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Journal

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MRS. VIRGINIA LLAMAS-ROMULO

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THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

MRS. VIRGINIA LLAMAS-ROMULO adorns our cover this fortnight. As wife of our Permanent Delegate to the UNO, Mrs. Romulo is a pretty busy woman abroad. When she came over with her husband in July to attend the Independence Inauguration, she aroused no little interest and admiration for what everybody called a "metamorphosis" in her. She looked peaked but that only served to enhance her attractiveness. She was bouyant, piquant, alert, everybody noticed. VELUZAL, we think, has captured for The Woman's Home Journal cover that much-admired new look in Mrs. Romulo.

Miss Helen Benitez came home unannounced, her arrival was a surprise even to her family. That her trip abroad was more business than pleasure is not to be gainsaid, as may be revealed by the article "Ambassadress" pp. 4-5. When we went to see her, she received us in the new offices of the new Administration Building of the PWU. This bit of rehabilitation is definitely one of the new things Miss Benitez found upon her return. You see, she left when Manila was still smouldering. Ravaged Manila was a fresh sight she carried in her heart wherever she went in the course of her tour of the United States. She told the American people about this. Thus she ground her axe wherever and whenever she had the chance to do it.

Director Asuncion A. Perez carted a dozen of her lady friends to the Rotary Club Luncheon for "moral support". She told the Rotarians that she didn't feel equal to facing such a forbidding crowd as the Rotary Bigwigs alone. And so, we lined up on both sides of her, dislodging thereby no less a personage than the Rotary President himself (Continued on page 27)

VOL. XVII No. 19

FEBRUARY 15, 1947

Contents

This Fortnight's Issue	3
Ambassadress	4 - 5
Lonely Hurt (Short Story)	6 - 7
Manuel A. Viray	
In Memoriam (Poem)	7.
Greg. A. Estonanto	
Juvenile Delinquency Analyzed	8 - 9
Asuncion A. Perez	
After The Rain	10
Romualdo L. Bondame	
Men and Money	11
Struthers Burt	
They Died For The Red Cross Ideal	12
D. Paulo Dizon	
Anne Guthrie	13
Aurora Zablan	
Friends In America	14
World Populations	15
Club Women's Bulletin Board	16
U. S.-P. I. War Damage Commission	17
Gala Evenings (Fashions)	18-19
Homemakers' Section	20-24
Bobowai and Amomoai (Folklore)	25
Maximo Ramos	
Silhouettes	29
Willie, My Filipino Houseboy	33
Nanette Kutner	

Ambassadors

A Nutshell Resumé Of Miss Helen Benítez' Busy Year Abroad

AN over-all write up of the trip of Miss Helen Benítez abroad which took a year may very properly begin with her memorable meeting with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the late President Roosevelt. Far from being a mere tourist routine, that meeting provides a high point in our woman Educator's catalogue of impressions not so much because Mrs. Roosevelt is Mrs. Roosevelt and meeting her makes history as because one gleans from it a lesson in human relationships.

A hand shake between the great and the not so great can be warmest. Social amenities with these people who ride the world's upper strata can be most genial, clothing the experience, thereby, with a simplicity that is most uplifting. Mrs. Roosevelt's example clearly points, asserts Miss Benítez that the greater a person is, the less fuss and fanfare there is in her dealings with fellow humans. With Miss Benítez, as with hundreds of other people who daily seek audience with the illustrious widow, seeing Mrs. Roosevelt is easier than sitting in a restaurant and ordering in food. Talking to her is the most enjoyable experience.

Appointment was made through the secretary. Miss Benítez on her way up had no room for self-consciousness for, as she stepped out of the elevator, and knocked on the apartment door, there was Mrs. Roosevelt in person waiting to welcome every visitor. No maids hovered about. The living room was just as it should be—comfortable but devoid of unnecessary luxuries. Conversation flowed smoothly and the arrival of other guests made no difference at all. Mrs. Roosevelt naturally asked questions about which occupied the late President's most serious thoughts.

The UNO conferences were a favorite topic with Mrs. Roosevelt. She would go into lengths describing the inner workings of the confab and was not reticent at all about the stumbling blocks one experienced trying to collaborate with the other delegates.

Allice T. McLean was a name Miss Benítez frequently mentioned in her narrative of her experiences abroad. McLean, we gather, typifies woman's activities in the United States today. She is the founder and President of the AWVS (American Women Volunteer Service) a powerful organization of women representing

all parts of America, dedicated to the task of lending succor to those in need and of pledging a hand towards global convalescence. Miss Benítez was invited to speak before the AWVS at a luncheon meeting of the Central Committee. She had to forego the Constellation Flight in order to honor this invitation.

This was only one of the various other invitations to speak which she honored, conscious of her role as a called-for ambassador from the Philippines who has a duty to perform. She could have gone on a lecture tour and this would have meant money, but she had previously mapped out the purpose of her trip and from this she meant not to be distracted. She had set her heart towards doing something for War Relief, for the Veterans, for her school, and for the various organizations in the homeland in which she took an active interest. And this she did.

"The Philippines in Wartime" which included naturally the occupation years, and everything else that followed up to the Battle of Liberation, was a topic the Americans never seemed to tire of hearing. Miss Benítez was guest at forums in which she



Miss Gladys E. Hall (left), Executive Secretary, and Miss Lucille M. Rejshange (right), Educational Director of American Dietetic Association, are here shown with Miss Helen Benítez of the PWU.

answered very capably all questions directed at her about the Philippines. It is heartening, she said, to realize that the average American acknowledges guilty neglect on their part for their ward in the Pacific.

Very evident as an outstanding characteristic of the women's activities in the United States is alertness, awareness to the live issues of the day. "They are very much alive to international repression and are greatly interested in National issues in Congress especially in those issues which directly affect them," says Miss Benítez. "They employ watchdogs who form committees charged with the responsibility of keeping watch on government doings, and opening the eyes of the public to legislation trends.

The women's clubs there have

made it a point to branch out into (1) working women groups, (2) homemakers' circle, (3) dieticians forums, etc. With the women abroad, active participation in civic organizations is a must. Activities in the home and even in the community are no longer enough. They now embrace a wider scope of interest in keeping with the broader, more complicated set-up of things. Whatever it is they do, active interest always characterizes their work.

Laxity in the home shall no longer be allowed to go as is, the women are determined. There is the re-direction trend stressing home or parental education. Consciousness of home responsibility is keen even with career women. Moral education is one of the highlights of post-war educational trends.

Speaking of current educational trends, Miss Benitez predicts great changes for the next ten years. The servicemen returning from the wars and are jamming the schools have upset all traditional system of education. And it is just as well, because as President Hutchins of Chicago University puts it, plans for building army university sites should be good for only 20 years. You outgrow everything after this length of time. Every 20 years there should be a complete over-all change.

Miss Benitez reports that diapers and laundry may now be seen flapping in the wash line in the backyards of America's most exclusive universities. State University of Princeton, Alma Mater of President Woodrow Wilson, is no exception. While this sight may be just another postwar effect, it is equally symbolic of the new blueprint for education which is at hand.

Right now, one of the many, common problems that the schools and universities are facing with the avalanches of GIs who have come home to study, is not so much accommodation as readjust-

ment. Consider battle-scarred, war-weary veterans to whom Okinawa was child's play and the rather silly fraternities and their initiation rites and other "ridiculous make-believes." Naturally there are clashes, and campus life is far from placid.

Quonset huts have been put up for the returning servicemen and their families, hence the long line of wash even in the backyards of the most exclusive universities. While it is true that the housing conditions in America have been worsened by the concentration of the population in the cities—and this of course includes everyone—it is nevertheless a fact that the soldiers who now must get an education have aggravated considerably an already taut situation.

Educators, to meet this immediate onset of problems, have banded into group committees to study specific headaches and draft a general program as an expedient. Dr. Reeves of the University of Chicago, who is the Executive Secretary of the North Central Association of American Universities and Colleges, has his hands full with this project.

Dr. Lynch, educator-in-charge

of wartime educational program has his energies directed towards the perfection of a streamlined system of education to meet the demands of a new world. There is a movement now in the United States among curriculum experts to adopt wartime methods of learning in the schoolrooms. In the Navy, for instance, the visual method is emphasized. In other quarters, things are learned in the brief space of a few weeks. One gets a smattering of Spanish, French or Japanese with lightning speed.

The changes in store for the world's greatest center of learning promise to be atomic. These short-cuts may have been undreamed-of by the bearded sages of our time, and when these radical measures are finally adapted to meet the demands of a new world hungry for learning, the history of education will have reached an all-time high. The changes will not hurt, because, as Miss Benitez puts it, "it will weed out all backlog, discard all deadwood so that the whole refurbished system shall not suffer from any hang-over". Speaking of the complete destruction of the

PWU buildings, Miss Benitez is not being just philosophical when she refers to it as blessing. Starting from scratch has all the advantages. One need not feel chained down to any old thing and this makes attainment of one's goal rapid.

To educational circles and to a populace waiting for some formula for lasting peace, it should be of paramount importance that moral education is now receiving its just due abroad. Religion, no matter what, is being given a chance to help shape up a functional education for a populace that is grateful for a post-war existence.

One school for Catholic action is being run by religious sisters and lay folk combined. They have a course on boy and girl relation, courtship, marriage, etc. Character education is a smooth project in this school.

Very visible, according to Miss Benitez, are the drastic effects on dietetics in America today. There is a bigger demand for rice, which means Americans do eat rice now as they never ate it before. Where before they felt they

(Continued on page 30)



Heading the list of women's organizations in America is the American Women Volunteer Services. This association is particularly anxious to expedite rehabilitation work and war relief especially in the Philippines.

LONELY HURT

By Manuel A. Viray

PROUD ARE THE LONELY, SPECIALLY WHEN THEY
SUFFER FROM A SECRET HURT MORE PAINFUL THAN
ANY MORTAL ILL

FIVE DAYS AFTER Mario left for Patawan, the atmosphere like a solid bank of dark clouds depressed the mind of Antonio. Like a sleepwalker, Antonio walked the racuous streets of the city, the unrolling film of life shaking his limbs like dried twigs in a slashing summer wind.

This somber twilight he was standing beneath the electric post and flipped the indices of a fragmented memory.

Two years ago, Mario had burst into the house with dramatic tension. The afternoon wind had swept in a new yellowed leaves into the room where he had sat with him, listening to his tumbling words.

"Tonio, this is a chance. A big chance. Now we can go to Tana with the required ammunition and three guns."

Nervously, Tonio had inhaled deeply at the atrocious Japanese cigarette, waiting for further clarification.

"You have to wait, however, at the river bank in Mariquina."

"Does Consuelo know all this?"

"She does and what else can she say? She is willing to wait. She will wait not only for the return of peace and freedom, but for me. For us."

"What else?"

Mario had told him to accompany the boatman. The bullets will be inserted between compartments in the crates of fruits and in jars of salted fish; the guns attached to the bottom of the banca.

After landing at Barrio Coayan, he had followed the trail, effectively smothered by the shadows of the trees from the unpredictable silver of the moon, which was slowly climbing the rough outline of the silent moun-

tains. There had been a nervous wind and as he walked from the clear cool spring to the big boulder, his stealthy steps seemed to sound with enormous betraying noise. He had to part the thorny sides of the curving bamboo branches, step over a pile of rotting kakawate, walk on steadily and surely. Behind him the boatman's shadow repeated Antonio's every move. They had not spoken until they reached the seventh ridge. There had been no light, except for the dwindling red of embers. Somewhere the mournful moan of a dog sounded. The faint murmur of the river still sounded in Tonio's ears when Alfredo who was acting as sentry, saw him. They had to wake Mario who was sleeping in the nipa hut under the overspreading mango tree hugging the hill.

Now Tonio—on the noisy street—was looking at the girl in green, who was almost lost in the thick exodus of the crowd jostling through the street. The lift of her head, the white nape of her neck, the arms moved in a rhythm like Consuelo, and Tonio could feel again the fragrance of dangerous nights. A year ago he had taken the *carreta* for Antipolo where he was supposed to contact Mario for the distribution of pamphlets which were stored under the Monte de Piedad building. Every time he thought of it, he perspired with the perspiration of one who had seen the intimate accents of mortal farewell. He had gone from Antipolo to Manila and while he was walking down the street leading to Azcarraga, Consuelo, who had been riding in a calesa, had called him. He could not forget the stink of garbage can. The city was full of paradoxical odors. It had promptly nullified

the freshness of Consuelo. He had slowly and deliberately boarded the calesa for there was a trio of drunken soldiers, singing in loud,

broken voices a guttural parody of some lively Japanese air and farther beyond the bus station, near the market, there was a Japanese sentry. The *tenderas* were resigned to their daily exposure of hypocrisy and inflation and still talked with guarded accents of contempt and fear. There had been three trucks filled with soldiers passing through Azcarraga and a *carreta* had nearly careened against the lamp post.

What had Consuelo said as he got in, placing the bundles of the mimeographed sheets beneath his feet. She had dug her fingers into his arms and said: "Where are you going, Tonio?"

He had just widened his eyes and she had understood.



"I am supposed to bring this to the Kangyo Company." Yet all the time he felt that unbearable quest for the impossible. She has to look like this—my best friend's girl,—he had mused. How can I look at you with you looking at me like this. He had turned his head away. He was afraid, but not because of his mission yet the intolerable whiff of her nearness was smothering him. He had to take a deep drag from his cigarette. The lurking treachery in every moving step, in every passing lumbering truck, in every drunken shamble, in every guttural inquiry, had been alien to him. And he had said:

"If you're going to Ca'ootan, please tell Mario that you had taken me for a ride while going to Kangyo." He had smiled for she had just nodded her head; how could she ever know that she has been taking me for a ride since the year, she, Mario and I graduated from college, because she is in love with him and he with her and I with her but not she with me. "He'll understand," he had whispered as the calesa stopped and he had again deliberately stepped out into the harsh reality of the street and had entered the bookshop and had said: "I have come with some newspaper from Mr. Icasiano."

Tonio ground the cigarette under his heel and moved with the people crossing the street. He followed the girl in green. The day was brutal with its glaring spears of sunlight. The girl moved with rapid, clicking heels. He just kept behind her, walking and walking, tightening his lips, his hands in the left pocket of his jacket.

"I'm crazy following an unknown girl in this familiar city. Men, like me, are in quest of things that matter. But love tilts everything. We all move in concentrated areas where one's life overlaps others."

She turned inside a dress shop. He stopped before the news vendor.

"It is unreal, this purposeless walk."

For he was following an unknown girl in green in a familiar city and he was still thinking of the years that had passed. Remembering the reunion of April when Mario and he had been devastated.

Tonio did not see the girl come out from the shop. In his

In Memoriam

(To the Escodas)

Home was a magnet holding firm and sure
the wayward heart and the inconstant mind.
It was a haven where you sought the pure
balsam of peace at close of day, to find
in voices young with happiness the hours,
that linger long. Home was security,
a citadel of love and song and flowers,
a moment stolen from eternity.

But when the war drums rolled and vandal hordes
laid waste the land you loved, you left the peace
and safety of your lot. Samurai swords
no terror held and, deaf to all the pleas
of friends, you bravely chose a harder way
to serve, and perished nobly in the fray!

GREG. A. ESTONANTO

thoughts, he recalled that April night.

They had been sitting in the house on Calle Enrique, scene of some of their occupation operations. The gas lamp had cast a bright glow of light on the circular table and on the walls and ceiling. They had been eating, with Consuelo's paralytic father talking intently to Mario. As at the head of the table, her mother talking intently to Mario. As he remembered it, Mario was thinking of how veterans could possibly unite and work for benefits.

Then they had gone out into the balcony. He, Mario and Consuelo. Below the three mango trees cast circular shadows. Far away, the lights from the city's outline flickered like the million of sharp stars in the evening sky.

There had been a slight wind. Consuelo had sat between him and Mario. He had recounted the calesa incident and it had been with a disturbing force that he had remembered her nearness, and he had recalled how her fingers had dug into his arms, her alertness, her trust profile, her voice.

Then Consuelo had gone inside because the night was getting

chilly and Mario and he had gone to the balcony and watched the jewelled outline of the city.

He had taken out his cigarette pack and offered one to Mario. Both of them lighted at the same time, inhaled and continued talking about veterans' benefits.

He had studied the passionate cruelty of Mario's voice as he criticized the apparent slowness in the grant of benefits.

"This was not a war of our own making. Why are they hedging and hesitating?"

He had looked down the floor and saw to his amazement that the cigarette Mario was holding between his fingers was now only an inch long and was searing two small concentrated areas in both fingers and yet Mario had not spoken out in pain.

"Look, Mario, what is the matter with your hand. Don't you feel anything? Does it not hurt you?"

Mario had looked at the cigarette with calm eyes. "No," and later had recoiled with tragic amazement.

Consuelo had come in, putting across her shoulders the blue shawl he and Mario were familiar with.

"My God," Mario had said. The night received in deathly stillness

Mr. Nicolas I. Misa, Acting Executive Officer of the Philippine Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, announced today that the PRRA released 5 bales UNRRA relief clothing, 2 cartons household kit, 10 sacks rice, 5 sacks snap beans, 3 cases powered milk, 8 cases of coffee and 37 cases of other food stuffs for the consumption of the inmate and employees of the Good Shepherd Convent of Manila which was recently visited by fire. The playground Director of the City of Manila, Mr. Silvestre Torres, also received 100 cases of miscellaneous food stuffs for free distribution among the members of the different Boys' Clubs in Manila conjunction with the campaign to curb juvenile delinquency in the City.

TOWN OFFERED FOR SALE
WASHINGTON — The War Assets Administration has offered a town for sale. It is complete with 604 houses, a general store, theatre, church, post office, hospital, school, and one passenger automobile.

The town is Dragerton, Utah, developed by the government in 1943 at a cost of \$4,500,000 to house the employees of a coal mine. The coal mine supplies fuel for a steel plant and was purchased, along with the steel installation, by the United States Steel Corporation last year.

The town has 2,500 inhabitants. Everything is owned by the government and now has been declared surplus. The WAA is offering it for sale in its entirety only on a sealed bid basis, with credit terms permitted. The town occupies 377 acres formerly used for pasture and farming.

Included with the houses are 450 new electric refrigerators, 50 used refrigerators, 125 cool ranges, 705 heating stoves and various household furnishings. The prospective owner must buy also a guest house, which could be used as a hotel; unused laundry equipment originally purchased for the town's laundry; the town's hospital, complete with operating room equipment, X-ray machines and other facilities; a playground; a complete water system and modern sewerage disposal plant and system.

Mario's measured words as he talked to Consuelo, revealing with unreserved frankness the full extent of his sickness.

Tonio lighted another cigarette and looked with sadness at the oppressive familiarity of the city.

Juvenile Delinquency Analyzed

WITH the rapidly growing concern about crime and lawlessness in general, we have come to recognize the fact that crime often has its beginnings in the delinquencies of children. At the same time we have felt the necessity of seeking more scientific information on which to base community programs of prevention and treatment. More and more we are becoming convinced by the annals of the histories of leading countries of the world that the strength and stability of any nation largely depend on giving the children the best possible chance to become fully qualified citizens.

CAUSES OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

There is no single cause of juvenile delinquency. The foundations of delinquent behavior are usually laid in very early childhood, the period regarded by students of child life as the most significant in the development of personality and character. Many factors contribute to produce delinquency, but the central problem in any case is, after all, the delinquent himself. Clearly it is only thru scientific study of the delin-

from homes of the poor. These children have had no chance to become adjusted to conditions, neither were they taught any occupation nor trade to fit them for the stern realities of the world, when they are beyond school age. As children of the poor their companions and playmates are children of the slums. Their playgrounds were the streets and the alleys and such vacant spots as they can find. They enter unoccupied burned buildings and take out lead pipe and other saleable

Very soon they are on the blacklist and taken into the Police Station and Courts, and later to Welfareville as delinquent boys.

Large numbers of children coming to the attention of the police and the Courts are from homes broken by the death, abandonment or separation of parents. A great many of them also came from poor homes in which lack of affection and harmony between parents and other members of the family cause serious emotional problems which often drive them away from home.

Poverty and dependency are con-

ducive to juvenile delinquency as they lower the physical and mental powers of resistance, increase and place the children in poor neighborhood and environmental conditions. Through research it has been proven that there is an increase in property crimes and vagrancy during the periods of economic distress. This shows that the individual's power of resistance has been overbalanced by the strength of other circumstances. If this is true with adults, it is more so with children. The children of the poor do not get enough to eat. Their parents' struggle for a living leaves its mark in their character. Their normal wants are never satisfied by normal means. They feel insecure and unhappy because they witness the daily economic wants of their parents who in turn feel miserable because they are unable to protect the home against poverty and all its attendant social evils. How society shall meet its basic obligation to strengthen the resistance capacity of its citizens by raising the level of economic security is the great question which we should ponder upon today. Let us not deceive our-



Boys shown above may grow up to be criminals if steps are not taken to eradicate factors that contribute to juvenile delinquency. It is not boys alone who should be taught some trade. Girls' hands should be kept busy too, otherwise they will fall into mischief.

quent himself that we can learn how to check delinquent trends as they may become known or how delinquency in general is to be prevented.

ECONOMIC STATUS OF THE HOME

One of the most important contributing factors is unhappy home conditions, particularly emanating from poverty. Practically, ninety-nine per cent of delinquent children brought to the attention of the Bureau of Public Welfare come

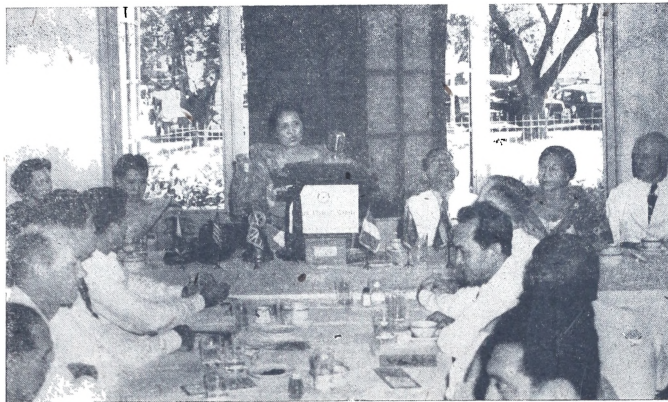
things from the debris which they sell to junk dealers. How else would such children get possession of a few coins for themselves? They do not know the meaning of allowance. Their parents have nothing to give them. Their petty thefts furnish to the emotion and excitement necessary to growing life and love of adventure which they can get in no other way. The only trade they know to help a poor widow mother or a sickly father is a street trade—bootblack or selling newspapers.



By Asuncion A. Perez

(Director of Public Welfare)

A Blueprint For The Prevention And Treatment Of Juvenile Delinquencies



Asuncion Perez, Director of Public Welfare addressing the Rotarians at their weekly luncheon. Her topic, Juvenile Delinquency, was a request from the Rotary club which proposes to do something for Manila's young offenders.

selves. If we are attempting to remedy juvenile delinquency we must consider the economic factor which is fundamental in its solution. This means a living wage for each family and wholesome working life for the main support.

There is nothing in poverty or bad housing per se which predestines children to delinquency. The reason slums breed delinquency and develop deinquents, is that delinquent habits and attitudes are inculcated on the dirty, narrow streets in play groups and gangs, in poolrooms and other hangouts and in other unsupervised contacts. It is here that the boy first acquires demoralizing personal habits and a premature sophistication that often leads him to cynical attitudes later in life. It is here that he comes in direct contact with the hoodlums, the street corner tramp, and the underworld characters and learns the technique of crime. He learns the methods of pickpocketing, the tricks of the racketeer, how to go through doors without keys, how to secure guns and how to use them, how to sell stolen goods to fences. The whole technique of vice, crime, gambling and racketeering is the common subject of conversation in slum district.

Furthermore, the boy in these areas acquires a philosophy of life which fits him to participate

in delinquent activities, a philosophy of fatalism or "taking a chance", or "bahala na." He acquires an attitude of independence and learns to stay away from home for long periods of time. He learns how to rely on himself rather than others. He acquires disrespect for law and authority because he is in a position to see the law frequently flouted by corrupt adults.

Another important cause of delinquency is the moral status of the home. By virtue of their authority, parents definitely determines the type of behaviour which is required of the child. If the parents are well bred, train the child in courtesy and obedience and the child sees generally desirable patterns of behavior, he will be socially adjusted. On the other hand, when parents exact no standards of conduct from their children—when the latter are allowed to grow up uninhibited, undisciplined, there is generally grave danger ahead. Solomon was, indeed, right when he admonished "to train a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." In homes where parents are incompetent, shiftless, unmoral, lazy and slovenly, children are powerless to fight evils. They have been demoralized by home influences. They not only fail to train their children, but they incite

the children to other type of delinquent conduct. There are parents who directly or indirectly encourage their children in petty pilfering, lying, and stealing of goods or articles for sale. What a wrong and what is right becomes a very disturbing problem to children, in a home where parents have failed to set a pattern for proper behavior and right conduct.

As Shaw and Mckay point out, that emotional tension, petty bickerings, the impact of personality upon personality may be far more conducive to delinquency, than separation, divorce, desertion, per se. The particular relationships between father and mother, parent and child, and brother and sister are all vital factors in determining children's conduct. It is to the parents that fall the ever present task of adjusting the petty differences that tend to distort family life, if they would help to build a healthy life organization for their children. Of the parents, the mother contributes more of the delinquency of the child, produce personality traits which lead to delinquent behavior. Rebellion from the father is caused by the mother-child relationships.

What we call well behaved and well adjusted child is a child that has been trained to conform with society's standard—to the group's

requirement. Community standards determine paternal attitudes and at the same time mitigate or augment the influence working for or against the child's welfare.

And yet the same community contributes to the cases of juvenile delinquency by failing to provide wholesome recreational outlets and tolerating demoralizing commercialized amusements—in short, the community's failure to carry program for the prevention and treatment of juvenile delinquency. With 20,000 children out of school in Manila alone, with thousands of broken homes due to death of main support, with the high cost of living, and thousands living in make shift barong barong and crowded insanitary refugee homes, do we wonder that juvenile delinquency is on the upward trend?

Delinquency Areas.—Not all community places are safe to bring up small children. In the study made in Chicago, it was found out that the highest rates of delinquency are located in deteriorating neighborhoods, where dismal homes rise upon row after row along narrow, dirty streets where industrial plants belch forth soot and smoke. Delinquents practically belong to the families of the poor. In fact almost all are on charity.

Here in our country, the following data on minor delinquency have been gathered from different sources:

Cases arrested by the Manila Police Department during the year 1946

1. Quiapo	2,744
2. Sta. Cruz	2,622
3. Tondo	519
4. San Nicolas	407
5. Sampaloc	310

The records of juvenile delinquency in other districts that I have not mentioned herein are quite low and may not be of any significance. However, from these two tables, we shall notice a certain divergence of the first from the second. According to the number of arrests made by the Manila Police Department, Quiapo takes the lead, with 2,744 cases arrested; whereas, in the second list Quiapo ranks the last with only 10 cases placed on probation. On the other hand, Tondo leads in the list of cases on probation. The explanation for this is very obvious. The fact that a delinquent boy is arrested in Quiapo does not always mean that the boy resides in that district. The offense may

(Continued on page 30)



THE rain was bouncing noisily on the hard asphalt pavement, and Danilo and I were mutely watching each drop glisten as it traversed that light escaping from the door of the store just across the street. For almost an hour then we had been standing under a wide ledge of a tall concrete building, waiting for transportation, or waiting for the rain to stop. Every now and then a gust would lash the cold rain towards us and so we jostled and shuffled restlessly under that ledge. Danilo had to place his arm, shyly, around me to shield me from the stream of wet air.

"We had better step into the rain, Danilo," I was telling him.

He threw his gaze at both street-crossings but the darkness denied him of any empty vehicle. And when he looked up, he concluded worriedly that the rain would no longer stop that evening. The swagging black clouds above were threatening us with more torrents.

"Let's wait a while more, Ester," he said. "We can not soak our selves this chilly evening.

And moreover, what will your mother say?"

"She will not be angry," I returned with an air of insistency. I stretched my arms into that rain to test its strength.

"But we'll wait a little while more," he repeated. "Some empty vehicle might be passing yet."

And so we waited longer, riveting our eyes to every suspiciously covered truck that screeched helplessly past us until it was swallowed by the treacherous darkness at the distance.

The rain grew stronger and the water splashing on the curb began to wet our shoes. We moved

farther from the border of the rain until our backs touched the crusty wall, with my head almost resting on his hard shoulder.

On the other side of the street the storekeeper was laboriously closing his large rickety door, and thus cut off that shaft of light that gleamed across. With that light gone, the dreariness of the street increased, only the monotonous pouring of the rain left to share our waiting. I turned to Danilo and saw him staring at that door where the light was once issuing from.

"We had better step into the rain," I told him again. "I am beginning to fear this ominous darkness here."

A few belated men came passing by, three of them drenched and shivering, the others snug under their raincoats. Danilo watched them. That instant his disposition told me he was ready to yield, so I pulled him gently away from our shelter into the rain.

That was how we had eventually emerged into that evening rain.

All at once I discovered myself seeking warmth in Danilo's muscular brace. Slowly, we trod along shadeless sidewalks, ignoring the smart whipping of the cold rain on our faces. My nice red-striped dress had clung pitifully on my

perceive the redness of his eyes and the vague quavering of his lips.

We were happy walking together. We felt free under that rain, laughing irreverently at this cold world, free in our youthful whims, even free in performing our first kiss upon reaching that dark shadow of our door.

I had suddenly wished our path under that rain would have not ended, because I then felt a spasm of loneliness when he said goodbye, Ester, very softly, and then disappearing like a complacent ghost into that rain-lashed gloom. By our door I tarried long shivering, searching with my water-sores eyes the range of that rain as if Danilo would reappear there any moment. And when I was rapping at our door, I knew they were not cold particles of rain anymore that I felt rolling below my eyes; they were tears. Then I understood why I had not feared that rain, why I had not felt the chill with Danilo, why I had laughed happily despite the dreariness of that night.

Yes, it all became clear to me then—I loved him.

THAT NEXT morning was Monday, and mother was reproving me as she patiently pulled the blanket over me.

"I can not leave the bed this time, Mama," I divveled, following with my eyes that motherly face which had always promised me security. "I do not feel going to school today. I am suffering from cold."

"How many times have I told you to take care of yourself, child?" she mumbled in that mild scolding tone to which I had become accustomed, placing a pillow under my feet.

"I shall be all right in the afternoon, Mama," I told her.

But that whole day I found myself sniffing in bed, lavishly applying the menthol-rub on my neck and nostrils. There was that pulsating pain on my temples that I could not get rid of, which tenaciously balked my eagerness to get out of bed. But when I recalled Danilo and me under the rain, I laughed within myself foolishly. While the whole world was shunning the bleakness of that rain we had been enjoying it. I realized that no rain, no storm could prevent me from being happy with him. I thought of the many more rains in which we

(Continued on page 26)

HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT THE RAIN WOULD CUT THEIR UNFOLDING LOVE IN THE BUD?

By R. L. Bondame



MEN AND MONEY
by STRUTHERS BURT

THOMAS BACON, English writer, said in 1542. "Money maketh man"; and lots of others, before and since, have said the same thing. Thomas Bacon put the cart before the horse. It is true that money—wealth—may make a man for a little while an object of respect to most of his neighbors, but only for a little while if he's what we call "a poor sort of man" to begin with. It is also true that a man makes money. But the truest statement of all, the fundamental one, is that money is what man makes it. Just that, and nothing more.

DO you know what money is?

Lots of people don't, and this is strange, considering the length of time money has been in the world and how important it is. It is extraordinary how few people have ever sat down to give themselves a home course in Basic Economics. It is surprising how many people still think that money is something apart from

themselves and beyond their control, round, hard dollars of silver or gold, or bank certificates or personal checks that have a life and meaning of their own. Things, that is, that stand up on their hind legs like people.

What is it—money? A convenient medium of exchange? Yes, that's true, but it's too easy.

Credit? Yes, that's also true, and getting closer. But again it's too easy. Everyone knows those answers.

Money is you, I and everyone else; what we are doing and what we are thinking. It is the most human of man's inventions because it is the clearest symbol of what, at any given moment, we are. It is a most accurate barometer of contemporary human behavior. If the majority of us go haywire, then money goes haywire too. If the majority of us are dishonest, money becomes dishonest. If the majority of us are extravagant, money ceases to have any actual value. If we are lazy, money looks like a beggar. If we are cowardly, money

FORMER ROOSEVELT CHAIR AUCTIONED OFF

NEW YORK—A high chair formerly used by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt was auctioned off on January 30, his birth date, as part of the current March of Dimes campaign sponsored by the National Foundation for Infantile paralysis.

The chair, originally presented by the late president's mother to a man who needed it for his own child, was donated by a furniture designer. Meanwhile, the American museum of natural history was reported to have joined the campaign through the opening of a special display portraying the services offered by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

G. I. BABIES

WASHINGTON — Miss Emma Puschner, American Legion child-welfare director, estimated recently that there are more than 100,000 campus-born or campus-bred "GI babies." She based her figure on reports from 62 schools. This means there is one GI baby for every ten GIs in college:

what kind of job it is, running a business or chopping wood—and expect for it the price of a good one, right then and there you begin to depreciate the dollar. If you do a half hour's work and demand an hour's pay, you do the same. If you overcharge for goods or services, you start a little whirlwind that may blow your house down. Tornadoes are nothing but a number of little whirlwinds getting together in a tropic sea. If you refuse to pay just wages, or just debts, you dig a pit into which you and all the rest of mankind will eventually fall. If you depreciate your credit, and so depreciate yourself, pretty soon there'll be no credit, for credit is man's appreciation of his own honor. If you expect for yourself everything man can desire, but soon you will have nothing desirable, for all you will have will be possessions and nothing else.

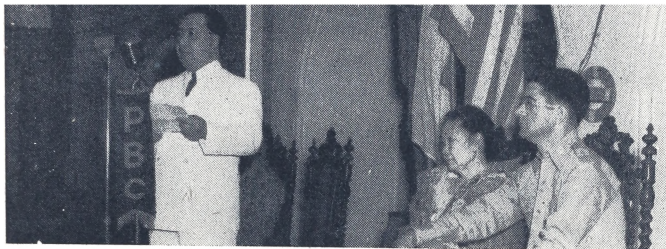
The generation that enters blindly, or selfishly, or carelessly the cave of inflation, only to come out through its only possible exit, the tunnel of depression, has no one to blame but itself.

Money is you, and you are it, and so what it is, or does, depends on you.

becomes cowardly too. If we are hopeful, money becomes optimistic. If we are selfish and short-sighted, money becomes frozen. And so on up or down the scale. Money is merely the sum total of human work, human integrity, human vision and human intention; and its basis is work. Like a faithful dog, money follows the footsteps, intelligent or erratic, of its master, man.

In short, money is morals, and the morals of any period are the combined behavior of the men and women in it. Money, morals and charity all begin at home. From this moment on you can make up your mind as to whether you wish to depreciate or stabilize the dollar.

If you do a careless job—and it doesn't make any difference



(Left) Vice-President Quirino paying tribute to the 19 men and women who were posthumously awarded the ARC bronze medals for their heroism during the Jap occupation. Others in the photo are Mrs. Sofia R. de Veyra and Glen A. Whister, ARC advisor.

(Below) The nearest of kin of the martyrs who received the medals for them.

THEY DIED for the RED CROSS IDEAL

FOLLOWING the classic tradition of service to suffering humanity, in which ideal the Red Cross was conceived, nineteen Philippine Red Cross volunteer and staff workers risked, and finally lost, their lives in the performance of humanitarian activities, and in defiance of hostile, inhuman circumstances, during the enemy occupation.

There is pain, and there is sorrow, in the memory evoked by the manner these nineteen men and women died; but the meaning that lies behind their sacrifices upholds the Red Cross ideal.

They died the kind of death no one would wish to die, for theirs was a tortured death inflicted by a brutal, sadist enemy; however, they died for their good intentions towards their fellow human beings—which was, perhaps the only reward they were able to know, to reap.

Very recently, these nineteen martyrs, whose names appeared in the roster of PRC workers, were honored posthumously by the Red Cross at the Malacañan Social Hall, on which occasion their nearest of kin were presented by Vice-President Elpidio Quirino with Bronze Medals, the highest posthumous awards of the American Red Cross, for distinguished wartime services.

The honorees were: Dr. Antonio Alberto, Antonio C. Barbeyto, Dr. Rafael Sto. Domingo, A. F. Duggleby, Antonio H. Esoda, Josefa Llanes Escoda, Juan Miguel Elizalde, Mrs. Nati Perez Rubio Fox, C. C. Grinnell, Jose Miranda Gonzales, Marcelino Guevarra, Guillermo Manalang, Mrs. Angustias Vacca de Mencarini, Joaquin



D. Mencarini, Mrs. Sue Noell, Mrs. Maria Y. Orosa, Enrico Pirovano, Dr. Carmen de Venecia, and Mrs. Carmen de Vera.

These men and women came from varied walks of life; some from well-to-do and distinguished families, others from the middle class, while two or three belonged to the working class.

In their various capacities as Red Cross workers, most of them assisted allied prisoners of war at Sto. Tomas and in the Los Baños and Cabanatuan concentration camps, smuggling in sorely-needed food and medical supplies. Some of them were caught in the noble act of aiding their suffering fellowmen, were arrested, tortured, and finally put to death.

The others, although they did not take such daring risks as smuggling supplies for the internees, stood at their posts faithfully performing their duties until death befell them. On the whole, the services these heroes and heroines rendered to the internees covered almost the entire gamut of altruism. They procured food and

medical supplies—from where and how and at what expense, calls for another tale of difficulties and adventure, considering the scarcity of these things at the time; they transported these supplies from the city to the camps—how they crossed the sentries involves again another tale of tense adventure; how they managed to smuggle these supplies into the concentration camps, they did not live to tell. They nursed the wounded and the sick internees. They served as "contact" between the prisoners and the outside world.

They might have been alive today; but they stood their ground, on penalty of death, to stick to the last, in their desire to help others.

Eulogizing their deeds and the ideal for which they gave up their lives, Vice-President Quirino, in his address at the presentation ceremony, declared: "Whenever noble deeds are remembered, the heroism of these men and women will ever evoke the same spirit of reverence and dedication as that which permeates this hall today.

Theirs is the heroism of a purely voluntary sacrifice without the compulsion of military discipline or any other form of official duty, made with the gallant and spontaneous decision for the love, not so much of one particular country or one particular national cause, but of the cause of humanity as a whole....

"They worked where human beings were degraded as beasts in prison dumps of concentration camps. But their feats were the more heroic for, despite the unhuman and inhuman nature to which their surroundings were cast, theirs was the super-human effort to keep the spirit of human kindness taking upon themselves the stern but devoted duty not only to minister to others, irrespective of race or creed, the needed assistance in their darkest hour, but to shield them from the brutality and cruelty of the vandal invader."

"The cause to which they dedicated their lives," the Vice-President's address continued, "makes

(Continued on page 31)



Miss Guthrie wearing the Filipino dress which was a gift from Filipino friends, and the tambourine necklace given by the YWCA board of directors.

ON September 2, 1945, an army plane landed at Nichols Field and from it alighted a lone woman passenger. With quick energetic steps, she walked across the strip and into the welcoming arms of a group of Filipinas.

Anne Guthrie had come back to Manila after an absence of six years to begin a brief but eventful one-year and three months labor of love in the islands.

I was not in that welcoming group at Nichols Field. At that time I had not yet met Anne Guthrie. I did not even know she had come. Three and a half months later, I was to join the Y. W. C. A. staff, meet Anne Guthrie and within a space of eleven months grow to know and love her.

My first impression of her was as of a gust of strong wind pushing open a closed door. She'd come to office in the morning, walk in with her quick, energetic steps and simultaneously greet everybody with a rapid chain of merry, sunshiny good mornings. Then she would pull out a sheaf of papers from a folder—letters she had written in her speedy longhand ready to be typed and sent off—to the United States, India, Australia, Switzerland... letters or pamphlets she had re-

ceived to be posted on the bulletin boards, and bits of paper on which she had scribbled off random thoughts to be shared with staff and volunteer workers. All these she deposited at the desk of the business secretary. Then, to the telephone to make calls which seldom lasted more than three minutes with one party. Conversations were always brisk and concise. Finished, she'd make one more check-up on her notes of things to do for that day, then out into the jeep, which by that time had driven up for her, and with a wave of the hand and a sing-song "goodbye," go off in a cloud of dust.

Those first few weeks, I did not see her except during those mornings when she'd breeze in

and breeze out again. And always I wondered why. It was only later when the huge "six by six" started roaring into our compound and depositing lumber, galvanized iron sheets, sand, gravel, chairs, field desks, refrigerators and a whole lot of other bits of odds and ends, did I get enlightened: Anne Guthrie was putting the Y. W. C. A. on its feet again. And I marvelled at her energy and her efficiency and always, at her constant cheerfulness.

The Association was striving to revive its peacetime activities handicapped by lack of transportation, little equipment and supplies and cramped quarters. By loan, by gift, by purchase she obtained from the U. S. Army and Navy and the American Red Cross, equipment, building materials and transportation to haul them in.

Usually the goods were immediate necessities of the Association. Often we would exclaim at the quantity she bought but she would only laugh and say, "If the Scotch in me did not come up once too often, I would have

the warmth of real appreciation.

However, when Anne Guthrie came to the islands, she not only found a country in ruins—she also found a people weary and heartick, living but lifeless, bravely striving to stay on its feet. To the former she gave of her hands; to the latter, of her heart.

Her truly Christian outlook in life was very contagious. Perhaps because of her responsive rather than reactionary nature. Warned of the danger of holding a leadership training conference for Girl Reserves at Tagaytay due to lawlessness said to be prevalent in that city, she nevertheless pushed through the plans saying, "If we go there with faith in our hearts, nothing will happen to us." We went—with faith in our hearts (although to calm and reassure the weaker ones, arrangements were made for two night watchmen to stay with us) and eighty-two young girls and conference leaders spent one carefree, happy week at Taal Vista Lodge. No one even so much as tried to disturb us!

Men and women, young boys and young girls would go to Anne Guthrie and pour out to her their tales of woe, of disappointment, of failure. What or how many tales were told, only Anne Guthrie knows. Where she saw the need, she gave of gifts she had asked from friends in the United States—gifts of clothing, food, and every conceivable material for human need, from pins and ribbons to lipsticks and medicine—anything to gladden a sad heart. Not a few times she gave from her own pocket. (Once she fell victim to the cunning of a "money-to-burry-my-mother-with" racketeer. She did not anathematize the man. Anne Guthrie was human and she had compassion for the frailties of human nature.) And always, she gave of her bountiful heart.

I know. Because once I followed that group who went to her with tales of woe and poured out the bitterness in my own heart. She leaned my head on her shoulders and silently gave me comfort as I sobbed out my grief. Then quietly, gently, she spoke to me.

"Love never fails," she said. "Remember—no matter what you go through in life, it is love—not hate—that sustains!"

On December 19, 1946, another army plane landed at Nichols Field. There was a gay group of

(Continued on page 34)

ANNE GUTHRIE

"LOVE NEVER FAILS"—THIS IS THE GUIDING PRINCIPLE OF HER LIFE

brought in more things."

Sometimes, however, the goods evoked only a quiet smile from us. We could not see their usefulness. But Anne Guthrie had an imagination which could see a twisted piece of galvanized iron sheet, flattened out and used to cover a building—a clubhouse, perhaps, painted white, with gay varicolored pots at the windows, and blue triangle sign at the doorway...

How she went about getting these things, I had no chance to see and hear for myself. But I remember an army officer who once said, "Anne Guthrie could go to China and bring Manchuria back with her!" A salute to the capability of a woman—given with spontaneous sincerity and

By Aurora Zablan

Y.W.C.A. Staff Member

Miss Evangelista wrote to us from 769 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the following letter:

I am missing all of you there. I think perhaps that after the conference I would just sit down and rest but it's worst now with the number of appointments we have. How is the Federation going on? To get first hand information about Manila, I go to Judge Regala's office to read the Manila papers. I have read about the Bridge & Mahjong Party and the donors and the winners. What is the result and who are the new members of the Board of Directors? How is Dna. Concha and Mrs. Martelino? Please extend my love and respects to them. I've written them too but I never received an answer from them.

Right here I've started the New Year with the following engagements.

Jan. 2—I was the guest of honor of the Kiwanis Club of Salinas which is similar to the Rotary Club. After my talk a check of \$100 was issued to the Salinas Woman's Club headed by Mrs. Marina K. Malbas for our disabled veterans. This women's club is

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

holding a benefit for the boys in the 1st General Hospital. They have around \$2,000 already and the next benefit will be for our NFWC. Mrs. Malbas and Mrs. Saturnina Morales are the best clubwomen we have here.

Jan. 3—I was the speaker at a big program of the Sanitas W. C. which was well attended both by Americans and Filipinos, and about five former American POW were also present. Mr. Pedro Gamatero, president of the San Francisco Filipino community was also one of the speakers. He is endorsing our fund campaign and is putting up a Spring Musicales Festival for us. He is a very good leader here and is a graduate of the U. C. He was responsible for the clothing that that organization

has sent us through the PWR. He was my classmate in the high school before. He is the best sympathizer of the Federation because he is a follower of Mrs. Escoda. He hails from Ilocos Norte and Mrs. Escoda was his professor at the U.P.

Dec. 30—I was the speaker of the Rizal Day Program of the Vallejo Filipino Community and they promised to help us too.

Jan. 12—The Vallejo W. C. wanted to give a Tea Party for me but I had a terrible cold so they postponed it for February 1.

Jan. 18—I was the guest speaker of the American Legion of Vallejo and I'm enclosing a picture of the affair. (We did not get it. E.N.). They passed a resolution for the passing in Congress of the

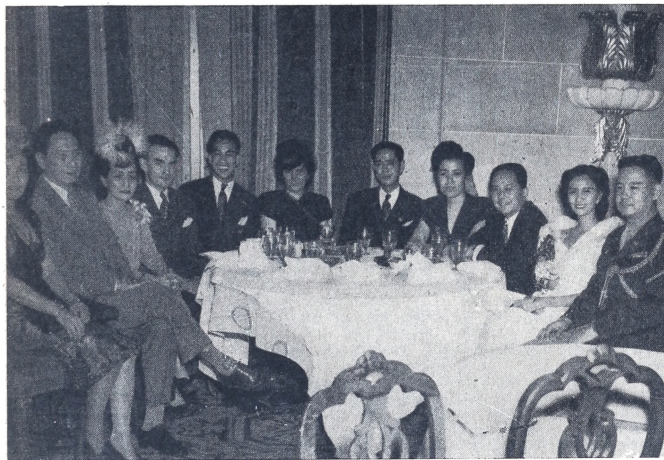
GI Bill in favor of our boys. They promised to help us too.

Tomorrow, Jan. 20th I'll be the speaker of the San Francisco City and County Federation of Women's Clubs.

Jan. 23—The American Athletic Association of W.C. has also invited me to speak at their Tea Meeting.

Mrs. Regala arrived last Friday and the Filipino women here are organizing a luncheon in her honor and they have requested me to be the chairman of the Program Committee. With all these still I have the spirit and energy for the sake of the Federation. Only I incur too much expenses and I only hope our office can help me financially. The States Federation of California W.C. has appointed Mrs. Oneal chairman for the Philippine Federation-Relief. They are now charging \$50 a member and has requested for a donation of clothes for us.

Well, Mrs. Legarda is now in Washington and will be back here about the middle of March or the last week of February ready to back to Manila. I have not organized the local Women's Club



Ambassador and Mrs. Carlos P. Romulo gave a Cocktail Party for the entire UNO Assembly last October. Dinner for a small group of friends followed afterwards. Above are shown, left to right, Enya Gonzales-Beabout, Conrado Benitez, Virginia Llamas-Romulo, Mr. Beabout, Leonides Virata, the American Secretary to Ambassador Romulo, Renato Constantino, Helen Benitez, Ambassador Romulo, Lety Roxas-Constantino, and Col. Ama O. Bautista. The group above is representative of the small official "family" with which the Philippine Ambassador tries to manage. Mr. Benitez and daughter Helen went separate ways in the accomplishment of their mission. But when they finally compared notes, they found that they agreed on a lot of things.

Rafael Santos, a Fordham University student in New York feted a number of Filipinos in New York, at China House between Park Avenue and Lexington on December 23rd. Among those invited were Rev. Fr. John Wilson, Leonor Orosa, Lilia de Jesus Wambango, Lucille Lazaro Fidelino, Dr. Perfecta Bautista, Maring Gutierrez, Fanny Cortes, Belen Sumulong, Nida and Ophie Villonco, Lydia Kalaw, Alice Jose, Rosy de los Santos, Anita Mag-saysay, Rosy Osmeña, Zita and Lita Fernandez, Violeta Gallego, Helen Manalo, Josephine Cojuangco, Lourdes Reyes, Pacita Panganiban, Ateta Arevalo, Mercedes Soley, Vida Araneta, Dr. Ampil, Tony Velarde, Oscar de Leon, Tirso Revilla, Ramon and Pete Cojuangco, Horacio Teehankee, Nicanor Reyes, Jr., Ding Reyes, Fernando de Vera, Tomas Lim, Andrew Choy, David Choy, Jose Fernandez, Renato Arevalo, Edgardo Kalaw, Manolo Bautista, Aurelio Montinola, Carlos Romulo, Jr., Billy Manalo, Renato Grande. A few American fellow Fordhamites were also invited—Johnny Mahoney, Kenneth Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Gondolfo, Irene Monahan, Patricia Flunn, Anita McGrail, Dorothy Walsh, Rosa Sherna, Josephine Vito, Joan Daly, Barbara Clark, Betty Cassidy and Anne O'Neill.

yet but I'm already trying my best. It's hard to be moving without funds but still I was able to reorganize the Women's Club at New York, Salinas and Vallejo.

I'm now staying with my former "yays" who owns a nice home here. Her name is Mrs. Teodora Escolin and is an active woman here. The former Miss Selim, a Mrs. Murlens now, who was a member of the Board of Directors of the Federation is helping me organize the Woman's Club here.

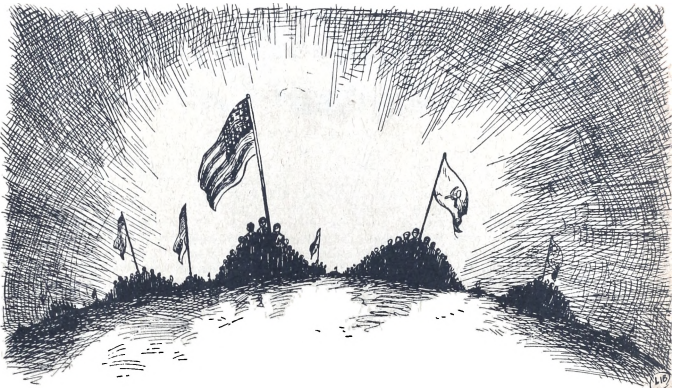
And here is letter from Mrs. Legarda to Mrs. Catalino:

Happy New Year to you and everyone in the office!

I am starting the New Year right by writing to the Federation. To be frank with you, I should have written since my return from Washington where I took care of my son during his appendix operation; but my hands have been so full that I have had no time to do so. I really need a secretary here—my correspondence is so much and so little time to do it in, what with the piling engagements to meet the different Women's Clubs. I had to turn down an invitation to go to St. Louis, Missouri, for lack of time. We are just about ready to drive back to the West Coast where we have to get a ship to take us back to good, old Manila. Not that I do not like it here—I am thoroughly thrilled and enjoying every bit of my stay but our finances are getting rather low, so in spite of my great desire to continue campaigning for our clubs, I will have to give that up now. Anyway, I feel that the response here has been wonderful and that I have accomplished something not only for our clubs but also for our people and our country.

This letter is addressed to you instead of to Mrs. Henares as I do not know whether she has been getting the letters I have been sending her. Up to now, I have not received any reply to my communications sent to her, I do not know why.

Please try to check up on the various communications endorsed to me by the General Federation of Women's Clubs. One is from Orara and the other is from Mr. Veloso. About the latter—is his school a public or a private one? The General Federation is reserving its decision to act on these two letters until they hear from us. You can continue to address me thru my son at Georgetown University in Washington. He will know where to forward my mail.



WORLD POPULATIONS

STATESMEN READ THE FUTURE IN BIRTH AND DEATH RATES AS WESTERN NATIONS STOP GROWING

THE statesmen charged with the task of building a postwar world have become sharply aware that they must take into account the basic facts about the growth and decline of populations. The reason for their reawakened concern is that, after 150 years of unprecedented growth, the hitherto fertile nations of the Western world are now faced with declining or, at best, stationary populations. Even the U. S. will probably reach the stationary stage in about 25 years. In contrast to the Orient, where populations are still growing by leaps and bounds, nations like Britain, France and Germany face an eventual decline to perhaps half their present numbers.

The only major power in Europe whose population is neither stationary nor declining but still growing rapidly is the U. S. S. R. According to population experts (called demographers), Russia's people in 1970 will number about 250,000,000, an increase of about 65,000,000 in the next 25 years. Her potential military force (males from 20 to 35) may total 32,000,000, possibly twice that of the U. S. in 1970 and 40% greater than that of Britain, France, Germany and Italy combined. Clemenceau once

exclaimed, "France's tragedy is that there are 20,000,000 Germans too many!" Now Germany too has lost her population race. Demographers believe that the Germans took their last possible chance to beat Russia in 1941.

Sheer numbers do not make power. The island of Java, for example, with a population of 41,000,000, is far less strong than Australia, with 7,000,000. But plenty of people, teamed with economic resources they have learned to master, are the ideal. By this standard the U. S. and Russia are the best-fixed powers. China and India, each with populations in the neighborhood of 400,000,000, must master the machine age before they come into their own.

Without exception every country in the Western world is dedicated in varying degrees to the policy of "more babies." Only their methods differ. Russia leans toward medals honoring motherhood and improved means of

child care. Germany and Italy, before defeat, relied on large financial benefits and a change in morals whereby no stigma was attached to illegitimate children. France is now encouraging immigration. Whether such measures can greatly affect the cycle of population growth and decline is an unanswered question.

Wars do not have much effect on long-run trends in population. On demographic charts World War I shows up as a slight dip in the 20 to 30-year age group of that time, representing men killed, and 25 years later as another dip, representing the unborn children of those men. World War II may create bigger dips because so many families in Europe have been broken up for longer periods. But no war has yet upset the long-run equation of birth and death rates.

as much as I can.

Am still waiting for the list of Active Women's Clubs as requested by the Federation here. Please send it to me without further delay. You see, Mrs. Alafritz' club already got a "madrina". I would like all the other clubs to have "madrinas" too as the club-women here help us.

Since your letter to me telling me about the clippings which Miss Rey was going to send, I have not received any up to this time. If it is a question of postage, kindly ask Mr. Cristi of our office to mail it for you so as to save stamps. I am completely out of touch of all of you and the only news I get are those

from friends like Nati Valentin who told me something about the Mothers' Day celebration. Would it be too much for you or someone there in our office to send me a brief report about our office and our clubs since my departure? I am still very much interested, you know, and would like to keep up with all events

Club Women's Bulletinboard

The Numancia Woman's Club of Surigao was organized last month with 30 women enrolled as members. The membership enrollment is still going on. Some of the plans of the club are: To register with the Bureau of Commerce and be incorporated in accordance with the laws of the Republic of the Philippines, to affiliate with the NFWC, and to carry out projects in accordance with the policies of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. At present the club has some funds, representing membership fees, gifts, and collections from benefits. This information was sent to us by Mrs. Sotica S. Compasivo, president.

Mrs. Alice Hawkins-Bona, president, and Miss Jovita O. Baquiran, secretary of the Piat Women's Club, Cagayan, reported that Mrs. Esperanza Gannaban Hawkins was unanimously chosen as the "Outstanding Mother" of Piat for 1946. The outstanding mother is a native of Piat, attended a religious school for girls, Sta. Imelda, in Tuguegarao, Cagayan, and then married Atty. William Hawkins, an American Captain of the Spanish-American War. She is now 60 years old, a widow and the mother of eight children. Her children are: Mr. Ralph Hawkins connected with the Manila Daily Bulletin; Major Clifford G. Hawkins, dental surgeon, MPC Command, Cebu; Mr. Henry Hawkins, graduate of the school of commerce attending to the family business and family interests; Mrs. Alice Hawkins-Bona, graduate of the Philippine Normal School; Mrs. Ruth Hawkins Miller, formerly a school teacher, married to Sgt. Eddie Miller and at present residing in San Diego, California; Mr. Sam Hawkins, graduate of the college of engineering at present working in the U.S. Merchant Marine; Mrs. Dolly Hawkins Conde, high school graduate; and Mrs. Teresa Hawkins Medina, high school graduate. Mrs. Esperanza Gannaban Hawkins is loved and respected in the municipality for her unassuming manner in spite of her wealth and for her generosity and kindness. She is known not only in the town but also all over the province where she has numerous friends and admirers.

We received the good news from Miss Estela P. Abrenie, president, that the Tolosa Women's Club, Leyte, dormant for several years

after its affiliation with the National Federation of Women's Clubs in 1938, was reorganized last month with the following newly elected officers: Mrs. Estela P. Abrenie, president; Mrs. Justina Trinchera, vice-president; Mrs. Corazon A. Colasito, secretary; Mrs. Esmeralda V. Palana, Mrs. Antonia Posado, Mrs. Guadalupe Posado, auditors; board of directors: Mrs. Emperatriz L. Mendoza, Mrs. Juan Lauzon, Mrs. Consolacion Mereda, Mrs. Emilio Soria, Mrs. Felisa T. Pundavela, Mrs. Dalmacio Colasito, Mrs. Eugenio Ramos, Mrs. Maria P. Raz, Mrs. Marceliana P. Calda, Mrs. Elpidio Palana, Miss Felisa Longasa, Miss Cristeta Palana, Miss Cristina Junia, Mrs. Matias Palana, Mrs. Cristeta L. Pundavela, Mrs. Cesario Colasito, Mrs. Mansueto Lagutan, Mrs. Irene Oceana, Mrs. Catalina Dadola; sergeant-at-arms: Miss Restituta Vivero,

Sahagun, Miss Eulogia Cucueco, Mrs. Lucina T. Cruz, Mrs. Leonor F. de Vera, Miss Soledad de Guzman and Mrs. Nenita V. Concepcion.

We are still receiving reports from the Women's Clubs about their outstanding mothers. The San Fabian Woman's Club, Pangasinan, sent a report through Mrs. Macaria Serrano, secretary, that Mrs. Rosario M. Erfe-Mejia was chosen the "Outstanding Mother" of the municipality not because of wealth or social standing but because she has contributed very good citizens considered very prominent in the community and in the places where they are residing. Mrs. Erfe-Mejia is a widow, 62 years old, with 13 children, all living until 1942 when one of them died at Capas. Eight of her children are married, living respectable lives

nezuela, a graduate of the College of Agriculture, U.P. The husband died three years ago.

6. Carmen, 32 years, a high school graduate, is married to Mr. Gregorio Baltazar, a B.S.E. of the U.P. who is now the principal of San Fabian Institute, a private school. They have 3 children.

7. Paciencia, 31 years, a B.S.E. graduate of the Sto. Tomas University and the University of the Philippines, married to Dr. Diomedes R. Verzosa, a prominent physician in San Fabian. Mrs. Verzosa is an instructor in the San Fabian Institute. They have 3 children.

8. Vicente, 29 years, married, is a graduate in Commerce and is employed in the Pan. Tran. Co., in Dagupan. He has 2 children.

9. Ramon, 23 years old, who died in Capas in 1942, was a high school graduate.

10. Prudencio, 24 years, is now a student of the Manila School of Dentistry.

11. Gloria, 22 years, is also an alumnus of the University of Sto. Tomas.

12. Antonio, 19 years, is a student of the University of Sto. Tomas.

13. Patrocino, 17 years, is a student of the San Fabian Institute.



Picture taken is of the Naujan Woman's Club in Mindoro.

Mrs. Maura Parono, Mrs. Celerina Zabala, Mrs. Francisca Adincola and Mrs. Paz I. Pelenio.

Miss Maxima S. Francisco, president of the Bautista Women's Club, Pangasinan called our attention to the mistakes we made in the publication of their list of officers in the JOURNAL issue of December 31, 1946. We are here with publishing a corrected list: Miss Maximo S. Francisco, president; Mrs. Felisa B. Almerol, vice-president; Miss Carmen S. de Guzman, secretary; Miss Leoniza Brillante, sub-secretary; Mrs. Rosario A. Sison, treasurer; Mrs. Carmen G. Macaranas, sub-treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Feliza T. Chua, Mrs. Raymunda G. Semana, Mrs. Aurora G. Sales, Miss Marcelina Silva, Miss Ceresencia Escano, Mrs. Simplicita O. Sison, Miss Petra Ferrer, Mrs. Maria K. Galsim, Miss Romana

with their families; three still studying in the universities in Manila; and one in the first year high school of the San Fabian Institute. Here is a complete list of her children:

1. Josefa, 45 years, a graduate of commerce in a school in Manila, is married to Dr. Luis Garcia, a prominent physician in Dagupan. They have 6 children.

2. Cesario, 43 years, a high school graduate, married with 5 children, and now a successful farmer residing in Santa Barbara.

3. Jose, 40 years, an engineer, married, with 3 children. Residing in Dagupan.

4. Francisco, 37 years, married to Belen Fernandez, a pharmacist, with 4 children. He is a practicing physician in this town.

5. Florencina, 35 years, a graduate of the Lingayen High School, is married to Mr. F. Ve-

The Balungao Woman's Club, Pangasinan was reorganized on August 3, 1945. In five weeks period four branches in the barrios were organized, namely, San Leon, San Aurelio, Rajal-Angayan and Capulaan. The club reactivated the puericulture center which began functioning last November. Mrs. Anastacia Vda. de Soliven was unanimously chosen the "Most Outstanding Mother" of the year. She is the mother of Mr. Vicente Soliven, third member of the Provincial Board, has two daughters who are teachers in the elementary school and a son who is a successful businessman. The officers of the club are: Miss Jasmín Soliven, president; Mrs. Pilar L. Bercasio, vice-president; Miss Teofila G. Palacol, secretary; Mrs. Isabina C. Peralta, treasurer; Mrs. Benita Garcia, sub-treasurer; Mrs. Rosalinda Y. Soliven, Mrs. Maxima S. Bascos, business managers; board of directors: Miss Victoria Belvia, Mrs. Maxima Quezon, Mrs. Pastora Malisdead, Miss Mercedes Oralle, Miss Niccolasa Palpal-lacedo, and Mrs. Maria Zarate.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Q.—What are considered damage causes to property under the law?

A.—In the language of the Philippine Rehabilitation Act these are called "perils". They are: 1) Enemy attack; 2) Action taken by or at the request of military, naval, or air forces of the United States to prevent such property from coming into possession of the enemy; 3) Action taken by enemy representatives, civil or military, or by representatives of any government cooperating with the enemy; 4) Action by the armed forces of the United States or other forces cooperating with the armed forces of the United States in opposing, resisting or expelling the enemy from the Philippines; 5) Looting, pillage, or other lawlessness or disorder accompanying the collapse of civil authority

determined by the Commission to have resulted from any of the other perils enumerated above or from control by enemy forces.

Q.—Is there a time limitation as regards damage or destruction caused by enemy armed forces?

A.—Yes, between the seventh of December 1941, and October 1, 1945.

Q.—This time limitation applies to all perils?

A.—For a claim to be considered, damage or destruction must have occurred between the two dates mentioned (Philippine time).

Q.—Would deprivations committed by enemy or fifth column sympathizers be compensated?

A.—This is the intent of those who wrote the Philippine Rehabilitation Act.

Q.—What about damage or destruction sustained during the campaign by American forces in collaboration with Filipino guerrillas to liberate the Islands?

A.—The Commission will consider such claims, provided the damage or destruction occurred between the two dates specified.

Q.—What is meant by the phrase collapse of civil authority in connection with war damage claims?

A.—The Commission must determine that the collapse of civil authority resulted from any of the other perils.

Q.—What about the kinds of property for which the Commission is authorized to pay damages?

A.—It must be made clear that the law does not permit the Com-

mission to pay claims on account of personal injuries, or for loss of life. Only for loss or damage to private and public property.

Q.—All types of property?

A.—Not all. There are some classifications of private and personal property for which the Commission cannot pay damages. For instance, the Commission can make no reimbursement for loss of money, or securities, or securities certificates, bonds, stocks, etc. Nor can the Commission compensate people for the loss of evidence of debt such as notes, bills and similar promissory papers.

Q.—Does not the law allow any exception on this point?

A.—There is only one condition under which claims for loss of or
(Continued on page 27)



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Gala Evenings



The latest Fashion 5 picturesque scheme at left suggests theme from the Philippines have their gowns fashioned less gown takes on a new treatment. Wear a black finish of dull red, besquir of the bustle is illustrated



The latest Fashion Show in New York showed great enthusiasm for portrait gowns such as we display here. The picturesque scheme at left should look familiar to us panuelo-less gals. In fact, this gown, we are told, was inspired by a panuelo-less theme from the Philippines. Incidentally, this is an eye-opener for those who belong to the panuelo-less school. They can have their gowns fashioned this way without having to call the resulting attire Filipino Ternos which they are not. The strapless gown takes on a new skirt silhouette. Of blue taffeta, what could be lovelier than jet-black shining lace for generous bosom treatment. Wear a black fan tied by black ribbon to your wrist. Burning Ember, if names were requested, would fit the third creation of dull red, besequined and veiled in black net. The fan is part of the attire. The decline of the hoopskirt and the advent of the bustle is illustrated (last picture) by this white silk marquisette which comes strapless, too. Note again the fan to match.



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CHICKEN is so expensive here in Manila that we have it only once or twice a week. You may be interested to know that in cold stores, local dressed chicken cost more than the imported but cost less than the live ones.

Many housewives are prejudiced against dressed fowls for they say who knows if these birds are already dead when the cold stores buy them? And they do not like the imported ones, though these cost less and are larger and fatter, because they are "helado."

Personally, we prefer to buy a dressed chicken than a live one, for we can see right away whether

it is fat or thin, how much meat the breast contains, how large are the legs. Moreover, it becomes tender much more quickly, especially if it has been refrigerated for a day or two. Didn't

you know that one way to make a chicken tender is to keep it in your ice box, if you are lucky to have one, overnight or for a day or two?

When you fry chicken, or any meat for that matter, dry the pieces first with a clean damp cloth to prevent spattering of the lard. And if the pieces stick to the bottom of the frying pan, do not pry them loose until their undersides has become crisp. This applies also to fish. Wait until a sort of crust has formed on the underside of the meat or fish, loosen with a turner and turn carefully.

Our old cook once suggested to us sprinkling coarse salt on the bottom of the frying pan before putting in fish to fry to prevent sticking, but we find that using a smooth frying pan and waiting



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until the lard is very hot before adding the fish also do the trick.

Manila housewives learned to cook by electricity during the Japanese occupation when firewood or charcoal was scarce and very expensive and the gas service was discontinued. Electricity is still economical and more convenient for cooking but because the current often fails in many parts of the city, we have gone back to the use of the old fashioned kalan.

We find that having three types of stove in our kitchen is a great help in insuring uninterrupted cooking, come what may. We have an ordinary electric hot plate that takes very long to become hot but once it is hot, it is very, very hot and must be disconnected; a kalan where we cook our rice; and a charcoal stove for slow cooking, as for adobo or pot roast.

To get the most service from your electric hot plate and thereby save on current, use utensils whose bottoms are of the same size as that of the hot plate. Aluminum utensils heat the quickest. Pots used in boiling or slow cooking should have tight-fitting covers. Frying pans should have very flat bottoms, heavier than their handles so that they will not tip over when not held.

Glass cooking utensils are very nice—they are easier to clean and

you can see how the food is going on without lifting the covers, but they require much care in their handling. Certainly they are not for your careless maid to use. Even we ourselves are not very careful all the time—we are always in a hurry when we are cooking that we are liable to put down a hot pot anywhere. And a hot glass pan breaks when put down even on a damp table.

Do not get the idea that all glass cooking utensils are by Pyrex and are safe to use on a flame. Some can be used only in the oven; others are just heat-resistant, which means that you can pour boiling liquid into them and they will not break as ordinary glassware does. To be sure, read the labels or the folders that go with them—these give you the instructions on their use and care.

And speaking of labels, make it a practice to always read them before you buy things. You will get very valuable information from them, for they are required by law to give the materials or the ingredients used, the sizes and the uses of the products to which they are attached.

Be suspicious when a certain product sells for less than another of the same kind. For instance; there recently appeared on the market a certain milk product which cost sixty centavos less per

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SECRETS

By MAX FACTOR, JR.

(Famous Make-up Advisor to the The Screen Stars)

HAIR BEAUTY vs. THE YEARS

Even though it shouldn't be so, and needn't be so, the fact still remains that very few adult women have hair which is as beautifully soft and lustrous as it was when they were in their early teens.

Hair perfection of this teen age sort can and should be apparent for many years, and, in most cases, throughout an entire life time. The reason that such is too frequently not the case is because young possessors of healthy and beautiful hair generally take this glamour asset altogether too much for granted and consequently fail to give their tresses even the slight amount of regular conditioning care which would insure the perpetuation of its beauty.

HAIR BRUSHES

Brushing and shampooing are the only major conditioning treatments, for women of any age whatever, which are needed for hair which is normally healthy and lustrous.

No matter how old or young you are, your hair should be thoroughly brushed every night, and shampooed at least every ten days. This brushing and shampooing treatment should be given all hair, regardless of its length or lack of length. Too many women who have short hair seem to think that this brevity lessens the need for brushing and shampooing. It doesn't. Even though it is so much easier to brush and wash, short hair still needs such treatment just as much and just as often as long hair does.

WORKING HAZARDS

Women who are working at somewhat strenuous jobs err in the frequency of their shampooing. If your hair is regularly sub-

jected to perspiration and grime by the kind of work you do, you need to shampoo it much more frequently than you would if you weren't working. If you don't, you may permanently mar the beauty of your hair and seriously endanger the health of your scalp. So if the work you are doing quickly detracts from the cleanliness of your hair and scalp, counteract this by washing your hair with an increased degree of frequency. Contrary to a widely held opinion, it is not possible to shampoo too often, anymore than it is to wash one's face or hands too often.

Don't assume, as so many women seem to do, that you can't effectively shampoo your own hair, and that this operation must be done for you. Any woman can shampoo her own hair to perfection if she will but try.

SOAPS

For shampooing, be sure to use a regular shampoo soap, rather than your usual complexion soap. Liquid shampoo soap can be rinsed from the hair more surely than the lather from a cake soap can.

Rinsing is of the utmost importance to effective shampooing. The most thorough removal of grime from the hair and scalp is of no avail unless the soap film is removed too. One rinsing will never surely remove such film. Rinse as many times as you have minutes for.

If you are very young, start in with regular brush-and-shampoo conditioning of your hair now. Or, if you are not so young, and have not been giving your hair as much of such care as you should, start doing so. You may be able to regain some of the hair beauty which was probably yours when you were seventeen.

pound than other milk products of the same type. By reading its label we got the information that it was rather inferior in quality, hence the low price.

When buying foodstuff, especially canned goods, in quantity, be sure to make the rounds of the stores first in order to get the prices. The difference may be only two or three centavos but when you are buying many, you

will be able to save quite some money.

There are times when the dust situation here in Manila gets us down—we just leave the layers of dust on floor and furniture untouched until the next morning. What is the use, we ask ourselves? No sooner had we dusted a table when its surface got covered with a film again.

But if you have to dust and dust, at least make this chore easier. One way is to put away small objects that usually clutter your open shelves or your tables so that you will have less to lift when you wipe off the dust. Take down empty bottles and cans and put them away in covered boxes. On the table in our living room, we left just the ash tray and the flower vase (with vines—phedodendrons); before, it used to hold even day-old newspapers and pocket books. When the vines in the flower vase becomes dusty we just wash them in water. You can't do this to paper flowers so don't have them as decorations. And curtains—except where they are very necessary for privacy—we have taken them down and put them away, for how they can catch dust. If you do not like the bare look of your curtainless windows, try a row of potted plants on the sills or hang several orchids or aerial plants from the top.

A BRIGHT piece of linoleum or oil cloth makes a very attractive table top and we mean top, not table cloth.

HAVE you tried waxing your bookshelves, much as you wax the floor? It helps books to slide easily in and out the bookshelves.

IF YOU are annoyed by the buzzing sound of electric fans, try putting a piece of newspaper or cardboard under the base and the buzzing will cease.

SOUNDS fishy, but if you have a cracked dish and you want the crack to be invisible, boil the

dish in enough sweet milk to cover it for about three quarters of an hour. You'll find that the crack disappears, almost.

HAS it ever occurred to you when you are purchasing egg-plants that the light ones are the good buys? Those heavy in weight are full of seeds.

THAT bit of sponge is not only an appurtenance for the shoe box or bath tub. Use it with which to apply liquid floor wax when waxing floors.

YOUR wicker furniture not only is best cleaned by salted water, it stiffens as dries making furniture as good as new.

IF YOU haven't loop material to make new button loops, use a shoe string. It looks just as well and will wear much longer.

MOST LIKELY it has never occurred to you to cover pillows first with oil cloth then with whatever outside covering you want. This makes a lot of difference in confining the kapok where it belongs.

THE WHITE coating that envelops a tongue must always be removed first before it is cooked into whatever dish is intended for it. To remove, boil in water with a tablespoon of vinegar added to it.

HERE'S something you'd never thought about—tomatoes: Slice, then dip each slice into egg and then into dry breadcrumbs before frying.

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WAYS WITH PORK

ONCE in the course of our meandering in the market trying to decide what to buy for the meals of the day that were within our food allowance, we met an acquaintance to whom we confided our plight. "Buy a piece of pork," she airily advised us and was gone before we could ask her what she did with porkie. We did buy a piece of pork and all went well and ever since that day, we have been following her advice whenever we are stumped. Once the piece of pork is in our market basket, certain dishes easily come to our mind and we have even invented certain ways with porkie that saves us a trip to the market the next day. We

are a lazy person and if we only had a refrigerator we would market only once or twice a week as we did during the Japanese occupation. We used to store meat and fish in the ice compartment of our ice box and they stayed fresh even for two weeks.

And now what to do with pork besides the usual adobo or sin-gang?

PORK ROAST

Let's start with a kilo of pork (it is more economical in the long run to buy a large piece of meat) from the leg or from the shoulder (this cut is more expensive but you get very little fat and no bone). You trim this cut and use the small pieces to

go with some vegetables or to add the vegetables with some flavor sotanghon or pancit or pork pieces.

You should serve liver at least once a week, but fresh liver is expensive (8 pesos a kilo here in Manila) and your food budget does not warrant your making a dish with liver as its main ingredient. Why not serve some of the adobo with a liver sauté? There are canned liver pastes which are inexpensive and in addition, contains wheat germ, which as you probably know, is an excellent source of Vitamin B.

If your children are already beginning to look down on canned pork and beans, which, according to our father-in-law, should be called "plenty of beans with very little pork" instead. Serve the canned beans topped with adobo and they will eat them again.

For supper that evening, thinly pare off with a very sharp knife the outside of the roast. Place the slices in a frying pan and heat thoroughly with a mixture of half toyo and half water. Nice to go with this dish are string beans sautéed with one sliced onion in the same frying pan in which the pork slices have been heated.

By the way, have you tried sour pickles with beans?

The next day have Pork with Tomato Sauce. Slice thinly about one third of the pork roast and heat in a sauce made with chopped tomatoes and sliced onion. For a change, try adding one sweet pepper, red or green, or chopped stuffed or ripe olives to the tomato sauce.

Of course you know that humba starts as adobo. You just season your adobo with toyo and sugar to suit your taste, maybe add a few slices of saba bananas, and you have humba. Serve with crisp lettuce leaves. (Wrap each pork piece with lettuce and eat it with your fingers, as the Chinese do.)

Another dish which may be made with the same pork slices is a soup with pechay or mustard leaves in it. Just boil the pork slices in water and when tender, add a bunch or two of pechay or mustard and bring to a boil. Serve with toyo.

Have you tried American style stew with pork instead of beef brisket or lamb? For this, ribs are best. They are cut into two-inch square pieces and browned first, then simmered in water until tender. Add a can of mixed vegetables or whatever local vegetables are your favorites, or perhaps just white squash, cut into cubes.

If there is still a little left of this roast after a day or two, polish it off at breakfast. Serve cold, thinly sliced, with pickles or sweet pickle relish.

For Caldereta (which is Spanish stew), add cubed potatoes, peas, habichuela pods, and sliced red sweet pepper.

Pork cooked this way tastes just like chicken when served cold.

GROUND PORK

If your family is big, cook two kilos of pork this way, and use some for snack sandwiches.

Another standby of ours uses a kilo of ground pork (do not buy already ground pork when you need plenty, but buy a cut from the leg and have it ground for you—yes, the butcher will do this for you if you buy a kilo—so that you will not get too much fat which will just melt during the cooking). Offhand, we can think of four dishes to make with ground pork, namely, almondigas, torta, laman buche with raisins, lumpia fritó.

ADOBO

When we make adobo, we make plenty of it, usually a kilo, with a cut that consists of alternating fat and meat. We choose a young pig—you can tell because the skin is thin—so that the adobo will become tender quickly.

Several dishes may also be prepared with adobo as a base. There's pinacbet, the Ilocano bulanglang, made with ampalaya, sitao, eggplants, squash, and maybe kangkong leaves. You simply sauté a little baogong alamang, onion, and tomatoes in a little of the adobo lard and

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LUMPIA MACAO

Pork should be cooked thoroughly before it is eaten, for it may be the carrier of some dangerous disease or parasites. Ground pork should be cooked for at least thirty minutes; whole or large pieces, for at least one hour. Pork is cooked when the meat has become white. Pierce a large piece with a fork and when reddish juice comes out, it is not yet cooked.

Few housewives know that a pig has also a tenderloin (salomillo) as a cow has. Pork tenderloin is seldom sold separately—it is usually included in pork chops. When you are in a hurry, ask for it, have it cut like tapa or pound it until thin, and after breading it, fry in a little lard. It is also good for "bachoy" or used in "chop suey."

Comparatively speaking, pork is less expensive than either fresh fish or vegetables. Here in Manila, pork without bone sells for P3.50 a kilo, while first class fish, like apahap, or shrimps cost from P3 to P5 a kilo. Chicharro (pea pods), when they first appeared, sold for P8 a kilo, cauliflower for P10 a kilo.

Pork is a good source of vitamins, especially Vitamin B, and is more versatile than either beef or fish. Moreover, everybody like it.

And now for the great favorite of our own family—a dish so very easy to prepare you will want to make it every week. We shall not put down the quantities of the ingredients as you will make them up according to the needs of your family. When we make 10 pieces of lumpia (allowing two for each of us), we use 1/3 kilo of pork with fat, one peso worth of shrimps (just enough to fill a cup when cooked and shelled), and from three to four onions.

The best proportion for this dish is 1/3 pork, 1/3 shrimps, 1/3 onions, but you may use more onions or more shrimps when these are plentiful.

Boil the pork and the shrimps separately. The pork should be thoroughly cooked and cut into small cubes. The shrimps are shelled and cut in the same size as the pork cubes. The onions are peeled, sliced lengthwise first, then crosswise. These three ingredients are then mixed thoroughly so that each lumpia will get the same proportion of pork, shrimps and onions. Place two tablespoons of this mixture on each lumpia wrapper and wrap tightly, folding in the sides. Fry in deep, hot fat, drain and serve immediately with toyo and calamansi juice.

The Macao cooks make these lumpia rather thin, allowing as many as four to each person. To save time and fuel, you may make your lumpia larger or thicker. The fat in which they are to be fried should be smoking when you drop them in so that they will brown quickly and not absorb any lard. The onion should still be crisp when you bite into them.

This dish is rather expensive so you will not want anything else to go with it. However, we suggest that you also cook some guly to utilize the shrimp heads which will yield very rich juice when pounded. How about patola or chicharro, or a bulanglang of eggplant, squash and kangkong?

PORK TOWERS

3 1/2 thin slices of fresh pork (from the leg) or ham

Bread Stuffing:

2 cups dry bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1/2 cup chopped apple
Salt and pepper to taste
Hot water to moisten

Season pork steak with salt and

pepper, dip in flour, and brown in fire until the sauce is thick. Baste a little fat. Cover each piece with thinly sliced unpared apples, then sauce.

Each steak will make two servings.

SWEDISH HAM BALLS

1/2 pound ground ham
1/2 pound ground pork
1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 well-beaten egg
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1/4 cup vinegar
1/4 cup water

Combine ham and pork, crumbs, egg, and milk. Mix thoroughly and form into small balls. Combine remaining ingredients, stirring until the sugar dissolves. Brown the meat balls in a little lard, being careful not to burn them. Pour the vinegar mixture over, cover, and cook over a low

BARBECUED RIBS

1 kilo spareribs
1 cup ketchup
1/3 cup Worcestershire sauce or toyo
Salt and pepper
2 cups water

Have the butcher cut the ribs into serving pieces. When you arrive at home, wipe each piece with a clean damp cloth and brown in a little lard, doing a few pieces at a time so as not to crowd them in the pan. Arrange them in a large pan, then lay thin slices of lemon and onion on top. Pour the ketchup-water mixture over the whole, cover the pan, and cook over a very low fire until pork is very tender. If desired, quartered ripe tomatoes and sliced sweet pepper may be added half an hour before the pork is done.

THE MARK OF SAFETY



On Each Tin of
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MILK**

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fat and set aside. Make a soup by browning finely chopped garlic and then adding water. Bring to a boil and add the pork balls. If you want to make this dish more filling, add misua and sliced patola.

The rest of your ground pork you cook with plenty of chopped onion. Just mix the pork and the onion, add a little water to prevent burning, and cook until the water has been absorbed and lard is coming out. With some of this cooked mixture, make tortas, using 3 tablespoons of pork for every beaten egg. Three eggs and about ten tablespoons of pork mixture will make two small-sized tortas.

Add a box or two of raisins to the rest of the cooked pork mixture and serve as laman buche (stuffing). If some of this remains (which we doubt), add grabanzos and wrap in lumpia balat and fry in deep hot fat.

Enjoy your Baby

AS a mother we are keenly interested in the latest trends or findings in child care and education so we avidly read whatever books and magazines fall into our hands. Moreover, living with two doctors, we have access to the latest scientific information on child care from literature that physicians receive from various parts of the world. We are sure that many mothers, especially those who live in the provinces, do not have as much chance as we have to read books or magazine articles on the subject that interests them most. It is our desire to help them and so we are starting this page which will be a sort of clearing house for ideas on the upbringing of children. No matter how many children a woman may have, there is always something that she may not know that a new mother knows because the latter has read about it.

Shortly after liberation we were lucky enough to be the recipient of a bundle of old magazines from two kind American ladies. You cannot imagine how eagerly we looked through these magazines after four years of not seeing them. We were expecting a baby then so the articles that interested us most were those about children. After reading these magazines, some of which dated as far back as 1942, we got the impression that the tendency in the United States when it came to child rearing was to go back to many old fashioned practices that child specialists found beneficial instead of harmful. Just two examples: Rocking a child to sleep was approved and rocking chairs were back in circulation after be-

ing consigned to the attic for years. Rocking a child to sleep include singing to him, fondling him; in short, it develops intimacy between mother and child. What could be more impersonal, not to say cruel, than to put a child in his own bed in his own room, and leaving him alone, with the light out, to sleep?

Thumb-sucking long considered a very undesirable habit, was being okayed by child specialists, not only because it is natural for a child to suck, if not his mother's nipple, his thumb, but also because it helps develop the muscles around his mouth. When a child sucks he is satisfying a need, which when not met, may cause problems later on. More on this subject of thumb-sucking later.

All the books on child care that we have read advocate bringing up a child in the most natural way. In other words, let nature be the mother's guide, and not a schedule, which was invented for the convenience of mothers. A schedule, the authors say, is all right but it should be flexible, not rigid.

Let me quote Dr. Benjamin Spock, author of a fast-selling, authoritative, commonsense guide for parents on the care of children from birth to adolescence:

"He isn't a schemer. He needs

loving. You'd think from all you hear about babies demanding attention that they come into the world determined to get their parents under their thumbs by hook or by crook. This is not true at all. Your baby is born to be a reasonable, friendly human being. If you treat him nicely, he won't take advantage of you. Don't be afraid to love him or respond to his needs. Every baby needs to be smiled at, talked to, played with, fondled—gently and lovingly—just as much as he needs vitamins and calories, and the baby who doesn't get any loving will grow up cold and unresponsive. When he cries it's for a good reason—maybe it's hunger, or wetness, or indigestion, or just because he's on edge and needs soothing. His cry is there to call you. The uneasy feeling you have when you hear him cry, the feeling that you want to comfort him, is meant to be part of your nature, too. A little gentle rocking may actually be good for him.

He doesn't have to be sternly trained. You may hear people say that you have to get your baby strictly regulated in his feeding, sleeping, bowel movements, and other habits—but don't believe this either. In the first place, you can't get a baby regulated beyond a certain point, no matter how

hard you try. In the second place, you are more apt, in the long run, to make him balky and disagreeable when you go at his training too hard. Everyone wants his child to turn out to be healthy in his habits and easy to live with. But each child wants, himself, to eat at sensible hours, and later to learn good table manners. His bowels (as long as the movements don't become too hard) will move according to their own healthy pattern, which may or may not be regular; and when he is much older and wiser, you can show him where to sit to move them. He will develop his own pattern of sleep, according to his own needs. In all these habits he will fit into the family's way of doing things sooner or later without much effort on your part.

The same thing goes, later on, for discipline, good behavior, and peasant manners. You can't drill these into a child from the outside in a hundred years. The desire to get along with other people happily and considerably develops within him as part of the unfolding of his nature, provided he grows up with loving, self-respecting parents.

What I am saying in different ways is that you don't have to be grimly determined, in order to bring up a healthy, agreeable, successful child. It's the parents who have a natural self-confidence in themselves and a comfortable, affectionate attitude toward their children who get the best results—and with the least effort.

Enjoy him as he is—that's how he'll grow up best. Every baby's face is different from every other's. In the same way every baby's pattern of development is different. One may be advanced in his general bodily strength and coordination, an early sitter, stander, walker—a sort of infant athlete. And yet he may be slow in doing careful, skillful things with his fingers, in talking. Even a baby who is an athlete in rolling over, standing, and creeping, may turn out to be slow to learn to walk. A baby who's advanced in his physical activities may be very slow in his teething, and vice versa. A child who turns out later to be smart in his schoolwork may have been so slow in beginning to talk that his parents were afraid for a while that he was dull; and a child who has just an ordinary amount of brains is sometimes a very early talker.

Love and enjoy your child for what he is, for what he looks like,

(Continued on page 28)

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BOBOWAI AND AMOMOWAI

(A MORO FOLK TALE)

By Maximo Ramos

BOBOWAIA'S grandfather was very sick. The medicine men had tried all their remedies on him, but the old crocodile's illness would not go away. So young Bobowaia went to see a wise man and asked him what he thought might be good for his sick grandfather.

"Give him the liver of a monkey," said the man.

Bobowaia went to look for a monkey and soon found one sitting at the bank of the river, saying:

"How I wish I could cross the water and eat of the ripening rice on the other side!"

Bobowaia went to him and said, "Amomo-ai, what might be troubling you this fine morning?"

"You heard me," said the monkey. "One never can tell about you crocodiles in the water. You may be around or again you may not be: it is so easy for you to hide yourselves under the surface. But I do wish I could swim across!"

"Well then," said Bobowaia, "what are you waiting for? I am going across right now. If you get on my back I shall take you safely to the other side."

"That is very kind of you, Bobowaia," replied the monkey. "But how am I to know that you will not eat me on the way? Your appetite for monkey's meat is quite well known."

"Did you not know," said Bobowaia, "that your grandfather and mine were great friends and that they promised each other that they and their children and their children's children will always be friends? Since when did I become so wicked as to eat my own friend? Jump on my back and let us go!"

"I might drown," said the monkey.

"The rice is ripe on the other side, Friend Amomo-ai," said the crocodile.

"Hold on now," said the crocodile, "and let us go."

When they reached the middle of the water, the crocodile began to dive. The monkey, alarmed, clawed the eyes of the crocodile and said, "Do not go too low now, Friend Bobowaia, or I will dig out your eyes!"

Bobowaia rose back to the surface and the monkey let go of his eyes. But as soon as he had done this, the other started to dive again. At once Amomo-ai began clawing at his eyes with all his might, and in pain Bobowaia had to rise back to the surface of the water. This happened again and again with neither the monkey nor crocodile gaining an advantage over the other. Finally the monkey started screaming for help, and Pilandok, the Farmer, heard him.

"What is the matter with you two fellows?" shouted Pilandok to them. "Come nearer and let me settle your trouble."

Bobowaia knew that Pilandok hated the monkey for stealing his bananas and he felt that the farmer would be glad to help him capture the thief. He swam to

the edge of the water.

"Now tell me what is the quarrel about," said Pilandok.

"You see," began Bobowaia, "Amomo-ai, who has often stolen your bananas, asked me to take him to your field across the river where he was going to steal your rice. Since I was going across myself for something else, he begged me so hard to give him a ride that I took pity on him and allowed him to get on my back. But when we reached the middle of the stream, what should he do but start clawing out my eyes? Naturally I got angry."

"Is it true, Amomo-ai," said Pilandok, "that you tried to claw out Bobowaia's eyes?"

"It is true," said Amomo-ai. "But I clawed his eyes because he wanted to drown me."

"I wanted to drown you because you tried to dig out my eyes!"

"But you began the trouble," said the monkey.

"It was you who started the

trouble," said the crocodile. "Now," said Pilandok, "this quarrel appears to be more difficult to settle than any quarrel I have settled before. I think you better run a race. Whoever wins I shall declare as the innocent one."

Now Bobowaia knew very well that he could not beat the monkey in a foot race. So he decided to kill the monkey with his powerful tail and he moved over to one side in order to do this. But before he could strike Amomo-ai, the monkey had scampered away and had climbed to the topmost branch of a nearby tree. From there he laughed loud and long at Bobowaia. Pilandok also climbed up the tree laughing.

The crocodile's anger knew no bounds. He went back into the water and promised to make monkeys and men his most hated enemies. And although this story happened when the world was still young, Bobowaia has not forgotten his promise. That is why it is dangerous to go near a crocodile.

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AFTER THE RAIN

(Continued from page 10)

would walk together again.

AFTER THREE days Danilo came to visit me.

"I have been missing you very much, Ester," he whispered. "These three days I have been wondering what had happened to you. You haven't appeared in school."

"It's just mere cold," I said, rocking my chair beside him to show him I was already feeling well. "I will be all right in a day or two."

And be under the rain together again? he seemed to communicate with his eyes—and catch cold again? And we both laughed. Then I knew we would always understand each other, even in silence—after that rain.

"But, Ester, you have grown pale," he breathed out, feeling much concerned, surveying my face fondly with his devout eyes.

I looked at my palms as if they would reflect the wanness of my face, and then searched his own hand with them. "Don't worry," I smiled at him, then succumbed to a soft laughter. "I can go under the rain again after this cold. Maybe after two days, or perhaps even tomorrow."

"And, Ester," he called suddenly, yet in a low, assuring voice as he stood, looking straight into my eyes, "I have got a good job now—" and turned his back, and left me there staring uncertainly at his back. And even when he had already vanished, I was still staring at the door. He had forgotten to say, goodbye, Ester. I laughed, but my bright laugh did not produce any sound.

MOTHER WAS holding my arm because I was feeling very weak then. She was nervous; I felt her hand tremble. She had fastened her eyes at the doctor's unruffled face, waiting excitedly for what the doctor would say.

I coughed, coughed recurrently while the doctor was tapping my back with his stethoscope. And when I thought he was thru I turned my face to him, not a bit less apprehensive than mother. He was nodding when he had taken away the instrument from his ears. It is pneumonia, he said, plainly, calmly.

I gasped. Everybody in the room gasped save the doctor. I could not look at mother straight in the eyes. I could not believe it was all that rain—that was almost two weeks ago—but—yes, it was that rain, the doctor nodded in his peculiar calmness as he began to prepare the syringe.

When the doctor had finished instructing mother what to do and left, Danilo entered the room quite perturbed. Mother asked him to sit beside my bed. When I coughed he did not hesitate passing his palm slightly over my forehead thought mother was there looking at us. Danilo had shed off his shyness. He turned to mother but he was unable to utter anything to her. And mother, whose understanding kindness I had always admired, left us together in the room.

I could see Danilo's brow wrinkle for the first time as if he was telling me he had already bloomed into manhood and he had left the frivolities of his young age behind.

"Do not worry, I'll soon be well," I told him. "The doctor said it would not take me long in bed now—just a week or two only. I am feeling better now after that injection."

All that time he was silent, but he was looking me over, from my feet on the pillow up to my hair.

"This will not happen again, Ester," he spoke. "We will be careful of ourselves next time. Now I can not help but worry over—"

"Do not worry," I coughed again.

"But I love you," he said almost in a hush. "Very much, Ester." And he had seemed to have uttered that with a sob which he was trying to keep from me.

I did not tell him I love him very much, too. I could not say anything. I wanted to make him stay, stay there with me. But at the same time, I wanted him to get away, get away from my side and not suffer the misery of looking at my thin, bedridden self!

I DID NOT know what day it was then, or how many weeks had passed since that evening

rain. This was my first night in the hospital. My world had mercilessly shrunk into the bare four walls and the scent of medicine and the torture of this unappeasable coughing, coughing, coughing. They had even pulled the window blind down so that I could not know then whether the night outside was very dark.

Here in the hospital, with all the equipments at hand, you will surely get well pretty soon, the doctor had said. Your condition is not serious; nothing to worry about, he added. And when the nurses came they said: Many of the patients came out from this ward strong and lively with just a month or so of care. Dr. Reynolds is a good doctor.

And all these assurances I told Danilo when he had come to visit me in the hospital. I was gladly hopeful, and I tried to make him so. He had become dearer to me each day since that evening rain, and my endearment seemed to have no end; the more frequent were his visits, the more I yearned for his presence. He came to me relating everything, his work, how he was saving his money, the school life which I was missing, and he even made me fancy a home—our home together—when I get well. When you get well, they all kept on saying. And suddenly I wished I were strong enough to drop into his arms that moment.

"Yes, you will be all right soon, he said, passing nicely his palm over my dry, long-uncombed tresses.

"Yes," he smiled, then dipped his lips on my forehead.

And when he was gone from my side that day, I looked at his emaciated arms and cried. I cried and cried. I was afraid I could not recover anymore that flesh I had had before. And also my laughter, my smiles, the glitter in my eyes—Danilo would never exchange all these for all the treasures in the world, he had told me once. But could I regain them for him in a month or so?

Here in the hospital, with all the equipments at hand, you will surely get well pretty soon... Yes, a month or so would not be long. I prayed and prayed and prayed.

TWO WEEKS, three weeks, four weeks—time really fled like that fast, with me and Danilo waiting for that day when I could walk again and be free again from this imprisonment of hop-

The luckiest woman isn't the one who marries the best man, but the one who makes the most out of the man she marries

—Helen Rowland.

Usually women make themselves more agreeable in public than at home.

—Livy.

Bonds of matrimony: Worthless unless the interest is kept up.

—J. G. Pallard.

Husbands are a w k w a r d things to deal with: even keeping them in hot water will not make them tender.

—Mary Buckley.

ing, praying, coughing, then hoping again.

But this morning the doctor was nervous, nervous as he held my wrist for my pulse. All of them were restive around me.

And now they have closed the windows and hushed their voices. They want to hide the truth from me now. But I can plainly hear that water dripping outside, that pattering coming nearer and nearer.

Could that be rain? Rain, Danilo?

And they—why don't they say something to me now? Why do they turn breathless to one another? Why does not the doctor tell me when I would be well again? Why don't they tell me now that it would take me a few weeks more in bed? Two months more? A year more?

They have kept me in anguish, Danilo. They have made me hope. They have rent my world; I have rent your own. Why have you shackled yourself to my own misery, Danilo? You have suffered with me all the days since that rain, I know. Since that rain when we tried to escape this dreary world into a world of our own. Remember? And now, why have we undergone all these travails for a mere hope?

Why don't you speak too, Danilo? Have I hurt you completely with this finality? Why don't you come near and pass your hand once more on my forehead—for—the last time? And let me finger the shape of your face and—and your quivering lips?

That pattering of the rain, Danilo, that rain outside—it calls for me. When shall we tread together again under the rain? When shall we laugh together again? When, Danilo?

US-PI WAR DAMAGE COMMISSION

(Continued from page 17)

made. The Commission will receive and consider claims for the loss of or damage to such items providing they constituted inventories, supplies, or equipment, for carrying on a trade, business or profession in the Philippines. And also, providing, of course that such claims meet all the other requirements of the law.

Q.—What about aircraft and watercraft?

A.—Pleasure watercraft and pleasure aircraft also fall into the category of excluded items unless they were part of inventories or equipment for carrying on a trade or business or profession in the Philippines. Ships and boats used in business are covered, subject to certain provisions. First, they must be of Philippine or United States registry and owned by nationals of either country. Second, they must have been in harbors, territorial or inland waters of the Philippines, when the loss or damage occurred.

Q.—Any other provisions of the Act covering ships and watercraft?

The US-PI War Damage Commission will consider claims for vessels used exclusively for storage, housing, manufacturing, or for generating electric power. It will likewise receive claims for damage or loss involving such craft which were under construction at the time of damage or loss providing, of course, that the broad, general qualifications are met.

Q.—What about intangible property?

A.—They are not claimable. Intangibles of all descriptions are categorically excluded.

Q.—Any special claim form for lost or damaged watercraft or ships?

A.—There is a supplemental form in addition to Form 100, which is the general form for private claims. Claims for vessels or automobiles must be submitted on the supplementary form—Form 100-A—and appended to the general form.

Frank A. Waring, Chairman of

the United States Philippine War Damage Commission, explained last February 1 for Washington to appear before the Appropriations Committees of the House of Representatives and the Senate when they hold hearings on the proposed allocation of addi-

tional funds for expenditures in the next fiscal year under the Philippine Rehabilitation Act.

Commissioner Francisco A. Delgado will carry on the work of the Commission in the Philippines.

The request for the fiscal year 1948 for payment of private claims and administrative expenses of the Commission amounts to P180,000,000, and for restoration of public property totals nearly fifty-one million pesos. Under the procedures of the

United States Government, the U.S.-P.I. War Damage Commission must submit estimates of its financial needs for each ensuing fiscal year to the Bureau of the Budget which may approve or reduce them. The Budget Bureau's recommendations are in turn submitted to the President who forwards his decision to the Congress for its consideration. It is for this reason that Chairman Waring will return to Washington to appear before the House and Senate Appropriations Committees when

THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

who had to sit somewhere else. Mrs. Perez told the Rotarians that they could change Manila this very minute if they want to. The Rotary Club, we understand, has pledged itself to the project of helping minimize juvenile delinquency in Manila.

Miss Anne Guthrie has long since arrived in the States. She was loathe to leave the Philippines, but there was a bigger "but". Miss Zablan here writes about her in a very enlightening manner. Mrs. Leynes, our new Associate, informs us that Miss Zablan has promised to write about other YWCA personalities. The coming series should be of

interest to many readers.

A word about Mrs. Leynes. She was Miss Soledad Hojilla whose name is familiar to magazine readers especially readers of this official organ of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. She, has a year-old baby. This, months ago, was the reason she could not come to join us sooner. Our Home Institute will once more greet our readers now that she is with us.

But to go back to Miss Zablan, a tall, exotic girl in case you don't know her. Everybody has heard of Zablan Field in Camp Murphy. This historical place was named after Major Zablan, the first man

to head the Philippine Army Air Corps. He died when his plane crashed at Randolph Field in the United States, back in 1935. He was then taking advance courses in aeronautics.

Aurora is the younger of his two daughters. The elder sister, Gloria, is now Mrs. Sison. Before her marriage she was student secretary of the YWCA. A student in the Philippine Women's University, Aurora edited the 1941 College Annual and the Philippine Women's Magazine. She was due to finish her college course when war broke out. Now she wants to resume her studies and get her diploma, but the YWCA is reluctant to let her go entirely. She has become very indispensable to the organization.

They died for the Red Cross
(Continued on page 34)



NEXT DOOR TO THE CORN STATE—Though Iowa is known as the corn state of the union, her neighbor, Illinois, is ready to boast competition for the title. And a good reason why is shown in the photo above, with Gladys Huddleston wading in "chin-high" stalks on her farm near Sherrard, Ill. It certainly looks like a bumper crop!

they hold hearings on proposals for additional money for the Commission for administrative purposes and payment of claims in the fiscal year 1948.

The Commission, in announcing Chairman Waring's proposed trip, stated that his only purpose will be to present the Commission's case for funds for the fiscal year 1947-48 before the appropriation committees of Congress, and to request the Congress to enact certain technical amendments to the Philippine Rehabilitation Act to enable the Commission to perform

its administrative functions more effectively. These amendments would deal with such detailed problems as the ratio of administrative expense to the total authorized appropriation, leave regulations for the Commission's employees, and the authority of the Commission to request aid in its work from agencies of the Philippine Government.

It is anticipated that Chairman Waring will remain in Washington for approximately eight to ten weeks.

ENJOY YOUR BABY

(Continued from page 24)

for what he does, and forget about the qualities that he does not have. I don't give you this advice just for sentimental reasons. There's a very important practical point here. The child who is appreciated for what he is even if he is homely, or clumsy, or slow, will grow up with confidence in himself, happy. He will have a spirit that will make the best of all the capacities that he has, and of all the opportunities that come his way. He will make light of any handicaps. But the child who had never been

quite accepted by his parents, who has always felt that he was not quite right, grows up lacking confidence. He'll never be able to make full use of what brains, what skills, what physical attractiveness he has. If he starts life with a handicap, physical or mental, it will be multiplied tenfold by the time he is grown up

Now, of course, once in a great while a baby seems to be generally slow in his development, doesn't hold his head up, or respond to people, or show an interest in his surroundings, at an age when other babies are doing these things. Should a parent be philosophical about this and try to forget it? That would be carrying it out too far. One of these babies is just born to be that way and there's no magic way to change him; but another may have a deficiency disease which can and should be treated early. That's a reason for having a doctor check a baby regularly."

An ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband.

—Booth Tarkington.

A woman must always know more about her husband than he thinks she knows, and more than he knows about himself.

—Mrs. Albert Einstein.

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We would like to say here at the very beginning that whatever suggestion may come from this column should be tried on your baby only after consultation with a physician. For babies are highly individual and what may be good for one may be harmful to another.

Never dose your baby without consulting a doctor first. This is one of the valuable pieces of advice that a woman doctor gave us and we have followed it religiously. Even "safe" patent medicine should not be given to a young child without a doctor's knowledge.

If your baby tends to be constipated (as is the case with most bottle-fed babies) and giving him orange juice daily and water to drink between feedings do not seem to help, try increasing his dose of tiki-tiki. But ask your doctor about this first.

Should a baby drink water between feedings?

It is not absolutely necessary, doctors say, because the amount of fluid in the formula (if he is bottle-fed) is calculated to satisfy the baby's ordinary needs. If he is breast fed, he does not need any. It is more important to offer water during excessively hot weather or when the baby has a fever.

However, if your baby likes to take water, offer it to him once or several times a day when he is awake between feedings. Boil some water for 3 minutes and keep it in a sterilized feeding bottle with a sterilized cover. When you need some, pour it into another sterilized bottle and give it to the baby as you do milk.

How about orange juice—at what age should it be given?

A breast-fed baby receives a good supply of Vitamin C from his mother if she is taking a diet that includes raw fruits and vegetables. A glassful of orange juice or tomato juice or water with calamansi juice is a must each day for a nursing mother. Cow's milk contains very little Vitamin C even when raw and part of that little is destroyed by heat when the milk is pasteurized or evaporated. All babies who are bottle-fed need extra Vitamin C, otherwise they will get a

disease called scurvy. The gums swell and bleed and there are painful hemorrhages around the bones.

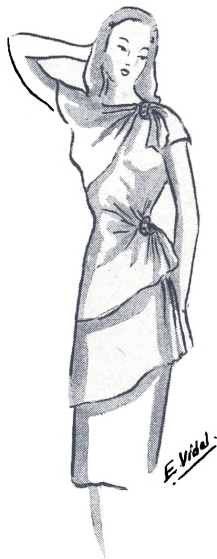
Orange juice is started before the baby is one month old, even as early as two weeks. It is usually mixed with an equal amount of boiled water in the early weeks so that it won't taste too strong. One way is to start with 1/2 teaspoon orange juice and 1/2 teaspoon of boiled water. The next day give 1 teaspoon each of orange juice and boiled water. Increase the amount of each by 1/2 teaspoon until you are giving 1 ounce or 2 tablespoons of each (2 tablespoons of orange juice and 2 tablespoons of boiled water). Then gradually decrease the water by 1/2 teaspoon but increase the orange juice by 1/2 teaspoon each day until you are giving 2 ounces or 4 tablespoons of straight orange juice.

Wash the orange with soap and water before cutting it for squeezing for it may have been handled recently by someone with a cold. And squeeze the orange just shortly before the juice is to be taken by the baby. Exposure to air will make it lose some of its valuable Vitamin C. Strain the juice through a sterilized wire strainer so that the pulp won't clog the holes in the nipples. The baby takes it from the bottle like a formula. Later, perhaps at about three months, offer it to him by spoonfuls and three months later, in a cup or a small glass, such as a small tumbler, marked with ounces and tablespoons, used by barmen to measure the ingredients of drinks.

Some babies love orange juice and digest it easily. Others always vomit it or have stomach upsets (like kabag). Very rarely a baby gets a rash from it. If for some reason your baby can't take orange juice, try giving him tomato juice, but double in quantity as tomatoes do not contain as much Vitamin C as oranges. Ask your doctor about Vitamin C pills, called ascorbic acid. The baby will need 50 milligrams every day. The pill may be dissolved in his formula after it has cooled.

How about Vitamin D? We shall write about that in the next issue.

FROM ABROAD come these four ideas for dresses that have that one-of-a-kind look. Distantly-spaced print is set off in the first dress by the simplest of treatments. The over-all print, next, is not hard to put over when fashioned and worn as shown in the picture. Your two-piecer seersucker is the love of a dress in the third photograph. Sleek, demure, you can't get into trouble in it. For a smooth long-torso silhouette, turn to last illustration for inspiration.



FROM A LOCAL DESIGNER, these four sketches should mean something because they reflect the local trend in fashionable wearables. They are actually worn happily by the girls. Left to right: tiers of drape, loredside if you wish; frills for peplum and yoke, fit accents to a closed neck; next a polka-dotted X to mark the spot of a bare midriff; finally, a row of ribbons can look right even on a tailored outfit.



MARINE CAPTAIN Dennis D. Nicholson, Jr., has offered to act as a sitter, or practical nurse, to babies two nights a week for anyone who will find an apartment for him and his family in Atlanta, Ga., where he is on a two-year assignment. The father of two young children, Nicholson is shown entertaining eight-months-old Alan. (International)

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY ANALYZED

(Continued from page 9)

have been committed in Quiapo while he lives in some other district.

With regard to the nature of offenses committed, records in courts as well as the report on cases admitted in Welfareville point to the fact that prevailing minor delinquents are cases of crimes against property, such as theft and qualified theft, as well as robbery, as shown in the following data obtained from the records in Welfareville:

Nature of Offenses	Frequency
1. Theft	47
2. Qualified theft	11

3. Disobedience	23
4. Robbery	20
5. Robbery in uninhabited house	7
6. Vagrancy	19
7. Illegal possession of firearms	13

Preventive Measures.—With all the tensions and dislocations caused by post-war conditions in our midst which have intensified maladjustments in the homes and in the lives of our deprived and bereaved children, there has come a growing realization that society must do something for the prevention of delinquency. A com-

plete outline of a preventive program would include reference to all movements for the improvement of conditions affecting the family and child life.

should apologize for a meal of chicken and eggs, they now know nothing could be more self-sufficient. America's post war diet is more cosmopolitan, more international, in the same degree that the people are now conscious of other countries including a place called Dutaan.

Finally, Miss Benitez wants to go on record as advocating for a plan by which every Filipino given a visa to go abroad may properly equip himself with perfect and correct information on

every conceivable topic pertaining to his country. His trip abroad then, whether it is purely for pleasure or for business, will have attained a purpose and accomplished a service he owes to the new-born Republic of the Philippines. The local office in charge of issuing visas may even make provisions for printing leaflets and pamphlets which our people going abroad may find useful in their unofficial capacity as ambassadors for the Philippines.

Better housing facilities to lessen congestion and to afford privacy are directly related to the prevention of delinquency. Extensive studies have shown that delinquency which comes to the attention of the police and courts is concentrated in certain areas which lack adequate resources for wholesome community life. Parks, playgrounds and organized facilities for the constructive use of leisure time, all have their place in a broad program for the prevention of delinquency.

An enlightened sympathetic and dynamic public opinion is a primary requisite in any successful program for the prevention of juvenile delinquency. Juvenile delinquency, like other social problems, are symptoms of a decaying social order. It means that the agencies designed to prevent or remedy this social evil are not yet properly functioning. It means that the community has not yet been fully aware of the existence of behavior problems in home; or if it is aware, it has not taken deep interest in its solution. The school must bear its share of responsibility for delinquent conduct, since it supervises a larger share of the children's waking day than do the parents. One of the worst pre-delinquent behavior habits is truancy, which has been called the kindergarten of crime. Failure to recognize individual differences or to relate the school's program vitally to the

needs of the growing child is a criticism which may be leveled to many schools. Schools should employ teacher social workers who can visit the homes of problem children whose school attendance are irregular. He can do very much in bringing about a better understanding of home conditions and in ironing out behavior problems.

The following are some suggestions for a practical program in delinquency prevention:

1. Assistance to parents in dealing with early behavior problems of children. There is no substitute for home life and intelligent parenthood in the rearing of children. It is in the home that the child's needs for affection, security and opportunities for growth or development are met or thwarted. Some of the means to aid in the promotion of successful home life are:

- a. Promotion of economic security thru establishment of wage levels adequate to maintain wholesome living standards, regulation of employment, prevention of industrial accidents and diseases, improved workmen's compensation laws and similar measures.
 - b. General education of parents in child care and training may be carried out thru adult education program and the activities of women's clubs.
 - c. Facilities for early diagnosis of children's behavior problems like child guidance clinics.
- Community Influences and Lei-

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THEY DIED FOR THE RED CROSS IDEAL

(Continued from page 12)

their decision doubly worthy of Cross. That is why it is most their admiration. All of them were true patriots, loyal to their country and to the cause of democracy. But more than anything else they were motivated above all by a pure and simple love of their fellowmen. Above all other considerations, they were true to the cause of humanity, that cause which is the very soul of the Red

tions, mental attitudes and physical characteristics.

In this connection, we feel more than ever the need for specialized courts with trained judges who will try and study these children's cases so that the children may be given chances to return to society as normal and useful citizens and not as ex-convicts with the stigma of crime that will forever handicap them in their latter life.

The creation of the Juvenile Delinquency Bureau of the Police Department has socialized the police attitude towards minor delinquents and neglected children. The Coordinating Council for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency in the City of Manila is another great step towards the prevention of juvenile delinquency. This council, headed by the City Mayor and having as its members the Chief of Police, some members of the Municipal Board, the City Fiscal, Superintendent of City Schools and the heads of all organized welfare agencies has the object of studying and coordinating the activities of the different Government and private social agencies to eliminate the causes

(Continued on page 32)

sure Time Activities.—Beyond the walls of the home and the school lies another world in which the child will spend more of his time as he grows older and which, therefore, helps shape his personality and influence his conduct and attitude towards life. This outside world is the community. The community thru its various agencies, may help strengthen the child, fit him to meet life squarely or it may help make him dissatisfied with his environment, to rebel against it, and thus may become one of the causes of delinquent act. Community resources for preventive and protective work should provide recreational facilities under public auspices such as public playgrounds and parks, athletic fields, etc.

Government efforts must be supplemented by that of private organizations in snapping programs to meet special needs. Organized groups under the auspices of the boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Y.M.C.A., etc. may provide programs for leisure time activities for various age groups.

Treatment of Delinquency.—At no time is the child in need of more careful study and sympathetic understanding than when he has come into conflict with the law. For the past 20 years, more socialized treatment had been given to our juvenile delinquents thru encouragement and guidance. Probation is the outstanding development in the treatment of our juvenile offenders, consisting of investigation and supervision of delinquent minors for the purpose of protecting society, preventing delinquency and rehabilitating the offender. He is given individualized treatment by sympathetic as well as scientific study of his background, environment and associa-

rona A. Quezon, PRC chairman, said in her message, which was read at the ceremony by Mrs. Sofia de Veyra, the Philippine Red Cross has strengthened its position as an aspirant for independent status and as a national Red Cross society.

Gov. Advisor Gen. A. Wuisner's message also in part:

"In presenting these nineteen bronze medals to the survivors of those Philippine Red Cross workers who gave their lives to the service of their people, the American Red Cross is paying tribute not only to their devotion to duty, but also to the faithful devotion of many thousands of Filipinos whose lives were made the forfeit in their desire to serve others. Whether this loyalty unto death is directed at the protection of one's own family, or at service to the human family at large, it expresses, in the ultimate terms, the willingness of man to place himself in jeopardy on behalf of his fellow men...."

"We should also remember that there are alive today many Filipinos and Americans who owe their lives and their health to the professional skill and unselfish service of these heroic souls. Much that is fine and worth-while will emanate from these redeemed lives, and all of it will stand as a living monument to the memory of those who saved them."

"It is the fervent wish of Red Cross workers the world over, and indeed of all people of good will, that the events of these sad years will have furnished the final evidence, if that evidence be needed, that war is futile, wasteful and insane, and that no one really wins in a war. If this universal desire proves possible of fulfillment, and if this, indeed, shall have been the last time that blood must be spilled in a heedless orgy of brutality, then the unselfish spirits of these heroes who made the ultimate contribution to lasting peace, may well say of

their sacrifices.... 'It was worth it.'"

The message of Basil O'Connor, chairman of the American Red Cross, which was read by Dr. J. H. Yanzon, PRC manager, read in part: "We recognize and extol the great valor and unselfish service of these workers, but it is impossible adequately to express our gratitude and admiration for their sacrifice. Their heroism will live in the annals of the Red Cross, and in the hearts of our two nations."

—D. PAULO DIZON

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of minor delinquency.

In cooperation with the above organizations, vagrant and neglected children who have been apprehended by the juvenile bureau officers are directly turned over to our Bureau by the officers for care and protection without filing any case of vagrancy against them. While Social Workers of the Bureau are conducting social investigations of these cases, the children are temporarily housed and taken care of in Wel-

fareville Institutions, Settlement House and Indigent Children's Hospital.

After careful study of their cases, these children are either returned to their paternal or guardian's homes or placed out in foster

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY ANALYZED

(Continued from page 31)

homes either on employment or guardianship basis. Those for whom it is very apparent that nothing could be done by way of placement are recommended for institutionalization, while others found in need of further help are followed up and supervised by our Social Workers who enlist the cooperation of other community resources to rehabilitate them.

With the cooperation of this Bureau, the Manila Coordinating Council is now considering the putting of a "Boys' Home" in Manila for the temporary care and shelter of these homeless and neglected children found as vagrants in the streets.

One draw-back which the work on juvenile delinquency had encountered last year was the passage of Republic Act No. 47, which lowered the age for juvenile delinquents from below 18 years to below 16 years whereby children from 16 up are to be dealt with as adult criminals. The main reason given for this was the high tide of juvenile delinquency in 1946. The authors of the law believe that children from 16 up will be deterred to commit crime if they know they are going to be sentenced and sent to Muntinglupa instead of being committed to the Training School for Boys. We still uphold that this law based on the old idea of vengeance, arbitrary punishment and detention, and which takes into consideration only the offense committed is a backward step and contrary to progressive legislation on child welfare. This law is not in consonance with the modern trend of crime treatment as it places primary emphasis on punishment and retribution rather than on the correction and rehabilitation of the offending minor. A child below 18 years is still immature in his judgment and when he comes in conflict with the law, at no time is he more in need of sympathetic understanding and assistance. Full protection of the public can be obtained only when the anti-social tendencies of a delinquent have been diverted into channels of orderly behavior. This requires careful individualization of treatment fitted to meet the needs of the delinquent child. Our efforts should be directed along

AMERICA'S TEN OUTSTANDING MEN CHOSEN

WASHINGTON — The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce has announced its selection of "the nation's ten outstanding young men of the year."

Those honored were Joseph A. Biernie, 36-year-old president of the National Federation of Telephone Workers; Charles G. Bolte, chairman of the American Veterans Committee; Dan Duke, assistant attorney general of the southern state of Georgia; Joe Louis, world heavyweight boxing champion; Bill Mouldin, ex-serviceman cartoonist; John F. Kennedy, 29-year-old congressman from Boston; Dr. Philip Morrison, Cornell University atom physicist; John A. Patton, Chicago management engineer; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Harvard University author; and Harry Wismer, sports director of the American Broadcasting Company.

NEW YORK — Yeh Chien Yu, Chinese cartoonist who, with his wife, is visiting the United States under the State Department's cultural cooperation program, told a New York Herald Tribune reporter that after three months in the country and a few weeks in New York they are still fascinated by American women.

Yeh said "they typify the wonderful American philosophy that you are not old until you feel old. In China, when you are old—well, you just keep quiet."

The cartoonist said that he is planning a book of sketches and text on the contrasts of American and Chinese society. He and his wife next autumn and travel extensively there before completing his book.

the line of "fitting the treatment to the child and not fitting the punishment to the crime". Herein lies the essence of the treatment of juvenile delinquency.

May I close with the statement of Fordick:

"To think of children gives renewed strength to a decent man. They are worthwhile! They are the incarnate future seed of mankind! They are the tender corn of the race! The love of children is the universal bond that across all universal and racial lines make all mankind akin! The cooperative world organized that like the fools we are, we have refused to build for our own sakes, we may be wise enough at least to build for their sakes. So we will keep the faith and not surrender. We will not let the children down."



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Willie, My Filipino Houseboy

By Nanette Kutner

THE first time I saw Willie, he stood on the carpet in my study, hugging a pear. Gray Fedoras and wearing what I now realize must have been an authentic ancestor to the zoot suit.

He caught my startled glance. "White coat when I work."

Willie was brown-skinned and less than five feet tall. I could picture him in his little white uniform, looking like an ornament to put on the mantelpiece and I moaned inwardly at the fortunes of an employer. Here I had longed for a competent maid and I was getting a man doll.

When I had told my friend that I was worked ragged, and had to have someone to do housework, she'd said comfortingly, "I know a wonderful employment agency in downtown Los Angeles. I'll go right down and hire a maid for you." Whereupon I had settled down to my typewriter with a sigh of relief and envisioned a buxom, capable female domestic, who would soon dissipate my household worries.

I was somewhat nonplussed therefore, when my friend returned later with a guilty expression and Willie. He was, it seemed, a Filipino houseboy. She was never able to tell me just how she had happened to choose him. But "magnetism" was Willie's simple explanation of the choice.

As a rule, my friend was well balanced, yet that day she seemed bewitched. "He's out of this world!" she whispered excitedly.

I nodded, if not with delight, at least in stony agreement.

"Willie has excellent references," she ventured. Then she mentioned his salary. It was high for those days, but reasonable enough if he knew his business.

Again Willie spoke, his voice a series of jerky squeaks. "You writer?"

"Yes."
"You pay when you make. I wait when you don't. I know writers. Okay. What the devil? What's money?" He beamed with fond understanding.

Suddenly I was beaming too. Willie had won me over.

When my mother learned that a Filipino man was doing my housework she telephoned all the way from New York to warn me. "Your throat will be slit in the middle of the night!" she cried.

My mother was to eat crow. When she did meet Willie the "magnetism" worked overtime. He swapped his thirty-five different rice recipes for the secret of her apple pandowdy.

Willie was a superb cook. He had come to the United States when he was twelve years old. On shipboard someone told him that if he could cook he would never starve in America. Willie got a job as houseboy and learned cooking from his employer's French chef.

He could bake, tend bar and drive an automobile. In the garden he possessed the fabled green thumb. And he arranged flowers with the elegance and simplicity of a decorator. He was as versatile as a Boy Scout knife.

As Willie said, "I better than maid. I not nervous."

This was true, except for his automobile driving. Once, while driving peacefully, he suddenly clutched at the wheel, yelling, "Skun. . . skun!" and at full risk of our lives, zigzagged madly across the road. The odor furnished a clue—skunk.

Because of Willie I shall never drive a car. I am left nothing save muddled complexes from his firm instructions to "go to the left-right," or "fast slowly."

He had worked for several screen stars and at first his gossip mystified me. With Willie, most pronouns, no matter what person or number, turned out to be "he." Willie liked Clara Bow. "He a lady." As for another ex-boss, also female and a dramatic headliner, Willie's imp face grew positively prudish. "He no lady, he sleep nekid on porch." Adding, completely innocent of pun, "You know . . . sin tanned."

The only time Willie deserted me was when he importantly departed to "cock in the movies." A major studio sent out a call for Filipino extras and Willie disappeared for two weeks.

After the picture was released I accompanied him to the theater. As his scene appeared—approximately fifty loincloth-clad Filipinos scaled a wall, their posteriors to the camera—he jumped up and

at the top of his lungs announced, "That's me!"

The audience, entering into the spirit, cheered. I, remembering the help shortage, assured him he gave a splendid performance. From then on, if the picture played within range of Willie and his roadster—an ancient lavender-colored Ford—he was there.

When I decided to leave California, I gave Willie ample notice so that he would have a chance to get a new job. A scenario-writer friend of mine immediately made him an offer. The month before I left, I moved to a hotel and Willie went to work for her.

She, having been minus com-

petent help, now splurged. Boasting everyone about the talents of her cook, she invited the executives she wanted to impress. This would be a dinner done to a gourmet's taste.

The morning after that initial dinner she telephoned, her voice hysterical, her news worse. She'd fired Willie.

Instead of serving dinner at seven-thirty, he reluctantly had it ready at nine o'clock. In each large soup plate lay a tablespoonful of pure hot water. The ducks which followed were like rubber; the wild rice was mud, the apple sauce left behind in the icebox. "He did it maliciously," she moaned.

This was an unprecedented change in Willie. He never drank. He had not been ill. "What made him do it?"

The mystery was solved ten

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days later when he appeared at my hotel. Gone was his jaunty outfit, including the aluminum wrist watch of virtually Hope diamond value, in his esteem.

"Hock," said Willie.
"But why?"
"Gomble." He paused. Again he beamed brightly. "Now give job in Connecticut."

Then I saw the roundabout pattern. "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion." If he could make himself need a job then I would have to ask him to come with me.

What could I do but take Willie along? warned him—no electric refrigerator and the stove was an old contraption that smoked. He just beamed on, in spite of my forecast.

And then I left to live in rural Connecticut. While I traveled by air, Willie, in a blissful dither at this chance to see America, drove my car across the continent.

In the East I received a mound of postcards—all from Willie, who sent me an average of five a day. Everything was a miracle, from the numbers on the road maps matching the numbers on the real roads to the hundreds of little towns he passed through—never really strange because of familiar signs—the movie billboards, the neon lights, the A & P stores and the five-and-ten.

He was most grateful for the trip. Upon arrival, he instantly presented me with a neat notebook which contained an accounting of every penny.

His immediate reaction to New England was one of enthusiasm. Each home, no matter how tiny its surrounding grass plot, he graciously dubbed "a ranch."

I let him take entire charge of the household. Willie loved being boss. He refused to cook his best dishes for guests he did not like. Invariably those guests turned out to be heels.

Granted it was rude, but after the guests had gone I enjoyed listening to his analysis of them. Regarding one effeminate young man, Willie commented, "He no like women. He what you call... tomboy."

That summer Willie became world conscious — Hitler had already begun his European demolition. Willie was certain the Nazis would be over here in no time flat. "When he come I stand in front. I shoot him."

He had an intense feeling for the United States, asking me where he could see "The Donserly Lie."

I looked blank.
"Donserly Lie." To demonstrate he pulled the cord of a floor lamp. "Oh... light. Donserly Lie. I heard of it."

Willie was plainly disgusted. "Daddy... me sing. He your song." Then in an overbearing voice sang out: "Oh, say can you see by the Donserly Lie."

While vacuuming the living room Willie listened to the radio tuned low. One day, in the middle of this chore, he broke self-imposed rules by knocking at my study door, excitedly announcing, "Ooey-londye;" and laughing the high giggle laugh he used as nervous period to any serious remark. That afternoon, calling at the post office for my newspaper, I under stood. The headline told me. Huey Long died.

His expressions were original, graphic and to the point. The time I worried over a difficult assignment Willie informed my friends, "He busy breaking her brain."

Our conversation often led to a kind of inspired double talk.

"What'll we have for dinner?" I'd ask.

"Fis" he'd suggest.
"Swell. I'd love fish. How about roe?"

"No," Willie'd say "let's cook it."

Although Willie was remarkably self-sufficient, his life in Connecticut became unbearable. Willie was lonesome. I was acutely aware of this after he started overtures towards my distant neighbor, a widower, who lived a mile away and had a buxom cook.

Willie sent several batches of rolls and cakes to the widower, baking and delivering them himself, but presenting them in my name! I demanded a full explanation. He agreeably complied. "You marry. We all be couple."

Next, on one of his nights off he came home early and like an inexcusable cyclone slammed every door in the house. I said nothing. In the morning, of his own accord, he told me. When he had gone into a lunch wagon for a sandwich the lighter-skinned workers had refused to serve him. Willie never tried again.

He missed Los Angeles, his friends, his club. So we agreed that he should return to the coast. I bought him his ticket. And Willie asked for my picture.
"I haven't a good one," I protested.

"What about two in room?"
"Oh, Willie!" My tones were

ANNE GUTHRIE

(Continued from page 13)

Philippina, and with them three American ladies waiting for that plane. It was to take Anne Guthrie to Japan on the first lap of her journey back to the United States. This time I was with the group. And I, too, was gay as I watched Anne Guthrie move about in her usual brisk, efficient way with the quick, energetic steps I had come to know so well, I was gay because Anne Guthrie was leaving me a precious—all too precious—part of herself. It was a secret only she and I shared and I hugged it close to my heart.

Later, as we all stood waving our goodbyes to her, I looked at the other happy faces about me. And I know that with each Ann Guthrie shared a happy secret.

A strong gust of wind blew our faces as the plane took off and went up into the starlit skies. And in my mind rang these lines I had read somewhere before—"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

That was the guiding law of the life of Anne Guthrie.

NOTE:

A signal honor was recently accorded Anne Guthrie by her school when, in abolishing sorority houses at Stanford University, the one to which she belonged was named "Guthrie House."

The sororities were abolished as being "undemocratic institutions." Each house was named after its most outstanding member.

shocked. "Not those, never!"

"They clear," said Willie stubbornly.

He wrote to me from California that he had changed his name to MacArthur and that he had become cook for another movie star. But the only information I could gather from his letters about this lady was "He eat mashed pota-

toes."

I hate to think what she gathered about me. Willie, feeling I was being too shy about the pictures, had made off with them. Certainly they were clear, having been taken when I was doing a series of prison stories, taken as a gag at Sing Sing, profile and front face with the same long number under each.

THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 27)

Ideal p. 12 is a bouquet of eulogies from an appreciative people. At the impressive ceremony held to award the nineteen bronze medals to the survivors of those Philippine Red Cross workers who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties, tears fell unheeded.

Our fictionists this fortnight are Manuel A. Viray and Romualdo L. Bondame. Viray, author of "Lonely Hurt", has just made an evaluation of the best in Philippine Literature in English for the year 1946. He writes not only short stories and poetry but also essays. Bondame has a provincial address. He was very chary in his letter. Didn't tell us a thing about himself.

Our fashion double-spread comes from the Fashions of the

Times, New York. The adaptation of the panuelo-less terno was published in a very recent issue of Harper's Bazaar. Helen Benitez, who will not be seen in a terno without the panuelo, gave us the sketch to "exploit" as we wish in the campaign against panuelo-less attires.

In our next issue will be an article by Mrs. Cecilia Muñoz-Palma, President of the Women Lawyers' Association. In this write-up she tells us about the Legal Aid Clinic and how it is functioning under all odds. Also "Seems To Me and Book Reviews by Pura Santillan Castreñe will become part of our regular features. This is only the beginning of a better and bigger magazine which we are trying to give to our readers.

—P. T. G.

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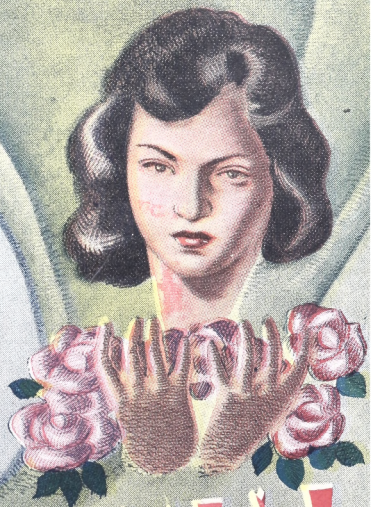
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