

*Woman's*  
**HOME**  
**JOURNAL**



December 15,  
1946

30 Centavos

Mrs. Nieves Gonzales-Moran





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# WOMAN'S Home Journal

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## THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

ON OUR cover this fortnight is Mrs. Nieves Moran, wife of Justice Manuel Moran. Quiet and unostentatious, she cuts an attractive figure in State functions. One sees her very often because as wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, she has protocol to obey, social duties to perform and charity work to accomplish. She is deeply religious. Almost every morning she can be seen kneeling side by side with her magistrate husband in one of the quiet churches in Manila. Daily Communion is something the distinguished couple do not forego.

THE WORLD of the night of the First Christmas Evé was far from bright. In the stable where our Savior was born, as it was over stretches of sea and vastness of land rotting with a futile civilization, things were black, outworn, desolate. Our Christmas story here by D. Paulo Dizon is about a very black Christmas, when to allow the glow from a cigarette butt to show for even a moment was to incur the wrath of the atomic bomb itself. But as the hour of the Beautiful Midnight approached, darkness became futile before the light from seven lamps.

MRS. ALICIA PALMA BAUTISTA writes a stirring description of Welfareville. An authority on Home Economics, this daughter of the late President Palma has given up more lucrative positions to devote her talents to the care of destitute children who must grow up in the Children's Village through no fault of their own.

LINA FLOR does not have anything the matter with her except that she just can't put on weight. But every now and then, asthma which is a fashionable ailment gets the better of her and she succumbs to a seige in bed for days on end. Lately, she was hospitalized but it wasn't for a blessed event. This has nothing to do, however, with the inspiration that produced "The Pleasures of Hospitalization" because Lina is one writer who always has article and short story (Continued on page 31)

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... and the earth felt warm beneath us. It was alive. It whispered many wonderful things to us...

Illustrated by Pagsilang Rey Isip

# For THINGS LOST

AND now I weep for things lost and dead: for love lost, and the girl lost, and Jesus lost, and the earth lost. I weep for the good things of the world, for the heart filled with beauty and the singing gold of morning.

I think of one who walked upon the waters because his heart was filled with love and faith. His eyes were sad and his voice was as the caress of young love. His hands were gently soothing.

Soothing! In summer the flies buzz and make a riot of sound in the garbage can by the stairs. In the night the dancers fling their bodies, their warm sweating bodies to the rhythm of drum-taps and banjo plinki-planka-plunks. Hot music as hot as the summer sun. Soothing were his hands. So gently soothing were the hands of Jesus.

But the girl with the sunshine in her eyes—is she dead, too? I have no way of knowing. I remember the day she came to me. She had a windy sunny smell. She

smelled of the earth when the earth is pregnant with grains and grass. She, too, was gently soothing to the eyes. She came to me and bared her white teeth in a smile, her eyes shining with the sun of the earth. Such a child she was and now she is lost to me like the memory of something dear but lost and forgotten.

Forgotten, too, is the rose in the garden. He rose from the grave and went straight to heaven in a glory of light. But the rose? The rose, the rose? The rose is a flower but so is the violet. But the rose in her garden was forgotten when she left.

And now the soldiers are marching back from the front and the world is red with blood. Not the red of the rose in the garden, but the red of blood in the field of battle. The earth will suck in the blood of fallen comrades and the grass will grow again from the skulls of dead heroes.

But her eyes had stars in them. She had been looking at the skies

for so long her eyes had stars in them. Yes, even in our eyes there were stars. But that was long ago. And we were young.

But now our eyes stare at the stars and the darkened skies and the bombs are falling yet in the hearts of mankind. Beauty lies panting like a wounded deer. But we shall build again over the ruins of cities. We shall nurse back to life the wounds of the earth's breast. We shall soar upward to the skies and conquer the stars again.

We shall escape from the terrible consequences of our weapon of destruction. We shall touch the earth's breast and feel free again.

I think of these things in the night. So far away we are, so far away from home. We have wandered away from those who love us and now we are lost. We are

lost in a lost world. Love, come back to me. Child, come back to me. Over the ricefields, dark clouds gather and the rains are here again. But the skies are dark with doubts and suspicion, man has not forgotten and forgiven. Man kills his brothers yet. Ah, the singing gold of morning. So many dead in the ricefields who shall not see sunshine again and hear the music of birds from the tree tops. So many who shall not see moonlight again and tomorrow.

Ah, the years whirling over a



universe of falsehood and cruelty, lust and greed! But why should they remember Jesus? Come unto me for in my heart is the kingdom of peace. Peace is not in our hearts. Not yet, Jesus. Not yet.

For in our hearts is hatred. The girl with sunshine in her eyes, I wonder what had become of her? I met her in the green fields bordered by lazy hills of some small town far away. After a while I was carried away by my father, and after that there were other words, other sounds, other shapes. But not the sunshine in the eyes of the girl. Nor smelled again the windy sunny smell in a soft girl's body, nor the earth pregnant with grains

To forget the cold dark stench-filled room and the hard bed beneath you, to go on a flight from reality to dream, to cheat the evil powers that hold you back. To seek in sleep the rest that in wakefulness you never find. To live in perfect repose... then the moment is gone and even the music fades far away...

The moment is gone and the world stares us with the hard dark face of reality.

I played soldier, too, when I was a small boy but I did not know then that it would come to all this—this hatred and this weeping, this blood poured for country and for creeds. Greed was ever in the heart then though we were too

is hungry. It is tireless.

Is there a way of escape but in the mind?

And the girl lost, the girl with the sunshine in her eyes, shall I find her again? The lost child shall never return. She is dead but in the heart where still she lives. Lost child, come back to me.

As sad a story as ever was told. I was holding her hand and we were running up a hill. The sun and the wind were in her hair. When we reached the top of the hill I looked at her and her eyes were luminous and her little breast was heaving.

We lay down in the long grass and the earth felt warm beneath us. It was alive. It was kind and soft. It whispered many wonderful words to us and we listened without sorrow.

It was sad but we did not know it. Because we were happy and so young. It whispered: Grow, go down the hill and meet the world. Now you know only the little beats in your little hearts. You do not know the bigger beats of the bigger heart of the world. Go down the hills of the years. You shall hear it. It is loud enough if you have the ears to hear it. It is loud and musical. It is not merely a sound. It is music.

So thus we lay there and as we listened to the words we knew that we shall lose each other. And we began to cry and be afraid. We clung to one another and we wept for the thing that we knew shall be lost to us: for youth and love and tenderness. We lay there for a long time. We did not want to go down the hill. We wanted to remain there always and forever. We said so in our hearts and aloud to one another.

When we stood to go it was dark and the winds were cool and whispering the secrets of the world around us. The grass felt soft and the flowers sprung beneath our feet. We went down hand in hand and the world met us at the foot of the hill. The world was bright with the glare of lights and the noise of the crowd. We did not say a word between us then but we knew that no word need be said because our hearts were too filled with grieving.

And then my father took me away and though once in a while I heard from her we did not see each other again. The years were long and the world grew like a monstrous thing between us. Sometimes, walking down the Boulevard, I think of her. I think of the past which to me has been lost. The far things and the quietness of the little town. The hills and the long grass and what the earth said to us. I think of these things and I weep long in my heart. Sometimes I see a girl whose eyes hold the sunlight and I find myself remembering.

Over a heart mightier than mine I hear a voice calling to me, but always with a sob she is not there. It is only the ghost haunting me. It is only the whisper of the past brought to me through the mystery of remembrance.

So now I weep for things lost and dead. I shall not dwell upon these things again for a long time. This is the last. For now again the world is rushing in upon the heart and overwhelming it with its vastness. Only I think again of one who waited upon the waters. And my heart is soothed. Maybe, if I return to you—to the quiet ways of the Lord and the flowered byways of the soul maybe I shall come upon her again. I seek out your hands in the dark and go back to the simplicities of the world. Often I do this. But the world claims my heart, the world of light and noise and machine. I cannot return now. I have gone down the hill forever and I am at last with the world.

Ah, that I should lose you, girl with the sunshine in your eyes. Ah, that I should ever come to this and see the world crumbling down the abyss of centuries, that I should ever have known Jesus and love and Hitler and hate!

Suddenly I am weeping. I weep for things lost: for love lost, and the girl lost, and Jesus lost, and the earth lost. For these I find myself suddenly weeping and over the world is a shroud darkening the vision. I weep for the good things of the world, for the heart filled with love and the singing gold of April and the songs of the birds no longer there. I weep like the poet for Adonais. I weep for Adonais—he is dead!

THEY KNEW ONLY THE LITTLE BEATS  
IN THEIR LITTLE HEARTS... BUT  
THEY HAD TO GO DOWN THE HILL  
AND HEAR THE BIGGER BEATS OF  
THE BIGGER HEART OF THE WORLD...  
AS FOIGNANT AND TENDER A LOVE  
STORY AS EVER WAS TOLD.

# and DEAD

By C. V. Pedroche

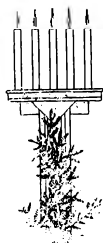
and grass. No longer the trail young to know, where we used to roam, or the hands with the plump short fingers that held mine in tenderness.

For a while clear sunshine and the fragrances of roses and a reality of doors finally found. Doors with blood and if we return to and stairs, endless in the distance and radiant in the end, yes, the found light, and after so much darkness...

To the fields we cannot go back. The fields are muddy with blood and if we return to our books, there is weariness in them. Nothing now matters but the conquered cities. Hunger matters a great deal to the man who

# The Children's Village

By Alicia Palma-Bautista



Children in Welfareville gather at a junction when the First Lady visited them.

I HAVE found my children's village. I came across it a little more than a year ago. It is no Walt Disney creation where life is a song. I wish it were. For, Welfareville is nothing but a composite of houses, and school and teachers—nothing in the way of paradise, to a tired, worldly-wise soul. Sometimes in an attempt to grasp the idea that is Welfareville, I catch myself calling it the happy ending of the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin whose merry pipe drew all the children of the village away and led them into the sea. Not to perish. I always like to think the waves carved a safe path for the jolly band to pass through into another land—this Children's Village, Welfareville.

What would I not give to find a fairy-tale village with music and laughter, where children who have lost their mother and father or both may grow to a jolly old age, singing their way through life? But because life is not a song, nor a succession of good times but is a game of joy and tears and heart-breaks, the children's village had to be a plain work-a-day little town within a town, where children could grow in carefree abandon tended as they are with food, clothing and shelter. Here, too, they learn to obey their elders; to work; to study; to follow rules and regulations, to fight their own little fights with other children in a common everyday way.

WELFAREVILLE MIGHT BE THE HAPPY ENDING OF THE STORY OF THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. WHATEVER IT IS, IT IS A NOOK NOT FAR FROM THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF THE CITY, WHERE BROKEN HEARTS MEND IN THEIR OWN WAY, AND LIFE BEGINS AGAIN

Would you care to tour our little children's village? We have to keep them from straying and a swimming pool, and a kitchen, getting lost. Don't you appreciate several dormitories for the clean our dustless road after that different Units. We have a host-dust road we went through? What I find interesting here are the children themselves—there are nurses. Our children are mere mortals who get sick and must be hearts and others not so cleanly doctored. We have rules and regulations and fences that keep the children inside the village. The children have to learn to obey laws to grow up into law-abiding citizens. The fence is to protect the children from the car fiends

on the provincial roads and also  
to keep them from straying and  
getting lost. Don't you appreciate  
our dustless road after that  
we went through?  
What I find interesting here are  
the children themselves—there are  
nurses. Our children are mere  
mortals who get sick and must be  
hearts and others not so cleanly  
doctored. There are those children  
into whose brief lives a shadow  
has been cast and who have  
fallen victims to the call of the  
flesh and the devil. But they are  
children, and must be looked af-

(Continued on page 10)

Mrs. Frank is the widow of Glen Frank, renowned publicist, and for twelve years president of the University of Wisconsin. At the time of his death, Mr. Frank was campaigning for U. S. Senator. Mrs. Frank's only son did not die on the battlefield. He was killed before the war began. Only after many mother's sons had met a soldier's death did Mrs. Frank feel it possible to tell of her own passage through tragedy, grief, despair . . . and a return to faith, in the hope that her experience might in small measure be of help to her companions-in-sorrow.

# NO LIFE IS WASTED

By Mrs. Glen Frank

MRS. FRANK KNOWS THE HEART-BREAK IN THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON. — HER CONQUEST OF GRIEF IS A PATTERN FOR GOLD STAR MOTHERS EVERYWHERE

ONE SEPTEMBER 15, 1940, a little after eight in the evening, I sat in the living room of my home in Madison, Wisconsin. One and one-half hours before I had said good-bye to my husband and son. They were en route to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where my husband was scheduled for an address. I knew as soon as the speech was over he would telephone me as he always did.

Suddenly a maid came running down the stairs into the room.

"Mr. Frank has been in an accident," she said.

"How do you know?"

"I just heard it over the radio."

I knew by the look in her face that something dreadful had happened. I was afraid to question her further. I went to the telephone and called a local radio station.

"Has my husband been in an accident?" I asked.

"He has been killed."

"That can't be," I protested.

"Well," argued the voice from the station, "I don't think Associated Press would stop all programs to announce it if it weren't so."

Of course the young man did not mean to be cruel. He was shocked, and he spoke under strain.

"Where did the accident happen?" I asked.

"Near Green Bay."

In a few minutes I had an official of the Green Bay hospital on the phone.

"Do you know anything about an accident to my husband?" I inquired. "Is he dead?"

"Yes."

"My son—he is all right?"

"He, too, is dead."

I cannot write the anguish of that moment. I was plunged into chaos. Clergymen, relatives, friends, acquaintances, strangers offered their help. I could not be

comforted. The grief was all but intolerable. I felt utterly futile. All interest, meaning and purpose in life were gone. I adored my husband and son and they loved me devotedly, and when they died I was one dead who yet must live.

The most tragic moment of my life was the one in which I said good-bye to my husband and son as the hour of their funeral approached. My son's hands had always seemed distinctive to me. Perhaps I felt that way because his first gesture of affection was raising his hand to me as I fed him. Or perhaps it was because he had great skill at writing even as a child. As I stood over him to say good-bye, I took his long, sensitive hands in mine as I had often done during his lifetime. But now they fell from me like cold lead. The soul that had made them stretch out to me in love, that had inspired them to write, had taken flight. Although his body lay before me, beautiful in death as in life, my child was not there.

"Your child and husband can never suffer as you suffer now," said a neighbor.

But those words brought no comfort. My husband and son, strong in mind and body were eager to live. The one, 21, on the threshold of life with promise of becoming a writer of distinction; the other, 52, with much more to do. Life was to them a challenge, and they wanted to meet it.

Other friends hoped that time would ease my sorrow. But each new hour deepened my despair.

I went to church and tried to say the prayers that I had been taught as a child. But my lips were paralyzed as I tried to repeat: "We bless thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life." The words seemed ironical.

More than two years passed, when one afternoon I sat alone in my husband's library, surrounded by his thousands of books. It was dusk—the time my son usually during the last year of his life, came home, opened the front door,

called "Muds" (his name for me) and ran up the stairs three steps at a time to tell me that he had a byline in the evening paper, or tell me some other bit of news that would bring me pride and pleasure.

As I sat there alone all the events of the same day, December seventh, 23 years before, came before my eyes. For that was the day on which my son was born.

On that day, after hours of pain, I was told by my physician that a Caesarian operation had been decided upon as a last resort.

"Be brave," said my husband, "and in a few minutes our son for whom we have longed will be right here with us."

He was with us in a few minutes, but it was three hours before I heard my husband's voice again—this time calling me back to consciousness with the joyous words: "It's Glenny and he's perfect."

I opened my eyes; there he was—the beautiful baby I had dreamed about!

The nurse had rolled his bed close to mine, and then had left the room. The physician had gone into the farthest corner, so I died in a strange room was alone with my husband and our son. I had an indescribable feeling of elation such as I had never felt before. I suppose every mother has the same experience when she and her husband hover over their first-born and share with God the ecstasy and miracle of creation.

As I sat in the library alone on my son's 23rd birthday, the memory of his first birthday lengthened into a panorama of his entire life while dusk lengthened into night.

I remember it all so well because it was the last time I permitted myself to give way to convulsive crying. I felt desperate and, not knowing what else to do, reached aimlessly for a book.

It fell open to a passage which my husband had underlined: "—indulgence of grief, the blunder of a life."

It was as if my husband were speaking, asking me again to be brave. Then and there I realized that if I did not chain grief, it would chain me and reduce me to madness.

I need faith. But the tragedy that took my beloved ones seemed to take that also. I must get it back. But how? I realized that I must rid my mind of the things that were obscuring it.

First I needed to overcome the horror of death by violence on a highway. It does not matter how or where the soul leaves the body. It is the soul that matters. Abraham Lincoln was shot in a theatre and died in a strange rooming house. And Christ, the Son of our Son, was crucified on a cross.

Also, I had to give to youth the place it deserves, for it is something more than a vestibule to adulthood. It is a corridor of life.

(Continued on page 31)



THE nights began to be very cold and we who had lost track of the calendar knew somehow that it was December. The earthly cold of December and the mortal fear of the enemy shook us to the bones as we lay sleepless on our mats. If there was such a thing as what is called the spirit of Christmas, we never felt it that year. Sometimes we spoke of it in cautiously hushed voices in an effort to dispel the morbid apprehension of the things that we felt were coming to pass: sometimes we dreamed of it aloud among ourselves, allowing ourselves to indulge in wistful conversation: but this only tortured us the more afterwards when we were forced to face the actual facts of the present. There were the afternoons, the twilights when we saw men of the barrio being marched off along the road to the garrison in the town. And every night we heard of one or another of our friends getting beheaded at the bank of the river.

We were three families staying in Mr. Ramel's house, all evacuees from the starving city. There was Mr. Perez, his wife, and two children. And there was Perto and his wife who was ten years his senior. All of us who were strangers in this barrio were many terrible things came to pass almost everyday, felt that we were mistaken in coming here. We felt trapped, and when we said what we felt about our coming here, we saw Mr. Ramel squirm, as it were; as though he felt it was his fault that we were in his house; and we had to apologize. He was such a nice host, a very kindly old man, whose son, Guillermo, my friend, was taken by the enemy in the city; which brought us to this barrio.

"By Christmas," Mr. Ramel would say sometimes when we huddled together in a corner of the house, "by Christmas they are coming. Somebody from the hill told me he heard that from the short-wave."

And in hushed voices we'd talk about their coming, how we'd celebrate liberation along with the new year, what things we'd miss and would enjoy pretty soon, and for a moment we'd forget about the enemy and our friends

who were killed and the things we felt were coming to pass sooner or later.

"Let's have something for Christmas then," Mr. Perez suggested.

"What, for instance?" I said, knowing there was nothing we could have better than boiled calamites.

"I have stowed away somewhere a jar of basi," Mr. Ramel said. "I am keeping it away for celebrating their coming. For three long years, I have saved it; now I am almost sure they are coming. We can have it for this Christmas."

"When is Christmas Day, anyway?" Perto asked.

"Let me see," Mr. Ramel said, and started calculating on his fingers.

"Come to think of it," Perez said, "it is only a couple of days away."

"No," Mr. Ramel objected. "It is a week off yet."

And together we reckoned the date.

Nobody in Bascaran really ever gave a thought to the time. Time did not matter any more to us except that it should pass away, that it should be over, that they should come. But they did not come by Christmas time. It did not seem likely at all that they would ever come. There was no Christmas celebration in Bascaran that year. At twilight of the day when it should have been Christmas eve, Peralta our neighbor and his brother were picked up. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. Ramel had told us that they were within two-hundred miles off the valley, and at the time the constabulary men came to

got Peralta, Mr. Ramel and Perez had brought the jar of basi up the house.

We peered through the window and we saw Peralta and his brother, hog-tied and bleeding from the blows of the constabulary men. Then they dragged the bleeding men off along the lonely deserted road.

"Let's drink," Mr. Ramel said.

Perez and Perto stood motionless by the window. I could hear the dull impact of closed fists against flesh, the restrained groans, bodies falling upon the ground, boots thudding against benches, hideous commands.

"Let's drink," Mr. Ramel said.

So we drank. For a long while none of us spoke. We kept on emptying and refilling our glasses in resentful silence. But after a while, we got over it, as we had got over the other ugly things we had seen the past days in the barrio.

Mr. Ramel said, "Here's to Peralta's and his brother's health," and raised his glass.

"Here's to butchery, murder and war and all the ugliness of the world," Perez said, and threw the contents of his glass out of the window.

Nobody raised his glass. Mr. Ramel said, "Look here, Perez, I saved that wine for three long years. For three long years, I refrained from touching it. And now, you're only throwing it."

"I'm sorry," Perez said. He gathered himself up and walked into his room to join his wife and children. I thought I heard him sob.

"He still can't take it," Mr. Ramel said. "He still has to see plenty of blood to toughen him."

"Are they not coming yet?" Perto asked absently.

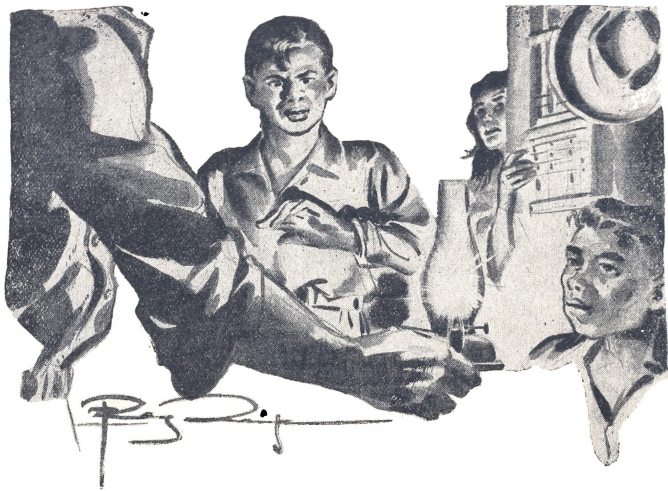
"I'm tired of waiting, myself," Mr. Ramel said. His jaws stood out prominently when he gritted

# CHRISTMAS

D. Paulo Dizon



## ONE MORE WAR STORY RECORDS A CHRISTMAS OF DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT FROM SEVEN LAMPS



Lamps have long been forbidden but Mr. Ramel gathered the lamps and for the first time in many months, there was light in the house. We expected the worst to happen any time.

his teeth. "It's all empty promises, about their coming. And everyday, we are dying one by one. Let's drink. What's the use of keeping this wine, anyway?"

He was red in the face and his eyes glowed with anger. And I remembered Guillermo, his son. I remembered the last time we drank together in the city days before they got him. He looked much the same as his father did now. Mr. Ramel's voice was now the voice of his son. In the thickening twilight, there was almost no difference between him and his son.

"Why don't you drink, Dionisio?" Mr. Ramel said to me. "Let's celebrate. Why not? This is probably our last Christmas upon the earth. But certainly the last of its gloomy kind. Take my word for it."

"Not so loud, please," Perto said. "You can never tell who's listening under the house."

"Merry Christmas, whoever you are hiding under my house," Mr. Ramel shouted, and took a long gulp from his glass, refilled it, and he laughed.

"Merry Christmas, Dionisio," he

said. "Merry Christmas, Perto. Merry Christmas to you, sir, whoever you are snooping around under my house. I invite one and all to partake of my three-year-old wishful-dreaming wine."

Pérez and his wife, and later Mrs. Ramel, the silent woman, came into the sala where we were drinking and tried to soften down Mr. Ramel's shouting.

"Merry Christmas to all of you," Mr. Ramel said. "I'm glad you have come to partake of my three-year-old...."

"Please, calm yourself," his silent wife pleaded.

"It is Christmas eve this evening," he said. "About two thousand years ago tonight, so the tale goes, there was born justice and goodwill among all men. When they killed Guillermo, I began to believe that that ideal was killed too. It is dark, doesn't anyone of you notice it? Why don't you light the lamps? Let there be light!"

"Please, lie down and rest," his wife begged of him. "You have drunk much."

"Drunk?" he said. "I am not.

I may be drunk, but not with wine. I am drunk with hatred. They have killed my ideal and my faith in beasts. At last there are no more men upon the earth. All men have been killed by beasts, and the few men who remain may yet get killed tomorrow or the day after."

"Please, please," The woman

pleaded. "They might hear you. Please...."

"Let them hear who have ears, so the Book says," he quoted. "I am the light. Let there be light. Why doesn't anyone of you light the lamps? Go ahead, light all the lamps, and merry Christmas to all of you."

Nobody made the slightest move to light the lamps, for lamps have long been forbidden. So Mr. Ramel staggered from room to room, brushing off anyone who dared to stop him, and gathered all the seven lamps in the house. There was still a little oil in each of them and at last, for the first time in many months, there was light in Mr. Ramel's house. We all protested at first, but that only made it worse, because Mr. Ramel, who was a very good man, was a terror when he got good and angry. His long-pent-up resentment was now given vent, and there was no placating it.

We all expected the worst to happen any time. The men of the garrison force hated lights at night. They who lived the lives of bats, who lived the dark lives of beasts, as Mr. Ramel put it, were now openly defied by seven lamps burning in the house of Mr. Ramel, and those who had not the big man's courage, trembled in fear of what might then come to pass any time now.

"Merry Christmas, everybody," Mr. Ramel said. He yawned and slowly sank in his chair; a little while later, he was snoring.

## Christmas Eve

By OSCAR DE ZUNIGA

The Syrian winds shall come tonight  
To chant their songs of sweet delight:  
For Christ, the King is born to us,  
The symbol of one Christmas night!

I hear the children sing a hymn  
In tenderness to welcome Him.  
And angels from above rejoice  
To see Him come all to redeem.

Far and near His gladsome birth,  
The bells shall toll in eager mirth:  
For He brings peace . . . goodwill to men—  
When Christmas comes upon the earth.

# I'll Take Handkerchiefs

THE GIFT-GIVING SITUATION NEEDS A LOOKING-INTO, SAYS ONE MALE OF THE SPECIES WHO'LL SCREAM IF HE GETS A NECKTIE OR A READY-MADE GREEN PANTS FOR CHRISTMAS



**T**HIS venerable institution called Christmas I consider especially dear for the following reasons:

(1) It permits me to give and to receive, with accent on the second syllable, and

(2) It permits me to write a sizable quantity of cash and carry prose, the usufructs from which I find highly exhilarating.

On the other hand, I find Christmas sometimes difficult and for the following-named reasons:

(1) Occasionally, in direct proportion to my earning power, I find myself constrained to give more than I receive, and

(2) People, notably those who wear dresses, have an uncanny habit of presenting me with a host of articles and presents which even my multitudinous activities fail to find use for. It is on this last premise that I intend building up the physique for what is to follow.

Joking aside, I often wonder whether women realize come Christmas that their better halves might appreciate something less hackneyed than a pipe. In saying this I naturally do not include the select few who (bless their petticoated souls!) exercise not only wisdom but farsightedness in choosing gifts which will be appreciated by their male recipients. I refer to the run-of-the-mill female who, cognizant of the saying about the road to hell being paved with good intentions, buys her crippled husband a pair of Jarman shoes.

Of course the last-named ex-been much put out at the example might be stretching ideasquisition of items for which they a trifle too far but I have known had little or no use.

actual cases wherein husbands. When you consider that woman fathers and/or brothers have is generally referred to as the

lost specie which has a virtual monopoly on the capacity to understand men you will realize, as I do, that this gift-giving situation might bear some looking into.

Having been a man for 24 years of my life, I feel myself somewhat qualified to comment on what the well versed women should give her males.

The first rule I must stress—and this goes not only for myself but for several hundred gross of my fellow voluvers—is that the age of the coat is, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, still buried in the past. Using this as a corollary statement I must emphatically state that few men, if any at all, will accept ties of any shape or color. They can be styled by MacRory or Manong, Inc. but I doubt very much whether gifts of ties will be popular in what is still a basically reconstructing era. Of course I may be wrong, especially if your loved male happens to be a stuffed shirt or a Malacañan commando. The fact remains that ties have, for the present at least, lost a great deal of their prewar utility.

There is one item which men need in generous quantities but which they receive so infrequently—handkerchiefs. When you consider how cheap handkerchiefs are, especially the white all-purpose ones, you will understand why the males occasionally get that homicidal gleam in their eyes whenever some sweet thing in lace gives them.... you guessed it—cuff links or ties.

The handkerchief is an important appurtenance of the average male's life. He uses it far oftener than the female, being more susceptible to colds and less restrained in the expulsion of the cold's more disagreeable accoutrements. He gets cinders in his eye oftener, gets his face dusty, his neck

grimy. So please remember—if in doubt, buy him a dozen.

Pipes and pipe-tobacco are, in my opinion, rather unsafe presents to make unless the recipient is a definite pipe fiend. Too often there have been cases wherein cigarette-smoking males have, by force majeure, been obliged to smoke the pipe presented to him by some fond female. While it cannot be denied that pipes lend an air of respectability even to buffoons, neither can it be contested that men who do not use pipes have a perfectly valid reason for not doing so. It does not necessarily follow that merely because Pepito of Fefe smokes Camels you can give him a corncobber so he can make like MacArthur. It doesn't seem remotely possible that if he denied that pipes lend an air of respectability to a medium which includes such noisome accessories like pipe cleaners, pipe tobacco and a pouch. Make sure he likes to smoke a pipe, and then find out if his teeth are good. You can't expect him to clamp down on briar a la Gregory Peck if he wears falsies.

Shoes are somewhat hazardous too. If, as appears typical of quite a number of men, he wears his right shoe a half size larger than the left it is possible that you may have to take back the pair to where you bought it from come December 26. However, if his feet are normal and you are able to read the measurements inside one of his old pairs you can safely buy a pair—but make sure it's the color he likes. Bear in mind you're not pleasing yourself—you're pleasing him. Black and white may seem ducky to you but he may not wear anything brighter than a pallid tan. Keep the peace and get tan.

As for socks—well, they're more

(Continued on page 32)

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# FRIENDS IN AMERICA



sions. Dr. Glassgo is a very nice man. They showed us photos of you as a student, your wedding, and your family group, and asked us many questions about you all. Mrs. Glassgo gave us some seeds which I requested Mercedes to mail to our office so that you could distribute there for planting.

"Here is good news! The New Hampshire Federation of Womens Clubs have decided to extend a scholarship in favor of Miss Evangelista which will be effective next January.

"I have also given a list of some of our most active clubs to exchange letters and ideas with the clubs here. Please tell them to answer the letters that they will receive.

"People here are kind, generous, and understanding but they all ask me what has happened to the things they have sent to the Philippines. It seems nearly everyone has contributed something to send there. I am trying hard to push the NFWC and everyone is impressed by our work and our re-

cord. We have engagements to speak in Albany, Connecticut, Washington, Baltimore, North Carolina, New York City, Denver, Chicago, and again in the West Coast where we hope to organize more Women's Clubs among the Filipino community. It takes time to establish connections and make myself known, but we have that now specially after the meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria where more than 1000 women attended. The A. P. New York Times and all the big newspapers have all gotten stories from me. The N&C has made a recording of the broadcast speech I made two days ago.

"There is so much to do for our country here and for our people. . .

"Glad to hear about the Escoda memorial. Hope you did not forget the Capas boys on November 1st. You can write to me at this hotel by air-mail. We hope to stay here for some more time to come: Hotel Taft

7th Ave. at 50th St.  
New York 19, New York."

The Escoda children, Maria Teresa and Tony, Jr., shown with John Wayne, Hollywood star of many American pictures about the Philippines, notably "They Were Expendable."

ONE of the letters written by Mrs. Legarda to Mrs. Henares was so full of interesting items that we decided to reproduce most of it. As often as possible we shall do the same with the letters we receive from our friends abroad:

"November 2, 1946.  
"I decided not to go out tonight nor to accept any engagements unless to be able to dash off these few lines to you and the other members of the Federation. There is no time for correspondence and I have not been quite uneasy because I cannot do much writing. There is so much to do and only 24 hours a day to do it in. I wish there were 36 hours instead and there were two of me so that while one was attending to all the meetings, lectures, etc. the other could stay home and compile clippings, photos, etc. and write articles for

home consumption.  
"We have had a very wonderful time during the Assembly which was held at South Kortright, about 6 hours drive from New York City, in the very heart of the Catskill Mountains where Rip Van Winkle had his twenty years sleep. There were only dairy farms and poultry houses and about 100 inhabitants but the autumn scenery was gorgeous and it was cold! We slept under four blankets all the time.

"And while there what do you think happened? We met a lovely white-haired lady who presented herself to us as your 'mummy'. Of course you know she is Mrs. Glassgo from Albany. One afternoon she snatched us away from the Assembly and drove us to her home in Albany where we stayed home and compile clippings, photos, etc. and write articles for morning to attend the other ses-

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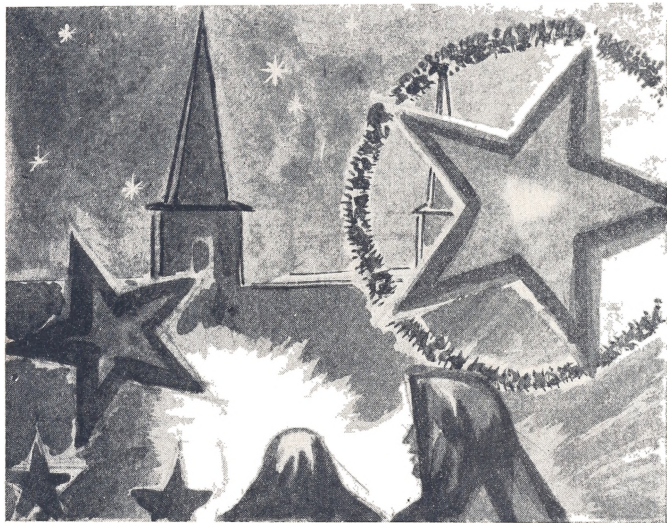
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# MISA DE Gallo



*In the inky blackness, the church lights cut a beam while bells rang merrily for everyone to hear and heed.*

*By Hernando R. Ocampo*

**I**T MUST have been past three weeks in advance how our gang lard in an ice-box." In the early morning when we would go to church in a group and woke up because we heard the town brass band already making nine mornings of the "Misa de Gallo," and unless I got up in time to wake up the people. We had to exert a great deal of time to wake and round up the determination to leave the warmth of our blankets as the chill of December was usually at its intensest between the hours of midnight and dawn.

"If you don't get up now you'll not reach the church on time," Mother said, when she came to wake me up and I wrapped the blanket closer around my body. "The brass band is already up and around."

It was the first morning of the "Misa de Gallo" and we did not want to miss it. We had planned

Washing the face and the hands was another ordeal which I had to undergo. Water from the faucet was icy-cold and the first drops that touched my hands sent me gasping for breath and shivering with chill. I managed to wash up, however, with as little water and in as quick a time as was possible, and within twenty minutes or so we were all dressed up and ready to go out.

My mother insisted, however, that we sip a cup of hot coffee each to warm our stomachs before venturing out into the cold darkness of the early morning. We knew that it would be useless for us to tell her that as it was for us to tell her that as it was we were already quite late—that

we hadn't time enough to wake and round up the others. So we took the coffee in a hurry, and in a few moments we were already braving the chilly early morning air of December.

My sisters Charing and Chong wanted to get the girls first, but Laureano and I said that it would be better to go and wake up the boys, because then we could proceed to and arrange to meet them later on at one of the girls' place without wasting any time waiting for them to dress up. Whereas if we got the girls first, we would have to wait for them before we could go and wake up the other boys.

"All right," Charing said. "You win."

CUR TIME-HONORED MISA DE GALLO WILL NOT VANISH IN THE ANNALS OF CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES. THE YOUNG MODERNS FIND THIS OLD SPANISH CUSTOM VERY CONVENIENT.

And we went to Vicente's house. Vicente was fat and stubby and we call him "Fatty." His father said that it was because of too much sleeping that Vicente was fat and stubby. "And the way he sleeps," his father said, "ay... you have to bring the whole house down before you can wake him up."

We thought that bringing the whole house down was too much even for such an important matter as the nine early morning masses before Christmas. We decided that the best way to wake up Vicente without bringing the whole house down was for him to tie one end of a piece of rope around his right ankle before going to bed, and let the other end go through a hole on the floor so that in the early morning we need only pull the rope and arouse Vicente without waking up the whole neighborhood.

Vicente had the good sense of tying an empty milk can at our end of the rope, and when we came to his house we did not find any difficulty in locating the shiny tin can in the dark.

Laureano jerked the rope a number of times while I said, "Vicente... Vicente... It is late already." My sisters, later on, joined in the chorus of calling Vicente's name, while my brother kept on jerking the rope. But not a stir upstairs rewarded our efforts.

After a short while, however, I took the end of the rope from my brother's hand, and muttering an impish "What the...," pulled it as hard as I could. At almost the same time we heard the thudding sound of a body falling against the floor, followed with loud and angry curses. It was Vicente, who must have fallen from his bed when I pulled the rope.

"Shut up," Laureano told Vicente, when we heard him cursing upstairs. "The sun will be up in a little while and unless you hurry up we'll leave you behind."

"Okay," Vicente muttered, "wait for me and I'll dress up."

"We'll proceed to Naty's. You meet us there," I said, trying not to laugh at Vicente's falling on the floor.

"All right," he said. "I'll pass by Pepe's and Tomas' house on the way."

At Naty's place we had an

easier time waking the girls up, but the time they took to dress up more than offset whatever time we saved. Naty and her three girl-cousins, Mary, Nining and Loly, were so fussy with their hair-do's, and the way they pouted the applied red lipsticks against their lips—why, it was enough to drive you crazy.

The whole thing could have really driven me crazy were it not for Loly. Watching her primping herself up before the mirror was more than enough to make me forget all that the other girls did with their hair and their lips. I could really watch her for hours and hours on end, and—well, anyway, Vicente and the other boys arrived, and at their insistent plea that the girls "please, hurry up," Naty and her cousins were soon ready.

**T**HE asphalted provincial road that lead churchward glistened blackly with the early morning dew at intervals where there were no red-and-yellow paper lanterns hanging by the windows of the houses along the roadsides. Because where there were lanterns, the red and the yellow of their paper trimmings mingled and glistened with the dull black sheen of the dew-moist asphalt street.

Our group seemed to be the noisiest, being composed mostly of eighteen-year-old-or-so boys and girls, and people who passed us by or whom we passed by on the provincial road on our way to church eyed us with envy or with disapproval as the case may be. With envy, if they were boys and girls of our own age; with disapproval, if they were staid old fogies and cantankerous old maids. We did not mind them, however, and instead pretended the whole of the road belonged to us: the girls keeping themselves in a gossip bunch at the middle of the road, the boys flanking behind them and beside them.

I naturally kept myself near Loly's side, and whenever I could, tried to pierce the palisade of their woman-chatter with well-placed witty remarks. Loly rewarded my efforts once in a while with a smile, and I told myself that at this rate I was bound to get somewhere before nine

days of the "Misa de Gallo" would be over.

Once in church, however, I had to be separated from Loly, inasmuch as the girls had to go way out in front, almost near the altar, while we boys had to remain at the back. There was, of course, no law against boys' joining girls near the altar, but when you stayed in front you had to kneel and follow every prescribed ritual of the church mass. And while most boys were not actually irreligious, they'd rather be more comfortable and remain standing at the back than be with the girls and suffer such inconveniences as kneeling and crossing themselves every so often.

During the long and rather tiresome church service, I had to content myself with such things as listening to the choir of young girls overhead, watching the half-sleepy priest perform the rituals of the early morning mass, glancing at the girls who came late as they softly made their way toward the altar. I wanted to concentrate more on the mass proper, but every time I did this I invariably ended in nodding my head into semi-sleepiness.

At long last, however, I heard the brass band outside of the church playing the "Philippine National Hymn." This was a sign that mass would soon be over, and together with the other boys I went out of the church. We stayed in a line at the big front door outside of the church, not only to wait for our girl-companions but also to watch the flow of other young girls as they made their way out of the church.

Loly and the other girls soon came out, and in a noisy and happy bunch we made the rounds of the church patio: buying bibingka, puto-bumbong, and other native delicacies, sipping hot tea, playing the beto-beto or the penny roulette.

It was already past six in the morning when we decided to leave the church patio, and on the way home we were less noisy than we had been on our way to church. Perhaps it was because the last three hours had fagged us out. Or, perhaps, it was the bibingka, the puto-bumbong, and other delicacies in our stomach that prevented us from teasing each other, or



from making use of our vocal faculties in ways other than what was essentially and absolutely necessary.

Whatever it was, however, we decided to be with each other again the next morning before we parted for our respective homes. And as I walked homeward with my brother Laureano and my sisters Rosario and Asuncion, I was thinking how best I could woo and impress Loly so that I might be able to win her within the remaining eight mornings of the "Misa de Gallo."

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# IN PEACE

"If women ran the world," wrote an American girl who had known the long terrors of the bombing of Britain by the Luftwaffe, "there would be no more wars. And the world might make a little sense."

This is an idea that has been in existence for many centuries, the idea that women could, would, or should prevent wars. Back in the fifth century, B.C., Aristophanes made comic and critical use of this in a play which showed the Greek women getting tired of the endless wars between Athens and Sparta and suddenly and decisively putting a stop to it. In the twentieth century, women in many countries have dared to dream of a time when wars would be outlawed as definitely as cannibalism. Between the two world wars and during both wars American women joined organizations to study the causes and cures of war, went to committee meetings, read books, listened to lectures, wrote their views to their congressmen and brought up their children in the hope of peace in a troubled world. When the European nations embarked upon the war of 1914-18, the revered Jane Addams of Hull House joined her influence to a group that hoped and labored to stop the war in its early phases. In the recent war, Carrie Chapman Catt, famous suffrage leader, headed an organization of women called "The Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace."

American women, like women in many lands, see the very foundations of their lives imperiled by war. Behind the scenes of battle they see sons, husbands, sweethearts, and brothers who will never return. Women saw this picture, even before the Nazis and the Fascists started their blitz bombings, bringing destruction into the homes and placing women and children in the front line. Now the awesome development of the atomic bomb, first achieved by scientists from many countries in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, but sought by scientists of all nations, gives the

stern and inescapable command that was voiced by the American women columnist Anne O'Hare McCormick: "Make peace, it says, or perish."

On his return from the European war, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower spoke of the "absolute necessity" of peace and emphasized that the nations of the earth must learn to lie together if they are not to die together.

American women are beginning to think about the kind of world that must be developed now. They applauded when Eleanor Roosevelt said in a public address

that no mother can feel her children are safe so long as there are other children crippled by poverty, disease, and lack of opportunity. They are beginning to see that the safety of children everywhere, the economic stability of all nations, the destruction of the war lords and exploiters in every land, the development of a democratic faith in human beings all over the world, offer the only hope for the security of anybody, anywhere on earth.

When war began in Spain, the war in which the Nazi and Fascist pilots learned the technique of bombing civilian populations, Spanish women did not know how to keep their children safe. They had to stand in long lines, waiting for food, and their children waited with them, when the dive-bombers came. Instructions went out that the proper procedure was to fall flat on the ground, protecting the head with the hands. But the Spanish mothers often could not do this, because their frightened weeping were clinging to them, weeping in terror. A story came out of Spain that must apply to mothers anywhere, telling how, when death roared over them, the peasant mothers stood and spread their voluminous skirts about their children, in a magnificent and futile gesture of maternal devotion.

Mothers have always been ready to die for their children, but now they face the inescapable necessity of working to have their children, lest mankind destroy itself in another war. A mother's arms, a mother's skirts, are not enough to protect a child when the bombs begin to fall.

Back in 1934 delegates from

millions of women, in most of the civilized countries, came together in Chicago under the leadership of the International Council of Women. For a week they met and talked together, listened to lectures, made plans for reshaping the world nearer their hearts' desire. They came together to consider not war and peace, but an even bigger subject, how to develop a decent world in which children everywhere could grow up in safety and realize their finest potentials. Mary Beard, the historian, gave the keynote to this congress of women, and great crowds of women, in meeting after meeting, in hope and fear, investigated one aspect after another of what Mary Beard had called "Our Common Cause—Civilization."

The kind of civilization studied by the women of many nations at Chicago as their "common cause" was a civilization in which each country might experience one of the Four Freedoms later proclaimed by Franklin D. Roosevelt: freedom from fear.

All the warring nations have suffered tragic loss and the road ahead must be a hard one for all the peoples of the earth. Bitter lessons must be learned, by victor and vanquished alike, if indeed the nations are not to perish from the earth.

American women have learned, as other women have that in this age of air power all nations will be enemies if they cannot learn to be good neighbors. American women believe that to build a lasting civilization must be the common cause of women everywhere.

## The Monkey And The Turtle

By Maximo Ramos

(A Tale for Children)



**T**HE MONKEY and the turtle were good friends for quite a time. But after they quarreled over the bananas, as you have doubtless heard about in the well-known Filipino folk tale, and after the monkey threw the turtle into the pond foolishly thinking to drown him in this way, the turtle kept off from the monkey. Of course, as long as the turtle stayed in the water, the monkey could not catch him. However, the turtle did not enjoy being in the water all the time, for he loved nothing so much as fresh air and sunshine. And so he

came up on land but had to hide under the thick shrubs that grew at the edge of the water for fear that the monkey might get him once more.

One day, while the turtle was inhaling the cool morning air under a wild pepper plant which was full of ripe, red fruit, the monkey caught him suddenly and said:

"At last I have you! Breathe your last, for I shall now tear off your head because you told me you would drown if I threw you into the pond and when I did

(Continued on page 22)

# The Pleasures of

# HOSPITALIZATION

By Lina Flor

**I**F you knew me intimately, one glance at the title of this article and you will agree that I am the very person to write on the subject. Since my marriage ten years ago, I had been in (and out) of hospitals several times: four times to have a baby, once as a pneumonia victim, and once—the latest—for penicillin treatment to counteract a threatened case of pleuritis. Seven times all told. Which is quite a record of sorts, though of a dubiously meritorious one.

Anyway, from all this preliminary account, even the most apathetic reader will no doubt gather that, from the point of experience, I am well-versed on the subject enough to write a discourse on it. My husband (who foots the bill), says I ought to be able to write a book of at least two volumes on the subject. Someday I might, at that. But in the meantime, I shall confine myself to a short feature. And one that does not embrace the whole subject of hospitalization but dwells on just one phase of it—the most pleasant one, to our way of thinking. Namely, on having a baby in the hospitals. And this is meant to benefit future mothers whose coming hospitalization will be their first. May they profit by my experience (I should say, experiences).

If this will be your first baby, you will naturally look forward to the event with a mixture of thrilling anticipation (displayed to friends, relations, and husband, specially the last) and deep alarm (secretly fostered). It will help you increase the first feeling and lessen the second by devoting the intervening months between discovery of your condition and arrival of the baby, to elaborate planning and preparation.

Make up your mind at once to have the baby in the hospital, or at least in a reliable maternity clinic. Once you have decided not to have the baby at home, you can sort of ease up your mind on little nagging worries about whether or not a mid-wife or hilot can be

relied upon and how will you preparation concern your hospital manage for the first few days, stay, or that part of it after the etc. Just the thought of giving baby has come when you will play birth in the hospital, where there are experienced obstetricians and implements necessary, should it be an abnormal case (which you pray to Heaven it won't be!), will do a lot toward alleviating some of your fears (and your husband's, though of course he is most careful not to let you know this), somewhat.

You have nine months in which to prepare for the coming of the baby. Let a large portion of this

relaxation be spent in preparing for the coming of the baby. Let a large portion of this preparation concern your hospital stay, or that part of it after the baby has come when you will play a role not unlike the stellar role in a charming play. Be prepared for this part, for it is by far one of the nicest compensations of motherhood. You know how the Blessed Virgin dominates the picture in any painting of the Nativity, second only to the Infant Jesus. St. Joseph is always just a mere shadowy form in the background and the Three Kings or the shepherds, as the case may be, though on the foreground, are figures that draw one's attention only secondarily. That is how it will be with you, during that first week at the hospital. Your husband can strut around passing cigars as much as he wants to: you will be the one that will draw the attention of the visitors, you and your baby. But mainly you.

For the baby will look extraordinary only to you and your husband and the grandparents; to the others, it will look like any other newlyborn infant (though they will take care not to say this to you, instead exclaiming hypocritically loud praises and assertions as its looking either the spitting image of you or the smug papa!).

But you, they will really notice and take note of. They will remark on how well you are looking and, in this case, you can believe them wholeheartedly. For, ten to one, they are telling the truth. A woman invariably assumes a certain heavenly loveliness twice in her lifetime: first when she is all dressed up in her wedding gown and second when she has gotten over the throes of childbirth and gains that indescribably beatific serenity of motherhood for the first time.

That is why I advise every about-to-be-a-mother woman to prepare carefully for this period I am speaking of. In a large measure, the success and pleasantness of her hospitalization will hinge on her preparation for it.

**THERE IS ALWAYS A LIGHTER SIDE TO ANYTHING. A SEIGE IN BED CAN BE A WELCOME RESPITE FROM BEING HEALTHILY A PART OF THIS HARASSED WORLD**



For, ten to one (they tell you), a woman assumes a certain heavenly loveliness twice in her lifetime...

(Continued on page 33)

**I**N an impressive ceremony at the Congress Session Hall on Parents' Day, December 2. The National Federation of Women's Clubs in the Philippines conferred for the first time in the history of Parents' Day here the title of Outstanding Mother of the Year on two venerable Filipinas:

DOÑA ROSARIO ACUÑA ROXAS DE PICAZO

and

DOÑA MERCEDES MADAMBA DE LLANES

**E**XPLAINING the momentous event, Mrs. Geronima T. Pecson, as a National Federation executive and member of the committee that selected the conferees, said: "Our first celebration of Parents Day under the Republic carries a message that can be a keynote for national survival.

From the disaster and tragedy of war, we have come intensely aware of the fact that the family is the core of the nation; the home its unassailable bulwark... Believing that the sum total of the strength of the homes makes up the strength of the nation, and, eager to cooperate with the President in the task of reconstruction, the Board of Directors of the National Federation of Women's Clubs chose this year as one of its main projects the strengthening of Filipino homes. The life of the home, and, therefore, of the nation, revolves

around the mother, so the board of directors decided to choose two outstanding mothers of 1946 in order to set standard for motherhood in the Philippines at an elevated level."

**E**LUCIDATING further, Mrs. Concepcion Maramba-Henares, acting president of the National Federation in electing Doña Rosario and Doña Mercedes to this gracious title has taken into consideration the following points in their careers as mothers: First, both have reared big families; Second, their children have received the benefits of good and liberal education and have distinguished themselves in their chosen professions; and third, both are mothers of highly distinguished citizens, "whose place in the history of our country is assured."

# TWO OUTSTANDING

**V**ICE-PRESIDENT ELPIDIO QUIRINO, who delivered the master speech of the occasion, said: "The Filipina today can well boast of a position that few of her sisters of other lands enjoy, and it is most fitting that we should honor her in observing a day set apart for the Filipino family... It is the Filipino mother who has nourished the true traditions of our family; it is also she who has taken the boldest steps to strengthen and modernize it."

Speaking of the late Mrs. Josefa Llanes-Escoda, he said: "Mrs. Escoda was the prototype of the modern Filipina. Surely by her fruitful life and her heroic death she has given the world a shining example of the modern women of our race. A progressive champion of the rights of her sex, an unselfish and tireless social worker and educator, she displayed fully the capacities of the Filipina in fulfilling her duties to her country and to society. She was a devoted partner and helpmate of her husband, and she gave the last proof of her devotion by risking her life together with his in the extremely dangerous task of underground

work and resistance against the enemy."

The part of the speech which was immediately followed by the reading of the citations and the awarding of the diplomas, led to the two conferees, follows: "The National Federation of Women's Clubs has set forth the achievements of Doña Mercedes in its citation of her as outstanding mother of the year. But I like to think of her as the traditional type of Filipino mother, so similar to the mothers of most of us, the modest self-sacrificing mothers found in almost every Filipino home. She is a simple woman and her simplicity is her greatness. Simply she faced the challenge of life when she was widowed and left with the care of seven children, six of them daughters. Simply and with quiet courage, she gave each of them an education, supporting them single-handed until they were equipped to face life on their own. And just as simply, when the time came, she received with brave resignation the news of the fatal imprisonment of her daughter Josefa."



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**T**O DOÑA ROSARIO, the Vice-President addressed this apostrophe: "Doña Rosario, we honor you today not only because of the eminence of your beloved son. The dignity which surrounds you is not merely the glory reflected in your son's position as leader of our people. The honor and the dignity are yours of your own right. They are the measure of your own achievement as a wise, devoted, and unselfish mother, as the mother whose training, guidance and inspiration lighted the spark of intelligence, high vision, daring courage, and unflinching qualities of leadership of the worthy first President of the Republic of the Philippines."

**A** THOUGHT to ponder on: "Let us hope that the models of Filipino parenthood whom we honor today will inspire every Filipino family to be the nursery of a brave, free, progressive and prosperous Filipino people."



# MOTHERS OF 1946



*DONA AURORA ARAGON DE QUEZON is shown in the top photograph at left, pinning the medal on Doña Rosario flanked by President Roxas and Vice-President Quirino. Bottom picture shows Doña Mercedes receiving her award with the President and the First Lady looking on.*

**I**N CLOSING, the Vice-President eulogized: "Fortunate is the mother who, in the momentous life of her son, lives to observe his eloquent achievement and share in his glory. Happy is the mother who, in the posthumous consecration and glorification of her daughter, can hear the encomiums and national recognition of her daughter's heroism from the very lips of her gratified admirers. But more for-

fortunate and happier still must be the son who, at the zenith of his political and patriotic career, still has a mother to whom to impart his fears, his longings, his aspirations, his happiness, and a distinguished and loving mother of his children with whom he can discuss the latter's future and glory. Doña Rosario, Doña Mercedes, with your presence you have honored us. I congratulate you both."

**DONA ROSARIO ACUNA ROXAS DE PICAZO** was 77 years old last December 9. She has seven children all of them living, and eighteen grandchildren. Her oldest child is Judge Mamerto Roxas, a nine month-old baby when his father died. President Roxas, the second son, was born posthumously. Widowed at 18, she brought up her sons single handed until 12 years later when she married again. By Leopoldo Picazo, her second husband, she bore five children: two sons, Leopoldo and Evaristo, and three daughters, Nena, Consuelo and Inez. Her two sons are practising attorneys and her daughters, two of whom are married are all career women.

The President's mother does not live in Malacañan. The Palace room reserved for her is still vacant; she sees it only when she happens to drop in there. She lives way out in San Juan in a street whose name is hard to remember. Her house, being new, still has no number to identify it. As Vice President Quirino puts it she prefers anonymity. To her is conceded "privileged unpublicity."

**MERCEDES Madamba Llanes** was born in Dingras, Ilocos Norte in Sept. 24, 1871. She was the youngest child in the family. Her mother was Guillermo Acosta of the well to do family of Ilocos Norte. Her father was Mariano Madamba, once a Governor of Ilocos Norte. She was married to Gabriel Llanes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Guillermo Llanes. In his time, Gabriel Llanes was the town professor in Music, specializing in piano and in violin. They had seven children, six girls and one boy, the oldest being the late Josefa Llanes-Escoda. Mrs. Llanes was widowed early—Josefa was only a high school graduate then. Believing in giving all her children further educational attainment, she brought them all to Manila to study in 1920. Josefa was then in the Normal School. Mrs. Llanes guided her children to achieve what to her was their heritage.

Losing her only son, Florencio (a promising violinist) and another daughter, Luisa (fourth year in the College of Education, U.P.) she had five more girls to guide, finally arriving at her goal and producing:

**Josefa**—Graduated with honors at Normal School, 1918; H. T. C. graduate in U.P.; pensionada of the American Red Cross to the New York School of Social Work in 1922. Got her Master's Degree in Columbia Univ., 1925; became U.P. Instructor in Sociology, 1928-'30. Later became social worker, Home Service Section of the Red Cross; Field Secretary, Phil. Anti-Leprosy Society; Social Organizing Secretary, Tuberculosis Section, Bureau of Health Editor of the Child Health Magazine. Championed and was responsible for Filipino Women's

Suffrage. Went to America twice and also to Europe for Girl Scouts Work; was founder and first National Executive of the Phil. Girl Scouts; was Secretary of the National Fed. of Women's Clubs and later, its President. During her affiliation with the Women's Federation, she initiated numerous projects for the betterment of the community at large such as adult education, nursery classes, children's playgrounds and community kitchens, organized classes for women on one for women which taught them needlework, balanced one-menu diets and other civic-spirited activities. When the war broke out, the NFWC continued its work, mainly through the efforts of Mrs. Escoda, helping girl students stranded in Manila. Her greatest contribution to the cause was her work of smuggling food and medicine to the American internees in St. Tomas and Los Baños and supplying vital information to the guerrillas. She was imprisoned by the Japanese in Ft. Santiago late in 1944 and was never heard of again. Her Husband, Antonio Escoda, a newspaperman and also a guerrilla, was arrested and executed by the Japanese earlier in the same year.

**Rosario Llanes Arambulo** married to Atty. Dominador Arambulo of the Arambulo family of Laguna, took her Bachelor of Science and Master of Science degree from the Univ. of the Phil.; Instructor of Botany in the U.P.; Technical Assistant, National Research Council of the Phil., 1935-1937; Professor in Science in the Univ. of Manila and Centro Escolar Univ. before the war; at present, Professor of Science and Assistant Dean of Women,

(Continued on page 11)

# Style 7



**BALINESE SOPHISTICATED**, as modelled by Chona Recto Ysmael, comes in a black top that shies off the shoulders and a wrap around print skirt that encases you like a tube. Note jewels to match.



**HARBINGER OF THE NEW TREATMENT** worn by Mrs. Aurora Recto who likes it and plain as plain halfway down.



# Style Forecast



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very plai  
unusugl



# precast



**BT OF THE PANUELO-LESS** is here solid with fabulous decor halfway up



**EPAULETS** have invaded fashions. Witness the huge sequin leaves that cap very plain camisa wings. A long-torso bodice equally besequined regiments an unusagl draped skirt. This scheme is in green.

**STUFFING FOR THE ROAST CAPON OR TURKEY**

**I**N A DAY or two, you, the homemaker and mistress of the house, will have to make up your mind as to what stuffing to use for the Yuletide Relleto. Whether you are going to use turkey, chicken, duck or goose, stuffing matters much. In most households the problem is put to a vote, after all it is the family that's going to relish it.

Does your family prefer dry and crumbly stuffing? Or do they like it moist and tender? When the bird is large, you can have both by using dry for the neck and moist for the body.

To achieve perfect stuffing, don't use new bread to begin with. Cut stale bread into cubes, after removing crusts, and toast lightly or mix thoroughly with melted fat. (Toast bread cubes if you want dry stuffing.)

Then toast together ingredients lightly, using a fork. Allow one cup of stuffing for each pound of bird. Dry the cavities in the bird with a soft cloth. Rub them sparingly with salt. Spoon the dressing

lightly to fill the space available but do not pack tightly during the cooking. Then close the openings so the bird is basted the liquid will not flow into the stuffing, chicken, duck or goose, stuffing matters much. In most households the problem is put to a vote, after all it is the family that's going to relish it.

The usual way is to cook stuffing thus inside the bird. However, there is no law against baking it around the bird in the pan—either in decorative mounds or pressed lightly in the bottom of the pan. If you expect big company, play safe. Bake more stuffing separately in a dish which can be covered for part of the cooking period.

**GRAVY**

When the chicken or turkey is roasted and done to a turn, remove to a hot platter. Pour the fat out of the pan and measure.

Use two tablespoons of it for every cup of gravy desired, returning the measured amount to the pan. Place over low heat and add as much flour as you have drippings. Cook gently stirring constantly.



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until a golden brown. Then add one cup of cold water for every two tablespoons of dripping used. Stir while cooking, adding the stewed and ground giblets if desired. Save the water in which the giblets were cooked. Cool and use this instead of water for making the gravy.

No party table is complete without mountains of substantial sandwiches and bowls of salad. There may be everything from soup to nuts, but one always goes back to the buffet table for more sandwiches and salad. The careful hostess takes care not to be careless, because a hastily tossed together sandwich or salad shows. And it just won't do for these to spoil an otherwise perfect menu.



# ay Spread



(Table setting by National Teachers' College)

THERE are four qualities to strive for when setting a table: (1) Good balance. Everything should be arranged in a manner that is orderly, is equally distributed as to mass, and has ample space between masses. (2) Harmonious colors. All the color elements—glassware, table covering, napkins, dinnerware and decorative accessories—should be chosen with careful eye to color relationship. (3) Suitability. All things on the table should be suited not only to each other but also to the nature of the occasion and the menu. (4) Distinction. This pertains especially to decorating. With imagination, originality and a few inexpensive accessories, the table can be decorated in a manner both memorable and distinctive.

## RICE STUFFING FOR CHICKEN

- 4 cups hot boiled rice
  - 1 tablespoon grated onion
  - 1 tablespoon cream
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peanut butter
  - 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- Combine hot rice and peanut

butter; mix together lightly. Add onion, parsley and cream, and season with salt and pepper. This stuffing is sufficient for a 4- to 5-pound chicken.

## ORANGE STUFFING FOR DUCK

- 3 cups bread cubes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water

- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon orange rind
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange pulp, cut up
  - $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper
  - 2 cups celery
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter or margarine
  - 1 egg
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- Toast bread cubes lightly and pour water over them; allow to stand. Add orange rind, orange pulp, celery and melted butter. Stir in slightly beaten egg; season with salt and pepper.

## CELEBRATION SALAD

- 2 cups cooked chicken
- 2 cups cubed cooked ham
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

### Lettuce

- 2 cups diced celery
  - 1 cup salted almond nut meats
  - 2 hard-cooked eggs
- Pimientos

Combine chicken, ham, celery nut meats and mayonnaise or salad dressing. Arrange on lettuce. Cut eggs lengthwise; cut pimientos in stripes. Garnish salad with egg and pimiento.

## FISH SALAD IN AVOCADO SHELLS

- 1 7-ounce can (1 cup) tuna
- 1  $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. can (1 cup salmon)
- 1  $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. can ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup)
- 1 2-oz. can (1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup anchovies)
- 1 cup diced celery
- 3 tablespoons chopped olives
- 6 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 2 tablespoons chili sauce
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
- 4 avocados
- Lemon juice
- Waterress
- Lettuce

Drain tuna, salmon, sardines, and anchovies; flake. Combine with celery and olives. Mix mayonnaise with salad dressing, chili sauce, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and vinegar; add. Cut avocados in half lengthwise; remove seeds; sprinkle avocados with lemon juice. Fill with fish mixture. Garnish with lettuce.

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throw you in, you promptly rose to the surface laughing at me and calling me a foolish monkey.

The turtle replied in a loud voice, "Another job, another turtle."

"So you are not the same turtle," said the monkey. "And what might be your job?"

The turtle said, "My job is to

## THE MONKEY AND THE TURTLE

(Continued from page 14)

look after the fruit of this plant. If someone should steal the fruit, my mother will have no medicine for her sore eyes."

The monkey now thought that he, too, had sore eyes, and he demanded, "You tell me how your mother cures her sore eyes with this plant."

"It is very simple," said the turtle. "My mother crushes the ripe pepper and rubs it in her eyes..... But please, good monkey, tear off my head and kill me. But do not use the medicine for my poor mother's eyes!"

The monkey paid no attention to the turtle's request. He dropped him on the ground and, gathering

the ripest fruit growing on the pepper plant, he rubbed it in his eyes. Of course his eyes were burned.

But at length the monkey's eyes recovered and he went to look for the turtle. "I will kill that turtle, I will kill that turtle," he kept telling himself. Soon he found the turtle in the shade of a low-spreading bamboo tree which grew beside the water. The monkey grabbed the turtle and said, "At last I have you! I shall crush you with a rock for telling me that the fruit of the pepper plant cures sore eyes. When I rubbed the pepper in my eyes, I nearly became blind."

The turtle replied in a middle-sized voice, "Another job, another turtle."

"So you are a different turtle," said the monkey. "And what is your job, may I ask?"

"I have been assigned to watch my father's bed while he is away," said the turtle. "If someone else should lie down on the bed, my father's neck will never get well again."

The monkey now thought that he, too, had a painful neck and he demanded, "Tell me how your father cures his neck with his bed."

"It is most simple," answered the turtle. "Look up into this bamboo tree. Do you see those two bamboos crossing each other? They make a squeaking sound when the wind blows."

"To cure his neck my father lies where the two bamboos cross, and he waits till the wind blows hard and there is a squeaking sound.... But please good Monkey, crush me with a rock and kill me, but do not lie down on my poor father's bed lest his neck never get well again."

The monkey, paying no attention to the turtle's pleading, dropped him on the ground, and climbing up the bamboo tree, he lay his neck where the two bamboos crossed. Soon the wind blew hard, and the bamboos squeezed the monkey's neck until it almost broke.

But afterwards the monkey's back recovered and at once he went to look for the turtle. "I

will surely kill that turtle, I will certainly kill that turtle," he kept telling himself. Very soon he found the turtle in the farmer's yard watching the beautiful fire that was dancing under a large jar of boiling water. The monkey grabbed the turtle and said, "Take your last breath now, for I shall break your shell against a rock. You told me that the bamboo bed could cure a painful neck, but when I lay down on it, I nearly lost my life. Take your last breath now."

The turtle replied in a small voice, "Another job, another turtle."

"So you are not the same turtle," said the monkey. "And what is your job?"

The turtle replied, "My grandfather assigned me to watch his bath. If someone else should use it while he is away, my poor grandfather's back will not become well again."



Then the monkey thought that his back was painful, too, and he demanded, "Tell me where your grandfather's bath is and how he cures his back with it."

The turtle answered, "His bath is the water in that big jar. To cure his back he jumps into the jar, and when he comes out again he is completely cured.... But please, good Monkey, break my shell against a rock and kill me. Only, do not use my poor grandfather's bath."

The monkey did not pay any attention to the turtle's words. He dropped the turtle on the ground, saying, "I shall take my bath and then kill you. Do not run away, for after my back is cured I shall be able to run faster than the wind and you will not get away from me." So saying, he jumped into the boiling water, and that was the end of the monkey.

From that time on, the turtle walked on the land wherever he pleased.

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Marikina, Baras and Binangonan.

## ESCODA WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Juana Angeles and Mrs.  
Julia Garrovillas, President and  
Adviser respectively of the Escoda  
Woman's Club of Morong, Rizal,  
brought to the headquarters of the  
National Federation of Women's  
Clubs a donation of P70.00 for the  
Filipino War Veterans, widows and  
orphans and another P50.00 for the  
N.F.W.C. The donation for the  
Veterans was sent to Mrs. Manuel  
Roxas, chairman for the Benefit  
of Filipino War Veterans, Widows and  
Orphans.

## NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS BENEFIT MAHJONG AND BRIDGE AT MANILA HOTEL

"Mrs. Escoda is dead but the  
humanitarian work she left behind  
must continue". Such is the com-  
mon expression among the mem-  
bers of the N.F.W.C. which held  
a Benefit Mahjong and Bridge at  
Manila Hotel on December 3,  
1946 from 2:00 to 6:00 p. m., to  
raise funds to finance the projects  
of the National Federation of  
Women's Clubs. The price for each  
ticket per table was P30.00. Prizes  
were raffled among the ticket  
holders. The Finance Committee  
composed of Mesdames Mercedes  
R. de Joya, Julia V. Ortigas, Paz  
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telino and Paz M. Cataloc acknowl-  
edge with deep gratitude dona-  
tions from Manila Hotel, San Mi-  
guel Brewery, Heacock's, Berg's,  
and Darley's. Among those who  
have pledged donations: Meridian,  
Botica Boie, Mrs. Anita Aig, Provin-  
cial Federation of Women's  
Clubs of Manila, Municipal Women's  
Clubs and many others which  
will be announced later.

(Continued on page 31)

## RIZAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUB

Under the initiative of Mrs. Ju-  
anita Jobson, Mrs. Amparo Francis-  
co, Mrs. Tomas Castro and Mrs.  
Chevi, officers of the Rizal Fed-  
eration of Women's Clubs most  
of the women's clubs of Rizal prov-  
ince raised funds for the benefit of  
the Filipino War Veterans and  
their contributions amounting to  
about P800.00 was brought per-  
sonally to Mrs. Trinidad L. Roxas,  
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Desir du Coeur — Trifling — Green Eyes — A May Morning  
Sophisticated Lady — Heartbeat — Persian Lamb  
Black Magic — Risque — Duceina — Poetic Dream  
Jasmin — Tulip Tune — Gardenia  
Lavender — Old Spice — Violette Precieuse  
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figure, see

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DRESS SHOP

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Matching Repeater  
PENCIL . . . . . P10 00

CAPS 14-KARAT GOLD-  
FILLED OVER STERLING  
SILVER HARMONIZE  
BEAUTIFULLY WITH  
LUSTROUS PLASTIC  
BARRELS.

For Christmas, what gift could be more appropriate than a gift of utility and good taste. EVERSARP, product of a company famous for quality pens for twenty-nine years, is that gift with a rare combination of utility and good taste!

The PEN is EVERSARP'S finest. The pen that can't leak! The pen that won't stain your fingers, your nose — because it has EVERSARP'S famed Magic Feed which prevents ink flooding or leaking high in a plane . . . and of course at ground level too.

The PENCIL — is EVERSARP'S newest. EVERSARP'S Matching Repeater Pencil — the pencil you can sharpen with your thumb! Yes, click the Magic Button with your thumb — and a new point appears — or a new lead automatically takes the place of the one you have used. And to reload it — you merely lift off the top and drop the leads in!

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# Chase Blight Away



**S**OME radical arrangement may be a chair here, an end table there, dabs of color and bright print, freshly laundered cushions, a bit of varnish for salvaged furniture, flowers from the yard... these don't take up much in effort nor in cash (if you know how) but they'll chase blight away from your home to give way to bright-

ness that will illumine an entire new world for you. Let this Christmas provide an auspicious beginning. Pinokpok for a lampshade is inexpensive. If you have an old frame, fitting the shade onto it is easy. An old table lamp takes on new life with a coat of lacquer to impart new finish, and a new set

of wiring which any store selling electrical gadgets would only be too glad to attach for you. Gay cretones are on sale everywhere. The nicer the print the farther a yard goes a long way in decorativeness. Furniture polish we've known of old are back in the

stores. Floor wax you don't have to scrimp on anymore, they can be had for a song. Little mirrors, or big ones if you can afford them, are quite in order again to reflect all this brightness now that no bombs dare fall again to shatter them to pieces.

## HOUSEHOLD NOTES

**W**E are baking cakes again. In a few days we will be baking the holiday cakes and pastries. There are beautiful tin containers now in the stores. There are apples in the groceries. Can't you see the tie-up? A freshly cut piece of apple left in the cake tin will help keep the cake fresh.

**H**OW do you keep your flour sieve clean? Soaping in water never cleans it. Use bicarbonate of soda in the water; it will not stick to the meshes the way soap does.

**T**O prevent icing from running off, dust a little flour or cornstarch over the cake before icing it.

**E**GG stains on fine silver can be removed by rubbing it with fine table salt spread on a wet rag, then wash in warm water. Wipe dry till shiny.

**C**REAMING butter and sugar for a cake is not so easy. Have you tried adding a little hot milk to make the process easier and quicker?

**U**NLESS you bother to look every now and then, the chances are that your maid keeps the lard in the frying pan always in readiness "to fry again". There's no end to this greasy frying pan unless you put a stop to it. Here's how to clean it and keep it clean always: Pour enough boiling water to cover bottom, add a teaspoonful of washing soda and boil until grease dissolves.

**T**HERE is a kind of cookies whose good brown top always intrigues us. The baker, unmindful of trade secrets, said that to achieve that all you do is brush

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The response to the call of the medical profession for a TIKI-TIKI that cures even adult beri-beri.

As they said:

We have tried different means to make our babies healthy, but at last we are convinced by the effectiveness of SANTOS ENRICHED TIKI-TIKI.

- \* APPETIZING \* GIVES HEALTHFUL SLEEP
- \* GOOD FOR THE BODY \* REGULAR VOWEL MOVEMENT \* DELICIOUS \* DOES NOT ROT

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

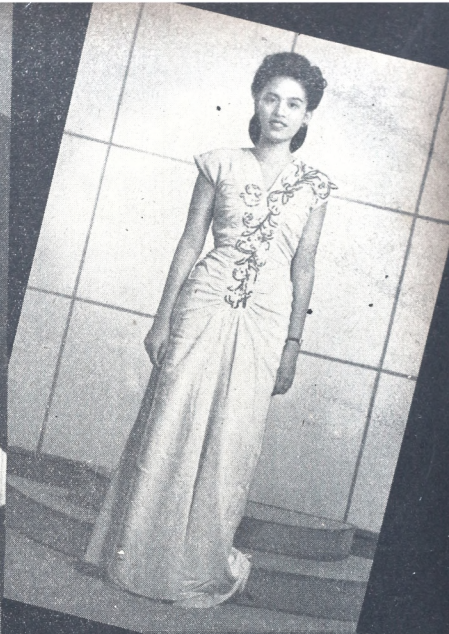


Chief Chemist, Tiki-Tiki Plant, Colleges of Pharmacy,  
U. P. and Bureau of Science (1933-1946)



At all  
Drug Stores

SANTOS ENRICHED TIKI-TIKI IS ON THE AIR EVERY FRIDAY TO THE STATION KZRH FROM 5:20 TO 5:30 P.M.



The ternos and gowns worn by (left to right) Mrs. Carmen Me-  
lencio, Miss Lourdes Razon, Mrs. Jose de Leon, Zenaida Natividad and  
Mrs. Caedo are all



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# Buy Lines

CAMPHOR CHESTS have made their appearance in a few stores. These carved treasures may return to those who lost them in the fire or in the looting, but what price. For these luxuries, if you want them you should be prepared to splurge. The size of chest square affair you perch on ornate shelves will stay put in the store unless you are willing to let forty pesos for it.

YOU MAY not have a French doll to loll with among the bed cushions but there are cute Chi-nese waifs expensively garbed. They are not the kind children you'd love to play with, they're far from cuddly. But one to hang from a corner of your dresser mirror to pinch hit for a cushion maybe, or play mascot, would be a luxury which in itself is Christ-ian. Take a luxury which in itself is Christ-ian. Take a luxury which in itself is Christ-ian. Take a luxury which in itself is Christ-ian.

We notice that there is a trend in this year's gifts to have even gewgaws for adults derive inspiration from toys. Consider the



carved glass bird bath meant for shopping? It is nothing spectacular; the glass piano powder like a miniature umbrella laden with tiny scent bottles; the plastic wheelbarrow cigarette container; the ceramic bunny that stands on its haunches to hold flowers.

There's the lamp called "Love-lite" or "Glamor-lite" which look like a miniature kerosene lamp complete with wick and "oil" which is perfume of course. You light the wick and a soothing aroma fills the room. Put out all lights except that of the lamp, tune on the radio and let Christmas carols complete the picture of peace and Christmas in the sanctuary of your room.

If your initial begins with a C then made-to-order for you is one special pair of plastic candle holders—two ornate C's to hold the yuletide candles. They go for six pesos the pair, an investment that pays back in festive glow for your table.

Then there is the "Wedding Book" bound in white. The cover is a sheet of plastic, clearer than glass. Underneath this, you frame an enlarged size of your wedding picture. Inside certificate. Then of course, the picture of the reception, the guests, the gifts, etc.

Looking at the fancy rosaries now nicely twined with tinsel and gold, one feels that at no other time could one really acquire or give the best in this line. Cut glass rosaries, though, are nowhere to be found. But, silver, gold, pearls, seeds, even fancy stones, have been strung into the most fetching rosaries we've seen.

Standing out among the filigree jewelry in the display windows are—of all things—slippers. But they belong. Of the finest workmanship, these Chinese slippers are gifts one can be proud of. They match embroidered silk pajamas and kimonos.

HAVE you run across the "atomic bag" in your window



**FLASH!**  
**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**  
from **TOYLAND**

Toys galore! We have a variety of them to suit every toys desire.

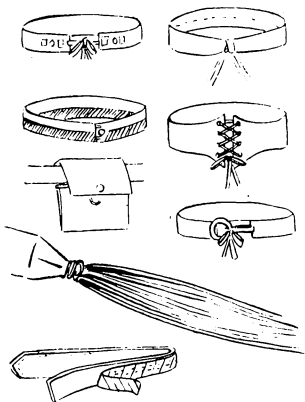
Make this Christmas another great one for your children by giving them the best toys available. We have a lot of them in our Toyland!

# Jenny's

## DEPARTMENT STORE

SAMANILLO BLDG., ESCOLTA

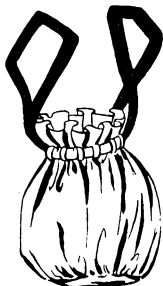
# Gifts To Make



**T**HERE'S Christmas cheer in end together. Use old bracelets these little things to do for yourself or to give away. The versions of the tied belt is legion. desire.

The width depends upon what suits you best. Cover stiff interlining with fabric, cutting the material twice as wide as the interlining, plus 1/4 inch on each side for seam allowance, and 3 inches shorter than your waist measure. Fold fabric on wrong side and seam the length and one end. Turn it right side out, slip in the interlining and overcast the other end together. The belt with long sweeping fringes at the end is made from hopsacking or other material which is easily fringed. Cut the fabric long enough to fit your waist plus 10 inches for the fringe. Fringe the end; tie. The coarser the fabric the more attractive the fringe. The ribbon-tie belt and the peasant belt explain themselves in the diagram.

**T**HIS evening bag can be made of velvet, velveteen, lace or metallic fabrics. Cut two cardboard discs the size desired for the base, which is usually 4 to 6 inches. Cut lining material to cover both the circles, allowing 1/4 inch for seams. Overcast them together. Cut the bag itself in: (1) the outside fabric (2) the lining material, and (3) the interlining. All three pieces should be long enough to go around the base with 6 inches additional for fullness. Cut lining and interlining the desired depth, at least 6 inches but the outside fabric should have an additional 3 inches or so to form a double fold for the heading with a casing.



Seam the bag and overcast to the base on the wrong side. Finish top with a drawstring run through a casing, or sew tiny metal rings to the outside of the bag and run drawstring through them.



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and  
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3 Sisters Hair Pomade has the same exquisite fineness and delicate fragrance that have made 3 Sisters Face Powder the "Powder of Filipino Women!"



CASADEL—Effective for Skin Diseases.

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WANTED: Provincial Distributors. Good Commission.

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## THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

(Continued from page 6)

ter, cared for, clothed, sheltered. Welfareville is the mother and the father who must feed them, teach them, shelter them. Many are saved to lead worthwhile lives once more when they leave the children's village. A few, the worthless, hopeless types go back to their old lives, but these are a mere handful.

Do you know that there is a kind of charm in this children's village that works at mending broken hearts and broken dreams? I have seen it work on some of my friends who have stayed here. There was a childless widow who came last year. She was all broken up by the belated tidings of her husband's death at sea somewhere in the Bougainville in 1943. To receive the news when she had hoped and prayed for four years, expecting him to be with her again soon because war is over! She was crazy with the shock! Somehow, she got a job here. The chief put her to work in the Nursery Unit. There are almost a hundred babies in this Unit. Babies in the cribs, babies on the floor, toddlers; children a little older who climb chairs and tables, children a little older still who pull each others hair, and must be sent off to school everyday.

Eight hours morning duty with these kids and one is too tired to think of one's own dead. Motherless kids that must be bathed, and clothed, and fed, and sent to school. Half a dozen is a little too many for a servantless mother; imagine, sixty, seventy, eighty little children and only five employes on duty at a time to look after them.

"Here, come here, don't do that to Patsy. You are hurting her."

"Hey! look out, you will fall down the stairs."

"Come here, I'll fasten your rompers."

"What's that again! Hold this baby, maybe Tito's diaper is wet."

**A** week of this and the charm has had a chance to work at mending the tattered heart. Two weeks of night duty routine, of watching babies in their sleep, changing diapers or feeding a helpless baby from a bottle while one's eyes seem stone-laden and a drowsy sleepy feeling pervades

one's whole body as if one's life depended upon snatching a wink and the heart is almost whole again for one has no particular desire except to sleep—oh, to sleep all day! No time for tears, no time for self-pity. One thinks of quitting but sticks on nevertheless for one feels the healing power setting in without knowing it. These living bundles of humanity take hold of everyone. This one is very cute, curly hair, dimples, clean clear skin. That one is not so sweet, too dark, but just the same each and all must be washed and clothed and fed and kept from falling off their cribs, from off the chairs, from off the stairs. In a year, the widow is completely recovered from her grief. She plans to step out, to gallivant. That's for her to decide. The charm has worked. Our Nursery is farther away on another road from here—if you have time I'll take you there later.

We must get permission from the Office. The Chief of the Institution is out, but the chief clerk is in. It's o.k. You know our chief is a Psychiatrist. He knows what's best for each of those under him if he can have his way all the time. The chief clerk has been in the children's village since the very beginning. He is probably the Pied Piper. He knows the ins and out and the pro and con of the whole village.

This is the Unit A of the Orphanage. Some of these children have been in the Nursery A since infancy. They are brought here when they are over seven years—these children come from everywhere. A provinciano is lost in the City, a cop picks him up and brings him to children's village. Some of these children lost their parents during the liberation. The Red Cross or some soldiers brought them here. Relatives here or sometimes the mother has to work for a living, her husband died in Fort Santiago or Capas or Bataan. She leaves her boy in the Orphanage. There are four brothers and sisters here who were brought by an aunt because their mother was killed by their father in an insane fit of jealousy. There is always little bits of drama behind each little orphan's tranquil face. Orphanhood is not

necessarily a state where both or one of the parents are dead. Both or one of them may have been forced to place the children here for justified reasons, or some other similar cause. The orphanage is proud to point out lawyers, nurses, doctors, dentists from those who grew up here. There are still many bright boys and girls who will need help to go through college after they graduate from high school here. Will you try to interest some people in them? Now don't forget, they are only in the first year now, but four years from now....

At the Unit B of the Orphanage you will see our famous All Girls' String Band of Welfareville. You have probably heard them at some charity affair. They are often invited. These are children of lepers who are in Culion, Palawan and elsewhere. They are clean, negative. Doctors examine them and pronounce them positive or negative for leprosy. When positive they are sent to San Lazaro for examination and treatment. We have many attractive girls. Some are working as nursing attendants in the hospital here. Many have married and gone away. The Unit C which is the home for mentally defective children is in the Hospital compound. Here we have the deaf mutes, the blind, the cripples. The moron and feeble-minded are here, too. They are fewer now than before the war because many of them died from malnutrition during the Japanese occupation. They are a happy-go-lucky bunch that howl their complaints in vociferous cries or who show their pleasure in jubilant shouts of joy.

The ingenuity and patience of employes have produced vegetable gardens, slippers, embroideries by the handicapped wards of this Unit. If there is more money for this village, more activities can be planned for them and the blind can be given special attention. But Welfareville is handicapped by lack of funds. What little money is available has to be spent for food.

Across the pergola are the Hospital wards where the sick children get nursing care and medical attention. In the left wing we have the Home for the Aged. This seems to be a mere after-thought. This home was not a part of Welfareville but lack of housing has brought these old folks within the children's village. Nothing strange in that. There aged wards are like children, too, must be cared for, fed, and sheltered like

their younger counterparts. Second childhood, maybe. That's probably why they are inside the children's village now. These old folks here live a life of leisure, a quiet life broken only by their bickering among themselves, by their eternal complaints about the food or about this or that employe about this or that pain. Life at most for all of them is at ebb-tide, nothing for them to worry about until death leaves them his calling card. The chaplain who visits them daily takes care that they are ready for the call, but not all of them prepare to go out gracefully and at peace with their Maker.

Let's go to that building over there. That's the Philippine Training School for Girls. Do you see those rice fields below us? That's worked and planted by the boys from the P.T.S.B. The girls help too, during planting and harvesting time. These rice fields belong to the children's village. Rice harvested here is stored for children's use. The village is not self-sufficient in rice. That field is too small to meet the needs of the whole population.

The P.T.S.G. wards range from nine to eighteen years. Here we have our truant schoolgirls who run away with the perennial "bachelor," the married man who promises her heaven and earth and more besides if she will go with him. Here is our house-girl whose "master" has taken advantage of her; here is our G.I. left-overs with their G.I. friends. Relatives, parents or friends bring some of these girls here for safekeeping.

There are those sentenced by the courts to stay here for a duration because they were found guilty of theft, vagrancy, disobedience, homicide or even murder. They are all minors.

They work at household chores, are taught to cook, to sew, to launder. They are given lessons in hair-dressing or coiffuring, manicure, giving a permanent, a shampoo, tailoring, dressmaking, crocheting. There are many admirable girls here who would be an invaluable treasure to an over-worked housewife. The matron knows the quality of each one of her wards and can tell you more about them.

That road leads to the Correctional Institution. It is proper that it is quite near to our P.T.S.G. That's where these girls will go if they refuse to reform even after reaching the age of major-

(Continued on page 34)



## NO LIFE IS WASTED

(Continued from page 7)

A beautiful one. The problems that trouble it are the process of development. My son lived 21 years. But into those fleet years he crowded a ripening of mind, a breadth of vision, an enrichment of character that I can never attain.

Then I had to cease torturing myself over what I had done or left undone in the custodianship of my child. In retrospect I saw mistakes which took on disproportionate emphasis after his death. Although, during his lifetime, I had cared for him as best I knew, even little incidents rose to haunt me after he died.

When my son was four, he went with me to the Grand Central Station to see his father off for a short trip. We went to the steps of the train.

While we stood talking, there was a sudden blast from the whistle. After Glenn and I got into the taxi to go home, he suddenly slumped, the result of fright as the doctor later explained. I urged the driver to go as fast as he could. I hugged my little son close and told him how much I loved him. "But not as much as daddy?" he asked. "Almost," I answered.

SEVENTEEN years later, two days before the accident took his life, he was talking to his father about his fiancée whom he

planned to marry on his 22nd birthday, and his father talked to him about me. Then Glenn Jr. told his father the incident in the taxi. Later that evening my husband repeated the conversation to me, and we smiled over our child's feat of memory.

But after his death, I cried in anguish. "Why didn't I say yes instead of almost to a tot of four whose mother and father were his whole world?" The difference between yes and almost had so hurt his sensitive feelings that he remembered for seventeen years.

I had to wipe those regrets from my mind with the knowledge that the mistakes I had made were of judgment, not of intent. My love had never failed.

Only when I had overcome all these torments did faith come back. Faith that a God capable of making and maintaining the universe would not waste the superb mechanism of mind and the beauty of spirit that were my husband's and son's.

I must live out the rest of my life with a shattered heart. But I must not feel futile, nor permit myself to be futile. I know that blessed, indeed, is the woman who bears a son and guides him from helpless infancy into splendid young manhood. Such a woman has known life at its best and sweetest. I now can say again that prayer I was taught as a child.

## TWO OUTSTANDING MOTHERS OF 1946

(Continued from page 17)

Univ. of Manila.

Purita Llanes-Lorenzo, Miss Ilocos Norte to the Beauty Pageant at the Philippine Carnival; finished her Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy also in the State University. She is married to Dr. Conrado E. Lorenzo, specialist in Chest Disease.

Dr. Eufrocina Llanes-Guanzon, married to Dr. Arturo Guanzon of the Guanzon family of Pangasinana, well-known druggists, is the youngest of the Llanes sisters. She obtained her Doctor of Medicine degree from the Univ. of Cebu in 1935 and is now in York.

private practice. With her husband, she is co-proprietor of Farmacia Guanzon, one of the leading wholesale and retail drug stores in the city of Manila.

Elvira Llanes finished her Bachelor of Philosophy in the U.P.; Master's Degree in Education at Columbia Univ., U.S.A., specializing in teaching the deaf, dumb, and blind. At present, National Secretary, Girl Scouts of the Phil.; now taking further studies in Social work at the New York School of Social Work, and Girl Scouts at Columbia Univ., New York.

## CLUB WOMEN'S BULLETIN BOARD

(Continued from page 24)

The main activity of the Ilagan Woman's Club is the maintenance of Puericulture Center No. 453, including the erection of the building for this health center. As soon as funds are available a nursery class will be organized, and later a diet kitchen and a reading center.

Likewise, the Rosales Woman's Club has succeeded in reopening the Puericulture Center where lectures on health, sanitation, and hygiene are regularly given. The club has prepared a program of entertainment where care of mothers, expectant mothers, babies, and children is emphasized. Prime necessities are purchased by the club and sold the club members to help combat the black market. And social hours are not overlooked where pertinent social problems are discussed.

The Artache Sison Woman's club has a very laudable program of activities for the year which includes cultivation of home gardens, the maintenance of a co-operative store, and a nursery class.

## THIS FORNIGHT'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

ideas at her fingertips.

FAMILIAR names to Journal readers are Hernando Ocampo, Mario P. Chanco, Oscar Zuñiga and Conrado V. Pedroche all of whom have more than said their greetings to one and all with the choice bits from their pen. Pedroche speaks of earth and its message to humanity. Ocampo lives again the truly native observance of a Christmas custom. Chanco makes you chuckle even as he rants against the women for their utter failure to grasp the gift-giving situation. Zuñiga carols once more a song for Christmas. And as we go to press, we have been assured that this number will fly to our readers far and wide on time to be in every home before the Beautiful Mid-night. Merry Christmas to all.

—P. T. G.



## THE CREATION OF CONFIDENCE!

Implicit trust in the name "Milna" as a guide to choosing the finest dresses has grown steadily among those who demand distinctive style and lasting worth. You, too, will share this confidence when you choose a dress from Milna's matchless design of present day styles. A Milna dress will bring to you a refreshing charm adjusted to improve personality and stylish pattern. Choose a Milna's dress for incomparable beauty, quality and value.

**MILNA** P. Gomez  
Corner Carriedo  
The Women's Shop of Distinction

or less like handkerchiefs, which is to say that men can't ever have enough of them. It's possible, unless he's one of the prettified dandies who go around wolfing women, that he might go for the sturdy all-purpose type. I refer to the ones that don't show up very well in cocktail parties, the ones that can take a beating and still shun your darning needle.

You can't go wrong very easily on cloth, unless you happen to buy a cut size about 12 inches too short. Furthermore, however nice a ready-made shirt or pair of pants may seem, it's barely possible that he might want it tailored some other way. If you think women are finicky about their clothes, ask me about some of the men I know. I guarantee you'll go home screaming, especially if you are the kind who shocks easily.

And here's a tip that might interest you—cloth is usually cheapest where you least expect it. I've shopped around for myself a number of times and have found that the bigger stores occasionally sell certain items cheaper than even you or I can get them on side streets. But here's a word

## I'LL TAKE HANDKERCHIEFS

(Continued from page 10)

of warning: palm beach and wool sweater did for Lana Turner. I may be swell for December weather but you have to bear in mind that this is still the tropics, where men are men and the sun shines bright a good portion of the year.

Other little items you can't miss on: toilet articles, especially a good toothbrush to replace the old one and a lot of toothpaste, after shave lotion and soap—yes, soap. Throw in a pair of nail clippers especially if he isn't the kind that can cut his nails on the right hand.

Underwear and light T-shirts are also inexpensive little things that will bring the old wolfish gleam in his eye. The most puny male puffs up ever so perceptibly when clad in form-fitting T-shirts. There is something in the T-shirt that does for the male what the

Sometimes there are daffy males whose entire lives revolve about books and the printed page. Very obviously, it would not do to give them a cocktail shaker or a case of Scotch. If he goes for popular, which means material of the type that appears in pulp magazines and other thick-paper publications, get him a set of Balzac or Maupassant, or the D. H. Lawrence unexpurgated edition. He'll wolf you for it.

However, if he delights in art and beauty, which is to say, Swinburne, Wordsworth, Milton, et al., by all means, get him the Harvard Classics if it takes you

your whole life to pay for same. Then get him a dictionary so he can secretly look up words he doesn't understand.

If you read Esquire, you will probably note that there are now on the American market certain brands of perfume designed to capture the masculine trade. Trademark and with such hairy appellations as Timberwolf, Lumberjack, etc., ad nauseam, bring tingles up feminine spines but are you sure he'd like to use them? Take care, unless you want him to pour same down the drain.

Lastly, here's overall advice: for every rule in giving, there's one for receiving. If you prize your male, you'll do well to accept whatever he gives you with grace. If you're smart—which is, for the purpose of this article at least, taken for granted—you can drop any number of hints that will guarantee your getting whatever little gadget it is that you want.

Consequently, seeing as how we men are comparatively dull in dropping hints, how about giving us a break? Thank you, girls.

# ★ TIKBOY 1946 CONTEST ★



## \$1,000.00 CASH PRIZES

All boys up to 7 years of age may be submitted for this contest.

Health is paramount in this contest. Uncolored photographs of baby candidates wearing swimming trunks, bathing suits or sandwos, or a good shirtless pose convincingly demonstrating physical vigor and health are necessary. One best photograph is enough.

### RULES

Parents submitting photographs should state the following:

1. Full name of child. Nationality. Age.
2. Full name of parents.
3. Address.
4. Name and address of favorite drugstore.
5. State when the child started to take Tiki-Tiki Extract Manuel Zamora and how health was regained, built, or maintained by its use.

This contest is now open. Entries must be mailed not later than December 31, 1946. Winners will be announced on or before January 16, 1947. The winners shall be declared "TIKBOY 1946".

### PRIZES

- First Prize ..... P500.00
- Second Prize ..... P200.00
- Third Prize ..... P100.00
- Ten (10) Consolation Prize of ..... P10.00 each
- Twenty (20) Consolation Prize of ..... P5.00 each

All photographs and manuscripts shall become the property of Farmacia Manuel Zamora. Send all entries to—

**TIKBOY 1946 CONTEST**  
c/o Farmacia Manuel Zamora  
928 R. Hidalgo, Manila

TIKI-TIKI Extract Manuel Zamora is on the air every Saturday at 7:00 to 7:30 P.M. over KZRH featuring the "Mystery Singer." Martha Dixon and Merry Hannigan.

As you save for your confinement and delivery, as you buy baby things and make them, always put aside part of your savings and part of your shoppings for yourself. Just as you had planned and accumulated your trousseau so carefully before your marriage, so should you now plan and accumulate your hospital wardrobe for your maternity confinement. If you are clever enough, you can gather suitable things without "feeling" the expenses they incur.

The best way is to start as soon as you are certain to be "in the family way", as the delicate phrase puts it. You can buy one or two things each month, instead of rushing out and trying to make all your purchases all at once just when your time is at hand. In the latter case, you will find it expensive and this knowledge will give you a sense of guilt toward your husband (lest he should think you were being a spendthrift) and this feeling will spoil most of the happiness for the two of you.

My advice, therefore, is to buy little by little and one at a time. It is also a wise move a cousin-in-law of mine made. On her birthday, five months before she delivered, she brazenly announced to her husband, her sisters, and some very intimate friends that gifts in the form of hospital wear would be much welcomed. So her husband, with the aid of his mother, gave her a negligee; her sisters each gave her a bed-jacket; and her friends gave her nightgowns, etc. This lessened her own expenses for the same end considerably.

Put all the things you will need in a valise or bag or even *tampiki*, but be sure they are all fixed and ready, so that, when the time comes when, perhaps least expecting it, you begin to "feel a little queer", you will not have to be distracted from the intriguing sensations of labor pains to seek high and low for the things you are supposed to take with you to the hospital.

What are the things to bring with you to the hospital?

Although most of the hospitals and even some of the better maternity clinics furnish their patients with hospital gowns, I always feel it best to bring my own nightgowns whenever I go

## THE PLEASURES OF HOSPITALIZATION

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into "confinement". Another thing they supply that I nevertheless bring my own set of are tableware. At least, a spoon and fork and a drinking glass of my own. Also, I bring a fruit bowl (sure to be laden with fruit of the season during the first week), a box of Kleenex, 2 wash cloths, 2 large bath towels, and of course a new toothbrush, a tube of my favorite brand of toothpaste, and a cake of my favorite toilet soap.

As for the wardrobe, I suggest the following:

Nightgowns. Six will do though it is safer to have around ten, if you can afford them. But, at the same time, if you have someone at home who can launder them as fast as you send them back each day somebody in the family drops in to visit you, you can even manage with just three or four. Of course they give you a sponge bath daily and you will need a fresh one each day.

The trick, if you have to economize, is to buy thin cotton material like *opal* for instance, or remnants of parachute silk, if you want to look more luxurious, and to have them made in the simplest style—sleeveless and wide from shoulders to ankles. You can make them yourself. Or you might buy printed cottons and make them with short puffed sleeves. Printed nightgowns are stylish, too. Only be sure to choose tiny little flowery prints and pastel shades.

I know someone who, on her second confinement, had an inspiration. Instead of having nightgowns made, she had two-piece, short sleeved pajamas, made of printed seersucker. When she went to the hospital, she left behind the trousers of her pajamas, bringing along only the "uppers". These pajama tops are as short as the regular hospital gowns are, most convenient to wear in bed.

Another convenience is the way they open down front: she could easily nurse her baby just by unbuttoning and buttoning again.

Also, she did not need to wear bed-jackets, as the pajama tops really resemble one already! And when this clever woman went home, she wore the entire pajama ensemble around the house, as house slacks!

Bed-jackets. This item is, paradoxically enough, both frivolous and practical. You will need at least a couple of them and you will understand their practicability when you find that, by putting on one over the very plainest and cheapest of nightgowns, you suddenly acquire a glamorous look. Let your bed-jacket be frilly, lacy, or be-ribboned. This is a time of your life when you can be frivolous-looking and fancy with impunity.

You will also need one negligee or a housecoat for the time when you are well enough to be wheeled around the hospital cor-

ridors, perhaps one day before going home.

If you wear your hair short, postpone your next permanent until about a month prior to your expected "time", so that it will be just the right length and "prettiness" by then. Have it done shorter than usual, as it is more convenient than a long one when you lie down most of the time. Bring along with you a piece of cross-grained narrow ribbon, long enough to wear around your head Alice-in-Wonderland fashion, which is the most convenient way to fix your hair when lying down. If, on the other hand, your hair is long and you ordinarily wear it in a knot, part it in the middle and braid it into two pigtails, using ribbons to tie up the ends.

You will also need a hand-mirror and your comb and brush, and all the other various things a woman uses as part of her toilet: the more frivolous and dainty she is, the more various and complicated. Manicure set, jars of cream, skin tonic, lipstick, rouge, powder, powder puff, etc. Put all these "vanity items" together in a separate box or kit and, while at the hospital, have them handy. You may not be a vain creature, normally, and may not go in for elaborate beauty rituals as a rule, but, once confined, you will have plenty of time to devote to some long-neglected beauty routine as a pastime. Keep yourself dainty-looking and pretty all the time. Most of the time, you will have an audience to do it for, even if it be just the attendant who takes your temperature regularly, the "boy" who wakes you up (whether you like it or not) to clean up your room in the early morning, or your own husband who, despite his absorption in his baby, will nevertheless have enough sense not to overlook you completely.

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## THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

(Continued from page 30)

ity or after their release from here.

That watch tower is the entrance to our P.T.S.B. The whole building was constructed by the boys before the war. Seems to be of malayan architecture.

Here we have boys ranging from seven to eighteen years. The case history of each one of them would fill a whole chapter in a book of life. There are homicides, murderers, hold-up-artists, pick-pockets, kidnapers among them. A nasty group although there are pretty good fellows among them too. Life here at its worst is a lark compared to what they have known outside. Except those few who come from well-to-do homes.

Each boy is given a definite assignment for the day. They go to school also, besides getting free board, free clothes and housing. Our food here may not be the best available, but at least they get three regular meals a day compared to the haphazard outside meals they can get outside. This is true of those who come from the slums, the hot bed of criminals. There are occasional jail-breaks, but that is to be expected especially when these adolescent boys want to go for a lark or are bored by their confinement.

The boys are classified into Honor boys, regular, new comers, etc. They are taught various vocations by direct teaching method in the classrooms or by apprenticeship. Some of the boys are assigned to the farm—some are assigned to the laundry. Some of the boys work in the printing shop. Some boys work with the plumber, electrician, iron works, carpenters, painter, laundry, barber, Kitchen and Mess Hall.

Before you go let's pass through our Mess Hall and Kitchen. You have seen all there is to see in the children's village. The schoolhouse is over there and that building nearer here is our Social Hall. I see that you have no time to go to the Nursery. Some other day, perhaps.

I can give you only some calamsade before you go. Sorry we have no ice. Our refrigerator is out of order. There's no chance of repairing it unless somebody donates a new one. I wish I had some cakes and cookies for you or

sandwiches, but I can't have much on fifty cents a day per person. We have some students from the Elementary School and first year high school who come to us for cooking lessons. When you come back I'll have some cakes and cookies ready. That is, if our "jack of all trade" can finish the oven I have asked him to make for us.

Do you see that lovely annex? This is a donation from the Far East Air Command. That's going to be our new Mess Hall according to the Chief. That is a God-sent gift truly. We needed a streamlined, Kitchen in this modern age but unless someone donates the money, we must be contented with our old fashioned wood furnace and vats. Pass the word will you? Atta-girl! that's a good P.A.U.W. Our Director's a P.A.U.W., too.

Let's see the chief. He is still out. That's unfortunate. I'll enjoy meeting him, but he is at the Central Office with the Director. You must see him some other day.

Our children's village is no Pied Piper's dream, neither is it a Walt Disney village of pie houses and lollipop posts. If I had a fairy wand I'd build the houses of cakes and the windows will be curtained with icing. The fences will be heavy with grape vines while the garden will be verdant with bananas and lanzones trees overhanging with fruit. The swimming pool would have hundreds of swings above it where nursery kids can play and gamble to their hearts content and leap into the water at will. Lifeguards will be hiding behind walls of peppermint candies, ready to run to their rescue.

There would be roller coasters, skating rinks, merry-go-rounds and ferris wheel. It would be a petite carnival village all year round. School time would be just another play time. There would be a lover's lane, and a picnic grove for the older children.

But because our children's village is for common folks who must live, labor and go out into this world of strife and envy, Walt Disney cannot have his way. Instead we have this prim, sedate, spinster creation of simple houses, for simple boys and girls who must work, study and play.

## HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SECRETS

### BE GENTLE AND ARTISTIC

Don't be heavy-handed in your application of make-up. Such application should be a delicately precise process, comparable to drawing or painting fine-line designs. Nature is never heavy-handed in its supplying of feminine beauty features, and this fact in itself should offer reason enough for a delicate approach to the make-up furthering of such beauty.

The glamour drawback inflicted by heavy-handed application is very often apparent in eye make-up. The eyebrow pencil should never be applied so heavily that the finished result immediately looks exactly like what it is—a darkly crayoned line which bears no resemblance whatever to a real eyebrow. The object of eyebrow penciling should be to accentuate in color the apparencey of the real brows, or to provide an attractive semblance of brow growth in some outer stretch of the brow arch where none may exist. All of this requires a careful, delicate application touch. A heavy-handed touch will provide none of the attractive illusionary effects just mentioned.

Eye shadow and eyelash make-up also require delicacy in application, if they are to fully serve the glamour purpose for which they are designed.

### ROUGE DELICACY

Rouge applications offer another make-up field in which the heavy touch is often apparent, much to the detriment of good looks. Rouge can be applied rather decisively in the first place but it definitely should not be left that way. Always blend your rouge applications away into a natural blush effect after applying it.

Many women make the mistake of assuming that a lipstick application, because it must be sharply and colorfully established in its final form, should consequent-

ly be applied very heavily in the first place. Actually, it does no harm to first apply lipstick so heavily, if the resultant surplus is finally removed. However, this originally heavy application is not necessary, and is altogether wasteful of the lip beautifying material being used. As nearly as you can, originally apply just the amount of lipstick you wish to be finally apparent, and thus reduce the amount of waste surplus. And, above all other things, never apply an overly thick coating of lipstick and then allow it to remain that way.

Face powder should be originally applied rather heavily, simply because this is the only way to be sure that no complexion areas are left under-powdered. It is highly important, however, that this heavy first application be brushed smooth, with the surplus being completely removed.

### SCREEN, STAGE

Some women almost undoubtedly have fallen victim to the heavy-handed technique of make-up application because they have observed screen or stage make-up and erroneously concluded that these involved such a heaviness of touch. Then, having been advised of the excellence of screen and stage make-up techniques, these ladies once again erroneously concluded that the secret of success in such make-up was contained in this form of application.

Actually, while screen and stage make-up are heavier in their final form than any everyday beautifying make-up should be, their actual application is still an exceptionally delicate process and one performed with painstaking discretion. Even the new television make-up which was recently perfected in my laboratories requires a very light, deft touch in application, although the finished result does appear heavy when compared with the effect which should be apparent on your face when you have completed your own beautifying make-up efforts.

So when creating your make-up, seek to command the artist's touch, rather than that of the housepainter, and your glamour results will soon demonstrate how worthwhile such delicacy in application can be.

By MAX FACTOR, Jr.

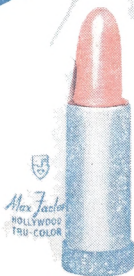
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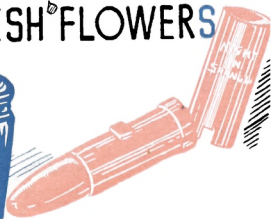
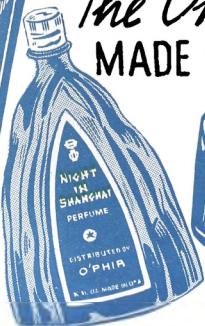
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