United States."

Just before the war when the late Josefa Llanes-Escoda organized the Girl Scouts of the Philippines her first cry for help was directed to Mrs. Legarda again who does not have the word "No" in her vocabulary when service calls. As assigned her, she became Vice-Commissioner of the Advisory Council, a position she holds to this date.

The war years filled many interesting pages in the career of this tireless woman. Her straight-from-the-shoulder resume of this interlude reveals that during the occupation she refrained from public activity. "When in February, 1942, the Japanese propaganda Officer asked me to reorganize the Symphony Orchestra, I found my way out of the dilemma...instead my family exerted its utmost to help the morale of the

people by circulating what we heard over the shortwave. We also had contacts with the underground whose pleas for help we always answered..."

"The fall of Bataan brought with it a problem which we could not overlook. Although I could not go personally to the prison camps, we helped all we could by sending supplies to the war prisoners. When these prisoners were released and a call was issued to rehabilitate them by placing them in Convalescent Homes before they were shipped home, I answered the call and with a committee which I organized in my district (Sampaloc) we were able to open in September 1942, the first Convalescent Home for released war prisoners in Manila, located in Gral. Geronimo St. The government had no funds available, so our committee canvassed our district for all the necessary supplies. From September to December 1942 (four months) all expenses were borne by our committee. We had as many as 200 convalescents in our Home.

"In May, 1943, the Bureau of Public Welfare decided to open the first Home for War Widows and orphans in Manila. My committee, of which I was chairman, was requested to undertake this work.

"When food, soap, clothing and other much needed commodities were almost impossible to secure in the latter part of 1944, I took the responsibility of procuring these and distributing them free to the very indigent families in Sampaloc..."

Came liberation and the Manila Symphony Society of which she is head, once more began its noble work of helping heal souls weary with war. The concert hall has been resounding periodically now that the Symphony's program with the U.S. Armed forces has been eased up.

Barely four months ago when the National Federation of Women's Clubs had its election, Mrs. Legarda was unanimously chosen its president. It seems that there is no escaping her "first love."

Mrs. Legarda's current pre-occupation has to do with the war brides. As chairman of the committee on helping the war brides who are going abroad to join their husbands get their bearings, Mrs. Legarda finds the work interesting "though difficult, since it deals with a problem which has a

racial background."

The latest woman movement is the National Council of Women organized barely a month ago. Its charter members are the presidents of 12 leading women's organizations with headquarters in Manila. The National Council is expected to act as the "National Conscience." With Mrs. Legarda as its president the organization's ability to play this role is not in question.

Before we specify "the collection of precious nuggets" mentioned earlier in this article, let it go on record that this amazing woman is member of two committees for this inauguration of the Philippine Republic, to wit, the Reception Committee and the Entertainment Committee. The nine positions she holds, to date are: President, Manila Symphony Society; President, National Federation of Women's Clubs. President National Council of Women of the Philippines. Vice-Commissioner, Girl Scouts Advisory Council. Member, Board of Directors, Catholic Women's League. Chairman, Committee on Special Home Service for War Brides, P. E. C. Member, Board of Directors, Woman's Club of Manila, Member Board of Directors, Philippine Association of Women Writers. Member, Honorary Board of Editors, Woman's Home Journal.

Major Benito Legarda and Mrs. Legarda have two children, Benito, Jr., age 19 is actually in Washington, D.C., taking courses at Georgetown University, has plans to take up Social Science in the Foreign Service Department... and Carmen, just turned 14 this July, is in second year High School of the Holy Ghost College. Like her mother, she is starting young. She is a member of the Girl Scouts of the Philippines and also of the Legion of Mary.

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★ 880 RIZAL AVENUE

THE WOMEN SOUND OFF ON INDEPENDENCE

(Continued from page 9)

PURA VILLANUEVA-KALAW, FEMINIST

I feel overjoyed and I thank the Almighty for allowing me to live long enough to see the dreams of my forefathers come into reality. The Filipino women have been always, since the early days of Maria Gabriela Silang, co-participants in the fight for the freedom of the Philippines. With the independence of our country they will have more opportunity to serve our people and, like the American women of the West, the Filipino Women will lead her sisters of the East in advancement and progress.

TROPHY OCAMPO, SECRETARY OF THE VSAC

During a forty-odd year transition toward a democratic trend under the guiding hand of our mother America, Filipino women have advanced far in their assumption of responsibility to their country, church, and home. The social and economic obligations of the women of this land will once more be increased as we take our place amongst independent nations of the world.

Our Philippine women well recognize the basic responsibility that women throughout the world have accepted since time began,—the keeping of the home and the raising of the family. But be not misguided by that man-made heresy that a woman's place is at home. If the proper time has arrived for us women to prove to our men that we too play an important role in contributing to the betterment of our government, now is the time. Be the leaders in your community in encouraging anti-famine home gardens. Advocate and observe health rules and regulations, thus preventing epidemics. Initiate the campaign against lawlessness in your district by ameliorating and brightening conditions, thus a better government. And above all, plant the seeds of obedience and respect to your children that these children may come to learn their value. For these are the future generation, these are the future leaders.

NATIVIDAD TEODORO, A TEACHER

At last the star of freedom shall shine on us on July four, this year. After that, what?

I am a teacher hitch-hiking my way along lanes and bypaths heading for the crossroads. I am not weary, for freedom is at hand. Like the coming of the New Year, when I get ready with my resolutions, I confess I have made resolutions, for my guide after Independence. To me the outlook is bright and clear, just like the teacher who sees the silver lining behind every dark cloud. Gladly shall I arise from my cold inertia to which I have given myself the last few years, I shall willingly prod my courage to pursue the confusing detours,—nay, to labour like the miner in pursuit of gold, and from my *catedra* preach the new gospel of practical political economy just so the economic way of life shall be identified with the fibre and finish of each child's education. I shall awaken in the young hearts love of work and the dignity of labour; I shall instill in the pristine minds the beauty of synchronized collaboration in all honest endeavors. I shall always make it a matter of service to direct young eyes towards alert civic-spiritedness, guide those willing hands in the performance of whatever deed is noble and true and kind. Let these words reach young ears; live simply, work honestly, think clearly, respond wholeheartedly to the call of duty and do away with petty vanities.

Women In Their Lives

By E. R. BENAVIDES

Writing about women, somebody once said that in the history of every famous man there has always been a woman whose influence played a major role in his success. This tribute, coming from a man, is very gratifying indeed, especially because history is so full of many such cases.

Abraham Lincoln gave credit for his success in life to his mother, who was really his stepmother, at that. In his romantic youth, the memory of Ann Rutledge gave the Great Emancipator the courage to go on with his law studies.

Many famous composers found inspiration for their music in the women of their dreams. Claire Wieck, wife of Robert Schumann, for example, was the inspiration for the best composition of this musical genius.

Our own Jose Rizal spoke of his mother as the guiding power behind his achievements. He also found inspiration in his writings in his love for Leonor Rivera. Balagtas had his Maria Asuncion Rivera for his muse when he wrote his masterpieces of Tagalog literature. Apolinario Mabini paid a high tribute to his mother in dedicating his book, "La Revolucion Filipina," to her.

Many women, however, have made a name for themselves in their own right. Queen Elizabeth ruled England during the golden age of English literature. It was during her time that freedom of thought and free expression of men's minds were stimulated, resulting in the production of numerous masterpieces of literature.

From our earliest history, Filipino women have occupied an exalted position in their homes. They have engaged in business and participated in the affairs of the community.

In war and in peace the Filipino woman has shown that she can hold her own with the men. During the Revolution, woman played important roles, like feeding the fighting men, as in the case of Tandang Sora; they nursed the sick and the wounded, as in the cases of the wife of Gen. Aguinaldo, Crescencia San Agustin de Santos and Josephine Bracken de Rizal, widow of our national hero; they fought side by side with

men, as in the cases of Agueda Kahabagan and Teresa Magbanua.

Still fresh in our memories is the sacrifice made by our women during the recent war. Josefa Llanes Escoda and her girls of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and the VSAC stand out in the field of supreme self sacrifice and valor. No less important was the contribution made by other women's organizations during the critical period of our history. They led dangerous lives by helping Filipino and American prisoners of war and by boosting the morale of the people.

All over the world the women are holding their own in this man's world. Even those who have recently been emancipated, like the women of Japan, are doing creditably in their respective fields. Gen. MacArthur himself said that the Japanese women are "responding magnificently to the challenge of democracy."

In the United Nations organization, the women are ably represented, by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the late great American president, in her own right a strong advocate of equality among all races in the world. In the UNO there are also other women delegates who are a credit to their nations, like Mrs. Frida Dalen of Norway, Dean Virginia Gildersleeve and Mrs. Esther Brunauer, both also of the United States. Mrs. Brunauer had the distinction of having been the first woman to speak for her country before the United Nations Commission.

Even in the American Hall of Fame, seven women occupy niches along with sixty men for achieving distinction in their lifetime.

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THE GOOD RIVER

(Continued from page 15)

the self-appointed overseer of Aguacil's flourishing house, had authorized them to use the net. "You shouldn't have accepted the net," Lilay chided the twins. "If we should accidentally tear it, Aguacil will be angry. We'll put Piscong into trouble, too." She spoke now with a great air of seriousness, the while she dragged one end of the net, with the twins at the other end, while Bucay the albino lugged the buri sack behind her; and so that she would not feel its weight, she trolled it submerged in water all the while.

And Lilay's concern over the net was not misplaced. The hempen fabric was old, and there was every reason to fear that they would not be able to return it in the same condition Tarang and Tasan had received it.

"Be really careful now," she told the boys. "Don't drag too hard. Let the tigue alone, if off they must jump!"

"Hey, there!" shouted some one in the line of bodies that formed a fish corral. "Don't try to catch all of the fish. Leave a few to us."

"And drive them this way!" said another. "Now, that's being neighborly."

TIA KARDA, the barrio midwife, had not missed the

event. She had come with her niece Maris. And side by side, they squatted in the river bottom, the water reaching up to their breast. Each had a small buri container, now already heavy with catch, attached to the waist with a hempen string.

The fish squirmed about, titillating the women's legs and wriggling in the dark private world of water-drenched bodies.

"We'll have enough fish for weeks," said the young girl Maris thoughtfully. "We'll have enough to cook, enough to roast in the fire for breakfast next morning, enough to dry in the sun and keep for hard times."

"We'll catch all we can," said the woman Tia Karda. And seeing Bojol and Kikay with a net, dragging the water towards the half-moon of the fish coral, the old woman shouted: "Ho, there! That you might have the heart to leave some of the fish for us!"

"Have no fear," Kikay shouted back. "The net is Aguacil's, and it's about the worse there is. It's as holey as a broke sieve!"

The remark was not worded innocently. There had been talk about her having had Aguacil come to her on many a night; now Kikay thought it would do her well to say the trader's name in public with a touch of the bitterest gall.

Kikay dragged the net while her son Felipe followed close behind with a basket, and even as the fish was as plentiful as the pebbles

THREAT TO MORTALITY

WHY SHOULD these night shadows turn
Upon my ceiling so fast, so fast,
As cars—symbols of memory—go past
My city where restless flames burn?

*Restless, fiery flames that seek to betray
What Mary Magdalene has done to me.
Ah, the city of my body is charred gray:
Eloquent with debris, it won't let me be.*

*No human voice is here nor lifting hand;
For my friends, exiled by circumstance,
Know not my agony nor my lone stand—
So here I am, while around me flames dance.*

*Though my weakness they seek to find,
Somehow the flames that on my city burn
Fail to touch my inner room where turn
Symbols of faith, fail to tinge my mind.
Aie, these threats to my frail, mortal shell
Are weak against the strength of my citadel.*

MANUEL A. VIRAY

This is a beautiful world to live in, and you should feel cheated if you have to miss one bit of it. But to live fully, you have to be able to do things easily: work hard, play plenty, and, indeed, meet life's challenge head-on.

—Charm.

QUIZ

1. If you had some sweetbreads would you (a) broil them, (b) spread them with jam, (c) eat them with ice cream.
2. What is napery?
3. In what city is the Alhambra?
4. What month in the year has the longest name?
5. Is a bank which is solvent able to pay its debts?
6. What was Eleanor Roosevelt's family name before her marriage?
7. What is the White Plague?
8. Who is Judy's husband?
9. What is M-day?
10. Benares is the holy city of what country?
11. How often are cloudy days in Hawaii?
12. Distinguish between a megalith and a monolith.
13. By whom was Huey Long assassinated?
14. Who is known as the Father of the League of Nations?
15. Haile Selassie claimed descent from what Biblical characters?
16. What is a sustaining program on the radio?
17. What is the most highly developed animal?
18. What is suffocation by immersion in a liquid called?
19. What implement does Father Time always have with him?
20. What is Wendell Wilkie's middle name?

Answers on p. 29

on the beach, she remembered, to ask the old woman:

"Does it hurt one to stay in the water, if one's heavy with child?" she shouted to Tia Karda, knowing her to be a wise person about such matters. Kikay was in the condition she had just described, and, before all men and God, this was her husband Bojol's and not Aguacil's.

All of a sudden, she became self-conscious about the weight of the new life within her. The river was warm and loving. She knew it would not hurt her to ask and be held long in the wa-

ter's embrace.

But the old woman Tia Karda, bodywise, and with a petulance all her own, now said: "You'll do well to go home soon."

"Oh, no," said Kikay, defiantly. And she was sure she meant it, too. The river loved her with a silent triumph of passion no man can ever attain. "Not till the river grows cold," she said, "—and not till it deserts me," she added to herself.

"Now, that's your affair," Tia Karda shouted back, as though she knew what the other woman had been thinking about.

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THE PIANO

(Continued from page 10)

not cruel, they never at least, it was apparent to her, did the things they did out of other motives except that they did not wish her to be exposed to the ridicule of other people. They would much rather laugh her to death in their own circle than have her smiled at outside of it.

But about the piano she was adamant. For once in her life she allowed herself to say some of the mean things she had been thinking to herself about her children, the daughters and the sons. For the girls looked at her, that laughter in their eyes. And her sons would put an arm around her shoulder and she could almost feel the glances they exchanged with their sisters. They would be, she was sure, telling themselves that she was in one of her moods again.

But it was her money. This was the time when she found that the things she had kept through the years, the useless things, the things that were heavy with sentiment, but had outlived their helpfulness, the things that she could not bear to throw away because it seemed to her they were so much like herself—these things commanded a price now. There were people after all who were in rags and could use the moth eaten; mothball-smelling things she was going to throw away. And there were people too, people with pianos, who had outlived the dream in the nightmare of living, and were willing to sell their pianos away.

At first she was going to bring her children with her on the trips she took to places she had not known existed, on errands to look at pianos advertised for sale. But there was that laughter, that selfishness, yes, selfishness, that they showed. The many things they said. The many goods they counted that they did not have, that they could use so much more, so much better, than a piano.

So she went alone. And she went into houses that were small and dark, but held pianos. And she wept in her heart for them, because she realized what need it must be that would let them part with a thing like a piano, with a thing that sang like a piano could sing. And she would envy them, envy them the long years during which they had had the piano with them, envy them the music they had had, the solace that their piano must have offered.

Wherever she went, she asked

someone to play the piano to her, and in her heart, the heart under the breast hanging flabby from nursing the children who laughed now that they were grown; under the head of hair that was streaked with gray; that heart leaped and sang, that heart met the music with valiant rapture, and she would say to herself, someday, I too shall play like that.

She bought the piano at last. It was a piano she found in a house that was built on stilts. It was in a place where the water in the streets and under the houses was rank and green and stale, and never dried. So the stilts were to keep the house out of the mud. And they were built especially high to keep the piano in beautiful tune.

When she heard it played, she wept. Tears that she quickly wiped away, because she remembered that her daughter would be angry with her if they knew she was so ridiculous. But she wept because the piano was being played by a girl who gnashed her teeth, who turned away while the bar-

gaining over the piano's price was going on. She was a girl with a slight limp, and when she went to the piano to comply with the request to play, she limped and in the woman's sentimental heart, it seemed to her the limp was not only a physical hurt but also a spiritual pain. For she could see the girl's hands tremble as she swept the piano's draperies away, and she saw the love and the agonized affection in the fingers that impassioned over the keys leapt and smashed away.

When she paid for the piano she assured them that when they wished they could buy the piano back. But of course she and the girl knew, between them they knew, between the glances they exchanged, the young eyes hot and angry, the old ones compassionate, they counted as though on an open table the cost of rice, and they saw as if it were a tangible thing, the hunger that men felt everywhere.

She could not play. In all the dreaming, in the wishing, and the yearning, the intensity, the sweet

pain had been intensified, been deepened by the knowledge that she could not play. She hired teachers and please don't smile, but she could not overcome the shyness that possessed her when she tried to school her fingers into the positions necessary and she found that they were too gnarled, that the bones had hardened, that the muscles had grown too set in the ways of the mother who feeds her young and cares for them conscientiously, through the slowly pacing, the relentless mocking gyrating days.

But the piano was there. In her house. When all the children were asleep, when she knew their eyes were safely closed, their lids over the mocking look, she would steal to the piano. She would draw the draperies aside, and steal a gentle hand over the wood so blackly shining. Then she would open the keyboard, and on the ivory keys rest her fingers, in an approximation of the positions her often impatient piano teacher would wish her to assume. And

Chic . . .

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(Continued from page 22)

with her feet on the pedals, she would close her eyes, and rush into that land that time and that world where she was young, and happy and alone in the splendor of the dream realized in dreaming. And in the stillness of that house, no one was alive to the life she lived, in that land peopled by her fantasies, that happy ghost land in which she reigned queen and ruler, music her scepter and her wand. Little mice would squeak in the dusty rafters, and the scurrying of their feet would not disturb her phantoms. A cricket chirping of the centuries he had witnessed in telepathic sleep would add the thread of its chirp to the weave of the music that flicked and flashed and swirled in her dreaming mind.

In but a very short while, her house was burned. And the piano burned with it. There were things they were able to save, but not the piano. When the flames were hottest, and the boys, her sons were lunging out the last of the things they could save, she almost forgot herself, she almost went to them to beg them to drag the piano out. But she remembered, and she kept quiet. And while the bayonets of the Japanese who had burned her house were pointed at her, she surveyed the flames, and watched the walls of the house tumble, and when it reached the piano and she saw the gleaming surface blister first, and then flame into hot avid fire, she turned her face away.

When she looked again, the house was a mass of ashes and tumbled scarred wood, littered with the

skeletons of furniture that had seen her and her children through the life of so many years. And she saw the lyre-shaped skeleton of the piano that she had so loved, and she remembered the little girl with the limp, the eyes that had so hotly shown their fierce love, and once more, she wept, and once more, she wiped her tears away.

But when they started to look about them, and count the few things that they could still call possessions after that great fire, she felt somehow not unhappy. Her children looked at her and she looked back at them, and she saw the grief in their eyes because they had lost so much, so much that they in their unwise wisdom thought would take so long to regain again. But they had not any of them these strangers, these unknowns she had given birth to, they had not lost as much as she had lost. But they were unhappier far than she. Because she had something they never had, something they might never have, because they were such strangers, such a people so unlike to herself, they would never have what she had. Out of all the dreams, the world she dreamed and lost, out of all the things that men yearn for and strive for, out of all the ecstasy that paradise might have held and mortals remember dimly, achingly, in their inner souls, she had had one dream. Answered. Realized. And they would wonder, but she could smile. And someday perhaps she could resume her journey into the vision again.

POEM

*My boy sailed off,
A clean April wind
In the quiet hour of sunrise.*

*O God, I prayed,
Bring him safely back to me.*

*My boy came home,
A creeping mist
Over crossless mounds of earth.*

*Mother, a voice whispered,
He safely sailed me Home.*

—OSCAR DE ZURIGA

Mrs. Hilaria Uy who headed the Relief Mission of the PRRA, the Woman's Club in Villaba was re-organized, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Caridad R. Esmas; Amelia G. Lonborg, Vice President; Mrs. Fructuosa R. Domingo, Secretary; Mrs. Mauricia P. Villamor, Treasurer; Mrs. Nieves V. Pajaron, Mrs. Claudia C. Perez, auditors; Miss Gorgonia Monaque, Miss Milagros Garcia, Miss Dolores Tumanak, Sergeant at Arms; Advisory Board: Mrs. Quirina P. Burgos, Mrs. Emilia M. Ibañez, Mrs. Rosario C. Burgos, Mrs. Filomena Omega, Mrs. Marcelina L. Apilar, Mrs. Leonarda P. Cortes, Mrs. Fe T. Licay; Mrs. Ramona G. Mulet, Miss Esperanza Rubillos, Miss Fe Rubillos, and Miss Apolonia Canares. According to the report of the President, Mrs. Esmas, the Japanese made their last stand in that town and mopping up operations were going on until July of last year. The most urgent need is work animals to rehabilitate the farms most of which are still ideal. Malaria and starvation resulted in high mortality among the inhabitants, and many of the survivors are still undernourished, although the health condition is gradually improving. The first project of the club is to raise funds for the reopening of the puericulture centers.

Mindoro—

The hardships that the community underwent during the past years of the occupation prompted the women of Macatok, Naujan to organize themselves into a Woman's Club. The officers of this new club are: Mrs. Miguela N. Colorado, President; Mrs. Juliana M. Garcia, 1st. Vice President; Mrs. Cayetana Madriaga, 2nd. Vice President; Mrs. Agripina Cauille, Secretary; Mrs. Fernanda Batalla, Sub-secretary; Mrs. Petra Nacino, Treasurer; Board of Directors: Mrs. Maria Nilo, Mrs. Francisca Ballares, Mrs. Trinidad Vidal; Mrs. Aurelia N. Madriaga, Mrs. Simeona E. Alata; Mrs. Carmen N. Colorado, Mrs. Magdalena Roldan, Miss Leila E. Cadau, Miss Francisca T. de la Cruz, and Miss Rosalina Nilo; Mrs. Colorado, the President, was in Manila, lately to find out more information about club projects, specially the Home Nursing. She was referred to Miss Abgelas of

the PRC who arranged with her the details of the project.

La Union—

The members of the Balaoan Woman's Club are very much interested in the projects suggested by Mrs. Legarda in her circulars, specially the food production campaign. The club is likewise helping the puericulture center and deposited recently the sum of four hundred pesos in the Municipal Treasury to help maintain the Center. The Puericulture Center Club is headed by Mrs. Adriana A. Albayalde with Mrs. Geronima Pulmano as Secretary.

The complete list of officers of the Woman's Club is as follows: Mrs. Hipolita Rodriguez Wellborn, President; Mrs. Matilde O. Basconcillo, Vice President; Mrs. Catalina A. Lopez, Secretary; Mrs. Maria G. Oliver, Treasurer; Board of Directors: Mrs. Buena P. Lopez, Mrs. Clara C. Octaviano, Mrs. Paula R. Collado, Mrs. Severa O. Ordinario, Mrs. Emeteria Ordinario, Miss Batilde Turulva, Miss Catalina Castañeda, and Miss Socorro Tadiar.

Rizal—

The officers of the Club of Teesa are: Mrs. Alejandra J. Baltazar, President; Mrs. Aurelia S. Esteban, Vice President; Mrs. Cornelia E. S. Jose, Secretary; Mrs. Eugenia B. Cruz, Treasurer; Mrs. Ceferina A. S. Jose, Assistant Treasurer; Mrs. Simeona C. Francisco, Auditor; Mrs. Engracia T. Cruz, Adviser; Board of Directors: Mrs. Catalina An, Mrs. Maria C. Aquino, Mrs. Leoncia Feliciano, Mrs. Engracia T. Cruz, Mrs. Simeona C. Francisco, Mrs. Eugenia B. Cruz, Mrs. Encarnacion Alejandro, Mrs. Filomena Santiago, Mrs. Maria Esguerra, and Mrs. Maria S. Garsonillas.

Ilocos Norte—

The Sarrao Woman's Club has likewise reported the following officers: Mrs. Melecia A. Patel, President; Mrs. Guillerma P. Zabala, Vice President; Mrs. Guillerma Racela, Secretary; Mrs. Lourdes M. Agcaoil, Sub-secretary; Miss Ana Faculan, Treasurer; Mrs. Mercedes Edralin, Sub-Treasurer; Board of Directors: Mrs. Florencia R. Reyes, Mrs. Rufina G. Legaspi, Mrs. Victoria P. de la Cuesta, Mrs. Micaela Agcaoil, Mrs. Tomasa L. Rivera, Adviser; Mercedes C. Pena.

WOMAN'S ROLE

(Continued from page 17)

she can still be thrifty and simple, patient to bear all sufferings, courageous to stand for her ideals, and above all she still has faith in God and in the ability of her people to build for the future. The new Filipino woman has an important place in laying the spiritual foundation of the Independent Philippines. Because she is a mother, she can fully comprehend and understand the needs of her community. In all our national undertakings therefore, an intelligent Filipino woman has a very important place. She will be needed in education to guide the youth in their groping for knowledge and in moulding their ideas that they will be just and upright. She will be needed in industry to humanize it that there shall be no exploitation of the weaker and less favored. In the law-making bodies, she will introduce reforms and fight for the uplift of the common *tao*. The courts of Justice will need her heart that man be not sacrificed to satisfy the ends of revenge. Business will profit by her experiences in the finances of the home. She will curb the gambling and speculative tendencies of men and advocate an economy based on soundness and stability and honesty. Welfare work is nearest to her

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Broil them. They are meat.
2. Household linen
3. In Granada Spain
4. September
5. Yes
6. Roosevelt
7. Tuberculosis, especially of the lungs
8. Punch
9. The day of mobilization
10. India
11. They are rare. Trade winds blow the clouds to sea.
12. Each is a huge stone or boulder used as a monument, but a megalith is of prehistoric times only.
13. By Dr. Carl Austin Weiss, Jr.
14. Hugh Grotious, a Holland jurist.
15. Solomon and the Queen of sheba.
16. An unsponsored program usually sustained by the station who broadcasts it.
17. Man
18. Drowning
19. A scythe
20. Lewis

heart because the Filipino woman is charity personified. She will out forth her maternal instincts on a suffering humanity and work for the common welfare. For all the tasks ahead, she is well

equipped. Nature has endowed her well. Her past has nurtured in her, virtues which give her fortitude. She is well-educated, better so than her Oriental sisters and as well as her Occidental sisters. She enjoys political, economic and social freedom with no subsequent or consequent loss of prestige. Before this day, except a handful of civic-minded women, the majority are satisfied that their homes are well-kept and their families are healthy and happy. The suffering of the great majority is oblivious to them. It is nothing to them that other mothers' children die with no medical aid or that these children will live to be criminals. The streets may be dirty as long as it is not in front of their yards. There can be squalor, poverty, even indecency as long as it is not in their homes. It is high time she realizes, that every woman is a Filipino woman whose well-being is her well-being, that every child is hers as well as others. She must begin taking interest in her neighbor, not, by destructive interference but by helping to promote the welfare of her who lives next door. That is the Filipino woman of the independent Philippines—modest, industrious, patient, and democratic and wide awake to the problems of her home and of her country.

Such a Filipino woman does exist. We have a score of them who have successfully blended Maria Clara and the modern woman. We have Doña Aurora Quezon who with her queenly bearing and modesty helped a great Filipino leader steer the course of the nation. Doña Tita whose energy inspired President Osmeña through a most trying and critical year. We have the present First Lady of the Land, Doña Trinidad Roxas whose faith in God and tenderness of heart is bound to influence her distinguished husband. There are Mrs. Sofia de Veyra, Dra. Maria Paz Guason, Dra. Encarnacion Alzona, Josefa Jara-Martinez, Flora Ilagan, Paz Mendez, Belen Enrile, Geronima Pesson, Pilar Lim, Josefa Escoda and Pura Castreñe, Doña Pura Villanueva-Kalaw and a group of younger but equally talented women who will silently but surely and definitely lead the way for the building of a great and enduring nation.

THIS MONTH'S JOURNAL

(Continued from page 4)

yields a thumbnail sketch—we say thumbnail, because Mrs. Legarda as the epitome of women's achievements and participation in the task of world betterment, can not be portrayed in one measly, little article. The Symposium (pp. 8-9) took a week to knit together and was the first galley proof to hit the dummy. The women's voices just clamored for priority. Our lone woman Director, Mrs. Perez would not compromise on one stinging paragraph in which to express her feelings. Woman's Role (p. 17) is a conscience that should guide the Filipina after Independence.

Like A.P.L., we, too, have the good fortune to be sole owner of the statement "I met and talked with Mrs. Escoda just a week or so before she was taken in." It was at a tea in Malacañan. She was earnestly talking to Pedro Sabido—worry etched on her face. It was about Tony, we knew. Just before the women broke up that afternoon Mrs. Escoda, overwrought that she was, still was able to give me her clear opinion on what to do with the children who were then having a field day in the streets because they had no accommodations in the schools.

THE PHILIPPINE RED CROSS (p. 14) is one of the social and civic organizations which have picked up from where they left off when the war came. It is once more helping the less fortunate weave life's broken threads. In the coming issues we will read of the activities of the other agencies. Teaming with the Red Cross in this issue is the Philippine War

Relief (*Dependence and Independence* (p. 16). Informative and very enlightening and—not to be gaisnad—soothingly reassuring.

N.V.M. GONZALES, who has made Mindoro his special literary preserve, contributes to our issue *The Good River*, in which once again he captures the color and tempo of the barrio life he loves to chronicle. Estrella Alfon-Rivera has more than nine lives. After a siege of bed-lying she is back, ruddier and plumper than ever, and definitely at her best. Proof: *The Piano* (p. 10). Oscar de Zufiga who has a poem (p. 28) tells us that if *The Piano* were his story he would make the children make a gesture at least of trying to save the piano from the flames. But Estrella's dream is a dream all her own, and, if you ask us, the ending is consistent and couldn't be better. *Man On Strike* is one of Loreto Paras-Sulit's come-back pieces. After reading it, we saw labor's woes in another interesting light. There is a conflict keen and apart from labor issues in the heart of a man on strike. Manuel Viray tried to use a pen name for his poem, but we ruled otherwise. Later on he read and re-read his poem as if he couldn't remember that he wrote it. *Women In Their Lives* by Mrs. Enriqueta Benavides is a very unassuming title for a compact piece on women and how great they are.

THERE IS a school of thought among the women who object vehemently to the pañuelo-less tereno, prototypes of which we publish in our Fashion pages. What school do you belong to?—pig

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GALLANT LADY

(Continued from page 11)

messages were delivered to relatives waiting at San Marcelino, while the rest were entrusted to members of her organization for discreet delivery to the right parties. Needless to say that because of her the fears that hounded many a harrassed family were allayed with the delightful discovery that the soldiers they were pining for or had given up for dead were alive.

With the establishment of "contact" between prisoners and their relatives followed the hazardous task of smuggling in camp money, medicines, and food from relatives and other interested parties. This was a ticklish and thankless job but she did not waver in her self-imposed job.

But the rank and file of prisoners were not the recipient of life-prolonging medicines and money from the outside. They

were the forgotten heroes. But they were not entirely forgotten. Josefa Llanes Escoda saw their plight and understood.

From various agencies and organizations and private citizens she obtained used clothings, medicines, money, worn-out shoes, wooden shoes, and even coconut husks to be used by the prisoners as plates. Then she would make frequent trips to camp and bring with her all these odds and ends that she and a host of others had collected from thoughtful persons. No wonder that her arrival at camp was anticipated by the prisoners much in advance and in the same manner that the hungry earth anticipates the first rain in June.

With the liberation of the Bilipino prisoners, Josefa Llanes Escoda centered her time to helping the American POWs and civilians interned at Santo Tomas, Los Baños, Cabanatuan, and Bongabon. It was a nerve-racking job that brought her nearer and nearer to Fort San-

tiago. For a long time her activities in the camps, which she tried to cloak under the encompassing blanket of universal social work, were closely watched by the Japanese military authorities. In the manner of a vicious cat, they toyed with her as she followed the American POWs from one camp to another. Then they sprung up the lid when her husband Tony fell into their hands, along with General Lim who was to have aided General MacArthur in the latter's liberation plans of the Philippines. They descended upon her one day and whisked her away to the fortress of forgotten men.

Even Elvira had almost given up hope that November day I saw her at San Marcelino. That she was still alive this much Elvira knew thru the grapevine. But would she ever come out of that Bastille alive?

For many dark days and nights I pondered over this unanswerable question. I fled from the city and rejoiced my family in evacuation in Nagcarlan, the "guerrilla" town. My wife, ever apprehensive over the fate of her leader and model, would often voice this question. The bombs and canons and guns grew louder and louder and mingled in one deafening, huge crescendo, but this question continued to haunt those who knew Josefa Llanes Escoda.

Then one day in the house in town where we sought refuge, a familiar visitor dropped in to say hello. The words of the radio commentator were still ringing in my ears that late afternoon. "Manila is the loneliest city on earth," drawled the commentator. "The bloody fighting is still on in the Walled City as the trapped Japs continue to hold on..."

Our visitor was one of the underground leaders in our town. He was wont to drop at our place of afternoons after the usual afternoon short-wave broadcast. On that particular day our talk without much effort drifted to Josefa Llanes Escoda.

"Mrs. Escoda is a saint," said our visitor, Captain Bayhon, a "Death March" and Capas survivor. "I'll never forget what she did for me as long as I live. And I speak not only for myself but for the many others who are alive today because of her."

From a gallant man comes another tribute to this gallant lady and her equally gallant husband.

This eulogy was penned by the Man at Malacañang, President Manuel Acuña Roxas, on May 7, 1946, to Major J. Razon, at that time with the Military Police Command, USAFFE. Wrote the man who was to receive the highest office within the command of his people:

"I know of the highly meritorious relief work done by Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Escoda in the interest of Filipino and American prisoners of war and American and Allied internees. In this patriotic mission which they set for themselves, the Escodas were tireless and without fear. Mr. Escoda is also engaged in valuable intelligence work directly under me and General Vicente Lim. When he was apprehended he was on his way to Samar to arrange for the unification of guerrillas there in compliance with my orders. Mrs. Escoda was arrested soon after her husband and they have never been heard of since."

That Josefa Llanes Escoda is no more of this earth seems to be the verdict. And so with her husband Tony. Sharing the same cell with her in Fort Santiago was Sister M. Trinita, Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters.

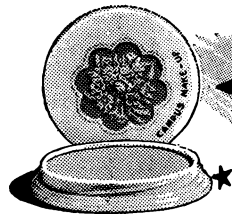
"For about four months, Mrs. Escoda and I shared the same cell in the Military Prison, and I was a witness to her heroism, loyalty and charity under most difficult and trying conditions," wrote this reverend lady. "She often discussed plans for the future, when the war would be over, for her family, the Women's Clubs and Girl Scouts. How joyfully she recalled her years spent in the States studying, and how eagerly she looked forward to the time when her two children could go there to continue their education. I am sure that when the facts of their case become known, many posthumous honors and decorations will be given them. I think the best memorial would be to fulfill the plans regarding the children.

"It is reported that Mr. Escoda died at Bilibid Prison, and Mrs. Escoda was last seen at Fort Santiago on December 21, 1944. It is assumed that she is dead."

This gallant lady is dead but as long as there is one left of the Filipino and American prisoners she helped to live she would not be forgotten. Greater love hath no one than this woman, who gave up her life so that others might live.

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MAN ON STRIKE

(Continued from page 13)

its sole occupant must be; his ease and unconcern in his cushioned corner expressed unassailable possession. He presented a striking picture of the successful man, one felt his success had been gained by the quiet intelligence which glasses accentuated on a subduedly handsome face. The thorough absorption with which he attended to what he was reading seemed to attest to a past absorption responsible for his present state—possession of this beautiful, luxurious car, and his air of authority and well-being. Even the car's non-progress did not cause him to look up—or perhaps he purposely did not, knowing the impudent effect he and his car must have presented.

To the man on the pavement waiting for the car to pass by, it was suddenly a crucial concern that the owner inside the car should not look up. To say he was rooted to the spot where he stood was only the literal truth; he was conscious that he had stilled all movements inward and outward lest the slightest gesture attract the man in the car, cause him to look up to survey this handful of pedestrians blocked by his car and meet briefly the eyes of one of them, a tall, taciturn man dressed in olive drab suit, that showed plainly signs of continuous wear, who would instantly shift his gaze away as though he had looked long enough at this ostentatious car.

The street partly cleared of vehicles and the waiting blue car moved on. The feeling of relief that instantly swept over him following that moment of uncertainty and dread left the man Ed burning with an angry shame and savage resentment.

For he knew that map in the car.

He was Johnny, the "brightest senior in that graduating class then" as all their teachers had claimed. They had been classmates and he had known as all the rest had known that Johnny's brilliance, his charm, his gifts would destine him for nothing else but complete success.

In the years that followed he had often come across Johnny's name in the papers and each

such finding usually marked a milestone in the career of this famous classmate: leader of the youth movement in the university, champion orator, top notcher in the bar exams, city councilor, representative in Congress, president of a government corporation. The sight of Johnny's name in the papers could sometimes cause a twinge of bitter retrospect, followed by a spell of hurting discontent as though unknown to himself he had longed for these and had made no efforts for their attainment.

He knew Johnny would remember him, although they had not belonged to the same section (he had been in section 4). Johnny and he had lived in Malate; they walked home together after classes, after watching spirited tennis matches in the Victoria Gardens. Whenever he came across Johnny's name in the papers the memory of those walks came to him: he, almost always restrained and cautious lest he appear too seeking of this brilliant classmate's esteem. But they managed a manly friendship where none of the successes of one managed to intrude in; they talked of their favorites in tennis, exchanged views about girls, movies, their hobbies, their aversions. In school Johnny belonged to a select coterie, but although they hailed each other when they met, that after-school friendship was not evident.

One afternoon on their way home as they were cutting across the Wallace field, Johnny had asked him abruptly to join the team that would represent their high school in an inter-province forensic meet. Ed turned on him as if he had been struck—the joke was too unfair.

But Johnny's face was earnest and serious. "I don't know why I am asking you," he said, "but I feel in my bones you will make the grade."

Ed had refused shortly without any explanation. That was the last of their walks.

And then graduation parted them; life had her claims, and whims and travesty—at least for one of them...

Now losing his aimless pace he found himself walking at a quite furious speed. The street where it converged into Quezon Avenue was littered with refuse; a grim smile tucked itself into his lips, for the first time came an empty, melancholy pleasure in being a part of men on strike. The city did feel the

effects of the loss of even its humblest laborers, when everybody decided to quit. After all they were a necessary part of this great, tumultuous city, each in his own way—in the harbor, in the factory, in the street—brawns of the city as was not the man in the car. Pitiful consolation which jerked him to an abrupt stop with the milling crowd that waited to cross in the still fierce afternoon sun.

Was Quiapo the heart beat of Manila, with its flux of crowd, its multifarious wares and hawks, its side cafeterias, its endless vehicles, its ceaseless barter and search? Could this be Manila after the war? The surge and the insistence of living the elbowing and crowding and the sharp, hunger of sharp, hungered eyes in old and young—this was a city snatching a new life in a furious pace, clutching at everything that passed by, sparing only the wise and lucky ones. The wise and lucky ones? Perhaps only the hardy and the ruthless.

The sharp whistle of the M.P. struck the air like a stab. The crowds from the opposite banks of the street charged into each other, a sight which evoked sundry comparisons and remarks smiles from the participants from bystanders and variegated themselves. A familiar orange painted bus stopped by the change of traffic signals changed the direction of Ed's destination. He sprinted for it on time; without asking the conductor he knew it was bound for San Francisco del Monte.

The bus was not crowded. He was able to have the end of one seat all to himself, half-turn his back to the rest of the passengers and stare savagely outside and resume his thoughts and feelings. The sharp resentment aroused in him by the car episode had been irresistibly mounting in steady waves. He could not dismiss the incident lightly. It had taken a personal significance for him as he viewed it now as a destined event shaped for him by fate that precise moment. Remembering it only perfected the whole scheme and revived his moment of dread and suspense and its aftermath of shame. If it had been arranged by fate, what purpose was behind it—for he could not now see it as a coincidence unconnected with his life, with himself.

The bus had reached the end

of España, took the turn of Rondada to strike the smooth expanse of the road that could lead to Quezon City or farther down branch out for his suburb. Almost imperceptible one felt tempo of living. If only one could shake off the city at will could be easier. If only he could as easily as this, perhaps life could be easier. If only he could throw off the clutch and hold of this city, his whole being cried out, at once fair and vampirish.

The memory of a lost hometown in the southern provinces arched itself like a beckoning promise, but not even during the trying war years was it able to lure him away from the city.

Now the times were worsening; gradually everyone was realizing it and faced it in bitter revolt after the brief interlude of promising prosperity in the months that followed liberation. But now with everything going up and no immediate prospect of change for the better. He spat a damn! out of the window; never had he known this bus to travel so quickly, nor his thoughts to jumble so in swift, crazy patterns.

The sight of army ambulances stacked to one side of the bridge reminded him that his house was in sight. Under a santol tree just off from the corner where the road that lead to San Francisco del Monte took off from the main avenue was his home, one among a cluster of make-shift dwellings constructed from wood and condemned

galvanized iron salvaged from the Quezon depot dump.

His children, two of them, dirt-happy, shouted *Tatay* to him and ran eagerly to meet him. But something in his manner dampened them; they returned to their play and just passed on the news to their mother inside the house. She appeared briefly at the window—comely but strained and unjoyous. She asked no questions. She was woman enough to divine from his listless gait that the day was no different from yesterday's. Her worry flitted plainly over a face; unconsciously she felt for her middle—how this new child could move so—

and disappeared for the kitchen. The man sat on the stairs of his house, chin propped on his hands and stared vacantly at the army supplies heaped on the other side of the street. He held on as long as he could to these passing moments of the tried existence he knew, the routine, untroubled way of living. He did not know it would happen,

when he would start, or what he could do—but the years now would have to give way to him.

Two men climbing up the road from the avenue waved at him, then turned around and went to him.

"Do you know," one of them said, "the men want to return to their work anytime now? You left too soon; they are willing to receive half of what they have been demanding."

"If we could only hold out a few more days," the other said, "I am sure we could get even a peso raise. But rice is now P2.00 a ganta and we must eat everyday." It was something said everyday, but its repetition could not wear down its truth and harshness.

"The men will hold out as long as we cannot get our demands." The man on the stairs spoke his decision evenly.

"If you can make them," his two companions threw over their shoulders and forgot it immediately. They were wondering if their wives would have extra food for the lunch they would carry to work the next day.

They could not as then foresee from a man's even remark a city lying in the grip of one of its worst and wide spread strikes, when products lay rotting in the harbors and refuse piled the streets and water and light and conveyances deprived from the public and prices soared in a new holiday. That a tall and taciturn man, when he smiled briefly, could make the hundreds of weary men wait as he sauntered from group to group to discuss, to throw an arm over their shoulders, or pull their caps jokingly over their eyes was as far from his dream as it was from theirs. But the men listen as to an insistent voice of courage and wisdom for his face is not a demagogue's, it is one of theirs that they see released from their beings.

His wife in the evenings, staring in the darkness too tired to think of how they would manage again the next day, sometimes turns to him to ask behind unseen tears, "But what has come over you? What are you after?"

He does not answer, for one cannot say in so many words that one is looking for the answer to a faith in spite of the lapse of all these wanton, accusing years...

DEPENDENCE AND INDEPENDENCE

(Continued from page 16)

this machinery of mercy which must spin and spin finely and smoothly. With great patience and solicitude he binds up the wounds of war, contributes to the need for peace, then departs for another outpost as remote and as clamorously needful, hero only to the sufferer who knew his solace more than but fleetingly.

A mobile health unit reaches some 300 persons daily. The entire 15 units, therefore, provide direct personal service to 4,500 persons throughout the Philippines. From the southern tip of Mindanao to the northernmost corner of Luzon, the sick and the helpless are sought out, aided, and given more than just a chance to continue existence. The operating rate of the PWR missions will bring professional service and supplies to about one million persons a year and indirectly affect the health and welfare of communities involving some four million inhabitants.

Independence will not drastically affect the work done by this relief agency. The PWR board of basic intent the "strengthening, directors has ever taken as its bulwarking and extension of the governmental services created by the Philippine people themselves for their own relief and succor in times of distress." Accordingly, the program of the PWR-US is a joint program with the Commonwealth. This, in turn, will work jointly with whatever the Republic may call forth. It has executed working agreements with three governmental services: the Bureau of Health, the Bureau of Public Welfare, and the Philippine Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Staff members of these agencies have been loaned or released to the PWR-US. Likewise, the latter had been entitled to draw on Philippine supplies as though it were a government entity itself.

"Thus, the traditional American intention towards the Philippines has again been expressed by the PWR-US," summarizes Mrs. Murphy, "in its effort to strengthen the Filipino people towards this day, July 4, when they at least become sovereign."



Jovita Fuentes and Serafin Garcia in "Prima Donna."

Vocational Courses

By I. T. YAMSON

Prior to the war, the government authorized schools to give vocational courses for training youth in the arts and trades. Such a training does a great help particularly to a woman whose husband is incapacitated by illness to support his family. For while staying at home she can make a living by supervision and dressmaking.

The genius for art and the aptitudes for craftsmanship are inborn qualities that express themselves better by correct education and training. The artist does not, however, need a high academic

training in the execution of his talents and desire to be an accomplished modiste, or painter, or designer. This I observed as a public school industrial teacher in 1913, as a student in Manhattan trade school, U.S. and as a directress of the Gala Fashion since 1933. An elementary education is enough to allow the student—if she has an inclination for the arts—to understand and pass the course offered.

To my mind, conferring diplomas to a student who has successfully finished a vocational course is only proper.

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THE PHILIPPINE RED CROSS

(Continued from page 14)

family in Cebu for two years. Letters from his wife have not been very frequent recently and he would like to have a first hand report of how the Cruz family is faring. So he goes to the Red Cross representative stationed in his hospital. In her he finds a sympathetic listener as he discusses his personal and family problems. If he wishes, she writes to the Philippine Red Cross Chapter in Cebu, explaining the family problems. If he wishes, she writes to the Philippine Red Cross Chapter in Cebu explaining his family problem. In Cebu, a Red Cross representative calls on Mrs. Cruz and sends back to the 1st General Hospital the details of the health and welfare of all members of the family.

"If Private Cruz wishes to file a claim with the government because of his liability, the Red Cross worker in his hospital will assist him in the preparation of the claims papers.

"If Private Cruz is well enough and if his doctor approves, the Red Cross representative will encourage his interest in the games which she supervises on the wards. He may enjoy cards, checkers, or puzzles. It is the duty of the Military Welfare Service worker to find out what recreation he enjoys most, what he can do in view of his disability, and to help him do it. So, through a program of welfare service, Private Cruz's family problem are alleviated. Through a program of medically approved recreation, Private Cruz finds the hospital ward a more bearable place to stay in..."

Thus, with the help of the Philippine Red Cross, thousands of sick soldiers all over the Philippines are enabled to meet misfortune with a smile, to find solace and comfort amidst lonesomeness and pain.

HOME SERVICE

Another department of the Philippine Red Cross, the Home Service, gives out assistance in various forms. Soldiers desiring furlough, or who wish to file claims for benefits or arrears in pay, veterans of previous wars whose pensions were stopped on account of the war in the Pacific, widows of soldiers who died in combat, family members separated during the confusion of the war, and other persons in need of help, find in the nearest Red Cross representative a ready and willing friend.

Lately, the Home Service Department of the Red Cross has been busy assisting G. I. brides preparatory to their departure for the United States to join their soldier-husbands. Supplementing the military, the Red Cross extends the following services to GI brides prior to their embarkation: consultation on individual problems, group orientation regarding American practices and customs, and provisions for special personal needs while enroute to their new homes.

SAFETY SERVICES

One of the biggest activities in the Philippines this year was sponsored by a department of the Philippine Red Cross, the Safety Service Department. This was the First National Safety School, held at Villa Beach, Iloilo, from May 5 to 21. The first of its kind in the Philippines, the school was patterned after the national aquatic schools conducted annually in the United States by the American Red Cross, and had, for its purpose, the training of volunteer safety instructors in first aid, water safety and accident prevention. The school cost the Red Cross \$16,000 and gave training to 111 outstanding men and women selected from all over the Philippines. These volunteer instructors are now engaged in conducting courses of their own in their respective provinces.

This is only one of the many aspects of safety work promoted by the Red Cross. The Safety Service long-range program involves courses conducted in the various Red Cross chapters by professional instructors from the national headquarters in Manila. Considering the accident hazards that constitute a giant menace today in the Philippines, one has to admit that the Philippine Red Cross, even in this field alone, is performing a signal service...

NURSING SERVICE

Another important feature of present Red Cross operations is the nation-wide home nursing program promoted by the Nursing Service. Thousands of women throughout the archipelago, mostly housewives, have been given instruction by this department in the proper care of the sick at home and in safeguarding the health of family members.

The war has wrought havoc in many Filipino homes, and in majority of the towns in the Philippines, medical assistance is not

readily available. Even in localities where physicians reside, efficient medical treatment is not practical because of the destruction of medical equipment. Home nursing instruction, therefore, is one of the most reliable crutches on which this convalescent country may lean on its way to ultimate recovery.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross program of the re-constituted Red Cross society of the Philippines, has competently taken after the Junior Red Cross in America, furnishing local educators with an effective supplement to the work of the schools in training boys and girls for righteous, participating citizenship through worthwhile purposeful activities. Following three tiresome years of schooling under the Japanese, Filipino school children have found Junior Red Cross a handy means of making their school life more wholesome and more enjoyable, more satisfying and more useful.

A few months ago, the Philippine Junior Red Cross sent out more than 11,000 gift boxes containing school supplies and toilet articles to all division superintendents of schools, with the request that these be distributed among grade one pupils in the barrios. These gift boxes were presented to the Philippine Red Cross by the Junior Red Cross in America, and represented the actual earnings of American boys and girls who wanted to share what they had with their less fortunate brothers and sisters in other lands. In fostering universal brotherhood and world fellowship, therefore, the Philippine Red Cross is giving yet another instance of valuable, worthwhile service.

Aspiring for independent status as a Red Cross national society and as a future member of the International League of Red Cross Societies, the Philippine Red Cross is exercising extreme caution in the disbursement of its funds. Although its equipment and furniture are as far from complete, Red Cross workers—executives as well as employees,—are making the most of what they have, reserving every centavo for more useful projects of service to the people.

In a resolution adopted by its Central Executive Committee early this year, it was stated that the Philippine Red Cross will not "recognize as an obligation so-called back pay for former or currently employed personnel."

Glen A. Whisler, manager of the organization, explained that the Central Executive Committee

does not believe the public would approve of use of funds given to the organization for vital Red Cross work for any purpose except that which will benefit the majority of the people.

"The Philippine Red Cross desires to use the funds at its disposal in ways which will lend maximum strength to an independent Filipino people, and feels that disbursing these funds as back pay would be assistance to a few, at the expense of the many," declared Mr. Whisler, who took over the management of the Philippine Red Cross last January, succeeding C. Leo Wilhelm.

This attitude of the Red Cross towards the back pay policy was hailed as "correct" in many circles, and it is predicted that when the organization goes to the public for the purpose of raising funds, which is not far off, the people will respond wholeheartedly and without stint, as they have done in many instances in the past.

DEFINITIONS

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

Sales resistance: The triumph of mind over matter.

Oratory: The art of making a loud noise seem like a deep thought.

Good manners: The noise you don't make when you're eating soup.

Sense of humor: The quality that makes you roar with laughter at something that would infuriate you if it happened to yourself.

Alimony: The high cost of leaving Brasserie. An invention designed to make a mountain out of a molehill and vice versa.

Lope: One darn thing after another.

Forger: A man who makes a name for himself.

Negligee: What she hopes she'll have on when the house burns down.

Progress: A state of human development where a man pays a laundry for destroying his shirts and collars.

—San Diego Aztec

Work: An unpopular way of making money.

—Ahahee News

Split Second: The interval between the time the light turns green and the man behind you starts blowing his horn.

"Engaged to five boys at once," exclaimed the horrified mother.

"How do you explain such a situation?"

"I don't know," replied the daughter, "unless Cupid shot me with a machine gun instead of an arrow."

—Eastern Teachers Progress

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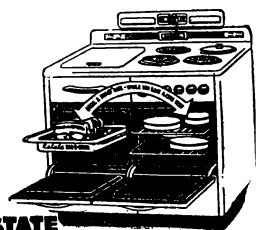
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