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HOME JOURNAL

GERONIMA T. PECSON COLLECTION

AUGUST, 1946—30 Cts.



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WITH DORMITORIES FOR OUR GIRLS

W o m a n ' s Home Journal

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

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THIS MONTH'S ISSUE



THE GIRL ON OUR COVER. Talented, beautiful, religious MISS RUBY ROXAS, daughter of the President of the Philippines, has come home from her studies in Vassar College, U. S. A. to help her mother with the pressing duties in Malacanan. She brought home her books, but this is no indication that she is not going back.

THE FIRST daughter of the Philippines, Miss Ruby Roxas, graces our cover and fashion pages this month. The taking of these pictures was quite an epic in diligence, what with the power off and the weather just plain nasty. Trust Bob, though, to surmount any photographic obstacle. Miss Roxas was sweet and obliging even if it meant having her hair done and getting her intravenous injection at the same time. Miss Chito Madrigal, a product of American Law Schools teams with Ruby in the take for
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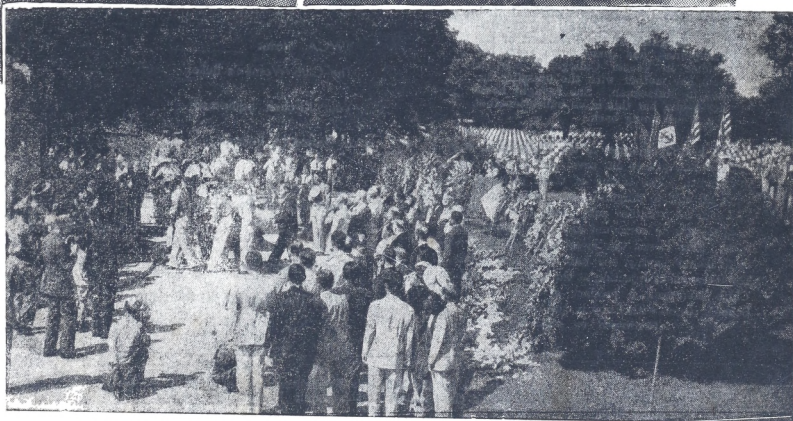
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In

MEMORY

On a bright Saturday morning last week, August 27 to be exact, a grateful people welcomed the arrival of the remains of the late President Quezon, and, with flags at half-mast, and cannons saluting began the 24-day national mourning. The photograph below shows the casket holding the illustrious body being removed from the caisson to crypt. A snug family picture here brings nostalgic reminiscences of birthdays in that happy family. A close-up of the casket completes our pictorial here.



Industrialize Central Luzon

By PAZ POLICARPIO-MENDEZ

THE agrarian problem is a question that must be studied impartially and dispassionately. Instead of merely applying palliatives, like the 60-40 division of crops, we must go to the root cause of the unrest in Central Luzon. In trying to improve the lot of our peasants, let us not lose sight of the welfare of our landed class, especially the small proprietors, who up to now have been mute spectators in a drama that affect their lives vitally. They form the bulk of our landed gentry but may be wiped out by ill-advised reforms.

Let us look at the peasant's side of the story.

An ordinary kasama cultivates about three hectares of land. If the soil is first-class and irrigated, he may be expected to harvest from 150 to 180 cavanes of palay. Expenses for planting, harvesting, and threshing as well as irrigation fees will reduce this yield by about one-third, conservatively speaking. The net produce will then be from 100 to 120 cavanes. The kasama's share will be from 60 to 72 cavanes based on the 60-40 system and that of the proprietor from 40 to 48 cavanes. By performing much of the labor of planting and harvesting, the peasant can add to his share about 15 to 20 cavanes, making a total income of from 75 to 92 cavanes a year.

The question now confronts us: Can the average Filipino family subsist on 75 cavanes, or even 100 cavanes of palay a year?

Since present prices are inflated, let us take the pre-war cost of palay, which was three pesos a cavan. Let us also deduct from the 75 cavanes, 25 cavanes which is the normal yearly consumption for a family of five. The kasama will have left then 50 cavanes, or P150.00 with which to clothe, feed, educate and entertain his family.

Obviously the figure is very, very far from adequate.

Whom shall we blame? The proprietor? That seems to

be the general feeling. The landowner is usually accused of profiteering and of bleeding his kasama white.

Let us now take a look at the side of the proprietor.

Since we have taken the first class land as the basis for our study, let us evaluate the landlord's investment. Based on the pre-war price of 1000 pesos a hectare of first-class land, a landowner invests P3000.00 for every kasama. His 40-to-48-cavan share, at P3.00 a cavan, will yield an income of from P120.00 to P144.00. From this must be deducted about P20.00 in taxes. He gets therefore 3 to 4% only on his capital investment. Even under the 50-50 share, a landowner gets only from 4 to 5% on his capital.

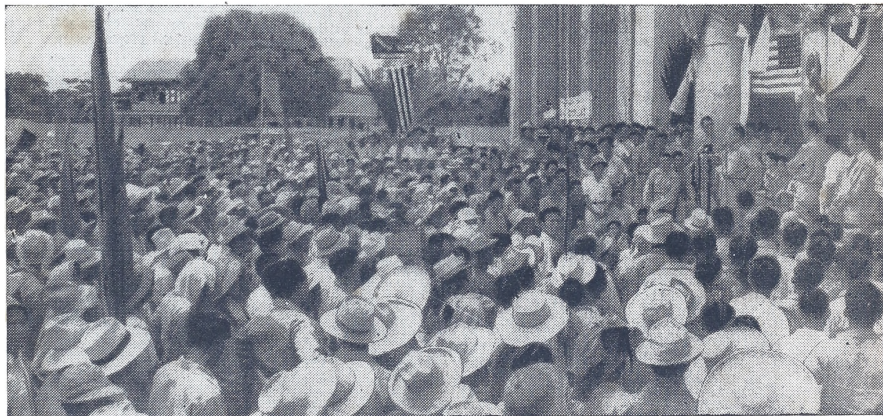
Is 5% fair returns on investment? A business man will tell you that he will consider nothing else than 10 as worthwhile profits.

If proprietors don't make enough profit on their land, why do they continue to invest on it? Why don't they air their grievances as others have been doing.

Let's answer the second question first. They are not very vocal about their hardships because they have other sources of livelihood. No landowner has ever dreamed of living on the produce of a three-hectare or even of twenty hectare farm. Always there is a main source of income—a little business of some employment or profession perhaps.

That in part answers the first question of why people continue to invest in land even if it yields poor returns. Filipinos are rooted to the soil. Land is something they believe cannot be stolen, burned, or even bombed. The farmer who surveys his few hectares feels important; he is, in his opinion, lord of all he surveys. In his old age, or in time of stress, like the last World War, he feels he has an anchor.

(Continued on page 27)



A SEA of peasants in confab. This is one symptom of the need for overhauling of our old feudal system. Mrs. Mendez, in her article above advocates industrializing the afflicted regions. Others advocate breaking up of large estates to enable farmers to have small landholdings.

To Have or Not To Have the Panuelo

One eventful night after liberation, Manila Hotel was the scene of a fashion show. Model after model went smoothly through their routine while the spectators surred with contentment. They were yet to gasp with unbelief later on in the evening when the enchanting "incomplete" ternos began drifting by. The seed of conflict was planted at that moment, and since then only the women can tell what pangs they go through when ordering a terno.

RAMON VALERA who seems to stand accused of having started this controversial new fad of the panuelo-less terno is grateful for this chance to set his accusers right on a few points. First off, he wants it clarified that he has never issued the dictum that the panuelo should go. "Don't ever believe," he adds, "that it originated from exotic designs and foreign whims. There is no attempt absolutely to make the native terno look foreign. The Baintawak costume which the girls began to wear to evening shindigs took on called-for embellishments, and from here, I think, sprang the glorious idea which has caught everyone's fancy."

This famed couturier makes the ternos with or without the panuelo, depending upon the scheme of the dress and the wearer herself. Modesty aside, he knows although he may not betray it to anyone that the ternos he makes are faithfully patriotic, their elegance and inspiration wiping away

all traces of criticism and discord. The Filipino dress is made for beauty, and as long as the couturier exerts his utmost to outdo beauty, there is no outrage committed against the native attire.

On this and other pages, we present opinions from people who, out of a full heart, must have their say on the current bone of contention which affects no less the national costume, the trademark the Filipino woman.





Manila's feminine who's who led by the First Lady and her daughter Ruby, grace these symposium pages on the panuelo-less terno conflict. They are all here, with the panuelo and without. Read their opinions in their faces. Lulu Campos, far left and Nita Fernandez directly at left, are two debutantes who know what style they like and will be happy in.

WRITER REFUSES TO BE ALARMED.

WE HAVE been so used to the panuelo as part of the Filipino costume that its elimination strikes the beholder, for the first time at least, with a kind of shock. Yet having seen the panuelo-less terno on many a lovely Filipino girl, I can't say that the effect is unpleasant. It seems to confer on the wearer a sense of new-found freedom and a touch of modernity that are pleasing to behold. So I say: if our girls prefer to do away with the panuelo, and it makes them happy to do so, let them. I refuse to be alarmed; I don't think there is much they will dare shed off—after the panuelo. —SALVADOR P. LOPEZ

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30-31)



Directly at left, Mrs. McNutt who now owns a panuelo-less terno, the First Lady wearing the bone of contention, and Mrs. Irene Murphy in the new terno trend which has earned her many compliments. Above, Gertie Abad in a new Valera creation.



Meet

Catherine Porter

By MARIO P. CHANCO



A brief glimpse into the life of Catherine Porter, one of America's busiest authors on the Far East. Possessed of energy surprising for even an American woman, Miss Porter, during her brief sojourn in the Islands, has visited numerous out-of-town spots and USIS stations with an indefatigable pace that often had her masculine escorts panting.

People who were in the Philippines before the war and who returned to the Islands after the occupation invariably remark on the tremendous destruction and other changes which the intervening years had wrought.

Despite the "lifting" of Manila's face, however, many an oldtimer has seen several familiar sights which even the fury of modern battle could not destroy. It has not been entirely physical either; many people and places survived the catastrophe, but these were not the things which impressed old visitors most.

"It's the old familiar feeling, a sensation that you are among friends who really like you," many say. "You feel it instinctively from the very first time when you first step on Philippine soil to the time when someone whom you have known for a long time pops out of nowhere and begins showing you the town all over again."

This feeling has been shared by many personages in general and Catherine Porter in particular, who before the war spent several months in the Islands with the Institute of Pacific Relations and later became the author of the successful book "Crisis In the Philippines" (published March, 1942, by A. Knopf).

Catherine Porter has had an intense interest in the Philippines and the Filipinos since she joined the staff of the IPR in 1926.

She speaks highly of the abilities of the Filipinos in her book and is especially enthusiastic over the Filipino youth whom she refers to as a "growing reservoir... filled with pride and ambition."

She has considerable respect for Filipino writers, mentioning specifically two outstanding writers, Vicente Albano Pacis and Salvador P. Lopez.

She quotes one of Pacis' prewar editorials in which the latter sounded prophetic warnings about the war that was still finding root in China.

"As it turned out, he was absolutely right," she says. "However, I hope he doesn't turn prophet too often."

Catherine Porter today is an extremely well preserved woman whose active life continually flaunts the timeworn phrase about the woman's place being the home.

Graduating from Cornell University in the early twenties, she took up teaching for three years before joining the staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations with which she was connected until the outbreak of the war.

In between she found time for travel, trekking all over Europe and Asia and finding "the most unexpected things in the most unexpected places."

With the kanny newspaperwoman's instinct, she was able to visit many a region admittance to which was either barred to male correspondents or restricted by other exigencies which only her own resourcefulness could cope with.

From these travels emerged a continuous stream of articles for the magazine "Pacific Affairs" and "Far Eastern Survey," both official organs of the IPR, and numerous other magazines in the United States.

She became managing editor of Pacific Affairs in 1934-38 at the time it was under the editorial helm of Owen Lattimore, a widely known writer on the Far East whose works have appeared in

virtually all the outstanding publications in America. She also became editor of the Far Eastern Survey, a biweekly publication of the American Council of the IPR, from January, 1940 until April, 1944, when she left to join the Office of War Information.

Both the Survey and Pacific Affairs are published in New York and carry articles by recognized authorities on political, social and economic matters; both devote much attention to reviews of Far Eastern books.

In the main, Catherine Porter's writing have dealt with the Far East with particular emphasis on the Philippines.

"My most memorable year was spent in the Philippines among the Filipinos, from the most important to the humblest," she said in her book. "I came away from this experience with a firm knowledge of the Islands and a firm confidence in their people's devotion to the ideal of their own independence."

So spoke Catherine Porter in 1942. She was able to see that faith borne out on July 4 this year when, as an official representative of the U. S. State Department, she saw the American flag lowered and the Filipino flag raised to take its place.

The IPR which she joined shortly after leaving her teaching career is an unofficial organization formed in 1924 "to study the problems of the Pacific area, to stimulate more interest in them and to provide better information about them."

It is supported by private funds, from individual or corporation or company memberships, and by occasional contributions from such organizations as the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations. The Institute has national councils in all countries with interests in the Pacific; the Philippines has had its own national autonomous Council from the time the IPR was first established and has sent representatives to most of the body's international conferences which used

to be held at 2 year intervals.

In October, 1941, the American Council of the IPR published her pamphlet *Philippine Emergency*, which dwelt at considerable length with the period of the Philippine Commonwealth and the effects of the troubled world situation upon preparations for Philippine Independence.

Copies of this publication were enroute to the Islands at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack and were eventually returned to the United States.

As the war progressed, army and naval heads gathering material on the Pacific found Catherine Porter's pamphlet, along with others prepared by the American Council, especially useful. They were utilized widely on briefing invasion-bound GIs on the habits and peculiarities of the peoples whose lands they were to liberate. No doubt, a sizable portion of the material contained in the pamphlet on the Philippines issued to GIs who made the first landings in the Islands must have been based on material prepared by the Council.

The American fighting man was not only the best-armed and equipped; he was also the best informed.

Shortly after the outbreak of the Pacific war, at the request of her publishers, she revised *Philippine Emergency* to include more background material as well as more subject matter bearing on defense preparations and the first weeks of hostilities.

The book came out in March 1942 under the imprint of Alfred Knopf bearing the title *Crisis in the Philippines*.

All throughout the period, even as she worked with the IPR and wrote numerous articles on the Far East, she was participating in Council meetings and getting acquainted with such notables as Dr. H. Shih of China, Lord Hailsham and Sir Frederick Whyte of the United Kingdom, Mr. Roger Levy of France, the Honorable

Walter Nash of New Zealand and Frederick Eggleston of Australia.

In addition to her writing and editorial work, she was also lecturing on the Far East and the Philippines throughout the United States and Canada, including a number of special lectures for the armed services during the war.

In the revised portions which she wrote to bring the book as close to its printing date as possible in March, 1942, Catherine Porter noted a number of things which may perhaps rank her with the Filipino editor she termed a prophet.

Referring to the officials left behind by the then President Quezon, she wrote that "there was a bare possibility that he and his associates were acting on express instructions of the Philippine government."

"Quezon and the other departing officials had complete confidence in Vargas—one of the most skillful men in the inner circle," she wrote early in 1942. "The Filipinos might have been hoping to beat the Japanese at their own game. Their records are yet to be written."

She viewed the average Filipino's attitude toward the invader as one of extreme contempt and hatred but qualified this statement to say that "It must be admitted in all honesty that a few Filipinos did not look upon such an eventuality with fear or distaste."

She recalled earlier Japanese attempts at winning the Filipino to his side.

"After all," she wrote, "the Japanese argued the Filipinos were an Oriental people like the Japanese. Filipinos had not been aware of race discrimination against their race by the Japanese. They had not been banned from Japanese clubs as they had been banned from American. There was a tradition of friendliness unmarred by such memories as those of the early days of the American occupation."

She took a few digs at American

capital fearful for their interests after independence, remarking:

"Most Americans, in spite of complaints about provisions of the Independence Act which hit their special interests, and about their 'unfair' double taxation, admit that they took a gambler's chance in the P. I. and fared far better than they would have anywhere else."

Of Chinese Filipino relations, she observed that although the Filipino's personal resentment is strong against the Chinese alien who has been a success where his countrymen have failed, "there is a far closer bond of kinship between Filipinos and Chinese than with the Japanese... at least 1,000,000 Filipinos are said to have Chinese ancestors."

The economic picture in the Islands was also commented upon in Catherine Porter's book. Quoting figures for 1939, she finds only three persons reporting incomes of two million pesos.

"Wealth in the Islands is very unequally divided," she said, "but Filipinos were showing more daring before the war in entering new fields..."

Of Manuel Quezon, she said: "He enjoyed a prestige and confidence such as no other single official commanded... with the possible exception of vice president Osmeña."

By the time this article appears in print, Catherine Porter will have spent six weeks in the Islands as chief of the Philippine Division of the U. S. State Department's Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs.

She has met many new friends and has renewed acquaintances with several old ones. She has done and continues to do enough work to tire a less indefatigable person but insists she cannot really call her tour of the Islands "work" in the loosest sense of the word.

"It's more like play, like taking a vacation," she says, "when one has her heart in the job as I have."

Talking shop with James Wingo who sat next to us at the luncheon given by Dr. Carlos P. Romulo for the newspapermen on the eve of his departure for his new assignment abroad, we mentioned among other things the Woman's Home Journal and the brave new world it aims to cover. Catherine Porter, we told him, we are featuring in this August issue. "It is a comprehensive little write-up, but I still need a subhead, though," we told Wingo. Thereupon he got to work. Here's what he said: Catherine Porter is a writer of note, has a deep social conscience, is a magnificent woman, and what's more she knows her Philippines.



He had no time to say goodbye because he realized that before becoming a successful artist he must first of all be a man.

NO TIME TO SAY Goodbye

By HERNANDO R. OCAMPO

—1—

It was his friend who was talking now:

"Painting in itself is not important; art entirely isolated from all the varied values that make for living is useless. After all, my friend, life is a greater art than painting."

His friend was another painter. He thought he would understand him better than any of his other friends. He thought he would understand the importance of his decision. That was why he asked him to read his wife's letter.

But his painter-friend told him: "And don't kid yourself into believing that once you leave your wife and your children you'd suddenly be metamorphosed into a greater painter than what you actually are now..."

"And you talk of freedom—freedom from the responsibilities of taking care of your family—freedom from giving them what's due them even at the expense of stealing precious moments from your art. Freedom! Freedom! And what about your obligations? your duties? not to your wife, nor to your children, but to your own self as a man. Because before being an artist you must first of all be

a man...

"And with such a wife as yours—so good and understanding. So unselfish...."

"And you talking of freedom! 'I think you are a skunk!'"

— 2 —

HE was not sleeping anymore. For the morning sunbeams had wakened him up minutes ago, but he had allowed himself to remain lying in bed, peering through the mosquito-net to see his wife wrapping up things into a bundle. He had felt her leaving the bed very early in the morning; heard her preparing breakfast in the kitchen; saw her later opening the *aparador*.

For the last few weeks he had felt an uncomfortable strain in the atmosphere of their home. Once or twice, coming home late in the evening, he had found his wife sleeping but with tear-stains at the sides of her closed eyes. He knew that something was the matter. He knew that he had not been the husband and the father that he was supposed to be to his wife and to his children. There was that time when after winning a cash award from a certain painting competition he had decided

that Baguio was the place for him. That he simply had to go to and paint Baguio, without considering the fact that the time he had chosen to leave his wife and children in Manila coincided with the Holy Week and his wife's birthday. Then, there was that Sunday when he had insisted on leaving the house and going out to paint (he had during these last few months gone out landscaping every Sunday, besides coming home late every evening) in spite of the fact that his son was sick.

He was not, therefore, totally unprepared for the state that matters had come to lately in their home. But he had not expected his wife to leave him. She had always been good and patient and understanding. She had always given enough elbow room for the periodic outbursts of his so-called artistic temperament and other such idiosyncracies.

I KNOW that I am wrong. But what can I do? I am constituted that way—bullheaded, selfish, and all that. But I cannot help it anymore than black can help being any other thing than black.

I am married to my art. To

me it is the be all and end all of my being. Oh, yes, I know that I am being unfair to them. I know that I have obligations to meet and duties to discharge both as a husband and as a father. But I am also an artist, and I have more important duties to my art.

Oh, I love them—my wife and children -- love them very much—much more perhaps than the average man loves his wife—much more perhaps than the average father loves his children. But my painting must come first.

I know that I'll make good. Just give me the time and the freedom to devote all my energies to painting and I know I'll amount to something.

Here is my plan, see. We are doing something now. Tony and I. A mural, you know. A big mural. And out of that big mural I'll net a tidy sum — a sum enough to take me out of the Philippines—out of the restraining atmosphere of my house — out of my—

I'll go straight to South America — Brazil or Argentina, perhaps — I don't know exactly where, but it is definitely South America. On board the ship on the way, I shall paint things Phil-

ippines and Malayan — *dalagang bukid*, you know — nipa huts, Igorots, Balinese girls, and such things. I'll finish some forty pieces of such things, and these I'll exhibit in South America. These things are sure to cause a stir in South America. They are new things to them, you know, and I'm sure I'll sell enough to support me for a year or so while I am painting South America.

As soon as I have enough South American pieces, I'll proceed to New York to exhibit them. Once in New York, I know I'll make good. I know I'll paint things which I have never painted before. I know I'll attract the attention of American and international critics. And before you know it, you fellows here will be reading about me and my paintings in *Life*, in *Esquire* and other art magazines, if not in standard art books.

Now, can you see why I have to leave them? Why I have to sacrifice them and my own feelings toward them?

I am being unfair to them; but do you think this is easy for me? Don't you think I am a human being too? But I am also an artist, do you hear—I am an artist.

I think you are a skunk. Yes, a skunk.

"You know that you are wrong—you know the factors that cause you to commit such errors; and yet you don't even try to do something to set things in their proper places.

"Don't you know that your wife loves you?

"Don't you know that your children need you?

"Oh, yes—they'll survive—your wife and your children. One way or the other they'll be able to eke out a living. But that is not all. Life is not merely three regular meals a day and a place to sleep in. Life is more than that.

"Look — haven't you even thought of the possibilities of your wife's becoming a common street woman to support your children?

"And the psychological effect on the children of the fact that their own father deserted them—haven't you ever stopped to think of that?

"And look here — don't tell me that you are an artist, and being one you are beyond such considerations as the duties of a husband to his wife, of a father to his children. A true artist is much more human than the average mortal. Genius is as much above the commonality of mankind in the possession of such traits as

fairness, trustworthiness, devotion to duty," etcetera, as it is in intelligence, sensitivity, and the like.

"Be a man first, my friend, before being an artist."

HE HAD read the letter more than five times perhaps before showing it to his painter-friend in the office. He knew what his friend would tell him after reading his wife's letter, but still he asked for his advice.

He looked dazed and lost the whole morning. He sat in front of his drawing table, another apurtenance of his daily life which he thought kept him from his rendezvous with fame; he sat there doing nothing, his eyes gazing blankly beyond, his drawing pencil uselessly held between limp and incapable fingers.

It was a long letter that his wife had left for him, and reading it, he could not blame her for leaving him. He tried to justify his case time and again, but invariably ended up by re-reading the letter.

His breathing came hot and pungent with the smell of gin.

"You are a skunk," he heard his friend's voice over and over again in his blurred mind.

His hands trembled, his brows knitted.

"Ah—what the hell!" he muttered.

I WAS not really sleeping when they left. I was merely pretending I was fast asleep, that I didn't hear my son when he called me twice, "Wake up Father, or you'll be left behind." Somehow, I felt that if I stood up to call them back, I would miss the chance of at last gaining my freedom for the sake of my art.

I could have stood up when I saw tears flowing from her eyes while she was dressing up one of my kids. I could have stood up and shouted when I saw her casting a tearful lingering look at the bed where I was pretending to be fast asleep before she left the house. This, because I love her and the kids, do you understand. I love them, really love them.

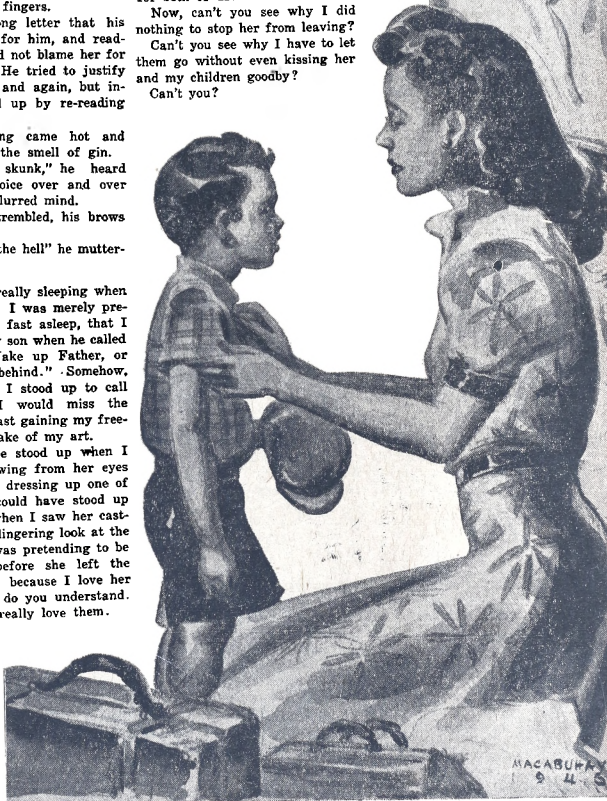
But something told me that it was best for all concerned to let them go. I had long ago made up my mind to leave them, knowing that I am being unfair both to them and to my art if I let things go as they used to be. Yes, I had long wanted to leave them—not because I do not care for them, but because I have a greater obligation to fulfill. Yes, I wanted to leave for South America, for New York and paint, paint, paint—but I could not muster courage enough to tell her, in so many words—although my actions, my moods, my temper, had perhaps told her of my plans clearer than any number of words could tell her.

But now—now that she was the one leaving me of her own accord, things would perhaps be easier for both of us.

Now, can't you see why I did nothing to stop her from leaving?

Can't you see why I have to let them go without even kissing her and my children goodbye?

Can't you?



Marriage, Motherhood, Career

The Journal's woman of the month is Mrs. Concepcion Maramba - Henares, whose brief biography graces this page.



Mrs. Concepcion Maramba-Henares, in full-fledge terno, stands beside Mayor Fugoso, third from right. The occasion was the tree planting ceremony on July Fourth. The First Lady is seen holding the ribbon as the tree is lowered while Mrs. McNutt and Mrs. MacArthur, Mrs. Pecson and Manila clubwomen look on.

MODERN woman, desirous of the full life, aspires to marriage, motherhood and a career. Not every aspirant achieves success in all three, and few out of the many know real happiness in them. Mrs. Concepcion Maramba Henares, first vice president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, is one of the happy, successful few.

Glowing achievements brighten the biography to date of Mrs. Henares. From that cold December morning in 1898 when the child Concepcion was born to Daniel Maramba and Pelagia Garcia, her life has been filled with events which, taken separately, can enrich the lives of a number of other women. As a child and as a young girl, she was given the chance to study in both public and private schools. She was among the lucky girls who were allowed to spend their high school years in exclusive Centro Escolar de Señoritas, one of the most renowned girls' colleges of her time. She left the Centro to enroll in the College of Pharmacy, University of the Philippines, shifting later to Home Economics, then a new field. She pursued this study in the University of Illinois, U. S. A., and became the first Filipino woman home economics graduate of her country. While still in America, she took summer courses in chemistry in the University of Chicago and Home Economics subjects at Iowa State College. This period of her life is highlighted by membership in two sororities—the Iota Sigma Pi, and the Omicron Nu.

In 1922, Concepcion Maramba returned to the Philippines to organize the home economics department of the University of the Philippines. She also consented to give lectures on the subject at

her alma mater, the Centro Escolar de Señoritas. More and more women were showing interest in making house-keeping a systematic, orderly career, and Miss Maramba was enlisted to foster this worthy interest.

Not very long afterwards, Concepcion Maramba was given a chance to work out her own theories. On April 28, 1923, she married Hilarión G. Henares, civil, mechanical and industrial engineer who graduated from her own University, that of Illinois. He was then professor of sugar technology in the agricultural college of Los Baños, and thither the newlyweds repaired to serve one master, chemistry. Mrs. Henares taught this subject in Los Baños until her first baby arrived, then retired temporarily from the scene of professional activity to tend her firstborn.

But one cannot long keep a good woman out of serving where her professional abilities call her, and in 1926, Mrs. Henares undertook the task of organizing the home economics department of the Philippine Women's University. She did not, however, confine her interests to this worthy undertaking. Conjugal, as well as professional claims required that she work in close coordination with the inventive aspirations of her husband. So, from 1927 to 1937, she teamed up with her husband in the Isabela Sugar Central of Occ. Negroes

and with him succeeded in developing a number of helpful chemical aids to housekeeping and agriculture. Among these are the development of alcohol from molasses, the M-C alcohol stove, liquor using this kind of alcohol, bagasse for kitchen fuel, bottles made out of bagasse ash, cellulose for paper manufacture out of extra bagasse ash, fertilizer with filter press mud as basic material, a bag-making machine, a fertilizer applicator, a seed planter, rat duster, insecticide sprayer, and an insecticide powder and liquid.

After ten fruitful years, Mrs. Henares returned to Manila, not to rest in her laurels but to add to them further. She invented the M-C asbestos paint, a highly developed paint which was fire proof, waterproof and very cheap. This launched her into business.

She had not long been in Manila when an old love called, and she joined the Centro Escolar briefly to organize its home economics department. In 1939, just one year before this last venture, Mrs. Henares became a member of the Coconut Mission headed by Maximo Kalaw which went around the world. Mrs. Henares went with her husband, and the war in Europe overtook them in Paris.

With the mission she returned to the Philippines in 1940. She again headed the home economics department of the Centro Escolar University. An important recognition of merit was her election to the post of 2nd vice president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in 1941. She was holding this post when the war came, and with Mrs. Escoda and her corps of unselfish workers did

relief work during the Japanese occupation.

Once a chemist, however, always a chemist, and Mrs. Henares once more teamed up with her husband in the manufacture of Ipopi gas to relieve transportation difficulties at that time. She also helped in the manufacture of garden tools to help furnish ex-prisoners of war, stranded students and destitute families with badly needed jobs. With the war over, Mrs. Henares can return to the manufacture of ranges, building materials and asbestos paint to help in the construction rehabilitation of this country.

The foregoing is as full a life as any woman can ever lead. But to live it without detriment to her own simple happiness is in itself a crowning achievement. Marriage and a career have been closely intertwined in the life of Mrs. Henares, and motherhood has added greater significance to this combination. The Henareses have three children who seem bent on following the footsteps of their parents. Hilarión, Jr., 22, is at present studying mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Teodoro, 16, will soon go to the States to take up aeronautical engineering. Norma Concepcion, the only girl, is still at high school in the Assumption College. To have these children get the best education that love and money can afford is the culmination of a dream which started when little Concepcion first played with dolls and planned a career that will bring delight as well as achievement, happiness as well as success.

Letter to Greg

By E. S. JOVEN

She was in love with the past, the future was but a misty horizon. All that mattered was now.



TOMORROW JUST as the first streaks of sunlight appear on the horizon, bells will peal at my coming. Not that they will for me, for the first time. It was a favorite story with Granny, that of my christening. She never missed to tease me how frightened I got when I heard the loud bells. I got so impressed by the noise I kept crying the ceremony on end. Father Rogelio assured that I would grow up to be a diva. And yet perhaps, tomorrow the bells will fail to impress me. I know they will even depress me. I shall begin to hate those two, cold, steel bells hanging from the belfry, because their resonance will always remind me of the commencement of a futile life.

How shall I look tomorrow? My wedding dress couldn't look less. It's simply an angel's dream. But do you think it will still look like a dream when I put it on? I, who will look like a nightmare, disillusion and heartache hanging on my face like detour signs? Come Perc Westmore and Max Factor to pack my face with pancake, and rouge, and black lipstick to make me look like a bride of the Atomic Era, yet I don't believe they could obliterate this agony. My face will always show injustice. I shall try though to look tantalizing and desirable like all brides should, but I cannot depend on my efforts alone. Today I am still free to remember

you, to love you inordinately and to cherish you always, next to my heart. Tomorrow it will be different. I shall feel the heavy chains of matrimony shackling me to him, binding my honor with his, making me his wife until—God wills it.

Please, help me cheat myself if that could help me any. I have tried the saints and the souls and they all must think I have not had enough. They have remained impassive and callous to my pleadings. Not even shades of consolation appear to me. My soul is bruised and blistered, yet there is nothing to heal it. Now I know what one, sentenced to be hanged, feels as every second brings his destiny nearer. Could my lot be any better, I who am blind to what shall follow Lohengrin's last note? Perhaps were it otherwise than this I shall be dizzy with air castles in my mind. Green and white bungalow, pickett fence, Bermuda grass, African Daisies, three boys and, oh yes, a breakfast nook. Shouldn't those be the proper shots prelude to the honeymoon reel? Weren't they ours, Greg?

It is now three o'clock, Mother is awake. I can hear her berating the poor curlers who have not done her hair justice. Oh! even Miss Navarro, the make-up operator has arrived and I am not through with this. What shall I do? Shall I wash my eyes or let

them see for themselves my shattered being. They know everything there is to it. Oh Greg they know I couldn't have fallen for Ric even if he were the sun god and much less because he is not. They cheated me of my word of honor to you. They plotted against me, like treacherous triumvirs. All of them. Grandma in her old age, Papa in his apparently suave way, and dear Mama who professes to care and pretends to be crying her soul at my leaving. They adore Ric with his looks, his sheepskin and his mountain of gold. Those are enough to drive a girl delirious with joy. But could all that compare to our love Greg? Could all the world? Could his kisses replace our "All This And Heaven Too," remember? Could his touch excite me at all? Would I miss his kiss on my name? H: wouldn't even dream the nape was the Spot for kissing.

Remember. Greg in grade school, you always called me Snow White. That would excite my temper and I would throw al-

most anything on hand at you. I felt insulted for although I was fair in complexion my brothers called me Chinita, because my eyes were almond shaped and my nose a small thing glued to my face. And do you still recall the times you used to call me "Little Red Riding Hood," whenever I had my red pullover on with a bonnet to match? I would fret then, tears trickling down my puny face and call you "a big bad wolf."

Then all of a sudden we grew up from childhood to adolescence (Continued on page 29)



America's woman power was mobilized for war on farms as well as in factories. These two girls are skilled machine operators on a dairy farm which supplied food for the armed forces.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN *War Time*

AMERICAN WOMEN have played their part in every national crisis and have borne many burdens in time of war, but the war which ended in 1945 was the first to make large number of them an integral part on the armed services of their country.

At home and abroad they turned their efforts to whatever task seemed most essential. On the battlefronts they were bombed and wounded; some gave their lives; some were prisoners of war; many were decorated. They tented in the jungle and sought refuge in foxholes; they drove jeeps, trucks, and ambulances. As clerks, stenographers, telephone operators, and translators they were vital links in the chain of communications that bound the Allied forces together and kept supplies steadily moving to the front. As United Service Organization entertainers they went close to the front to bring moments of relaxation to the fighting forces.

By 1945 a quarter of a million women had volunteered for service with the Army and Navy. Women in uniform—khaki, grey, green, navy blue, and white—became a familiar part of the American scene. They were divided into the Women's Army Corps (WAC), the Navy Women Appointed for Volunteer Emergency Service (Waves), the Coast Guard Women's Reserve (Spars), the Women's Reserve of the U. S. Marine Corps, the U. S. Army

Nurse Corps, and the U. S. Navy Nurse Corps.

The largest number, some 90,000, were in the Women's Army Corps, which was created by Act of Congress in 1942 as an auxiliary body and incorporated into the U. S. Army a year later.

The WAC was organized by Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, the first large overseas contingent arrived at an air base in England in July 1943. During the next two years they saw service in West

Guinea, New Caledonia, Australia, North Africa, at Mediterranean bases, in India, Egypt, China, France, and Germany.

AS THE INVASION of the Philippines got underway they moved from island to island, not far behind the advancing troops. They helped to clear the way for movements of troops and supplies, ammunition and planes; handled closely guarded secret papers; coded messages and orders; engaged in research in some of the most technical spheres of military science.

Five of the original contingent going overseas made up the American secretariat at the Casablanca conference. Since then they have figured in other meetings of the American, British, and Russian leaders. Few women's voices are to be heard at peace tables or conferences of the great, but it is important that women are beginning to be present at such meetings, listening in silence perhaps but still listening.

The Navy Women Appointed for

Volunteer Emergency Service were organized in July 1942 under the direction of Captain Mildred McAfee Horton, president of Wellesley College and a scholar. By 1945 more than 73,000 Waves were performing 250 different services for the U. S. Navy. By their work, they released enough men to handle all the U. S. landing craft in the invasion of Normandy and the invasion of Saipan. The Spars and the Women's Marine Corps Reserve are smaller groups but they too performed many vital functions.

The 51,000 Army and Navy nurses went wherever they were needed in the line of duty, sharing in the grime, danger, and agony of war—on land, at sea, in hospital ships and ambulance planes. The Army Nurse Corps lost more than 100 women, while over 300 received awards and citations for extraordinary heroism. The highest award ever given to an American woman in uniform—The Distinguished Flying Cross—went to Lieutenant Kathleen R. Dial who was flight nurse on a hospital plane which made a crash landing on a New Guinea beach. She managed to direct the removal of her eighteen patients from the wrecked plane.

[THE FIRST AMERICAN nurses to reach France went in with an evacuation hospital four days after the invasion began. They waded ashore and slept in blankets on the beaches. The U. S. Navy Nurse Corps served on hospital ships and transports, at base and mobile hospitals in the war theaters. The courageous and tireless labors of nurses in both branches of the service played a great part in the remarkable recovery rate of the wounded.

Women in the armed services of the United States came from a great variety of backgrounds, from all parts of the United States, and all economic levels. Some are scientists, others are housewives who had never worked outside their own homes. In this quarter of a million women were business girls, actresses, lawyers, physicians, writers, teachers, factory workers, debutantes, buyers, shop girls—representatives of the many occupational fields in which the American woman has found a place.

BEHIND THE WOMEN in uniform, millions of women turned to war production. By the middle of 1944 women were holding one out of every three war

(Continued on page 34)

Home, Neighborhood and the Women

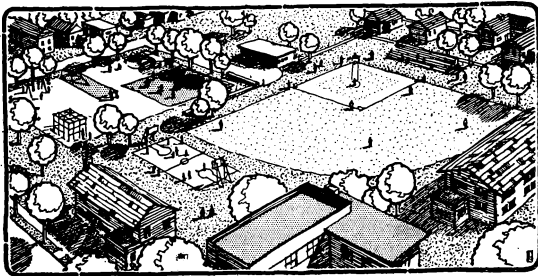
By PURA SANTILLAN-CASTRENCE

YAY Agustin in a chatty article on community housing recently played up the inviting thought of the virtues of sunlight and fresh air so much that the reader felt his lungs expanding and his skin toughening to the exhilarating influence of those two life-giving treasures of nature. She took me one day to see the project. It consisted at the moment of a less-than-half-put-up pre-fabricated house with two or three little trees around, and a large area of wild grass and brambles. Leaning against the jeep that took us there, Yay in her Yay fashion began to talk about creeks and gardens saying good-morning to each other, children playing in the yards, paths winding in and out of the community, a community center where the people would read and discuss burning questions of the day. Before my eyes the picturesque community stood, real, solid, interesting, health and morale giving. "How about me getting in?" I asked breathlessly. Already I had visions of my children playing on swings, and sliding bars and see-saws in the great open outdoors. Yay in her enthusiasm, and without knowing it, had touched to one of my pet concerns, namely, the housing problem.

The housing problem is closely tied up with the problem of city planning, both of which are painful headaches to the government and the people directly in charge. They should also be a concern of the public, but to all appearances, are not. This, of course, is illogical considering the fact that the direct effects of bad housing and bad neighborhoods hit the public more than anyone else. Juvenile delinquency, criminality, vagrancy—all these need not be traced always to bad housing or bad neighborhoods, but bad housing and bad neighborhoods increase their rates considerably.

The Housing Commission and the City Planning Board are wise in believing that the people they should sell their idea to of neighborhood improvement and conservation are the women. For it is they who manage and beautify the homes that make up a neighborhood. Unsanitary homes means sick children, and sick children mean harassed mothers. If the women help sanitation through better housing and through a conscious effort at neighborhood conservation, the sickness and mortality rates would correspondingly decrease. And this but touches the surface of the problem of home and neighborhood reconstruction!

This



Not This



Our women have always rallied to good causes. This is definitely one of them. Can't they see it? In a well-written and ably illustrated *Manual on Neighborhood Conservation*, Mr. Antonio C. Kayanan of the City Planning Board gave the three-point program of every city planner, namely clearance and rebuilding in slum areas, conservation of run-down areas, and protection of good areas. In the particular manual, he is mainly concerned however, with the problem of neighborhood conservation which touches the middle class, the backbone of the nation. It means preservation by care of run-down areas before they become totally blighted.

"Neighborhood conservation," says the manual, "begins at home—your home. Keep your home clean, safe, livable, in constant repair, and up-to-date. Get your neighbors to do the same. Let us do these things in a cooperative spirit."

A great deal can be done by our women towards the end of

city beautifying, cleaning and conservation. They are the ones deeply affected by the existence of a bad neighborhood, which generally spells a low state of sanitation and morals, and correspondingly a high state of mortality due to disease or accident, and of criminality.

A well-known woman-authority on housing, Dr. Edith Elmer Wood, has discussed many social problems from the point of view of bad living conditions and while broadmindedly disclaiming the first to be, all the time, contingent effects of the second, does admit that usually they are found together. This is credible enough. Take for instance, juvenile delinquency. If the children have yards or playgrounds to use in their games, they will not be tempted to try their hand at pocket-picking, stealing or even hold-upping. The shameful prevalence of "junior" robbers and hold-ups in the city is a blot to our social institutions. Young boys
(Continued on page 33)

The influence of playgrounds on children can not be gainsaid. Playgrounds reduce street accidents and child delinquency; develop teamwork through organized games, hence laying the basis of effective democracy.



Prominent Moro Women like those in the picture with President Roxas, joined the WAS and did their bit.

Daring and Enterprising FILIPINO WOMEN

By SOL H. GWEKOH

THE resistance against the Japanese imperial forces who, by treachery, oppression and terror, dominated the Philippines for three years during the Greater East Asia war was not taken up solely by the young and patriotic men—but also by the daring and enterprising Filipino women.

Side by side with the soldier, the women rendered invaluable, heroic service, risked their life and for that received no remuneration whatsoever from the government, but got the gratitude of the public. While their husbands joined the USAFFE and the guerrillas and the children were left to the care of their elders, the women forsook the comforts of the homes and sallied forth to the firing lines to take care of the fallen and the wounded.

This patriotic mission was courageously undertaken and successfully accomplished by the Filipino women in Mindanao, both Christian and Mohammedan. Finding themselves face to face with the enemy they had to either fight it out or surrender. They chose the former for the latter course meant dishonor, cowardice! From then on, for three years, until the liberation forces of the United States army came to the Philippines, they did meritorious work.

Behind the movement was a young and charming Visayan woman, the only child of a rich and prominent family in Cebu, a UP graduate. Married to an equally wealthy family of Mindanao, Mrs. Josefa Borromeo Capistrano, the leader and organizer, thought of gathering together the women of Mindanao into the Women's Auxiliary Service with herself later selected as the directress.

The women helped the guerrillas of Mindanao in many ways. For

their voluntary services, the Commonwealth under President Osmeña spent a day with Mrs. Capistrano listening attentively and interestedly to the exploits and deeds of the members.

The activities of the WAS were varied. Under the slogan, "We also serve," the women accomplished 13 major projects both in the front and in the rear. First, they provided the officers and enlisted men in the guerrillas on authorized mission with shelter and ra-

tions at WAS chapter stations in the different towns and barrios in the provinces of Occidental Misamis, Oriental Misamis, Zamboanga, and Lanao.

Second, first aid and extra rations were given during active enemy operations by the WAS members to soldiers in the front, while assistance was rendered to the medical men in the administration of emergency aid to the wounded.

At army hospitals and aid stations, the WAS members rendered these salient services: (1) voluntary contributions of eggs, vegetables, and other nourishing food for the patients; (2) help in the preparation of the patients' diet; (3) attending to patients' needs; (4) mending and washing their clothes; (5) procurement of hospital necessities, such as cotton, bandages, beddings, etc.; (6) writ-

house campaign in the towns and barrios with the end of urging people to encourage home sanitation which included proper buying and preparation of food, construction of toilets, and proper disposal of garbage; and victory gardens, poultry and hog raising.

Free treatments were given by the WAS to both members of the army, their families and civilians alike at public aid stations installed by them at various strategic points.

Then there were the loans both in cash and in kind given to the army mess officers and to families of soldiers, especially during the months of famine in 1944 when there were no ration allowances nor salaries. Also kitchen utensils, tablewares, and beddings were loaned to any officer or enlisted men in need.

Women that they were, they

likewise did grinding and winnowing of corn and palay which the volunteer guards purchased for the soldiers' daily rations. In places where laundry problems were difficult to solve due to high prices, the WAS chapters established laundry departments where WAS members rendered service free in washing clothes of officers and enlisted men.

They also performed extensive propaganda work. From time to time magazines and booklets supplied by the army were in turn read to the public by WAS members who brought them from house to house.

"The Women's Auxiliary Service is a pure wartime movement of Filipino women of all classes and ages, irrespective of creed or social standing," Mrs. Capistrano declared. She added, "The Filipino women have awakened to realize that as women they, too, can do something worthwhile, the same as other women are doing in other countries. During the dark uncertain days of waiting, the women stood by with faith and hope in their hearts and work in their hands for they found in war and

They likewise made a house to

(Continued on page 23)

COWARD

By DAISY HONTIVEROS AVELLANA

Virtue runs deep. It is elusive. Sometimes, one has to allow others to find it.

EVEN as a child, he had never been strong. The other little boys in the neighborhood had sensed that early enough, and with the cruel bluntness so common to children, had nicknamed him Duwag. They would shout the name as he passed by from school, shout it tauntingly, derisively. When the school bully had picked a fight with him, he had let the blows rain hard and mercilessly on his frail body; he had made no effort to defend himself beyond raising his hands in a feeble attempt to ward off the blows.

His mother had cried bitterly when he saw his bleeding, tear-stained face, the hurt look in his eyes. His father cursed loud and long; he had never forgotten his wife for having given him a weakling for a son.

What his father resented most of all was the fact that the boy's cousin, Ramon, was everything that his own son was not. Both boys were practically the same age, but where Daniel was puny, Ramon was big and strong and tall.

The two cousins were good friends. Daniel's affection for Ramon was one that amounted almost to adoration. And when Ramon was nearby, the other boys were careful not to tease Daniel too openly.

As they grew up, the bond between them strengthened with the passing of the years. Daniel's father decided that college was a waste of time and money as far as his son was concerned. Curtly he told Daniel to make himself useful and look for work somewhere.

Ramon enrolled at the state university; he was going to be an engineer. When the war broke

out the cousins must have been about twenty years old or so. Ramon enlisted, as was expected. His father was very proud, the day the Army commissioned Ramon second lieutenant.

Daniel listened quietly as his father railed against him, calling him a coward for not having volunteered.

"I'm sorry, father," he said. "I can't do it."

His father gave him one contemptuous look, then turned on his heel and strode away. Relations between father and son, which had never been of the best, grew more strained daily.

Relentlessly the war swept on. Men fought and fell. The enemy was advancing. First Bataan. Then Corregidor. Enemy forces occupied Manila.

Ramon had not surrendered with the others. He had escaped, and taken to the hills. From there he had managed to send a letter by courier to his father, telling him he was safe and that he was not to worry.

And meanwhile, Daniel had found work. It wasn't much and the pay was small—two pesos a day—but it was good, honest work. That first afternoon Daniel felt really happy. When he had gone out that morning, he hadn't said a word about this job to his parents. He had intended it to come as a pleasant surprise to his mother. Now, on his way home, here was the money in his pocket. Without realizing it, he walked with steps that were almost jaunty, almost self-assured. After all, he was a working man, wasn't he.

He reached their home, and proceeded to his room to take off his shoes. His father was stand-



ing by the window. Daniel's smile of pleased surprise died abruptly when he saw his mother; she was seated facing the door, and she looked frightened.

His father turned, and there was such a look of loathing in his eyes that Daniel recoiled involuntarily.

"What have you done with the money?" he lashed out at Daniel.

"What money?" Daniel asked, not understanding.

"The two pesos you stole from my aparador."

Daniel could only repeat, stupidly, "Aparador?"

"The money was gone this morning," his father said. "Nobody else could have taken it but you. What did you do with it?"

"I didn't take it," Daniel's voice was dazed. "I didn't even—"

The contempt in the older man's voice silenced him. "You coward!" his father said. "You're not man enough to stand up and take your punishment." Swiftly

his hand shot up; the sound of the slap resounded sharply in the room. There was one cry from Daniel's mother, then her voice sank down to stifled sobs.

Daniel said nothing, but the look in his eyes was the look of a wounded animal.

"You're nothing but a common thief, and you're going to be treated like one." The older man searched his son's pockets thoroughly, brought out the two pesos. "So! You couldn't spend the money. You didn't have the guts to use it, once you'd stolen it."

Daniel thought of explaining about his work, but he knew it was no use. His father would never believe him.

"You are leaving this house." Dully his father's words sank into Daniel's mind. "I have no son who is a coward, and a thief."

His mother's sobs were the only sound in the room as Daniel slowly put his few belongings together. He kissed his mother and gently disengaged

(Continued on page 29)

dresses
they are
happy i

At left, RUBY's daughter, and CL American Law School dresses. From Vassar in strawberry print s teas and small su skirt is slightly fl bodice is easy, s padded. A bow V of the neckline, a choker of choic let and a "solita are all that Ruby shoes, my, but f bows glinting wh

CHITO's black tied. The silhoue no couturier's tric satin bands, for s bellish the whole bands, to whic just plain silver s dered." A tiny j bodice, a lone sq shoes boast glim

RUBY's terno splashed with gre the cue for the lu ing . . . spreadin the wings of the but a scarf whic skirt flows up to f left shoulder.

The LATEST-LATEST

dresses
they are
happy in . . .

At left, RUBY ROXAS, the President's daughter, and Chito Madrigal, a product of American Law Schools, don on their favorite short dresses. Ruby is every inch the girl from Vassar in that shirtmaker white and strawberry print she wears so well. For quiet teas and small suppers this is her choice. The skirt is slightly flared, length to the legs . . . bodice is easy, sleeves ample and generously padded. A bow huge but subtle accents the V of the neckline. A pearl each for her ears, a choker of choice seed pearls, an embracelet and a "solitario" mounted on platinum are all that Ruby wears with this dress. Her shoes, my, but they're high, platform and bows glinting with gold nails.

CHITO's black dress leaves one tongue-tied. The silhouette moulds the figure, uses no couturier's tricks so as to allow the silver satin bands, for sleeves and belt tips to embellish the whole theme. We fingered the bands, to which Chito smiled, "they're just plain silver satin bands lovingly embroidered." A tiny jewelled clip twinkles on the bodice, a lone star in a jet black night. Black shoes boast glinting platforms and pompons.

RUBY's terno is white jersey, its bodice splashed with green on one side as if to give the cue for the lush fern fronds to start growing . . . spreading hither and yon to invade the wings of the camisa. It has no pañuelo but a scarf which grows from the draped slit skirt flows up to find its place on the wearer's left shoulder.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB'S

n . . .

ROXAS, the President's
 wife Medrigal, a product of
 Hollywood is every inch the girl
 that shirtmaker white and
 she wears so well. For quiet
 occasions this is her choice. The
 red, length to the legs . . .
 sleeves ample and generously
 huge but subtle accents the
 "A pearl each for her ears,
 a sardonyx, an emerald
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 wears with this dress. Her
 shoes are high, platform and
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The dress leaves one tongue-
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 ing hither and yon to invade
 the camisa. It has no pañuelo
 growing from the draped slit
 and sits place on the wearer's



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB'S

For Beauty's Sake

Your Posture
CURRENT FASHION demands good posture. Fashion, no matter what changes it brings, demands of the feminine figure that it continue to be perfectly proportioned and modeled into slender but curving contours. Whatever camouflage the couturiers make, the fact remains that the completely smart appearance is built upon excellent posture.

The old saying about the child being father to the man, or for our purpose, the child being mother to the woman, was never more strikingly true than in the case of posture. The lazy habits of poor posture, if allowed to be-

come established in youth become more pronounced with the years and are increasingly difficult to overcome or to eliminate.

An old but effective saw to keep in mind is: "Today's slump is tomorrow's hump." Today hollow chest... tomorrow low, drooping drooping bust. Today round shoulders... tomorrow dowager's hump, head thrust forward and double chin. Today sagging abdominal! muscles and bulge... tomorrow oversize thickened waistline and protruding abdomen. Today weak backbone... tomorrow swayback and prominent derriere.

Today's chest high, chin in... tomorrow firm bust and graceful

carriage of the head. Today taut abdominal muscles... tomorrow slim waist and trim hip. Today erect, model's posture... tomorrow grace... tomorrow poised self-confidence. Don't be a weakling; stand up straight, until your muscles are completely accustomed to their correct position.

Your Health

If someone asks you "How's your digestion?" and you feel let down you are not to blame. A poor digestion it seems is indicative of poor emotional balance. Poor emotional balance is a sure sign of anything but mental comfort and a feeling of good adjustment. And when you are in this state, how can you look your best? An article in the Homeaker which exhausts the topic of "Emotion

and Your Digestion" explains how one may not even be conscious of these disturbances. Without fully realizing it, you can perpetually burn with such feelings as resentment, discontent, jealousy, envy, shame, self-distrust or anxiety, which one medical writer calls "chronic fear."

"Even more unerving, a combination of opposite emotions may pull you apart. Towards the same person you can feel love and resentment or even hate, hero-worship and envy, awe and lust, fear and tenderness. You can at once feel proud and guilty, prudish and sensual, confident and insecure. Such conflicting emotions may make you feel as if your nerves were kinked up like a telephone cord without your understanding why or realizing that this same tension may be producing chemical and mechanical reactions in your insides."

Chronic constipation is now believed to be more psychic than anything else. Gloomy, suspicious in-

(Continued on page 26)

Lana Turner

Beautiful and irresistible
M-G-M star

If you want to have a velvety and smooth skin like the stars, try the sensational Hollywood make-up.

"PAN-CAKE" MAKE-UP

... The Latest and Most Popular Feminine Vogue



Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

The Trade Mark "PAN-CAKE" is registered in the U.S.A. and other foreign countries.

SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES

HOLLYWOOD Beauty Hint

BY
Max Factor Jr.



Starring MARTHA O'DRISCOLL, R.K.O.

HOLLYWOOD — Regard your nose as a "beauty danger zone." Such a thing as an over-oily skin is more unattractively evident on the nose than on any other portion of the face. Coarse pores are more obvious on the nose than anywhere else. Sunburn and windburn make their first and most unattractive appearance on the nose. Watch for even the slightest appearance of beauty flaws on this feature and correct them as quickly as possible.

Home Is A Place For Talking

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

(Today's Woman)

One of the best compliments my family ever had came very casually one day from a girl whose mother had asked her what she wanted to do during a short vacation from school. She said, "oh, let's just sit around home like the Bannings and talk and crack jokes."

We had few other plans for that vacation in addition to family conversation and wiscracking but, on the whole, the girl was right about our favorite practice. For what we always want to do when we are together is to talk things over, to begin where we left off, to resume the conversation that has been going on in our family ever since the first child could put a sentence together. By no means has our family talk always been logical or intelligent and the jokes are rarely worth remembering. But always we had something to say to one another.

That was a pre-war compliment. I didn't take it seriously. But it

became very much more important to me once during this war, when our small family was assembled for a few hours in a hotel room in a seaport city, where one member of the family had touched port. The plan for that evening was that the young people would go out and find some dancing and gaiety, while I wrote letters or read a book. But it didn't work out that way. We sat down to talk things over for a few minutes and at midnight the conversation was still going strong. I felt apologetic until one of the others said, "This was more fun. We don't get a chance to talk very often. We can always dance."

Perhaps we are an odd family. But I don't think so. I believe we are only among those many lucky human beings who get a

great deal out of family relationship. We certainly don't agree with one another. We are not interdependent for company or support. There have been long periods of separation, often hard to bear, for each one of us. But the family tie is strong and it is not based on sentimentality nor even on duty. We really like to be together and we are not embarrassed by one another's company. That comes in great measure, I think, from the fact that we have always talked to one another at home.

There are many things which parents are obligated to provide for their children and to bring into their homes. Cleanliness, order and justice are among these properly required things, and so are food and a sense of safety.

In comparison with such necessities, family conversation may seem a "trivial thing to bother about. But it is not unimportant." For human beings need to talk, and sooner or later they seek people to whom they can talk and places where they speak freely, just as naturally as they seek to satisfy their other appetites. Conversation is a form of human intercourse and children should have their first lessons and early practice in it at home.

I have been in tongue-tied homes. Some were poor and some luxurious. But material possessions had nothing to do with the fact that the parents seemed to have little to say to their children and the children were silent or monosyllabic when their parents were around. There was no conversation that could lift anyone out of a personal worry, offer comfort, or carry the life of that household outside its own doors

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THE COLD store around the corner can always be trusted to dress new chickens come Sunday morning. From Mass, one has no time to shed veil, what with everyone grabbing the choicest Sunday eats. The chickens are tender and fat and just right for roasting. You need no stuffing for it if you decide to use just onions and a couple of Sunnik oranges. Here's how:

- Roast Chicken With Oranges
- 1 medium size chicken
- 2 oranges
- 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar or honey
- Salt and pepper
- 1 medium onion

Clean duck thoroughly and sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Cut oranges in half-inch slices. Reserve center cuts for garnishing. Remove most of the peeling from end slices and put one or two in neck cavity and remainder in body cavity. Place a quarter of the onion in the neck and the rest in body. Sew or skewer skin together. Cook over five coals in roasting pan. 30 minutes before chicken is completely done, pour off fat in pan and place reserved orange slices around the bird. Turn after about ten minutes and sprinkle with sugar or honey. As soon as chicken is tender, remove it and oranges to a warm platter and



keep hot while making gravy. Use the giblets for this.

SALAD dressing that requires no fat nor oil is prepared this way:

- Pimiento Salad Dressing
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 pimiento chopped
- 3 to 4 tablespoons garlic vinegar or other vinegar

Dash of black or cayenne pepper- 1 teaspoon sugar or honey (optional)

Mix milk with enough vinegar to thicken. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Just before serving add amount desired to salad greens and toss together. Makes about one-and-a-quarter cups.

TWO THE RIGHT and left of you as you walk down Quiapo way

are onions that you can't resist for their price and for their size. Imagine fifteen of them the size of your fist if not bigger for only a peso. Omelets, or with steak, or raw onions in this state of abundance. Whether you make them into omelets, or use them to smother steaks, whether you eat them raw or you pickle them, this state of onion abundance is still a challenge to one's ingenuity. Try some of these ways with onions:

- French Fried Onions
- 3 large mild onions
- 2/3 cup flour
- 1/4 cup milk
- Salt

Few grains pepper
Peel onions; slice 1/4 inch thick; separate into rings. Combine flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt and pepper. Dip rings in milk; dredge in flour mixture. Fry in shallow fat or salad oil until browned. Drain on absorbent paper; sprinkle with salt.

Boiled Onions

Peel 8 medium onions. Cover with large amount boiling salted water; boil uncovered 20-30 minutes or until tender. Drain; add 2 tablespoons melted butter, margarine or salad oil. Season with salt and pepper.

Glazed Onions

12 small white onions
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
Peel onions; cover with large amount boiling salted water; boil uncovered 15 minutes or until almost tender. Drain. Brown butter or margarine lightly; add salt, pepper and sugar; stir until dissolved. Add onions; cook slowly 10 minutes, or until browned, turning to glaze all sides.

- Gratinéed Stuffed Onions
- 6 cooked medium onions
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup grated American cheese
- Salt and pepper
- Few grains sage

Cut slice off tops of onions. Remove centers; chop. Brown chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; add crumbs and cheese. Season with salt, pepper and sage. Stuff onions; place in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven basting occasionally.

The CLUB WOMEN'S Bulletin Board

With a blue triangle on its door, a beautiful new station wagon has been traveling the streets of Manila the last two weeks. It is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford to the Y. W. C. A.

The story starts way back in 1988 when a Chinese boy gave up his dream of a bicycle and bought with the pesos, which for two years he had saved, bread for China. Bread that Mrs. Dee C. Chuan and the other Chinese women of her committee called "Patriotic Bread" and sold and resold until his P26.00 had become almost four thousand pesos for China Relief.

A year later in New York City Mrs. Henry Ford, a member of the "World Service Council" of the National Y. W. C. A. of the United States, heard Anne Guthrie tell the story and through her sent the boy money for a bicycle. This contact led to the gift from the Fords a few months later, in Dec. 1940, of a new station wagon to help the Y. W. C. A. carry on its work in Manila.

When Mrs. Ford gave the station wagon she little dreamed what a task lay before it; what errands of mercy it would run; what dangerous duties it would perform. But to many a prisoner of war at Capas, that station wagon became the Good Samaritan. It grew old in the service but it never stopped, and it was never taken by the Japanese.

The war over, liberation days here, its task done, it stopped—wary in well doing and could no longer serve.

Early this year, the story of the "Old Warrior" written and sent to Mrs. Ford, word came through Mrs. Frances Sayre that a new station wagon would be on its way to help the Y. W. C. A. in these days of rehabilitation. The new elegant maroon colored car cannot take the place of the old faithful friend, but he can make for himself a new place in the task of rebuilding. Already he is carrying girls from the Lepanto dormitory to college that they may be trained as leaders for the days to come; already he is serving the war widows of Guadalupe for where the years have brought suffering and tragedy, already he has found there is much to do.

His first task was to bring the women among the distinguished

(Continued on page 32)

Mrs. Trinidad Fernandez-Legarda, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and Miss Mercedes Evangelista, executive secretary, will leave soon for the United States to represent the Philippines in the forthcoming International Assembly of women in New York on October 12 to 22. This body will be representative of the women of the United Nations. An exhaustive plan of the meet is presented on this page and elsewhere.

Aside from attending the Assembly and pitching in, in behalf of the Filipino women, their bit for the promotion of world peace, the two women plan to make the most of their sojourn abroad. Our clubwomen then have much to look forward to.

1. What is the Purpose?

Women in the postwar world will outnumber men; as educators and administrators they will hold tremendous power. Women want to live and bring up their children in a peaceful world. To that end, they are a great potential driving force. However, the majority of women throughout the world today do not understand how this can be accomplished.

The purpose of the conference then is to bring the leading women of the world together to pool their knowledge so that they may fanulize and popularize the vital issues set forth in the United Nations Charter.

2. Where will this Assembly be held?

The proposed Assembly will be held in October 1946 in the country, at the home of Mrs. Alice T. McLean, South Kortright, New York. The country has been chosen because, away from the distractions of the city, delegates can really get to know each other and more lasting ties can be formed. The very informality of the country leads to more stimulating discussion.

3. Who is to Participate?

As the Assembly is to be a meeting of women leaders, it must necessarily be small. The delegates will be limited to two hundred—presidents of participating American organizations, several outstanding delegates at large, and the foreign women; those foreign women to be chosen not as appointees from their governments but as leaders of women's organizations and other prominent women invited as individuals.

4. What is the Program?

The Program will be built around political, economic and social problems, both on the national and international levels, with particular emphasis on the international society which is conditioned by the political and economic situation in the world today.

There will be four main topics:

I. What kind of political world are we living in?

II. What kind of economic world are we living in?

III. What kind of social order should we strive to achieve?

IV. How can we apply the ideas exchanged at this conference for our communities, our nations and the world?

The duration of the Assembly shall be ten days with two days devoted to each main topic. It is proposed to come to our conclusions through the discussion method.

5. Will there be a follow up meeting?

Yes, the Promotion Committee is working on a plan for an all day and evening meeting on October 24th at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. This will be an open meeting to the general membership of the participating organizations.

At this meeting reports of the South Kortright meeting will be given and ample time will be available to hear from distinguished foreign delegates.

6. Is the Women's Assembly to be a permanent organization?

No, this is not another women's organization. There is no plan for a continuing organization. However, if the Assembly is a great success, the pattern may be used for Assemblies in other countries.

7. What is to be the practical value of the Women's Assembly?

The value is educational. The International Assembly is a meeting of women leaders. The conclusions reached at the Assembly will be given wide publicity through the organizations and groups represented. The value of education is intangible but it is the only durable foundation on which to build world political, economic and social progress, international understanding and a peaceful world.

International Assembly of Women

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Sponsor

Mrs. Alice T. McLean, Chairman, General Committee

Steering Committee

Mrs. Edward C. Carter, Chairman

Mrs. Vera M. Dean

Mrs. Henry F. Grady

Mrs. Elinore Herrick

Miss Loula D. Lasker

Mrs. Burnett Mahon

Mrs. Alice T. McLean

Mrs. Ryer Nixon

Mrs. C. Reinold Noyes

Miss Frances Perkins

Miss Josephine Schain

Dean C. Hildred Thompson

Mrs. Quincy Wright

Sponsoring Organizations

American Association of University Women

American Legion Auxiliary

American Medical Women's Association, Inc.

American Women's Voluntary Services, Inc.

Association of Junior Leagues of America, Inc.

Camp Fire Girls, Inc.

Congress of Women's Auxiliaries of the C. I. O.

General Federation of Women's Clubs

Girl Scouts

The National Board of the YWCA of the USA

National Congress of Parents and Teachers

National Council of Jewish Women

National Council of Negro Women

National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.

National Home Demonstration Council

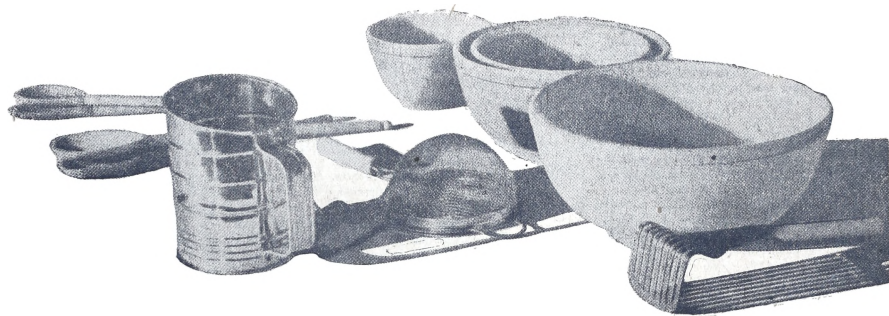
National League of Women Voters

National Women's Conference of the American Ethical Union

National Women's Trade Union League of America

United Council of Church Women (in process of formation)

(Continued on page 32)



Your Kitchen Equipment

These directions are telegraphic designed to clip and paste onto your kitchen wall as memo to yourself, the maid or to any member of the household who likes or is forced to pinch hit.

ALUMINUM—Wash with soap and water and scour to remove spots. Dry thoroughly after washing.

CHROME—Wash lacquered copper with soap and water and dry thoroughly. Polish unlacquered copper with a copper polish, wash with soap and water and dry thoroughly.

ENAMEL—Treat as glassware.
GLASS—Glass made especially for cooking and baking needs little care except washing with soap and water. When spots are hard to remove rub with scouring pads or a fine cleansing powder.

IRON—Wash with soap and water. Avoid scouring. Dry thoroughly after washing.

MONEL METAL—Wash with cloth wrung out of soapy water. Do not scour but polish occasionally with a fine cleansing powder.

NICKEL—Wash with soap and water. Polish with dry cloth.

STEEL—Wash with soap and water and scour to remove spots. Dry thoroughly after washing.

TIN—Wash with soap and wa-

ter and scour with mild cleansing powders. Tin rusts easily, so dry thoroughly after washing.

WOOD—Scrap with dull blade and wash with lukewarm water. After removing cooked food from utensils pour hot water into them. cover and set aside to loosen any food that adheres to pan. Do not soak wooden utensils.

TEAKETTLES—Fill with equal parts vinegar and water and heat to boiling. Let stand several hours; scrape off lime deposit.

TEAPOTS—Avoid keeping tea in pot for any length of time. Use a mild scouring material to remove stains from inside of pot. Wash with soapy water, rinse with boiling water, drain and dry thoroughly.

CARE OF COFFEE POTS—Use a mild scouring material to remove stains from inside of pot. Wash with hot soapy water, rinse with boiling water, drain and dry thoroughly or boil a solution of baking soda and water in the pot five minutes, then rinse in boiling water. Wash cloth filters in a solution of baking soda and water. Rinse well. If used each day, filters may be kept in a covered glass of cold water. Rinse new filters thoroughly in cold water before using.

- 1 bottle opener
- 1 grater
- 1 orange squeezer
- 1 can opener

- POTS AND PANS**
- 2 saucepans with covers

- 1 double boiler
- 1 coffee maker
- 1 roasting pan
- 1 small frying pan
- 1 teapot
- 1 Dutch oven

Oh! Chloricode?

I've been hearing about it lately!
Thanks for the TIP!



A Good Tipster Speaks From EXPERIENCE
not merely from HEARSAY

When you cough, the TIP is

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FORMULA: Ammon. Chloride, 0.30 gm.; Sodium Benzoate, 0.66 gm.; Strychnine Sulfate, 0.001 gm.; Anilin. & Potassium Tartrate, 0.0001 gm.; COCAINE SULFATE, 0.01 gm.; Syrup of Tolu, 5.00 cc. In each 5 cc. Cough Syrup. (Passed by the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners and Inspectors).

THINKING SERIOUSLY

THINKING SERIOUSLY of your kitchen, you'll find that willy-nilly your list will invariably run into something like the one we have below. To make matters worse, the stores are open seven days in the week, leaving you absolutely no alibi for not executing your plans. Here's the list (it can

be longer, but not shorter).
TOOLS, KNIVES, etc.

- 1 knife set
- 1 knife sharpener
- 2 large metal spoons
- 1 wooden spoon
- 1 long-handled fork
- 1 tea strainer
- 1 colander

INVITATION

Now the smoke of battle has lifted
and the din of war has ceased.
Come, brace your heart with courage,
and start again to build.
Ah, let the foeholes and the trenches
be screened by greening grass;
time will help conceal the scar
of the loving, valiant heart.
The way uphill is fraught with hazards
that the brave alone can dare;
but beyond the yawning chasms,
joy and light are there.
And the long night shall be a dream,
half-remembered if at all,
for the heart shall be filled with music
and love shall suffuse the soul.

—CONSUELO C. BANAG

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

short dressy dresses.

We have been the recipient of compliments, praise and advice..... some of which (pardon our ego) we deserve, majority of which we still have to attain. "There's plenty room for improvement," say Lilia A. Cruz, R. R. de la Cruz of the Red Cross is profuse with his congratulations. Cipriano id, Editor of the Evening News says, "That's a good paper you have." From Malacanang: "It's a dignified magazine." Anacleto Benavides (Manila Chronicle) bases his applause on the mechanical handicaps and sundry headaches he knows we must have undergone. "It's a neat piece of job, considering....."

INDUSTRIALIZE Central Luzon by Mrs. Mendez exposes a facet of the bloody trouble now plaguing the peasant regions. As you turn the page you meet another problem just as colossal but entirely a horse of another color: the femmes' worry on whether to have or not to have the panuelo. Remember our asking you one issue ago as to which school do you belong? CATHERINE PORTER

who, in the words of James Wingo, "knows her Philippines" is here presented by Mario P. Chanco, USIA, who might yet run a syndicate judging by the rate he is oozing articles and short stories. Sol H. Gwekoh writes of daring and enterprising Filipino women, a tribute to those women who embraced the thankless job.

MARRIAGE MOTHERHOOD, CAREER is an accolade rare and precious which is not easily accorded. Mrs. Concepcion Maramba-Henares more than deserves it. Read the briefest, fullest sketch of a woman's world all her own. We picked that picture instead of a solo, because in that group she stands out in a manner symbolic of the uniqueness of her achievement.

WE ARE proud of our array of writers and poets this month. Hernando Ocampo, who paints as easily as he writes says that one can be an artist and still be a good family man. Elena Guerrero—Joven author of Letter to Greg is a very young matron, just turned 22. She is a graduate of

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CLUB WOMEN'S BULLETIN BOARD

(Continued from page 24)

Mary F. Tait of Bontoc, Mountain Province; Dr. A. B. Baltazar, district health officer, Mountain Province; Mrs. Luz Balmaceda de Guzman and Miss Libertad C. Balmaceda of Bacoor, Cavite. Laguna—

According to Mrs. Alejandra G. Delfino, the present officers of the Canlubang Women's Club are: Mrs. Felipa Naval, president; Mrs. Caridad Macasaet, vice president; Miss Aurelia Garcia, secretary; Mrs. Carmen Lazo, treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Candelaria Trinos, Mrs. Felicidad Reyes, Mrs. Rosario M. Banameda, Mrs. Petronila A. Mendoza, and Mrs. Marcelina B. Silo.

Mrs. Delfino also gave us the following list of the officers of the Cabuyao Women's Club: Mrs. Rosario B. Alipit, president; Mrs. Juliana H. Bailon, vice president; Miss Francisca Ronsayro, secretary; Mrs. Salud N. Mielat, treasurer; Mrs. Genorosa Segunda Bella, Mrs. Generosa surer; board of directors: Mrs. Bermudez, Mrs. Dolores Acuña; Mrs. Lucia B. Carpena, and Mrs. Olimpia H. Limcaoc.

The Women's Club of Rizal has likewise sent the complete list of officers: Mrs. Concordia I. Lamez, president; Mrs. Marcela O. Som-billa, vice president; Mrs. Teofila M. Vista, secretary; Mrs. Emilia Artiaga Tan, assistant secretary; Mrs. Priscila R. Lucido, treasurer; Mrs. Manuela Isleta, business manager; Mrs. Elpidia S. Ijanera and Mrs. Melecia C. Castillo, assistant business manager; board of directors: Mrs. Carolina P. Isleta, Mrs. Teresa I. Montefalcon, Mrs. Gloria C. Isleta, Mrs. Damiana Isles, Mrs. Eugenia A. Zuazola, Mrs. Severina Z. Opulencia, Miss Carmen Castillo, and Miss Eugenia Villanueva.

Mrs. Mamerta Ylagan reported the list of the officers of the Makiling Ladies' Club of the College, Laguna: Mrs. Concepcion R. Gonzales, honorary president; Mrs. Mercedes A. Uichanco, president; Mrs. Paz G. Santos, vice president; Mrs. Mamerta M. Ylagan secretary; Mrs. Andrea B. Aglibut, treasurer; Mrs. Manuela C. Villegas, assistant treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Maria B. Mondonero, Mrs. Josefa D. Roldan, and Mrs. Rosalia R. Arnaldo.

Pangasinan.—
Mrs. Filipinas P. Coloma, president of the Rosaes Woman's Club reported that the club is organizing a nursery class, and is also starting the food production cam-

paign with the help of Mr. Cirilo Casareno, the municipal agricultural inspector. The other current officers of the club are: Mrs. Encarnacion C. Pardo, vice president; Miss Soledad C. Oriol, secretary; Mrs. Maria V. Damasco, sub-secretary; Mrs. Concepcion B. Cancino, treasurer; Miss Luz Vallejos, sub-treasurer; board of directors: Mrs. Teodora C. Serafica, Mrs. Ruth Perez, Miss Corazon Bince, Mrs. Encarnacion Rodriguez, Miss Consuelo Sansano, Mrs. Fe Soriano, Mrs. Lorenza Sison, Mrs. Isidra Sison, Mrs. Segunda Santos, and Miss Trinidad Oliver.

Another club that is very anxious to organize the nursery class is Plaridel. The president, Miss Julia S. Supnet wrote that many parents await eagerly the opening of the classes and some of the teachers promised to take turns as volunteer instructors. The club is still handicapped by lack of materials. But we have every reason to believe that initiative and ingenuity will not be lacking from the members to overcome these handicaps. The other officers are as follows: Mrs. Emilia V. Rudico, vice-president; Miss Esmerina Collado, secretary; Mrs. Isabel Madayog, sub-secretary; Mrs. Preciosa Z. Romasoc, treasurer; Mrs. Candida B. Aquino, sub-treasurer; Mrs. Simplicia Abellera, business manager; Mrs. Enriqueta O. Faraon, and Mrs. Toribia Calica, auditors; Mrs. Catalina A. Zaragosa, adviser; board of directors: Miss Maria Supnet, Miss Anatolia Carreon, Miss Gerina Espique, Miss Galacion Acosta, Miss Josefina Aromin, Miss Servillana Nastor, and Mrs. Macaria Orid.

Undoubtedly all of our readers will share the same pleasure we experienced upon reading this interesting report of the occupation activities of the Mangataren Woman's Club, then organized into a WAS unit of the Fil-American Guerrillas, Army of the Agno. This report which we are publishing here was sent by Mrs. Concepcion C. Soriano, president of the Club for many years.

"After the last roar of the Allied cannons in Bataan and Corregidor, Japanese forces were scattered throughout the Islands of Luzon to complete the subjugation of its inhabitants under the imperial yoke. At first sugar-coated approaches were used to gain our co-operation but when they found that most still remain loyal and faithful to Mother country

America, force was used. Abuses became rampant, tortures of different kinds were used, banditry became common—complete disorder then existed. It was at this time that the Women's Club of Mangataram, organized ourselves in band to help alleviate the situation, to help those men who fought and bled to maintain peace and order and to attach our organization to any guerrilla unit fighting for the noble cause.

On September 22, 1942, a conference was held in my house attended by several guerrilla leaders as Lt. Alberto A. Mejia, representative of Major Miguel R. Acosta, Antonio Mendoza, Jose B. Aviles, Alfonso Austria, Jose Padoan, Isidro Rosario, Januario Hermitano, Brigido Estrada, Fed. Holanday, Sancho David, Silvestre Bañaga, Virgilio Zamora, Narciso Seril, Angel Vergara, and others. After a brief talk of Lt. Alberto A. Mejia about the aims and purposes of the Army of the Agno, the latent spirit of resistance was kindled. All present in the conference then moved to action and campaigned for membership.

From September 25 to December 24, 1942, the WAS company was organized composed of women from all walks of life who had volunteered themselves to carry out orders come what may despite all threats of death from Japanese Kempetai.

Year 1942 was devoted to the organization of the unit and to carry out orders from Headquarters as follows:

- 1) Kept the morale of the people not to lose faith in the U.S.
- 2) Gave food and clothing to authorized guerrillas.
- 3) Notified guerrillas of Japs presence.
- 4) Spread news of the coming of the Grand Convoy and Allied success in the war.

Year 1943 was devoted to caring of the sick guerrillas, procurement of medicines, food, clothing and items 1 to 4 of year 1942.

Year 1944 was almost the same as the previous years except

- 1) Campaigned against Japanese food and labor procurement.
- 2) Carried orders from Lt. Col. Alberto A. Mejia to report from time to time enemy troop movements, gasoline deposits, TNT deposits and all enemy military installations.
- 3) Report was also received from HQ that some Liberators of freedom landed in the early part of August in Baler, Tayabas bringing complete radio equipment to rally messages to Southwest Pacific Command and to advise us

from time to time about the successful advances of the Allied Forces.

4) People were kept well informed about information received from Headquarters and were advised accordingly to move away from enemy military installations, roads and enemy camps and quarters beginning November, 1944 for American planes may strike any time.

5) At the sign of landing in Lingayen anytime in December as expected, the WAS company had given complete information when and where and what they should do.

Year 1945 was devoted in calming the people at the sign of landing in Lingayen on January 6, 1945, to go to places far from the national road. When news of the successful landing of the liberators of freedom was received all members of the WAS Company were instructed to gather all fruits, eggs and flowers available to be given to U.S. forces to arrive in Mangataram. On January 12, 1945, the WAS members headed by Sgt. Juana Fernandez met the American soldiers in Bogtong Sigal about 3 kilometers away from Mangataram. Flowers were thrown to said soldiers, fruits and eggs were distributed to them and all sorts of hospitality were accorded them.

The WAS Company of Mangataram although not activated to the battlefield continued its activities in extending all our assistance to both liberators and the guerrillas which we believe to have been instrumental during the resistance movement and beneficial in nature after liberation for which we plead and pray for its early recognition.

Concepcion C. Soriano
Captain, WAS Company
Army of the Agno
Commanding

Following are other officers of this cub: Mrs. Rosa E. Olegario, vice president; Mrs. Esperanza E. Casiano, secretary; Mrs. Alejandra T. Santos, treasurer; Mrs. Helena M. Vergara, sub-secretary; Mrs. Dionisia P. Pimentel, sub-treasurer; Mrs. Dolores S. Fernandez, clerk; Miss Aurea Tieson, associate clerk; board of directors: Mrs. Paz T. Santos; Miss Juana Fernandez, Mrs. Epifania F. Agbuya, Mrs. Olivia C. Lopez, Mrs. Macaria C. Vela, Mrs. Miguella Costales, Mrs. Perfecta E. Olegario, Mrs. Ramona J. Nobleza, Miss Leonides Ferrer, auditors: Mrs. Pilar J. Ferrer, Mrs. Delфина E. Gomez, Mrs. Purita Sison.

THE FENCE

*In building me a fence of mangrove wood,
tall and red-skinned in the morning sun,
for me the thankless work began when one by one*

*I tore the mangrove poles where once they stood
and took them to the swampy river's edge
and watched the tide that then was creeping by—
a flood that soon might reach the sky
and swamp the world, as prophets always pledge.*

*I thought that this is not at all that I shall bring
upon myself in keeping out the world from me;
the million lovely things I shall not see
if, fenced in, I should round my place be king
and miss the purest beauty I shall know,
gathering wood from swamps were thoughts can grow.*

—N. V. M. GONZALEZ

Isabela:—

The officers of the Echague Woman's Club are: Mrs. Lucia C. Abriol, president; Mrs. Felisa D. Mesa, vice president; Mrs. Socorro Perez, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Regina Saladino, secretary; board of directors: Mrs. Anita Gumpal, Mrs. Purita Baharan, Mrs. Mandita Ramos, Mrs. Carmen Pintang, Mrs. Candida Vallestero, Mrs. Esperanza Vera Cruz.

Davao:—

Mrs. Natividad I. Oboza, president of the Woman's Club of Davao could not attend the last convention of the NFWC but wrote a very interesting account of the oart the club is playing in improving the welfare of the community. She said that during the first days after the arrival of the American forces in their city, (To be continued)

Free!

Let your children enjoy freedom—freedom from health-destroying intestinal parasites. Are they pale and irritable? A large belly? Do they lack appetite or gnash their teeth in their sleep? Try giving them

ASCAROL Bonbons

which are very effective worm-repellents. Easy to take, they don't require any after-dose laxative! ASCAROL Bonbons may be obtained at all drug stores or at the

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880-882 Rizal Ave.

Dear Sir: Please send me a sample dose of ASCAROL Bonbons Enclosed herewith is P1.00 in Postal Stamps (or Postal Money order)

Name _____

Address _____

Formula: Santonin, 2½ grm.; Calomel, 2½ grm.; Phenolphthalein, 1 grm.; Excipient, q.s.

(Continued from page 21)

For SCHOOL Or For PLAY



Buy

Sue Parker

dresses

for CHILDREN...
They're SMARTLY
STYLED and
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into a larger world. Possibly each person in such a family was able to talk freely somewhere else, from the youngest child who could talk to his friends in grade school, to the oldest son or father who was a great conversationalist at the bar of the local tavern. The mother may have been able to talk volubly when she went to her club meetings or church circle. But not at home.

"He never tells me anything!" a mother wailed about her son recently.

He never does, but who is to blame but herself? I knew that household well and she has been the kind of mother who was always saying: "That's not a subject for children," or "Don't talk about that in front of John and Mary!" Now quite naturally John won't talk in front of her. He has not technique for talking to a parent. Conversation at home has to be taught. And practiced. It must be the easy and pleasurable custom within the family, if a mother expects a daughter or son to talk over problems as they arise. Certainly she would be able to ask her son, "What's on your mind?" and get a frank answer instead of creating a crisis.

Young people need good conver-

sation. More than candy or nuts or cookies. When you go to visit wounded soldiers the essential thing to take along is easy friendly conversation.

People need and like to talk. Even the British have begun to talk to strangers. There have been too many people in the past who were unnecessarily lonely all through their lives, for no reason except that they were never trained in the habit of conversation. They thought that talk was only question and answer, direction or request. These people live together and yet stay apart because they do not know how to join their thoughts in conversation.

Obviously, someone must take the lead in creating family habits of good talk. The father can do it and often he does. Many a little girl waits eagerly until her father gets home at night "to tell him something. But all too often a father's talk around his home is only a series of short orations which he will not allow to be interrupted or heckled.

It is a great pity if two members of the family create a bond of confidence and shut out the others from their talk. That often happens to mothers. The children

talk to each other but not to her. The daughter talks to her mother but has nothing to say to her mother. We all know the classic remarks, "I'm too tired to talk to my husband when he gets home," or "Hush, children, you drive me crazy with your chattering!"

A mother might find relief from her own weariness if she discovered how to direct talk in her own home. That is part of running a home as certainly as cooking a meal. It has been when I have been most tired that conversation at home often helped me to rest by taking my mind off my own worries and shifting my interest.

Conversation at home is not only for the children and young people. The adults need it too. A woman who had divorced her husband for very good reasons met him some years later and asked how he was getting on and whether he missed her at all.

He said honestly, "Do you know what I miss most? Our talks. I miss sitting down and hashing things over with you more than anything else."

He had married again, thinking that a beautiful girl would make a beautiful home, but he discovered it wasn't the recipe.

YOUR HEALTH

(Continued from page 20)

dividuals who always expect the worst and have no confidence in others are apt to suffer from this trouble. We know a wife whose husband is a chronic philanderer. Her constipation is something no doctor can cure, and she knows it.

This same article advises that psychiatrists are a good help. Find a doctor who knows psychology as well as physiology, obey him and stick to him. Don't run from doctor to doctor until you find one who will operate. Tell your doctor the whole truth about fears, worries, family and career troubles. Usually nervous patients hide such things which make correct diagnosis difficult. One woman who suffered pain after meals discovered that it came on every time her husband got drunk. Knowing the origin, she was able to cure herself.

"A robust body fortifies a tortured mind. Build up vigor through correct diet, sunshine, exercise and more than the average amount of sleep. Fatigue weakens ner-

vous control. Gardening, painting pictures and other work with your hands are especially helpful. Get frequent vacations from your family and surroundings, if it is only a day or an hour spent with congenial friends. Change and rest are the classic treatment for functional disorders which doctors agree can cure most individual attacks. Often a person who ordinarily can digest only baby food can cope with nothing short of fried nails when on vacation.

Steer clear of occasions likely to upset you. At mealtimes, avoid quarreling, criticisms or disgusting news. Avoid contacts with people you envy, fear or resent.

Never hurry. One kind of nervous tension is generally caused by rush. "Never eat hastily or when exhausted or emotionally disturbed. Postpone your meals beyond your usual hour and then eat lightly. Do not take patent medicines or bicarbonate of soda unless your doctor consents. However, if he prescribes sleeping pills

sedatives or other drugs, have no hesitation to take them as frequently as he recommends. Conflicting emotions may be causing you to secrete harmful chemicals which may need an antidote.

"Since your digestive tract may be irritated by your symptoms, protect it by avoiding over-eating and rich foods such as fried and very sweet ones. If you have a tendency to ulcers or colitis, avoid rough food. However be careful that you do not lack the vitamins, minerals and bulk needed for intestinal health. Juice and puree of fruits and vegetables in can may substitute for fresh ones. Perhaps, too, vitamins concentrates and some smooth but bulky substance will have to be prescribed by your doctor. Finally, accept the fact that you have unusually sensitive insides and try to work out a good life within your limitations. School yourself not to worry about minor discomforts inevitable your type."

INDUSTRIALIZE CENTRAL LUZON

(Continued from page 5)

The crux of the agrarian question therefore is not the share of the *kasama*. He can have not merely 60%; he can have 100% of the whole crop and yet his problems will not have been solved.

Why?

Estimates of actual labor performed by the *kasama* place his workdays including plowing, harrowing, planting, etc., at only ninety a year, or three months out of twelve.

At this rate, an income of P150.00 for three months when compared with the income of the average laborer, is not unfair.

What does the farmer do the rest of the time?

Therein lies the solution to our agrarian unrest.

Farmers who work as carpenters, public works laborers, fishermen, cocheros or who find some other sources of income, in addition to farming, have enough to live on.

The trouble is that there is not enough work for all farmers, and only a small proportion of them are resourceful enough to look for other means of livelihood.

The partition of the Sabani Estate is only one step in the right direction. Small landed proprietors who work their own fields are naturally an asset to the nation. But the solution is only a drop in the bucket. The partition of the big *haciendas* and the improvement of farming methods to increase the produce will help but will not solve the entire problem either.

What then?

Central Luzon must be industrialized. Factories should be located away from cities; they should be taken to the farming communities. Here private enterprise should go hand in hand with government help.

Time was when San Isidro, Nueva Ecija, was a tobacco center; hence it was known as *Factoria*. The *Compañia Tabacalera* had enormous warehouses there during the Spanish times.

During the Japanese occupation, cigarette-making was a major home industry in Bulacan and Nueva Ecija and afforded additional income to thousands of families. This gives a clue as to what can be done for Central Luzon. The machinery for factories we intend to ask from Japan as compensation for war damages can be distributed where there is ag-

rarian unrest. Our big *hacenderos* should reinvest their profits where their *kasamas* will benefit from them instead of hurrying to Manila to buy real estate.

Absentee landlordism has had its day in many parts of the world and its hour of reckoning has come in the Philippines.

But we must not always look up to the government for the solution of all our ills. More resourcefulness on the part of the farmers, more thoughtfulness on the side of the proprietors, along with vision and foresight by private capital and the government is what we need today to solve the agrarian unrest in Luzon.

MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD—The hardness of Bette Davis, the Warner Bros. star, never fails to startle and also to chill her many close friends. The water in her large outdoor swimming pool is never heated. She believes that natural temperatures, winter or summer, are best for the health.

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 24)

St. Paul's College, took A.E. at St. Scholastica's. Was in the editorial staff of her college paper. This is her first short-story, a very auspicious and promising beginning, if you ask us. Daisy Hontiveros-Avellana whose latest brainchild is our *The Coward* on page 17, has just gone through a fire which was merciless in its completeness. Shy away from talk of dresses when Daisy is around because she can't bear it. N. V. M. Gonzales, Consuelo Banag, and Bienvenido Santos make up our roll of poets this month.

After our double spread of Fashions, allow us to remind you that there is still plenty goings-on in our magazine. Feminine tidbits, Tips to teenagers, table talk, Club news....which reminds us **MRS. TRINIDAD FERNANDEZ LEGARDA** and **MISS MERCEDES EVANGELISTA** are soon leaving for a most important task before the International Assembly of Women at the UNO. Let's wish them *Bon Voyage* coupled with "please come back soon."

—prg

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opportunity for construction work submerging self-interest in cooperative effort. These women volunteers willingly and unselfishly served for the cause without remuneration."

The WAS in Mindanao started in February 1943 in Misamis, Occidental Misamis. The first meeting was attended only by a handful of women. The organization was sanctioned by the commanding general of the 10th MD in Mindanao. Shortly after, women came and voluntarily joined, pledging their cooperation, help, and financial assistance if possible. Up to the liberation in 1945, there were 62 chapters scattered all over Mindanao.

Directress Capistrano disclosed that President Roxas intends to make the WAS the nucleus of a national women's organization and equipped for war service. "To the WAS members who died in the line of duty, we, who are fortunate to see the dawn of a New Philippines, renew our pledge to serve," she said. "As the feminine *Revolucionarias*, the WAS is the germ of the future participation of Filipino women in the next world war.

When the organization was started, Mrs. Capistrano said she sent out an appeal to the women of Mindanao. It was a sort of message addressed to them. Start-

ed she, "We bring to you a humanitarian appeal with the hope that it will merit your thoughtful consideration. This organization we are about to request you to join regards no creed nor color, but will certainly appreciate your unselfish devotion to help alleviate the pitiful conditions of our brave soldiers arising out of our limited supplies."

Then she introduced the WAS whose primary purpose was to abate the sufferings of the courageous soldiers. And the conclusion was this:

"Just now we should have only one vital interest—OUR COUNTRY: A country that is in the midst of a total war where everyone in every place is called upon to sacrifice for freedom and liberty. When history shall have been written down of this great conflict, what chapter will be fittingly inscribed of us: THE WOMEN? The women of America, Europe, England, China and other nations have done their bit; they have organized similar societies united by a common interest and purpose and are now proudly serving their native land. Contemporary history records that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt of America, Queen Elizabeth of England, and Madame Chiang Kai Shek of China occupy no less a place of honor and esteem in the hearts of the fight-

ing men in the bloody fields of their respective countries. From across the vast oceans is flashed the spirit of feminine camaraderie to the hearts of all of us WOMEN that we beat in the tune with the needs of the time. Whatever we do now will in the long run be for the good of each and every father, son, brother or friend, who may be fighting somewhere in answer to his country's call.

"Women of the Philippines! Arise and with our hands joined together let us do our part in winning this war, for only with united strength can we best further our noble mission."

This stirring appeal brought in practically every woman who read it. Among the prominent women who joined the WAS can be singled out Princess Tarhata Alonto of Lanao and daughter of Sultan Alonto, who was an active member. Beside her, she had her hundreds of slaves help and work for the cause. A number of those who served were unfortunate—they died in the performance of their duties. Stray bullets from the enemy hit and killed them while they were busy delivering food to the wounded guerrilla troops; others were tortured by the Japanese following their capture and disregard for the request of the enemy to reveal war secrets they had in their possession.

Tips to Teenagers-

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT

is theirs alone.

But observations reveal that many a young lass does not know what to say to a boy. Or if she has, she does not know how to go about it. Elinor Williams, who takes time to advise teenagers, says that a bright smile and a friendly "Hello!" is always a good way to start conversation. Then when there's a chance for more chit-chat, it's better to begin with a comment or question about what you're doing at the moment—school, a dance, skating, bowling or whatever it is.

It does not matter much what you say so long as you say something to let him know you're there, friendly and ready to exchange small talk. Maybe it'll be only, "That was a tough assignment today, wasn't it?" or "The music is smooth isn't it?" Once you've started the conversation, it's easy

to take it from there with a follow-up question, "Did you do all the problems?" (if you're on the way to class) or if you're dancing, "Which is your favorite band?"

After that, there are school classes, clubs, teams, games and his favorite sports to discuss—a funny incident that happened in class, an embarrassing moment you experienced or something nice you've heard about him. He'll enjoy talking about his hobby, movies you've both seen and records you like.

In short, it is easy enough to get a conversation started if you know the right method. Think of something you both know about, some incident in class, a sports event, a dance or your tastes in music. Just a little chit-chat and then you'll both find a topic for an interesting conversation.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL boys and girls, what do they talk about? It would be highly interesting if one were to jot down the silly things teenagers talk about. But must they be insane? The fine art of conversation is as much theirs as anybody else's. There's a world of interesting topics which

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LETTER TO GREG

(Continued from page 13)

to the time you became a man and I a woman and to the realization that we were in love with each other. My aunts said I would grow to be very attractive because my skin was clear and smooth like a "sampang." You agreed with them Greg, when you started courting me. How sweet and original were your sweet-nothings. How simple and yet so true. How I miss them Greg, especially that night the gang caught us under Mang Tino's mango tree. They forced you to recite a "tula" and you did stand up at once, not even trying to refuse for shame. They all asked you to dedicate it to me and you told them it wasn't necessary for them to have coaxed you.

Oh Greg, why did our parents have to settle our lives for us, when they ruined theirs in hatred and jealousy? Why did they ever think of forbidding you and me from seeing each other. That was when I got very sick and nearly died. You still hoped for the best; I knew you offered your prayers to Him and Mary that I'd recover. Would to God I did not, I'd have died with the consolation that I'd been true to you, to my promise, to your love.

The time I was convalescent I was so thin and frail I looked like a ghost. Altho you were sweet, calling me an angel. You even dared to send me roses and the white lilies from Baguio, how fragrant and lovely they were. I still keep them locked in my little camphor chest.

As the old folks say "all things must come to an end." The century old feud of yours and mine ceased and again we were two happy families in one.

Remember the night a week before our own wedding day when I tried on my wedding gown? You admonished me not to and I exclaimed "Greg for shame." Neither you nor I did give much stock on superstition but the harm was already done.

War broke out to disrupt our plans, sever the ties that bound us, kill our earthly happiness. The days and nights I spent in prayers and tears, of what use were they? How futile, how needless they seemed to be for you never returned. For it was scarcely a month after hostilities began and you had gone! Gone! my dear Greg, forever and you

her clinging hands from his. He walked out of the house without a backward glance.

A week later, the Japanese military police came. They were looking for Daniel. Information had been turned in to the effect that Daniel was a guerrilla. If he had not been so frightened because of the *kempes*. Daniel's father would have laughed out loud. Daniel a guerrilla? Fantastic! Why, that coward had died at the sight of a gun.

Since they did not get the man they were looking for, the *kempes* were in a surly mood. Their searching of the house was a wanton destruction of proper-

ty. They hacked at furniture to look for hidden maps and firearms; they forced open the *aparadores* in the rooms.

Daniel's father was looking on helplessly when they wrecked his own *aparador*. They pulled out the drawer in the middle. It jammed a little. Impatiently the Japanese tugged at it, jerked it towards him. He took out the box, then thrust one hand inside to see what the obstruction was. Triumphantly he brought out something crumpled, and smoothed it out. There were two pieces:

two one-peso bills. Daniel's father stifled a gasp when he saw the money. Nonchalantly the Japanese folded the bills and stuck them into his pocket. He rummaged around in the *aparador*, found nothing else worth appropriating, and gave the order to his companions to leave. They caught Daniel, eventually. His uncle, Ramon's father, had raged because the Japanese had gone to his house searching for Daniel.

"Young fool!" fumed Ramon's father. "Getting himself caught! He's not a guerrilla—staying here in the city, doing nothing! Not like Ramon," he added. "My son's doing his share, up in the mountains, fighting, risking his life. But Daniel—that coward!"

Daniel's childhood playmates snickered. "Imagine" one said, "Duwag, a guerrilla!"

THE COWARD

(Continued from page 17)

"You'll see," another asserted. "He'll be out of Fort Santiago in less than an hour."

"And he'll probably be white as a sheet, when he comes back," laughed a third one.

But Daniel never came back. Nobody ever saw him again.....

It was only after the Americans entered the city in February that Ramon was able to return to his home. Upon arriving, he went immediately to see Daniel's parents. He was shocked when he saw them: they looked so old.

Daniel's mother looked wistfully at the stalwart young man who was her son's best friend. "I'm glad you're home safe, hijo," she said softly.

"I'd like to tell you why I'm here, alive," said Ramon. "A man chose death rather than reveal what he knew about me. You see," he continued, "the Japanese caught me in the province. But they couldn't prove anything—not till they captured one of our men here in Manila. This man," Ramon explained carefully, "was our most valuable contact man. They brought him to the province to confront me. His face was all battered up, and his body had been subjected to systematic torture."

Ramon lit a cigarette with fingers that shook. "The Japanese offered him freedom if he

(Continued on page 34)



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HAVE THE PANUELO

page 7)

JUANITA MINA ROA EXPLAINS

The panueloless terno or the Filipino dress without the *alampay* may be properly called the scarf-terno. It is not exactly the *mestiza* dress without the *alampay* as many women think, but it is the same *mestiza* dress with some modifications with the same panuelo that in the case of the new creation, a long scarf flows at the back from the shoulders, brushes the soft bouffant *saya* at the edges and gives the wearer a highly dignified and graceful appearance. Of course this is a new modification of the old dress. The idea of the old Moro dress which to my mind gives the suggestion of dignity and poise especially if the wearer is tall and slim and queenly. Another change is the corsage either of fresh or embroidered flowers on the front of the bodice or *camisa* lending itself the beauty and grace and completeness of the *balintawak*. The panuelo may or may not be worn, according to taste or to formality of the occasion where the dress is worn. At afternoon cocktail, the panuelo could be dispensed with and the dress is then one of beauty and elegance not far behind the prettiest creations in any style. I see no reason why this latest change in our *mestiza* dress would not personify grace and elegance and poised dignity.

For years now I have been haunted with dreams and ideas for the native attire. When the scarcity of material began to be felt, economy and beauty conspired to effect the change such as you see now in my latest creations. I feel that I am very much disposed now to really glorify the peasant dress collecting bits from all kinds of costumes of the Filipino woman from Luzon to Mindanao. The dress that is my obsession is beautiful and economical for into it will go the least number of pieces of clothing. The size of the sleeves should worry no one. Correct proportions determine that.

—oO—

EDUCATOR OBJECTS

The new creation of modern dress artists may be artistic, but personally I shall not adopt the new style. Every man has the privilege to dress the way he likes, and to me I consider the panuelo an indispensable part of the Filipino dress.

—FLORA YLAGAN

—oO—

SOCIALITE GERTIE ABAD LIKES IT.

The panuelo-less terno is simply lovely. But the way it is named is rather misleading, for it is not exactly without a panuelo. The thing is that the whole dress is embellished in such a way that modern decorative applique takes the place of the panuelo on the front of the bodice, and a veil of illusion tulle flows freely from the back shoulders to the edges of the skirt or *saya*. There are many kinds of this version of the Filipino or *mestiza* dress cut according to the type of body and ease of the wearer. I think the dress is lovelier on the slim body of the younger girls or on matrons who are graceful in European dress.

—oO—

JUANITA VALERA IS ALL PRAISES.

THE NEW TERNO, without the panuelo, is a boon no matter how one looks at it. Elegance in its pure form has found a vehicle, in this new trend which now graces the most aristocratic halls of our metropolis. I have seen this new terno win many woman's heart, place a smile in many a weary face. To be trite, it a different, easy to wear, and hence more comfortable, more artistic and truly Oriental.

—oO—

I BELIEVE that the panuelo-less *camisa* is a product of the scarcity of material, in the same way that short sleeves and short skirts were brought about by the lack of goods. I do hope, however, that it is not here to stay because it deprives the Filipino dress of one of its two outstanding characteristics—the *camisa* and the panuelo. As a *balintawak* costume, it is all right, but if one went to formal parties thus attired, what distinction will there be between the formal and the informal wear?

This seems to be a good occasion also to register my personal protest against calling our native *baro* and *saya* *mestiza* dress. Why give the native a foreign name?

—PAZ P. MENDEZ

—oO—

RUBY ROXAS is overcome by the beauty of the new creations but insists, "They are just another evening dress if without the panuelo. Especially abroad, they can't immediately catch on that it is the Filipino costume. I like the panuelo-less version, but I can't say that the panuelo must go." When we asked Mrs. VIRGINIA LLAMAS ROMULO how many panuelo-less ternos she was taking with her abroad said, "I never have a terno without a panuelo. Today I have only three ternos which I have been using consistently. The one I wore to the inauguration was made by TITO HIDALGO in States." NINI QUEZON wears them without the bone of contention, slit and in red, but when asked pointblank she said, "For the *Balintawak* it is all right, but the full-fledge terno is just what it is, panuelo and all.

—oO—

The advertisement features a black and white illustration of a baby with curly hair, looking towards the viewer. To the right of the baby is a large octagonal sign with the word "STOP" in bold, capital letters. Below the sign, the words "WHOOPING COUGH" are written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the advertisement, the text "ELIXIR AURI BROMIDE" is written in a large, bold, serif font. Below this, the phrase "Look for the FAMILIAR GOLD LABEL" is written in a smaller, cursive font. In the bottom right corner, there is a circular logo for "DRUG CORPORATION OF METRO" with "820-822 RITAVILLE" written around the bottom edge.

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guests at the Inauguration from the Manila Hotel to the Y. W. C. A. He was proud to have Mrs. Marin of Chile and Miss Jain of India give an international flavor to his service the first day he appeared.

All members and friends of the Y. W. C. A. whom he may carry in the days to come will give thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford for remembering the needs of the war-torn city of Manila.

The following account written by Mrs. Trinidad Alvero to Anne Guthrie of July 4th in Lake Forest, Illinois, where she and Mrs. Aurea del Carmen were attending a month's training course in Y.W.C.A. administration, may be of interest to our readers—

"The fourth of July celebration here was most significant.

"The day started with a lovely quiet service in the school chapel. In the afternoon the student body and the faculty honored Aurea and me with a tea to celebrate the Filipino Independence. The students from Lebanon, Brazil and a Nisei American gave greetings in the name of their countries. Mrs. Labrador from Brazil asked permission to speak in her own language for, she explained, it would mean speaking from her heart. She spoke with so much feeling and sincerity that I could sense every resounding word coming from her

innermost soul. Aurea gave a masterly summary of our history and the struggle for independence. You should have heard her—she was really excellent. I planned to speak on the role of women and particularly the Y.W.C.A. in our young republic, but I was not able to say all that I wanted to; I was so emotionally shaken, I choked most of the time and was blinded by tears.

"Oh, Miss Guthrie—I have never felt so proud of my country and so grateful to your country and the rest of the sympathizing world as I did that day. I was consumed—my whole being was consumed with a humble sense of rededication to the task ahead. The tea, the affair, was to me a symbol of the higher motives of nations dedicated to the task of building one family of nations—one world.

"I have never been as keenly aware of the hard road ahead of us as I was that afternoon. I wished then my boys were with me—they could have sensed from me the meaning of Country; but of course, I was glad we were here, for several of the guests approached us and said they had never felt a sense of world responsibility and a sense of oneness with the rest of the world as they did that afternoon.

"The evening program was lovely and meaningful, too. I wrote the part for the Philippines in chorus form and the committee incorporated it in their program.

It does not much signify who one marries, as one is sure to find later that it was someone else.

—Samuel Rogers

Marriage is the miracle which affords a woman a chance to gratify her vanity, pacify her family, mortify her rivals, and electrify her friends all at the same time.

—Helen Rowland

The sum which two married people owe to one another defies calculation. It is an infinite debt, which can only be discharged through all eternity.

—Goethe

Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy. If you get a bad one you will become a philosopher.

—Socrates

Adventure is to the adventurous. The born adventurer attracts adventure to himself in the most unlikely circumstances, where he of humdrum expectations meets only the commonplace. Zest, an eager imagination, an unashamed joy in what life brings, these are the precious ingredients.

—Stewart Edward White.

Commonwealth of the Philippines
Department of Public Works and Communications
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(Required by Act No. 2580)

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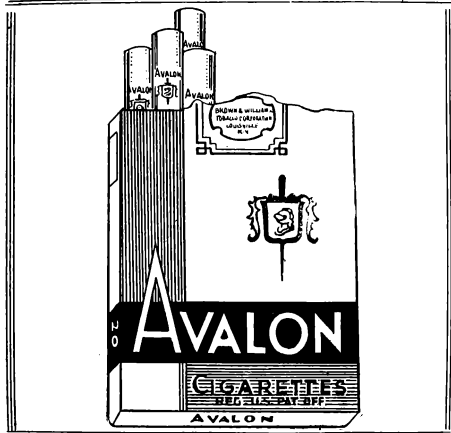
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Witness
CESAREO DE DIOS
AGUSTIN C. FABIAN
(Signature)
BUSINESS MANAGER
(Title or designation)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of July, 1946, at Manila the affiant exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-985434, issued at Manila, on February 28, 1946.

MONICO BUMANGLAG
Post Office Inspector



International Assembly of Women I am happy to send a word of greeting to you and your associates who are planning an International Assembly representative of the women of the United Nations. Such an Assembly will gain rather than lose in significance because its members represent peoples rather than governments. Now, more than at any other time, the successful conduct of international relations depends upon the extent to which the peoples of the world can and will speak directly to each other, discussing their common problems and increasing their mutual understanding. I believe that the peoples of the United Nations could have no better spokesman of their desire for lasting peace than their representative women met together for joint counsel.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

It gives me great pleasure on behalf of the United Nations Organization to express my admiration for the purposes which have prompted you in organizing the International Assembly of Women. The success of our work in maintaining peace and attempting to improve economic and social conditions throughout the world will require the active and wholehearted support of rightminded people everywhere. The women of the world are our natural allies and we appreciate what you are doing to coordinate and express their views.

TRYGVE LIE

Personal greetings and congratulations to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in whose honor your organization is giving a testimonial dinner. I am deeply interested in the International Assembly of women to be called for next October. It is vital to the peace of the world that the women of the nation rally to the support of the United Nations Organization.

TOM CONNALLY

Pleased to hear about the International Assembly of Women. Congratulations on an excellent idea and I wish you every success in your cause.

HAROLD E. STASSEN

Abroad:—

We are quoting portions of the letters we have received from clubwomen of the United States:—

"All during the war, we had frequent contacts with Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo Lim who gave us much

(Continued on page 34)

who should be using their unbounded energies either in healthful games or in the pursuit of useful projects, have their attention diverted towards aping what they see in gangster pictures. They start the whole thing in fun perhaps, the adventure part of it lending to it added color and attraction. They end up by finding it not only exciting but remunerative. The desperado character of the exploit has by this time gotten into their blood and there is no stopping them.

Imagine these boys in a backyard where they can play ball or patintero, where they can be kept off the streets and away from trouble, where they can develop their instinct for teamwork through organized games!

The National Federation of Women's Clubs has always been interested in community welfare. It has always had as one of its deep preoccupations the betterment, aesthetically, spiritually, and materially of social groups. The post-war problems of housing

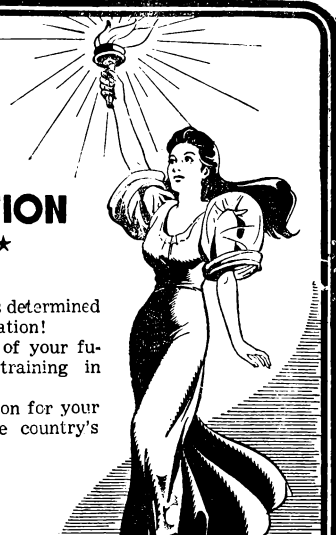
and city laying-out should definitely belong to the field of their concerns.

"Home," says Mr. Kayanan, "is not just the house in which you live. The other houses in the block... the familiar streets and trees... the corner drug store... the play lot and the voices of noisy, healthy children—all these help to make up what you consider 'home.' In other words, your neighborhood is part of home—and your home is part of the neighborhood."

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CLUB WOMEN'S BULLETIN BOARD

(Continued from page 33)

information about the NFWC, but now as you probably know Mrs. Lim had gone to the West Coast. May I tell you how courageous I think you and the women of the Philippines were to have carried on so ably for the reconstruction...

"The General Federation of Women's Clubs has voted \$500.00 to your Federation and a few gifts from the States have brought the figure to \$800.50. I am sending a letter to all of our federated clubs in which I shall make a special plea for contribution for your rehabilitation work. The GF women are hopeful that the money might be used to rebuild your clubhouse...

"It will be a wonderful thing to make the new clubhouse a memo-

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jobs in the United States, while more than two million were working of the land. Women went to work in shipyards, factories, foundries. They donned overalls and welding helmets, operated drill hammers, punch presses, turret lathes, milling machines. Their hands learned to hold rivet guns, blow-torches, drills, files, micrometers, and test tubes. They worked on blueprints, helped design planes, welded battle gear, inspected, tested, proved, and delivered it for war.

Women scientists — geologists, physicists, meteorologists, aeronautical, radio, and electrical engineers—entered war plants and research laboratories. Women chemists made laboratory tests in plastics, experimented with explosives, tested the purity of penicillin.

The aeronautical industry alone employed 1,871,000 women by the end of 1944. In west coast aircraft factories they made up 44 per cent of the total labor force. Only 2,000 women were employed in government arsenals before the war, but by March, 1943 two fifths of all munitions plants workers were women.

Striking increases occurred in shipyards, where formerly almost no women had been employed. It was Henry J. Kaiser, shipbuilder in August, 1942 who first dared to put women to work on his giant

erial to Mrs. Escoda and General Federation of Women's Clubs will be proud to have part in this."

Mrs. LaFell Dickinson
President, GFWC
"We are eager to have your organization send delegates or observers to our conference. We need the benefit of your experience and support in building of our organization, the Congress of American Women.

"The Congress of American Women was initiated on March 8 and the twelve hundred women who attended pledged themselves to the building of the Congress of American women to work for peace and democracy, for improvement of the status of women and for higher standards of health and education for children...

Elinor S. Guimbel
Chairman

In Manila—
Some of the visitors at the NFWC headquarters which is still in 1011 R. Hidalgo through the kindness of the Legarda brothers

AMERICAN WOMEN IN WARTIME

(Continued from page 14)

cranes. Thousands of welders and riveters followed all over the country so that by 1945 one out of every eight jobs in the shipyards was held by a woman.

The same thing occurred in a smaller way in forestry, where the number of women jumped to 28,000. Women went into the forests dressed in the checked shirts and baggy trousers of the lumberjack. They rode logs down rivers, walked flumes, worked over rafts, and held all kinds of jobs in the sawmills. In addition, they manned lonely stations on windy peaks, keeping watch against the danger of forest fires.

The Women's Land Army harvested crops and did farm chores, to increase the world's food supply. By 1943 many western ranches were run by girls. They worked as ranch hands, riding the cowboys' horses to herd cattle on the ranges. They took care of the horses, fed pigs and lambs.

Behind the woman in uniform, behind the still greater army of war workers, was the enormous number of women voluntary workers, who gave their time and energy to many organizations engaged in helping to win the war. Housewives aided bandages, worked as nurses' roles in hospitals, visited the wounded for the American Red Cross.

The American Women's Voluntary Service enrolled thousands of

women for a great variety of tasks, among them the grueling job of monitoring German broadcasts and informing the families concerning the American prisoners of war mentioned on these broadcasts. Office workers and shop girls joined the housewives in serving as air-raid wardens, airplane spotters, and the like.

MANY EMPLOYED WOMEN went directly to work after a night on duty in some assignment for civilian defense. Women organized societies to raise money and send aid to the peoples of the many devastated countries. They took their volunteer jobs with great seriousness and devotion. In a western state a group of women citizens took a census of all available womanpower. When a meeting was called in a distant city a deep snow made automobile driving impossible; not to miss the meeting a woman on a ranch got out her skis, skied to an airport, flew to the meeting, and returned the same way.

In cities and villages and farms, the women joined together to do what they could to bring the war to a close. They worked long hours, carrying heavy home and job responsibilities, and most of them knew the incessant anxiety of women of all ages, whose loved ones were away engaged in desperate battle.

THE COWARD

(Continued from page 29)

would admit I was his commanding officer. This man looked straight at me and gave not the slightest sign of recognition. Then he said, "I've never seen him before. I don't know who he is." They set me free, finally. They couldn't prove anything."

"And your friend?" asked Daniel's mother.

"He died some days later. They beat him to death for refusing to talk."

"He was a brave man," said Daniel's father. "A friend to be proud of."

"He was brave," Ramon repeated slowly. "And I'm glad you think so too." He rose, "You see, that man was your son."

say, Rival; Mrs. Raymunda Guidote Avila of Manila; Mrs. Lucia C. Abriol of Echague, Isabela;

(Continued on page 24)

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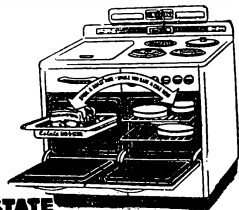
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