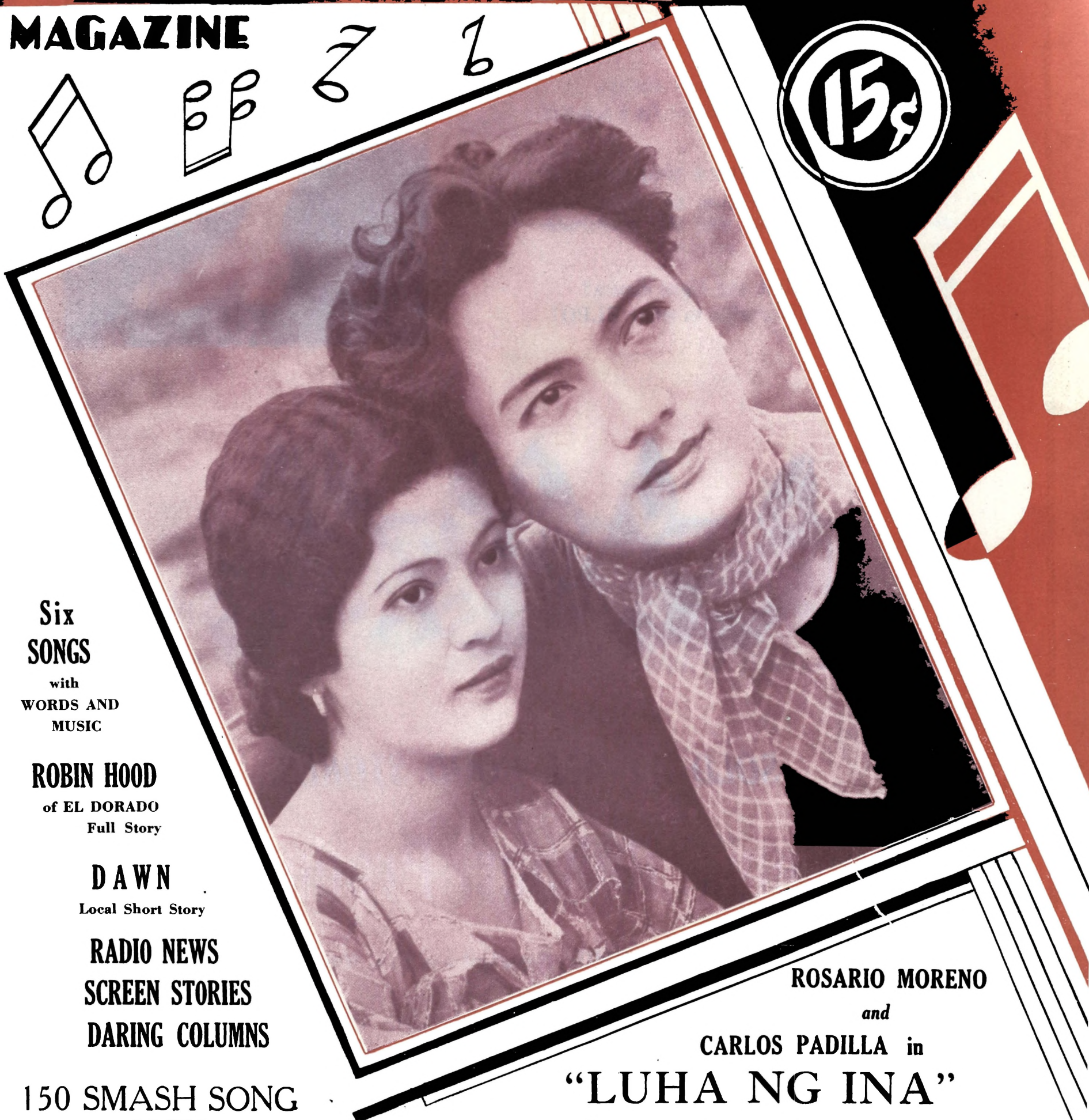
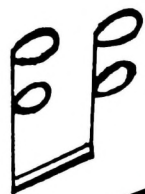
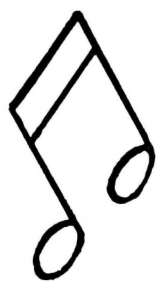


MARCH, 1950

LITERARY

SONG MOVIE

MAGAZINE



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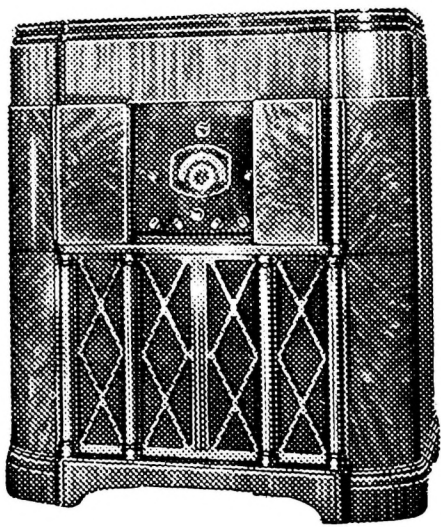
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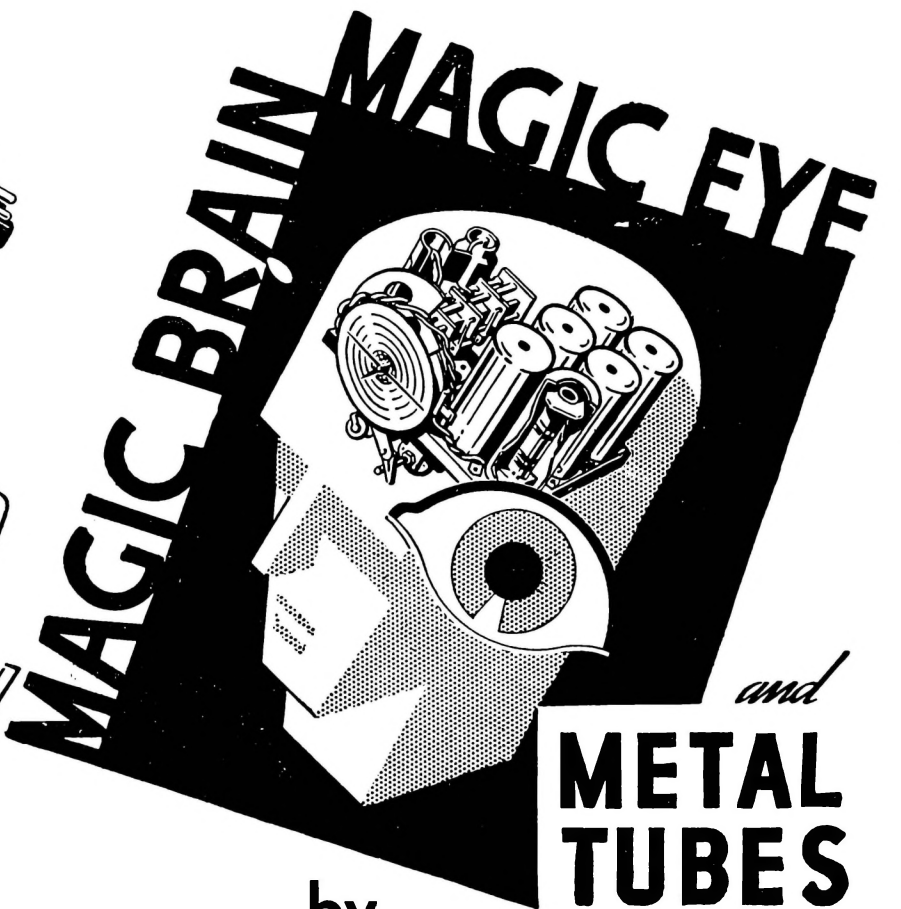
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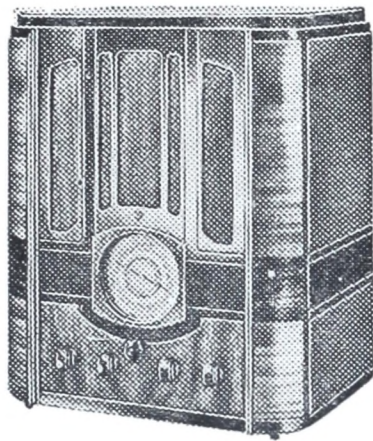
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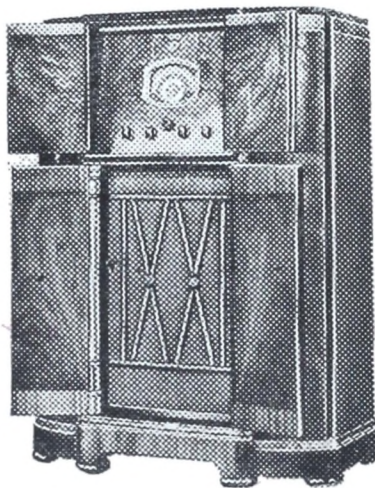
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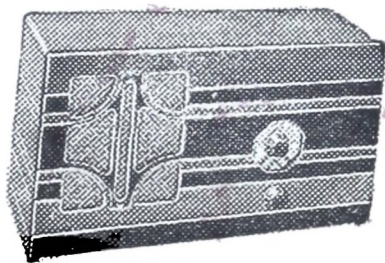
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INDEX OF SONGS

Index of Advertisers

About A Quarter To Nine ...	22	Ikaw Ang Dahilan	39
Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life ..	22	I'll Be Faithful	31
Ako'y Patatawarin	39	I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You .	21
Alone	20	I'm In The Mood For Love ..	34
Amor Mio	46	Image Of You, The	33
Amor Santo	46	In Caliente	22
An Orchid To You	32	Isn't This A Lovely Day	21
Awit Ng Pagibig	39	It's All My Fault	32
Can't You See	15	It's Easy To Remember	32
Carioca	46	Keep Your Fingers Crossed ..	19
Carmen	46	Lady In Red, The	22
Chasing Shadows	31	Let It Be Me (Music) 25 (Ly-	
Cheek To Cheek	34	ric)	17
Cocktails For Two	22	Let me Sing You To Sleep ..	22
Crooner's Lullaby	19	Little Rose Of The Rancho ...	20
Cucaracha, La	21	Lonely Gondolier	17
Devil In The Deep Blue Sea,		Lovely Liza Lee	15
'The	15	Lovely To Look At	22
Don't Give Up The Ship	31	Lulu's Back In Town (Music)	
Ev'ry Day	21	28 (Lyric)	17
Fatal Fascination	17	Many Happy Returns Of The	
Flirtation Walk	22	Day	33
Good-bye	15	May Hinala Ako	39
Hain Na Pinangga	39	May I	31
Haunting Me	15	Melancholy Me	15
Hawaiian Paradise	15	Mine Alone	20
Here's To Romance	31	Moonlight And Violins	22
How Do I Rate With You ...	19	Muchacha	21
I Cannot Forget	34	Na Momotan	39
I Feel Like A Feather In The		Night When Love Was Born,	
Breeze (Music) 30 (Lyric) 19		The	34
I Was Lucky	21	Object Of My Affection, The .	22
I Wished On The Moon	33	On Treasure Island	32
If I Should Lose You	20	Outside Of You (Lyric and	

Music)	29	A & P Co., Inc.	27
Paris In The Spring	22	Ang Tibay	38
Quiero Un Canto Gitano	46	Ault & Wiborg	11
Red Sails In The Sunset	20	Benipayo Press	32
Ridin' Up The River Road ...	15	Botica Boie	42
Rose In Her Hair, The	19	Compañia Maritima	4
She's A Latin From Manhattan	22	De Luxe Bazar	41
Sing Before Breakfast	31	De Luve Fashion School . 17 & 20	
Singing a Happy Song	21	Erlanger & Galinger	2
Sinta	39	Excelsior Institute	46
So Red The Rose (Music) 27		Farmacacia Central	49
(Lyric)	17	Gala Fashion	47
Sor Matilde	39	Golden Luck	Back Cover
Sweet Music	21	I. Beck Inc.	10
Thanks A Million	33	Indian Head	36
That's What You Think	20	Levy & Blum	4
Thief In The Night	20	Lorenzana Sports Supply	48
Thunder Over Paradise	19	Manila Steamship Co.	44
Titang	39	Max Factor	7
Too Beautiful For Words ...	33	P. V. Lopez Beauty Parlor ..	9
Top Hat, White Tie and Tais .	21	Pioneer Institute Of Technology	
Walang Kamatayan	39	Inside Back Cover	
We Were So Young	21	Roldan's Neckwear Store	50
Weary (Lyric and Music) ...	24	Totem	3
You Alone	33		
You Can Be Kissed	17		
You Hit The Spot	19		
You're All I Need	20		
You're An Angel	34		
You're An Eyeful Of Heaven .	32		
You're Charming	32		
You're Driving Me Crazy	31		

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If you want to learn the tunes of the song hits published in the Literary Song Movie Magazine tune in your radio to KZIB every Wednesday from 6:40 to 7:00 P.M.—The Literary Song Movie Magazine Period.

The Editor's Page

BETTER ENTERTAINMENT

For the past few weeks it seems that radio broadcasting in the Islands has taken a serious and successful step in originating a list of varied programs to meet the satisfaction of all radio listeners. The monotony reflected by a number of programs which used to vibrate in the receiving sets and which were the target of all complaints have all seemed to have minimized and opened the new route for better entertainment.

This discernible improvement in broadcasting can be noticed over all our radio stations. The "Amateur Period," specially, is one of the many organized programs that has won the appraisal of several. This program is put over in an entirely different manner from the rest; it's worth mentioning that this period is credited to be overflowed with humor and other entertaining features. As a secondary benefit, it serves as a field for the studios wherein to discover new talents in all the branches of music. It has been witnessed that for the past years the same group of staff artists are constantly heard, and whether this fact diffuses favorably on the public, we doubt immensely. We believe that nothing is so tiresome than to listen to the same voice or voices in an exaggerated number of times, reducing and burying the attention paid by every listener.

May the aforementioned progress then, keep constantly moving towards its satisfying peak of perfection and attain what the public has always desired to cherish.

Literary SONG MOVIE Magazine

PEDRO VERA, *Publisher*
FLAVIO G. MACASO, *Circulation Manager*

(A MONTHLY PUBLICATION)
March, 1936—Vol. II, No. 7
Tel. 2-35-83

AL NAFTALY, *Radio Editor*
RAFAELA S. DE VERA, *Business Manager*

Many a time you would discover yourself in a position to say it with songs to your friends, and would wish you could just sing your way into their hearts. Then again, must you disappoint them if they ask you about the popular attractions coming to your Theatre? You would not, much less must not, wait for these situations to catch you unawares. Fill now the subscription blank below, and rest assured that the LITERARY SONG-MOVIE MAGAZINE will do all these things for you in the best interest of service.

The LITERARY SONG-MOVIE MAGAZINE is published monthly, with materials direct from Hollywood, at 134-140 Solana, Walled City, Manila, Philippine Islands. Single copy, 15 centavos. Subscription price in the Philippine Islands, ₱1.50 for one year. Foreign subscription price, ₱3.00; single copy, 30 centavos. Remit payments for subscription by Postal Money Order, payable only to the LITERARY SONG-MOVIE MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 36, Manila. Entered as second-class mail matter on October 25, 1934, at the Manila Post Office. Changes of address of subscribers must reach us two weeks in advance of next issue date, giving both old and new addresses. All manuscripts should be addressed to Editorial Office of the LITERARY SONG-MOVIE MAGAZINE, at P. O. Box 36, Manila. Unless accompanied by return postage stamps, manuscripts not used for publication, will not be returned. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited materials.

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MAXIMA LUMAIN
ISABEL BREARLY

Radio Revels' Latest Surprise—Ginger	9
The Right To Live	A Warner Bros. Picture 12
Robin Hood Of El Dorado	A M-G-M Picture 12
Broadway Hostess	A Warner Bros. Picture 13
Dawn	A local Short Story by PAULINO S. COLINA 14
Red Salute	A Reliance Picture released thru United Artists 16
Miss Radio Night A Success	18
So Red The Rose	A Paramount Picture 35
Soak The Rich	A Paramount Release 37
Miss F. R. Cruz Speaks	38

DEPARTMENTS

The Editor's Page	5
Studio Facts (Questions And Answers)	7
Radio Section	8
Hefty's Column	9
Sparks From The Antenna	by DON ALVA 11
Telling Mama	Conducted by MADAME G'ORNET 11
Coming Out Hits	15
Featured Songs	17
Hits Of The Season	19
Review Of Popular Songs	21
Requested And Dedicated Songs	31
Orchids Or Razzberries	by WATER WIND SHELL 36
The Chatter Box	by RUY I. ABUEG 38
Parodies	38
Dialect Songs	39
The Friendly Club	Conducted by MISS ALICE BRIAN 40
Horse Laffs And Belly Aches	42
Seccion Castellana	43

MUSIC SECTION

Outside Of You	Featured in "Broadway Gondolier." 29
Weary	From the Warner Bros. Picture, "Broadway Hostess." 24
Let It Be Me ..	From the Warner Bros. Picture, "Broadway Hostess." 25
So Red The Rose	Inspired by the Paramount Picture, "So Red The Rose." 27
Lulu's Back In Town	From "Broadway Gondolier." 28
I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze	From the Paramount Picture, "Collegiate." 30

STUDIO FACTS Questions and Answers

DO YOU KNOW:—

1. How old is Cielito Rey and where does she study?
2. Exactly just why does Ramon Escudero wear a moustache?
3. What is the Baron's real name?
4. What is the most popular program on the air at present?
5. The "Black and White" comparsa that won the second prize on the last carnival was composed and organized by whom?
6. Why doesn't Don Alva announce over KZRM anymore?
7. Is the use of a gong absolutely necessary in the Amateur Hour of KZRM?
8. What happened to Lily Tavera? Why is she not heard for quite a long time already?
9. Why has Pat Arcaoli dropped the Sunset Melody Hour?
10. Who furnishes all the Tagalog write-ups of Tagalog programs of KZIB?
11. What is Rosita Contreras' favorite expression?
12. What are Mariano Ventura's and Frankie Genato's weakness?
13. Who is KZIB's big attraction on every Tuesday afternoon at 6:00 o'clock?
14. Aside from the principal par-

takers of the play "Fright Killer" broadcast by the KZ-IB Dramatic Club, who are those that are partly responsible for its success?

Who's Who In The "Rhythm Minstrels?"

15. Who is its new find—an attractive girl with a swell low voice?
16. What is Johnny Boy's, the piano soloist, real name?
17. Who are Pee Wee, accompanist, and Jo-Jo, its conductor?
18. What are two interesting features of KZRM's Amateur Hour?
19. Who are the radio personalities that left for Japan recently?
20. Who is the youngest radio artist to date?
21. Who are the radio songbirds that will be leaving on a Students' Tour down South?
22. The latest "come-back" to be staged within many months is that of whom?
23. Who interchanges the Klim Dancing Party every other Saturday evening?
24. Who are the first two artists to be picked by Johnny Harris for his "Future Stars of the Air" broadcast?

25. Next to "Now You're On The Air" program, what is the other program that receives the largest amount of fan mail?
26. Who is the radio luminary who will graduate as a lawyer from the U.P. College of Law?
27. Are the members of the College Harmonizers still the same as before?

ANSWERS:—

1. Sixteen years old; she studies at the Mapa High.
2. We can't answer this one. Whenever we ask Ramon he just smiles inscrutably and shakes his head.
3. Harry Fenton. He also announces on KZRM.
4. Well, that's hard to say but for entertainment—pure and simple—the Now You're On The Air program over KZRM can't be beaten. Everybody likes it.
5. It was composed mostly by radio artists and stars. Its organizers are Hon. Pedro Vera, Bernie Nolasco (dance director), Luis F. Nolasco (manager), and Miguel Velarde, Jr., (musical director).
6. He does, although in the morning only. He has to get up so early that he has to be

7. Certainly. In other words it serves as an indirect way of saying N.G. (No Good).
8. Lily is quite busy nowadays. She has very little time for herself or her many fans.
9. To be able to tackle more seriously his neglected books.
10. Simplicio Hernandez, staff announcer.
11. "Tapungol,"—a visayan word for sock. (Ouch, that hurts!)
12. Ieed cold papaya.
13. Mercedes Ponce Enrile. She possesses a voice that's worthwhile listening to.
14. Manding Monsura, the person in charge of the sound effects and Lulu Magpayo, who played the part of the gangster's moll.

Who's Who In The "Rhythm Minstrels?"

15. She is Miss Olive Oswald.
16. The Jo-Jo Rag Band. It's hot with burning rhythm.
17. Jose Arevalo, another fine ivory tickler.
18. Pee Wee and Jo-Jo is the same person—Vero Perfecto in person, a tall guy with bright ideas.
19. They are Baron Unteheisen, master of ceremonies, and the

(Continued on page 47)



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Miss Philippines and Queen Mercedes I



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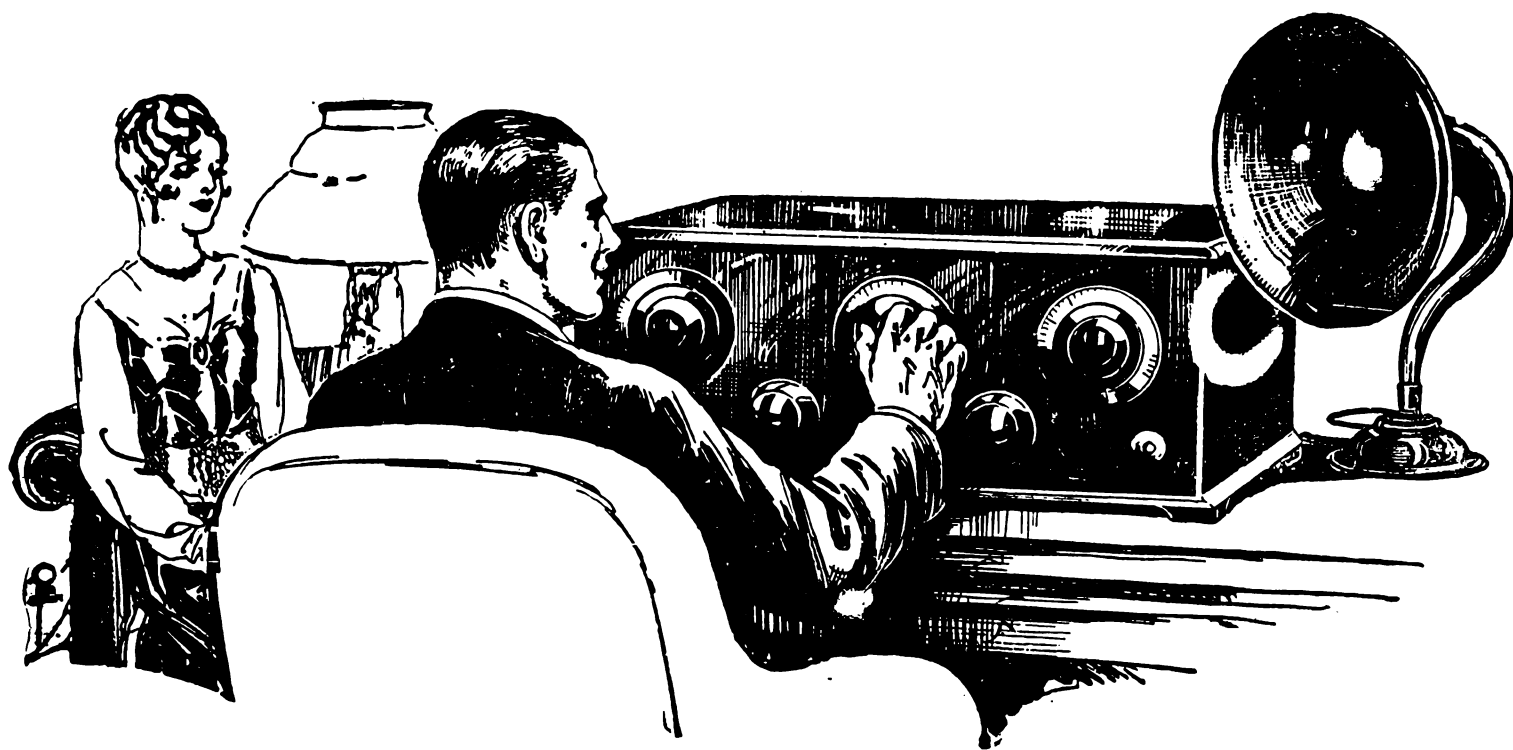


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Miss Mindanao

RADIO SECTION



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AL

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KZRM

OF

KZIB

Johnny and His Amateurs are big "time" now and we wonder if he will become as popular as Major Bowes and His Kids, who at present are not only touring the United States on the stage by popular demand but are even making moving pictures... I know that this is more of a job than some of you think... You can't even count the mob that applies for a chance to get on the program... However, I really believe that either the master of ceremonies pep up the program with *original* cracks or a new one be put in. I really don't know who could do it but I do imagine any of the announcers are capable of doing a better job than that which is being presented at present... However, don't let anyone kid you... this Amateur Program is the "tops" in as much as the purpose of the program is concerned.

The broadcasting of the Base-ball Game between the Hawaiian All-Stars and the crack Calamba Team certainly was another feather in Ray Johnston's cap... good old Ray... always can depend on a good turn out and interesting broadcast when it concerns sports.

...The Philippine's Ted Husing... Oh yeah... But the broadcasting of the Tennis matches on the same day was pretty sour according to reports... It must be realized that Tennis is really a difficult game to broadcast, but if can't be done so that the listeners can understand it, why at all?

Lina Flor's program with Rafy Artigas is the best on the air at present. The Radio Scamps

had the spot-light for three issues according to me but seem to be getting a bit rusty of late... Don't know whether the cause lies in the fact that the same type of music is being played or sung too much or whether the original pep is washed up... At any rate, either Lina Flor's voice has improved a great deal or I must have been sleeping. A swell program too... listen in... "Five Feet of Melody."

Be on the look out for the DX program, which will originate in the studio of KZRM and will travel all thru the United States.

Listeners of the States have been notified and are anxiously awaiting the broadcast. The Radio Revellers will be featured. The date is set for March 29th.

KZIB's newest form of entertainment, although it is not the first time presented on the air, is it's own Dramatic Club which, up to the present has aired three dramatizations which were approved of enthusiastically by the many who tuned in... The policy of these dramatizations is to take a true detective story and arrange it into a radio play. Presented in a smart and interesting way with a cast noted for its enunciation, and the very latest in Radio Sound Effect equipment, letters of praise was the result... so much so, that the fourth play is now under rehearsals.

Sunset Tea Dance program, directed by Herbert Humphrey, every Friday, from 5:00 to 6:00 is a newly originated broadcast featuring two twinkling tunes via Brunswick and Columbia Records.

Requests are favored in any of these Tea Dance broadcasts, provided they are written in and not by phone...

The very latest in records will arrive about the middle of March and will be set aside for the Sunset Tea Dance Hour...

Family Skeletons, a new series of interesting dramatized transcriptions are now being broadcast and liked by the listeners. This appeals more to the women-flok, young or old, in as much as it indulges into family and home life actual experiences... This is on the air three times a week... Monday... Thursday... and Saturday...

The Tuesday Revellers are now directed by Terry Enage who in the past two or three months has made quite a name for himself in Radio Circles. Terry was brought to the Studio by Francisco Moli-

na and with his fine tenor voice went ahead by leaps and bounds, so that, now that Francisco has increased his working hours in the Legislative building, Terry was immediately appointed the Number One Man. It is our belief that Terry will do a good job with the Revellers as they've needed a bit of polishing for quite some time, and according to Terry, he means business... The Sunset Melody Hour was a good program, liked by all, but little by little it started to slip from its high standards, so much so, that the program director saw that he could not do any more to raise it so off it went from the air and now everybody's crazy about the Sunset Tea Dancer taking its place.

Did you happen to hear the remote control broadcast from the lobby of the Lyric Theatre last month, while the broadcasting of the Premier Showing of the Philippine Films Production, "Ang Pamana Ng Pulubi," was going on? This broadcast was made possible through the thoughtfulness of Fran Hale, president of the Hale Shoe Co., manufacturers of ESCO Shoes, made in the Philip-

(Continued on page 47)

If you want to learn the tunes of the song hits published in the Literary Song Movie Magazine tune in your radio to KZIB every Wednesday from 6:40 to 7:00 P.M.—The Literary Song Movie Magazine Period.

Hefty's Column

Radio Revels' Latest Surprise—Ginger

My first subject is a sort of a razz . . . but . . . not to any radio personality . . . on the contrary to a person who asked me to investigate a certain condition over one of the Radio Stations, wherein he claimed that a director of a program was receiving compensation for the participants on his program . . . but these participants never received anything for their talented services. If you will recall, in the last issue of this publication . . . I promised to look into the matter and should these accusations be true . . . I would certainly make an expose of the whole business . . . Well . . . I did look into it . . . and quite thoroughly at that . . . and I can readily say that . . . nothing of the kind has ever happened and this is not according to the director of the particular program in mind. . . . Now! . . . the person, who asked me to investigate and make an expose, declares, "Aw . . . maybe not now . . . but before." I was asked to investigate . . . I did investigate . . . and the accuser either can't take the truth . . . or has a personal grudge against the person in mind . . . in which case I'm not the least bit interested . . . and if you, readers, agree with me I should like to hear from you so that I may publish your letters and at the same if you do not agree with me . . . write anyway and I'll do the same. . . .

Do you still recall the recommendations I presented for good programs over Radio Manila last month? . . . well . . . here are a few new ones . . . and for good radio entertainment . . . lend your ears to the following broadcasts over the above mentioned station . . . "Spice of Rhythm." . . . still worth the full value of five stars . . . "Manila Radiorites." . . . "Edna Icasiano's Fifteen Minutes," with Ariston Avelino.

For KZIB . . . I should say that the fairly new-comer . . . The Virginia Rambler . . . is another five star broadcast . . . he's on the air every Saturday evening from 9:00 to 9:25 . . . and comes all the way from Fort Hughs to do his broadcast each week . . . "Sunset Tea Dance Program," every Friday from 5:00 to 6:00 P. M., arranged and directed by Herbert Humphrey.

How's about a better arrangement regarding the presentation of programs on all three stations? . . . This is either up to the director or announcer of the various programs . . . Get away from . . . "The next number will be" . . . etc. . . . Yes . . . there are a few people who take the time and effort to present their programs a bit differently and

(Continued on page 47)

The other day I dropped into Radio Manila while a group who called themselves, "The Radio Revels," were on the air, and as soon as I spotted, a little bit of a girl stepped up to the "mike" with all the confidence of well experienced Radio Performer, a smile on her face, and a confident



GINGER

air all around her. I thought to myself, "I'll just hang around and ask her a few questions." Well I did and you are about to read the answers:—

This little girl I'm writing about, and want you to know, is called "Ginger," though her real name is Nelly. . . . She is only nine years of age and is as cute as can be. . . . She has that pleasing charms to look at, brown hair and her brown large eyes attract you in an unexplainable manner . . .

Her spot on the air comes every Sunday over Station KZRM, she being a featured performer on the Revels . . .

But just talking to Ginger for five minutes, I could see that she

was exceptionally smart for her age . . . and just for a laugh, I asked this young lady if she has a "sweetheart," to which she replied, "Give me time, will you?" . . . What do you make of that ??? Her disposition is not of conceit or that of a spoiled kid, which is usually the case with young children that are making good over the air, on the contrary Ginger has a peppy, and sunny disposition that helps to make you love the little darling.

Ginger tells me she has traveled a lot abroad and that is probably the reason why she has more knowledge of what's going on around her at all times, much than others of her age.

Speaking in terms of music, though she sings popular hits, she prefers the classics . . . She's a marvel when it comes to reciting from Shakespeare.

And, readers, for the first time a control man of the Station KZRM rates in an interview. . . . We refer to my old pal "Jim" to all his pals and to you James Quigley, control engineer of Radio Manila who, Ginger, claims is her best pal. . . .

Ginger in as much as instru-

mentals are concerned is quite advanced in playing the Filipinos' favorite instrument, the guitar, and she really does play it well. . . . I again repeat, that to hear and appreciate the performances of Ginger, without seeing her, you will not for a moment believe you are being entertained by a nine year old girl. . . .

Another surprise comes up now. . . . Usually in all interviews I ask the person who is being featured who his or her favorite local radio star is. Ginger has changed the name of Lily Raquiza at last and says way out loud in a firm voice, "Lily Pardo de Tavera."

Now, let us get away from the subject of Radio for a few moments, for my next question's answer was really a surprise to me. . . . I asked Ginger what her ambitions were. . . . what she wanted to be when she grew up. . . . I really expected to hear, "A Radio Star," or something like it but here is what I did hear:

To my question regarding her ambitions, Ginger replied, "I'm going to do everything I possibly can to become a first class Avia-

(Continued on page 47)

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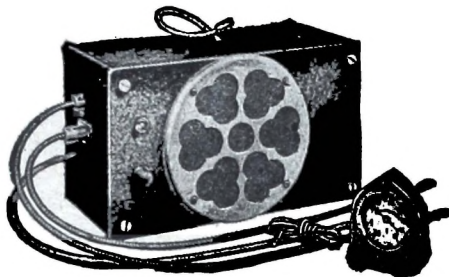
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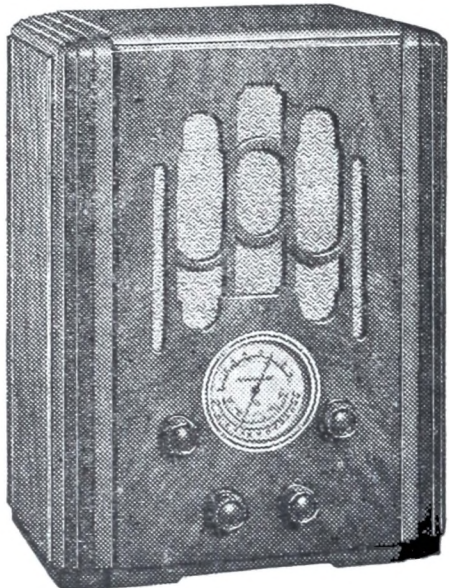
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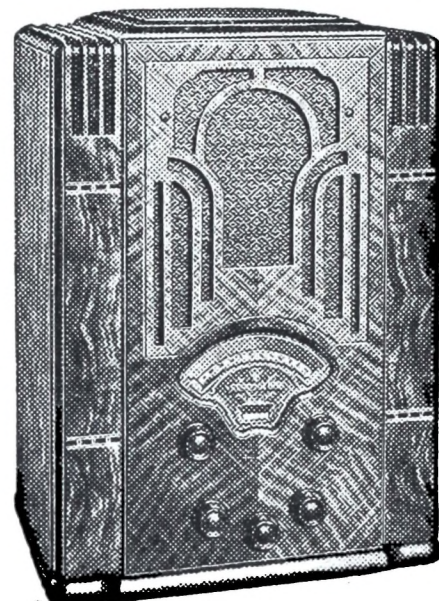
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Sparks From The Antenna

By Don Alva

D'ja ever try to write a column like this'n in ten minutes time and ten minutes only? It's a lotta fun.

It giffs a boost for lil' Ginger. Only nine yrs. old she's everybody's sweetheart. Cute trick she is and when I asked her in the course of an unofficial interview if she smokes she retorted in the affirmative, confessing once in a while she does just that, hiding in the bathroom to do so. Incidentally Ginger asked me not to mention this. Alright, Ginger, I won't. But your ma and pa won't read this column anyhow. Nobody does, except one guy I know of and his initials are D. A.

One thing that frazzles me is where the Rhythm Minstrels of 1936 were during the now dead and buried year of 1935. Open my radio one blue and moonless night and there they are, ionizing the atmosphere in gay minstrelsy fashion. Keep it up, Vero. You got something there.

Just heard that Miss Philippines of 1936's favorite jazz crew is Jan Garber's. Ain't that nice? Take a bow, Jan. And play one of your nicest tunes for Queen Mercedes. Are yuh lissinin'?

Here's how one wit (maybe I'm only half-right when I say wit) traces the history of a joke.

Freshman thinks it up and tells it to Senior. Senior says it's lousy but sends it in the campus tabloid. Editor rejects it but later on needin' to fill up space prints it as an original (his) gag. Magazines and papers take turns reprinting the gag. Twenty years later the Philippine Collegian prints it on page four. Fifty years later professors tell the joke

in class. And seventy five years later it gets featured on the Now You're On the Air program. And then the Baron tells it.

Mitzi was shocked when she saw the title of a book I was reading the other day. Why, Mitzi, there are facts of life that must be confronted.

J.M.C.'s got nice eyes. That's what a bevy of NYOTA fans exclaimed when they glimpsed that gent haranguing a ribbon mike. Now don't say I never boosted you.

STUDIO FLASHES, HOT FROM THE KEYHOLE. — Ramon Escudero wears striped B.V.Dees & Cielito Franquelli . . . er . . . oops . . . and ahem! . . . Cielito hasn't been singing so often of late. Quite busy girl she says. Ramon Alberto is seen infrequently 'round these parts. He's working tooth & nail and hasn't much time nowadays. Secretary to the President says the NYOTA Deep Dramatic Stock Company and accessory features wow him everytime. You're tellin' us! Aurelia's program went over big with the sponsors. Good work, Roberta and Lina. A cigar for both of you. An organ's been installed in KZEG studio for the exclusive benefit of those who can't play any instrument—'cause you see no matter what notes you hit on an organ it comes out plenty melodious.

Impressed with a contralto torch-singer I heard 'tother night. Bli'me if I caught the name. But she's a nice-looker, too.

'Scuse me if this column's too long. Had no time to write a short one.



Editor's note:—

If your Cupid's Bow runs into trouble, don't hesitate to seek Madame G'Ornet's help. All letters are welcomed and she will just be too glad to give you her advice. Address your letters to Madame G'Ornet, LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 36, Manila.

At Home

Dear Desperate Monette,

It is true that sometimes things of this nature happen. If the man became disgusted just because you did such act you are partly to blame. What you should do is to watch for the most timely occasion to explain to him why you did it.

Bulacan

Dear Madame G'Ornet,

I am engaged to a girl who is now in one of the exclusive schools for girls in Manila. We hardly could communicate because the sisters are very strict. This situation, however, made me pass sleepless night. I am terribly sick. What shall I do?

Elifania

Iloilo

Dear Elifania,

Drink oval time and from that you will forget the unnecessary thoughts of writing her. Wait for the long vacation. If she goes home you can talk to her all the time you want to explain yourself in this love that you are in.

Manila

Dear Madame G'Ornet,

Two gentlemen were both in love with me and most fortunately I love them, too. Both belong to rich families. Both are willing to die rather than lose me. The only difference that they harbor is in their attainment, one being a mere high school graduate and the other a college graduate.

Will you kindly advise me whom to choose?

Nemer

Dear Nemer,

In this case, things all being equal, just toss a coin. What ever result you get then you have less to blame.

Torres High School

Dear Madame G'Ornet,

I am engaged to a man who possesses qualities of a true gentleman. We both love each other faithfully. What seems to bar me from giving him all my love is that he is my third degree cousin much more our family names are the same. Will you kindly give me some opinions as to this matter?

June In January

Dear Troubled Nits,

Avoid the chauffeur. Some of this specimens are also atrevido and maybe that is why your man is jealous. Next thing to do is be good to him always although not too much.

Troubled Nits

Province

Dear Madame,

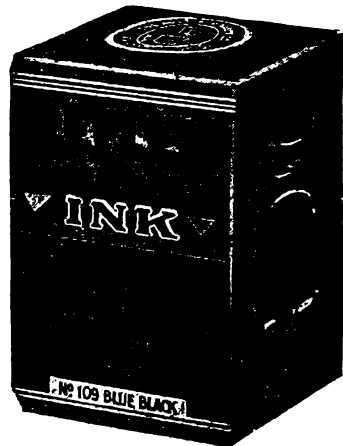
I have been engaged to a nice Romeo for two years already. He is in Manila, a senior law student. We are very good to each other and our letters then were always prompt. Time came, however, when this devotion stopped. I remember that in his last letter he asked me very important questions which needed my final say relative to a quarell that we had. I did not answer the question. I don't want to lose him. What shall I do?

Desperate Monette

(Continued on page 47)

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THE RIGHT TO LIVE

A Warner Bros. Picture

THE STORY

Only Somerset Maugham could have written "The Right To Live" for it required the pen of a master to tell the story of two brothers' love for the same woman, and the heroic sacrifice made by one so that his wife might find happiness with the other. Here is romance, drama and tragedy all enacted by a wonderful cast which includes Josephine Hutchinson, star of stage and screen, George Brent, Colin Clive, Peggy Wood, Henrietta Crosman and C. Aubrey Smith.

Maurice Trent (Colin Clive), a wealthy Englishman, wins the love of Stella Boughton (Josephine



Josephine Hutchinson in "The Right To Live".

Hutchinson), a beautiful American girl and marries her. Returning from their honeymoon, Maurice crashes in an aeroplane and injures his spine so that his legs are paralyzed.

As the months pass, he sees the unnatural situation is wearing his wife out and he sends for his brother Colin (George Brent), who is in South America, to come home. Stella and Colin, constantly thrown together, fall in love with one another. Colin decides to return to South America and Stella, in a moment of emotion, asks him to take her along.

Trent's nurse overhears the conversation and believes they are planning to elope although neither of them had such an intention. Trent first suspects that his wife and brother love each other on the day he is told he would never walk again. Late that night, he takes an overdose of sleeping medicine, first pledging his mother, who saw him swallow the draught, not to tell that he had committed suicide. The nurse accuses Stella of murder, believing that she had killed

her husband because of her love for his brother.

The mother, in order to keep



George Brent as Colin Trent in the Warner Bros. picture, "The Right To Live."

her promise of silence, confesses that she killed her son, but the truth is finally wrung from her. Colin returns to South America with the promise to come back to Stella the next year.

THE CAST

Stella Trent . . . Josephine Hutchinson
 Colin Trent . . . George Brent
 Maurice Trent . . . Colin Clive
 Nurse Wayland . . . Peggy Wood
 Mrs. Trent . . . Henrietta Crosman
 Major Liconda . . . C. Aubrey Smith
 Dr. Harvester . . . Leo G. Carroll
 Alice Phyllis Coghlan



Colin Clive

He strode proudly through the group of admiring peons, his eyes dark and arrogant and filled with fire. His quick and supple body moved with the grace of flowing water and a smile flashed gaily on his dark face as he weaved in and out between stout Mexican women carrying platters of tortillas and peons bearing crates of pigeons for the feast.

And why should not he, Joaquin Murietta, throw out his chest and strut like a Mexican game cock? Was not Rosita, the loveliest of California's flowers, giving herself to him in marriage on this gay day of the *Fiesta* of the Grapes? And was there one among the two hundred peons of the great Señor de la Cuesta's *hacienda* who did not envy his prize?

Joaquin saw her at last, sitting on a hamper between Tomas and Pedro, but her eyes were for him alone. Rosita! How well her name described her. A little rose indeed. There were roses in her cheeks, there was the blush of a deep petal in the dusky redness of her lips, and the softness of a tawny blossom in the warm texture of her skin.

"Rosita—what a woman!" Joaquin cried with mock sternness. "This very night we will be married, and here you sit with two *caballeros* making sheep's eyes at you! Come here! Give me a kiss!" Her dark eyes were bright with happiness as her slender body swayed toward him. Hers was the natural grace and charm of a woman of the earth, and for Rosita there was no yesterday and no tomorrow—only Joaquin, who pressed her to him with demanding and protecting warmth.

"*Mi querida!* My lovely one!" he murmured.

She tore herself from his arms as a sudden voice made them both aware that their embrace was delighting a crowd of onlookers.

"What does all this kissing mean? For shame, Rosita!"

Joaquin's face lighted with affection as he saw that the scolding voice came from his mother. She was blind and could not have known he was kissing his bride-to-be if someone had not whispered to her. Yes, there was the culprit behind the *madre's* ample skirts—his elder brother Jesus, whose kindly face glowed at the success of his little jest.

"It is all right, *madre*," said Rosita, and her low voice was as eager and vibrant an instrument as her body. "I give all my kisses to Joaquin." A respectful silence descended on the merry-makers as they saw their master, De la Cuesta, approaching in the distance with his party. His lovely, aristocratic daughter Juanita was with him, and a self-assured man in American military uniform who must be Captain Osborne, inspecting this country so newly conquered from Mexico.

"Those *Americanos*," glowered Tomas blackly. "They are no good."

"What about the Mexicans?" asked Joaquin slyly. "They are not so good—some of them. It's that way all over the world, Tomas. Some are good and some are bad. They have a right to be here."

"No!" cried the fiery young revolutionist. "We Mexicans are here

first. What difference does that make to them? None!"

"What do you expect to do about it?" Joaquin seemed faintly amused.

"I show you!" cried Tomas. He drew his knife, hurled it, swiftly, and the blade whizzed past Osborne's ear like an angry bee, embedding itself in a post a few feet behind him. Osborne's face blanched.

Joaquin!" De la Cuesta, puzzled and angry, singled out Joaquin as the perpetrator of the outrage. Joaquin approached with dignity. "Who threw that knife?"

ROBIN Of El D

From the book by
An M-G-M

After a moment Joaquin said quietly, "I did, *señor*."

Juanita's luminous dark eyes studied Joaquin with a look of wonder. She well knew, if her father did not, that Joaquin was incapable of committing such a gross affront.

"Joaquin," said De la Cuesta angrily, "you are guilty of great rudeness to an honored guest. I gave my word to Juanita that you are to be married here this afternoon and I will not go back on it—but tomorrow you leave my *ranch*. I have no place here for such a peon."

Joaquin bowed gravely as De la Cuesta and Osborne moved away, leaving him alone with Juanita. Her dark eyes studied him softly as he stood before her.

"Why did you take the blame for something you didn't do?" she asked in a low voice.

His smile flashed as he asked deferentially, "Why do you defend me, *Señorita*?"

"We are both Mexicans, aren't we?"

"And I—am only a woman." She hesitated and turned away her eyes, as if fearful of what he might read in them. "Joaquin, you must be very happy today."

"Yes, *Señorita*, I must. I have good reason to be happy. Look—

His whole face was alight as he watched Rosita and the wedding party approach. The bride was dressed in white, and small white flowers decked her dark hair. An outdoor altar had been erected, and before it knelt the bride and groom. Joaquin's splendid new clothes were brightened by a brilliant sash around his waist.

De la Cuesta, Juanita and Captain Osborne watched while the *padre* read the ceremony. At the altar's left stood *Madre* Murietta and Jesus. There was a trace of tears in Juanita's eyes and her warm lips were tightly pressed as if to hold back a poignant hurt.

Above the droning words of the priest burst the frantic beat of pounding hoofbeats. A hatless rider, his horse lathered with foam,

BROADWAY HOSTESS

A Warner Bros. Picture

THE STORY

Winnie Wharton (*Winifred*

Shaw), a pretty, unsophisticated small town girl, finds breaking into New York as a singer is a tough job. Night Club Proprietor Big Joe Jarvis (*Joseph King*), won't even listen to her.

Lucky Lorimer (*Lyle Talbot*), a gambler, and his handy man, Fishcake Carter (*Allen Jenkins*), happen to be in the place. Lucky takes a fancy to Winnie and gets Big Joe to give her a chance. She proves to have a voice, and Lucky, appointing himself her manager, gets a large salary for her. Winnie makes a big hit, and quickly rises to the top.

Lucky is introduced to Iris Martin (*Genevieve Tobin*) a wealthy Park Avenue girl and falls in love with her, while Fishcake falls in love with her companion, Mrs. Douglas-Griswold-



Phil Regan, famous radio singer in the first National's comedy, "Broadway Hostess."



Wini Shaw in "Broadway Hostess."

THE CAST

- Winnie Wharton . Wini Shaw
- Iris Marvin . Genevieve Tobin
- Lucky Lorimer . Lyle Talbot
- Fishcake Carter . Allen Jenkins
- Tommy Blake Phil Regan
- Dorothy Dubois . Marie Wilson
- Mrs. Duncan-Griswold-Wembly Spring Byington
- Big Joe Jarvis Joseph King
- Ronnie Marvin Donald Ross
- Morse Frank Dawson
- T. T. Harry Seymour



Allen Jenkins turns equestrian much to his perplexity, in First National's comedy with music, "Broadway Hostess."

rode up to Osborne and shouted with hoarse excitement:

"Captain Osborne! They've struck gold at Sutter's Fort! Gold! Gold!"

Several peons' voices took up the cry. A feverish din of sound welled up—"Gold! Gold! Gold!" It drowned the measured Latin syllables of the *padre*. Joaquin and Rosita stared at each other with wide and fearful eyes.

"Silence, my children!" The voice of the *padre* rang sharply through the tumult. "You are in the presence of God!"

Slowly the uproar died. The *pa-*

a gold claim on a stream which ran at the edge of Joaquin's *rancho*. He walked toward them inquiringly, with Rosita following in the background.

One of the men looked up with a scowl. He wore a long mustache and was badly in need of a shave. His name was Wilson.

His partner, Tabbard, was equally unprepossessing, his face matted with a thick tangle of beard.

"Well—what do *you* want?" Wilson growled ungraciously.

"Nothing," said Joaquin pleasantly. "Just saying hello, that's all on stake claim here, huh?"

"Looks like it, don't it?" snapped Wilson belligerently. "You ain't by any chance tryin' to stop us, are you?"

"Me? No. I have no right to do that. *My* land ends here." He indicated his side of the stream, and added, with an effort to be friendly, "You know, I don't think you'll find any gold there. Someone else has already panned this creek."

"Yeh? Well, that's *their* tough luck." Wilson glared at Joaquin with sullen hatred. "And listen, Mex—you stick to your side of the creek, and we'll stick to ours."

Joaquin shrugged his shoulders and said simply. "Very good. I think I do that."

He walked back toward Rosita. Wilson's eyes followed him and a dull gleam crept into them as he studied the slender, enticing figure of Rosita.

"Not bad lookin', that girl ain't," he muttered.

"Come on. No time for that now." Tabbard interrupted sullenly. "Let's get into town."

Joaquin reined in his horse, startled by the sight of Tomas lying behind a manzanita bush peering along the barrel of a rifle. The weapon was trained on a lone covered wagon coming down the rough mountain trail. Two strange white men sat on the seat, singing in deep, chesty tones. The driver was a big, clean-shaven man with good-natured blue eyes. His companion was much younger.

Tomas' finger was tightening on the trigger. Swift as a striking snake, Joaquin drew his knife, hurled it with unerring strength. It struck the rifle barrel and knocked it out of line just as Tomas fired. But the bullet found a mark. Joaquin saw the big driver clap a hand to his shoulder with an expression of astonishment.

The younger man picked up a rifle beside him and fired a quick shot at Tomas. The Mexican slumped down behind the rocks and lay still. Joaquin leaped from his horse and ran toward his friend.

The big driver and his companion approached, guns in hand, but they withheld their fire. Joaquin crept to Tomas, cradled him in his arms, and tears welled to his eyes as he saw that his friend was dead. Joaquin looked up at the wounded driver who was staring at him curiously.

"He didn't miss because he was a poor shot". Joaquin showed the white man his knife, with a catch in his voice. "I threw my knife

(Continued on page 48)

HOOD

orado

Walter Noble Burns

Picture

dre finished the ceremony. Joaquin and Rosita rose, man and wife. The peons showered them with congratulations, but their good wishes held an undertone of excitement and of swelling greed. To Joaquin Murietta, it was a bitter omen.

The sun smiled on Joaquin's new *rancho*. His orchard was heavy with fruit and his vegetable garden full and green. The Good Lord had been kind to him and Rosita. He dug a spade into the earth beneath a vine and turned up a dozen large potatoes, and was as happy as it is given a man to be.

Rosita came running toward him from the house, balancing a Mexican water jug on her head. His warm smile lighted his face as he saw her. At a little distance from him she started prancing like a burro.

"My little burro, "Rosita!" he greeted. "She brings water to her master, eh? Whoa, Rosita! Whoa!"

She looked up at him with sparkling mockery. "The little burro, Rosita, first wants good pay from her master," she bargained.

"Pay?" He made an elaborate pretense of not understanding. "Oh, I know—a big Murietta potato!" He held one out to her.

"No-oooo!" She stamped her feet and neighed like a burro.

"No? Oh, I see. The little burro, Rosita, wants sugar!" He held out his arms to her and she pranced into them. At the end of the long kiss she neighed again, but this time it was a melting sigh and she feigned being weak in the knees. As she sank to the ground he did not catch her as she expected. Instead, he quaffed from the jug on her head as it reached the level of his lips, and seeing that she had been tricked, she flew into his arms with the gay laugh of a child.

Over her shoulder, suddenly, he caught sight of something which brought a frown to his brow. Two roughly dressed men were staking

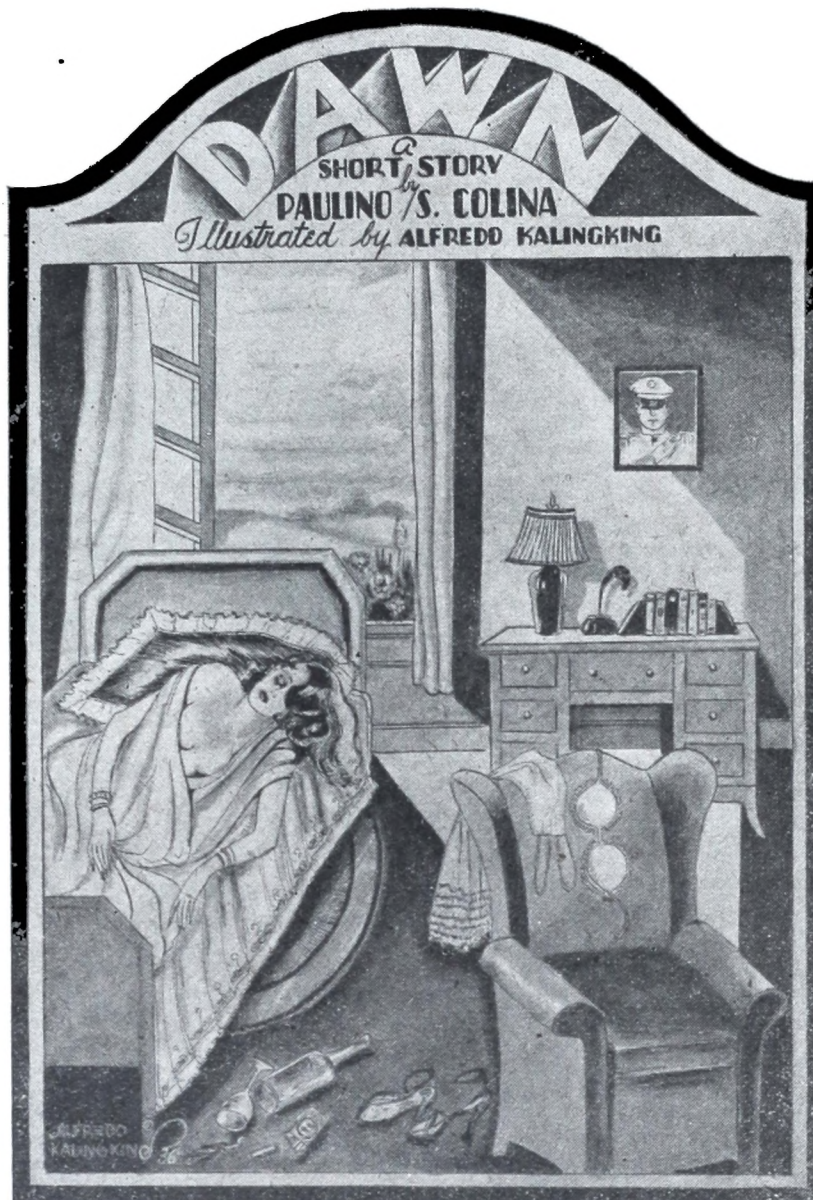
The silver rays of the morning sun had crept thru the draped window to the glistening floor. The pieces of furniture still reeking with newness stood reflected, sending rough sparkles with the early beams of the advancing light. The room itself glittered with unscathed freshness. It was a bed chamber. On the glassy floor was a pair of lady's shoes slumbering like weary creatures. Directly above it looped the edge of a large bed heavily loaded with the luxuries of comforts. A girl lay there. Her lovely face nestling on a crumpled bush of luxuriant hair portrayed an innocence vexed with the ravages of earthly amusements. Her tiny lips slightly twirled with a faded smile, but her breath emitted the steam of an evaporating fume: The odor of wine hesitatingly lingered over her.

Presently she lifted her eyelids. In astonishment her eyes loitered on the ceiling above. From there it swept the region around in a curious scrutiny. She was in a strange room. She tried to raise her head but it remained immovable with the combined weight of pain and dizziness. Thoughts of the thick files of glistening bottles entered her memory. She had been drinking. Oh yes, with the host. But it was not her fault, she was plied by the crowd, the crowd of friends that did not fail to come to fill the night with joy. She was not to be blamed. All her life she repelled all kinds of drinks except water. And who would not abide with a saintly "colegiala" whose soul has been molded behind the thick walls of a religious institution.

Yet now she found herself confined in a room totally alien to her eyes. She has been lured with the thrills of youth, with the deceitful glamour of adolescence. Too, there was Ricardo, the ever dashing boy. They have been dancing for hours mingling with the other untiring pairs. What did they do after that?

The LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE wishes to announce that short story manuscripts are welcome for publication. Each short story published will be entitled to one year FREE subscription. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by return postage stamps.

EDITOR



She smoothed her pale forehead in an earnest recollection...

They sneaked from the dancing hall and jumped into a smart roadster to spend the night in a peaceful country road. There they hugged and glided dreamily beneath the moonlight. He is a

mischievous boy, she remembered, and he was not sober last night.

She dropped her eyes to her bare shoulder. Her little fingers touched the tiny red mouth. It was still smeared with liquor.

"He did crush me....," she softly murmured, "...to smite my face with hurting kisses—there in his car under the clear white heaven."

Not contented with that, Ricardo did turn back his automobile not to return to the celebrating mob but to a house somewhere. It was a very modern chalet, and nobody was there. It was neatly furnished and beautifully decorated. The bed was cozy too. . .

She strained her eyes at the wealthy furniture under her supple body.

"Yes this is the same bed—" She shivered at the thought.

Now that she was sober she could comprehend what had taken place. She was fuddled and sophisticated with the beautiful moon and Ricardo's words of endear-

ment. She has meekly allowed herself into a decoy. . .

"Oh, why have I not died during the night!" she sighed.

Her breast heaved with the sudden contrition. Slowly tears blurred her eyes as a strange sensation ran thru her excited body. She felt unusually debilitated and tired. Again she quivered while the chilling tears streamed down her temples, damping the prostrated pillow under her head.

She would not dare arise else the naked truth should mock her. To realize the absolute defeat was more than a penalty for the tender girl to endure. What worth is beauty now? What matters education? The years of study in the seclusion of a "colegio", and the total eighteen years under the unceasing care of her loving parents was dissolved now in the mire of dishonor. How could she live? How must she face her friends? If once she was the pretty Angelita sought by worshipping admirers now she would be nothing but a scentless flower.

"God, help me!" She sobbed and thrust her drenched face into the yielding softness of the cushion. There she lost herself to endless weeping.

Sunshine had completely flooded the room. It blended with a strip of shadow as the chamber door flapped in for a young man. He was bringing a tray with the two cups of hot coffee and the bottle of milk. A maid was tiptoeing at his heels bearing a large roll of American bread and the plate of fried eggs. They placed them lightly on a small table by the window.

Two warm hands clasped the white shoulders of the wailing form in the bed.

"What's the matter, Angelita?" he asked.

Upon hearing the voice of the young man the girl walloped from the bed brandishing with hostility. "Get out, you beast; go away from me!"

"But why dear, what happened to you?" inquired the man in astonishment.

Even while Ricardo was not yet over with his inquiry Angelita choked and gasped with meaningless utterance. Her eyes fell upon the chair at the head of the bed. It was partly hidden under the heap of the entire bridal attire. The "azahar" curled carelessly on one of its heavy arms while above a hanger idly floated the white veil.

Her cheeks still dewed with childish tears, the confounded girl fell clinging to her husband's shoulder in an embarrassed understanding. That was the first morning—the dawn of her married life.

(END)

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Coming Out HITS

GOOD-BYE

By Gordon Jenkins

I'll never forget you, I'll never forget you,
I'll never forget how we promised one day
To love one another for ever that way,
We said we'd never say, Good-bye.
Now you've forgotten, I know,
No use to wonder why,
Let's say farewell with a sigh,
Let love die, but we'll go on living,
Our own way of living,
So you take the high road and I'll take the
low,
It's time that we parted,
It's much better so,
But kiss me as you go.
Good-bye.

HAUNTING ME

By Eddie De Lange and Joe Myrow

Haunting me, why are you haunting me;
Tho' you're not near to me,
You chain me, restrain me, so I'm never
free;
What a life,
I'm filled with storm and strife;
Tho' we are far apart
I see you, I hear you, you're still in my
heart,
Altho' I try to find someone new to love,
I swear by the stars above,
You come between us, haunting me,
Why keep on haunting me,
If it can never be,
Release me, release me, and stop haunting
me.

LOVELY LIZA LEE

(From Connie's "Hot Chocolate of 1935")

Lovely Liza Lee, Sweet as an April
shower,
Lovely Liza Lee, The finest gal I know;
Oh, honey, if you could care
And say you would share this life with
me,
There is no way I could miss.
Each day just one blissful dream would
be? (Liza Lee how I prize ya!)
Lovely Liza Lee, If it were in my power
You'd belong to me, And we would never
part;
Now anybody can see, It's plain as can be,
I idolize ya, Lovely Liza Lee,
You linger in my heart.

RIDIN' UP THE RIVER ROAD

By Harry Woods

Is there anybody list'n'ing to me
Feeling downhearted and blue?
Is there anybody list'n'ing to me
Wishing they knew what to do?
I know I've got no right at all
To mix in your affairs,
But if I were you here's what I'd do
To drive away troubles and cares;

Chorus

Nothing's really wrong
Get up and get along,
Forget the bills you owed.
Get the one you love
And take her riding,
Ridin' up the river road.
Listen to the breeze,
It's whisp'ring to the trees
The meadow's just been mowed,
Yes, you're getting mighty near to Heaven,
Ridin' up the river road.
There beside the stream,
You can sit and dream,
Tell her that you love her tenderly,
Throw your ev'ry care,
Watch them all go drifting to the sea.
When you turn around,
To take her back to town,
With ev'ry smile she showed
You can bet she'll always be beside you
Ridin' up the river road!

HAWAIIAN PARADISE

Hawaiian paradise, Hawaiian Heaven
Land of make believe come true,
Please take me to your heart
Hawaiian Heaven Never more to part from
you;
Let me live and laugh with you
While love is young.
And let me rest here when my day is thru;
Hawaiian paradise at last I've found you
Land of make believe come true.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

By Ted Koehler and Harold Arlen

I don't want you,
But I'd hate to lose you,
You've got me in between
The devil and the deep blue sea.
I forgive you,
'Cause I can't forget you,
You've got me in between
The devil and the deep blue sea.
I ought to cross you off my list,
But when you come knocking at my door,
Fate seems to give my heart a twist,
And I come running back for more;
I should hate you,
But I guess I love you,
You've got me in between
The devil and the deep blue sea.

MELANCHOLY ME

By Gerald Griffin and Ernie Burnett

Since you went away
My bluest skies have all turned gray,
And I miss you
More and more each day;
Birds have ceased their songs,
The flowers lost their fragrance too,
And my life is dreary
Without you:

Chorus

No one's arms to hold me,
I'm so lonely,
Pity poor old melancholy me;
Just can't go on living,
Dear, without you,
Life for me is empty as can be;
Ev'ry minute of the day
My thoughts all turn to you,
Wond'ring if somebody else
Enjoys the love I knew;
Guess I'll always go on
Being lonely,
Poor old melancholy me.

Second verse

Lonely dear I pine,
And think of days when you were mine,
And keep wondering
If you miss me too;
Ev'ry thing seems wrong
I miss your smile and cheery song,
And the little things
You used to do.

CAN'T YOU SEE?

By Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert

Can't you see,
The reason I'm so blue, dear?
Can't you see,
It's on account of you, dear?
Can't you see
What I'm referring to, dear?
Honestly, can't you see?
Look at me,
Then use imagination,
Can't you see,
That you're my inspiration?
Can't you see,
I want a new relation, instantly?
If you'll just look into my eyes,
Then you will find, dear,
Words that my lips hesitate to say.
Anyone at all,
Can read my mind, dear,
It gives me right away.
Won't you bring,
My heaven into view, dear?
Anything,
You ask of me I'll do, dear,
Ev'rything,
I have belongs to you,
Can't you see how I love you?

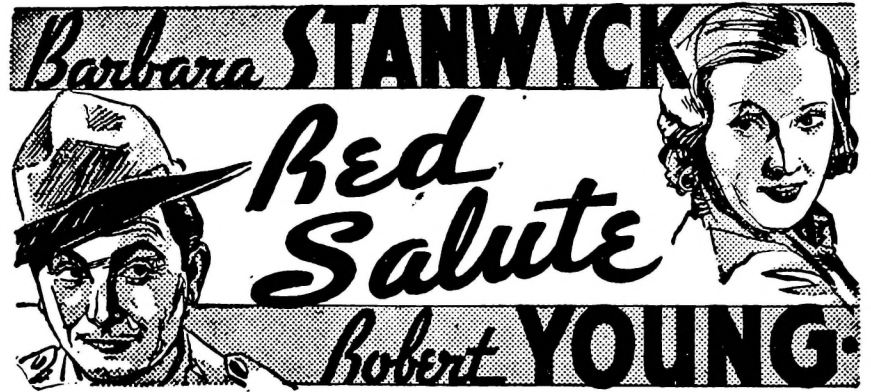
THE CAST

Drue Van Allen Barbara Stanwyck
 Jeff Robert Young
 Arner Hardie Albright
 Rooney Cliff Edwards
 Mrs. Rooney .. Ruth Donnelly
 Lefty Gordon Jones
 Louis Martin .. Paul Stanton
 General Van Allen Purnell Pratt
 Aunt Betty Nella Walker
 Joe Beal Arthur Vinton
 Baldy Edward McWade
 Dean Henry Kolker
 Border Patrolman . Henry Otho

and she resolves to rejoin him despite everything and everybody.

Drue inveigles Jeff, a handsome young American soldier on leave, into taking her across the border. Back in the United States, Jeff, realizing the possible consequences of the mad adventure, wants to turn back before it is too late, but Drue goads him into continuing the trip. Drue wins the battle of wits by telling Jeff he is driving a stolen Government car and is technically a deserter.

An accident forces them to seek refuge in a mountain retreat,



A RELIANCE PICTURE, released thru United Artists.

is that they are Americans, and as they attack the radicals, Jeff, watching the sensational developments from the sidelines, joins in the fray. The radicals are dispersed after a bitter pitched battle.

Drue and the other collegians realize at last what their American heritage means to them, and Drue also realizes that Jeff, battered but happy for the chance to help rout the radicals, is the kind of man with whom she can find true happiness.

SYNOPSIS

Drue Van Allen, beautiful, high-spirited daughter of a United States army colonel, is expelled from college because of her "New Thought" tendencies, which are interpreted by campus authorities as leanings toward radicalism. In love with Ernest Ritter, a classmate, her departure from the traditional conservatism of her socially prominent family is attributed to Ritter's dominance. His ideals have in the main become hers. The Van Allens, embarrassed by the publicity given Drue's escapades, coerce her into leaving the country temporarily.

Living on a small allowance, she goes to a foreign town just across the American border. One night she receives a telegram from Ritter urging her to return. Joe Beal, a member of the American Border Patrol and a friend of her father, advises her against returning at this time, pleading it will cause her family more embarrassment, but Ritter's influence is too great,



Robert Young and Barbara Stanwyck in "Red Salute," a Reliance Picture, released through United Artists

The Song Hits of the year

Is Coming Out Very Soon.

The Biggest Collection of Songs, with notes ever attempted.

WATCH FOR IT!



Ruth Donnelly and Cliff Edwards in "Red Salute," a Reliance Picture, released through United Artists

where they are overtaken by Beal. The seriousness of their plight at last dawns upon Drue and she expresses her willingness to go back to the border town. Beal, however, reveals that Ritter has been arrested and exposed as a paid agent of an organized group bent upon inculcating American youth with the theories of radicalism and that his duty compels him to take Drue and Jeff to Washington as material witnesses.

News of Drue's latest escapade and of her and the soldier's detention in connection with the radical investigation sweeps the campus. While a throng of Drue's loyal undergraduate friends is holding an outdoor mass meeting in protest against her arrest, scores of radicals gather nearby and make inflammatory speeches derogatory to American ideals.

The collegians immediately forget about "New Thought" and their conversational ideals fostered by Ritter which got Drue into her present plight. All they know



Barbara Stanwyck in "Red Salute"

If you want to learn the tunes of the song hits published in the Literary Song Movie Magazine tune in your radio to KZIB every Wednesday from 6:40 to 7:00 P.M.—The Literary Song Movie Magazine Period.

FEATURED SONGS

LULU'S BACK IN TOWN

(From the Warner Bros. Picture,
"Broadway Gondolier")
Lyric and Music by Al Dubin and
Harry Warren

Where's that careless chamber-maid?
Where'd she put my razor blade?
She mislaid it,
I'm afraid,
It's gotta be foun'.
Ask her when she clean my room
What she did with my perfume.
I just can't lose it,
I've gotta use it,
'Cause Lulu's back in town.

Refrain

Gotta get my tuxedo pressed,
Gotta sew a button on my vest,
'Cause tonight I've gotta look my best,
Lulu's back in town.
Gotta get a half a buck somewhere,
Gotta shine my shoes and slick my hair,
Gotta get myself a boutonniere,
Lulu's back in town.
You can tell all my pets,
All my Harlem coquettes,
Mister Otis regrets that he won't be aroun'.
You can tell the mailman not to call,
I ain't coming home until the fall,
And I might not get back home at all,
Lulu's back in town.

SO RED THE ROSE

(Inspired by the Paramount Picture,
"So Red The Rose")
Words and Music by Jack Lawrence
and Arthur Altman

My heart isn't a material thing,
It's yours, but your lips cannot caress it.
My love's only an ethereal thing,
It's yours but your fingers can't possess it.
So all I can do is offer to you
This fragrant symbol of the two.

Refrain

So red the rose, the rose I bring to you,
As red as the rose,
So true my heart.
So sweet my song, the song I sing to you,
As sweet as my song,
So red the rose.
My heart is in this blossom I give to you,
dear,
Please treasure ev'ry petal, it's love's
souvenir.
So great my love, the love that I disclose,
So sweet my song, so true my heart,
So red the rose.

LONELY GONDOLIER

(From the Warner Bros. Picture,
"Broadway Gondolier")
Lyric and Music by Al Dubin and
Harry Warren

I'm dreaming of hours I've never known.
I'm dreaming of someone to call my own.
I sing you a love song, but all in vain,
For nobody answers my love refrain.

Refrain

A lonely gondolier
Is singing of romance underneath the stars,
While voices in the shadows
Hum to the strum of guitars.
He puts his heart into the love song
So many lovers come to hear,
And then into the waters blue
There falls a tear
To tell the story of the lonely gondolier.

FATAL FASCINATION

(Featured in the Paramount Picture,
"Ship Cafe")
Words and Music by Harlan Thompson and
Lewis E. Gensler

Boy: Recall the tale they tell
Of Circe on her mad enchanted Isle
Who made men's lives a hell,
Or lifted them to Heaven with a smile,
I heard your siren song.
I heard it from the moment that we met.
I thought that I was strong and yet.
Girl: Since Cleopatra's days
And certainly since Cleopatra's nights
Us gals have learned her ways,
And even some additional delights.
That's why when we commence
To laddle out allurements by the chunk,
You poor, defenseless gents, are sunk!

Chorus

This fatal fascination has got me in it's
power.
This mad infatuation increases by the hour
It's in my very soul
It's far beyond control
This fatal fascination.
Every word I utter,
Ev'ry thought I think,
Ev'ry single flutter of my heart
Is guided, decided, directed, affected
By this fatal fascination
So cruel, yet so charming.
And by some transformation
Both soothing and alarming.
I can't resist it's lure,
I only know that you're my fatal fascina-
tion.
This fatal fascination

YOU CAN BE KISSED

(From the Warner Bros. Picture,
"Broadway Gondolier")
By Al Dubin and Harry Warren

You can be kissed
And tho your manner may deny it,
You can be kissed, sez I!
You can be kissed
And, if I ever dare to try it,
Would you resist—and why?
Tho you pretend
That you don't like it much,
Who doesn't like that little human touch,
Yeah!
You can be kissed,
Though you're a snooty little cutie,
I insist that you can be kissed.

LET IT BE ME

(From the Warner Bros. Picture,
"Broadway Hostess")
Lyric and Music by Mort Dixon
and Allie Wrubel

Love, my dear, is sure to appear in your
heart, like a ray of sun;
If dreams come true, when love comes to
you,

Then I'll be the lucky one;

Refrain

When someone steals your heart away,
Let it be me,
Let it be me;
When someone thrills you night and day,
Let it be me,
Let it be me.
Go out and dance
Don't miss your chance,
Be gay and fancy free,
But when someone steals your heart away,
Let it be me,
Just me.

It gets you in it's power.
A terrible temptation, increasing by the
hour
Since woman first began,
She's always handed man
This fatal fascination.
Bugs around a night light.
Muggs around a dame
Fallin' for the bright light in her eyes
That dazzles and frazzles that sizzles and
chisels,
It's that fatal fascination
That sets you all a quiver
A mad infatuation
That heads you for the river
You may be smart or dumb,
There's no escaping from
This fatal fascination.

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If you want to hear the STARS of the ether, don't fail to tune up KZRM every other Tuesday from 6:00 to 6:30 P.M.—The LITERARY
SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE PROGRAM.

'MISS RADIO NIGHT'—A Success

BLACK & WHITE COMPARSA Captured Second Prize

The Manila Carnival of 1936 is a very memorable event for the local radio world. It means the birth of a night for the upliftment of radio, the wonder of the

Fiesta announced the entrance of fifty pairs of radio luminaries and fans that danced an ensemble of modern dances. The auditorium was veritably noisy with applause.



A flash of the members of the Black and White Comparsa.

twentieth century, in these fair isles. It means that the Filipinos are becoming radio-conscious. Radio is the only fastest medium by which the different parts of the Philippines which are divided by bodies of water, can be communicated so easily. Never in the history of Billiken's frolicsome celebration, was the idea of devoting a night in the auditorium for radio alone conceived. But through the untiring efforts of the Literary Song Movie Magazine, the idea materialized.

In spite of the simple yet impressive ceremony of the night, the people highly commented it. The ceremony opened with the entrance of Miss RADIO and consort, escorted by the cadets of the Araullo High, followed by Miss KZIB and consort, Miss KZRM and consort and Miss KZEG and consort, respectively. The auditorium was then occupied by a group of boys dressed in original pirate costumes, rendering a primitive war dance to the tune and rhythm of the Piccolino. What a contrast! Then the carnivalistic music of

Descending from her throne, the Miss RADIO OF 1936 declaimed in Tagalog, her specialty over the ether. The ceremony ended with the presentation of the radio receiving set by Hon. Pedro Vera, chairman of the night's festivity, to the Miss RADIO. The radio receiving set was a prize offered by the LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE. The night was indeed a success.

The fifty pairs of radio luminaries and fans that rendered the ensemble of modern dances, organized themselves to participate and try their luck in the Club Comparsa's Ball under the name of BLACK AND WHITE. It was directed by Bernie Nolasco. The musical rendition was under the baton of Miguel Velarde, Jr. This comparsa entered the floor of the auditorium, with the hot tune of the "Continental" and was greeted by the public with a thunderous applause. The number was perfectly executed, bodies swaying to the rhythm of foxtrot, blues, waltz and tango with vocal re-

frains by the SSS Trio, Ding Yalong and the Troubadour. As a matter of fact it was the only comparsa that was well applauded, and it captured only the second prize.

The pairs which composed the Black and White Comparsa are the following:

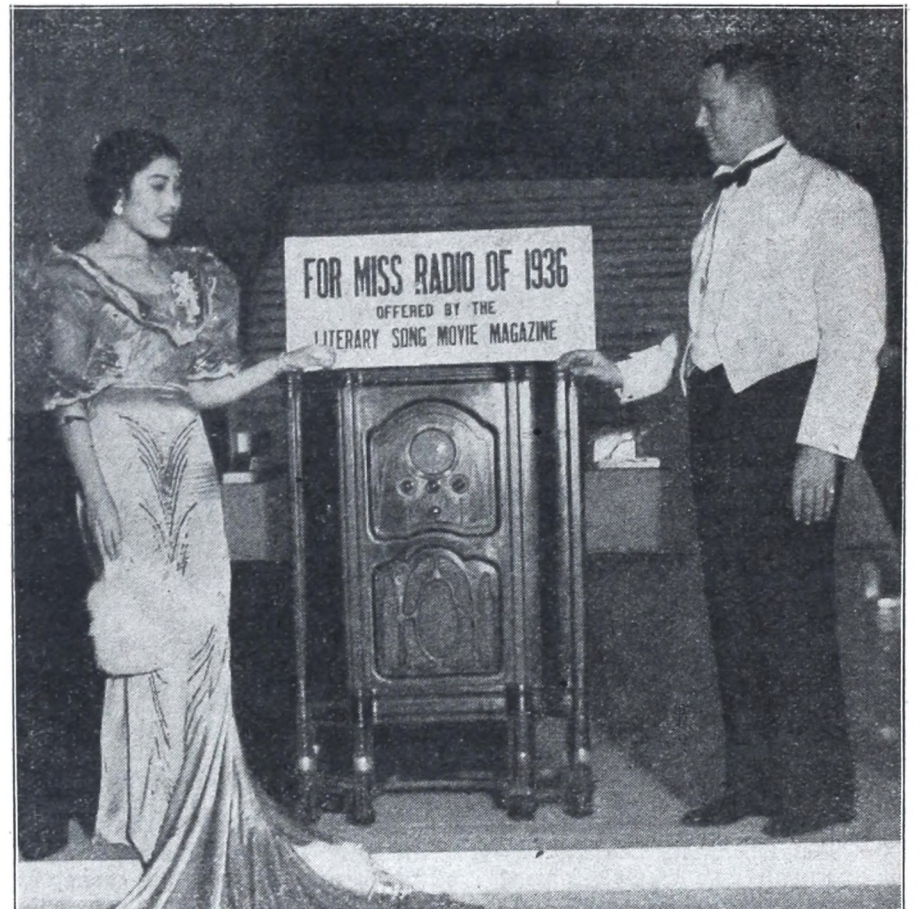
Mario Baluyot-Austria Hedriana; Mariano Ventura-Lulu Magpayo; Eddie Unson-Filomena Laureano; Conrado Santos-Annie Imperial; Antonio Dublois-Ester Fajardo; Jose Cabrera-Carmen Davis; Francisco Molina-Cedy Brown; Ting Ibañez-Rosita Contreras;

Feliciano Coquia-Sofia Samson; Jose Celeste-Dolores Garcia; Tom Carpio-Lilia Rianzares; Ric Javier-Leonida Cristobal; Frankie Genato-Luz Baluyot; Romy Karganilla-Phobe Nevres; Flavio G. Macaso-Charito Perez; Levy Mat. Castro-Asuncion Rohr; Severino Eugenio-Severina Eugenio; Fernin Sanchez-Angelina Francisco; Henry Granstrand, Jr.-Lolita Carvajal; Guillermo V. Nolasco-Emilia Yusolme; Antonio Amata-Maria Salcedo; Bernardino Abundo-Filomena Villahermosa; Bernie Nolasco-Andrea Baduria.

Carlos V. Tolosa-Milagros Ripoll; Domingo Enciso-Rizalina Amaguin; Alfredo Matalote-Dolly Imperial; Jose Piñol-Remedios Villanueva; Jose Donado-Luz Bendicio; Nene Puyo-Laura Blardony; Hilarion F. Salazar-Vicenta Salazar; Servulo Garcia-Juanita Lumibao; Vicente Lansañgan-Adelaida Fajardo; Ben Castañeda-Chuchi Hernandez; Leodegario Escarte-Josefa Celeste; Francisco Trinidad-Lina Flor; Buddy de los Santos-Luz Mat. Castro.

Luis F. Nolasco-Maxima Luma-in; Felix Baduria-Caridad Buenconsejo; Charles Betia-Mercedes Ripoll; Jose Baluyot-Belen Cristobal; Gabriel Ripoll-Monina Baluyot; Tony Zulueta-Cely Navarro; Virgilio Flores-Pacita Baluyot; Jorge Tria-Isabel Brearley.

The members of the BLACK AND WHITE celebrated its triumph with a reception and ball at the Laong Laan Hall on March 14, 1936 with the Ilaya Orchestra furnishing the music. The ball revived the happy memories of the carnival days when all the members attended with their costumes. Prominent persons were present among them the Miss RADIO OF 1936, Milagros Mat. Castro, Miss KZIB, Patrocino Ong and Miss KZRM, Lina Flor.



Hon. Pedro Vera presenting Miss Radio of 1936, the radio receiving set, a prize offered by the LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE.

If you want to learn the tunes of the song hits published in the Literary Song Movie Magazine tune in your radio to KZIB every Wednesday from 6:40 to 7:00 P.M.—The Literary Song Movie Magazine Period.

HITS of the SEASON

THUNDER OVER PARADISE

(From the Paramount Picture "Rose Of The Rancho.")

Our love was a paradise
But now so soon
There is thunder over paradise
And a cloud across the moon
A voice in my soul denies
That we shall part
But there's thunder over paradise
And a cloud across my heart
Is love a mere illusion that is doomed
To die only a sigh and a kiss?
Or will it weather a storm like this?
I'll dream of your smiling eyes
The while I pray
That the thunder in the skies
Thunder over paradise
Soon will roll away.

THE ROSE IN HER HAIR

(From the Warner Bros. Picture,
"Broadway Gondolier")
Lyric and Music by Al Dubin and
Harry Warren

Love is a rose and it grows like a rose
I found a rose nestled in someone's hair
Sweet was the rose
And never a maid was so fair.

Refrain

In her eyes there was moonlight,
And a rose in her hair,
In my arms there was no one,
So I just put her there.
On her lips was a promise,
In my heart was a pray'r,
When I finally went,
I went home with the scent of
The rose in her hair.

YOU HIT THE SPOT

(Featured in the Paramount Picture
"Collegiate")

Words and Music by Jack Gordon and
Harry Revel

You're as thrilling as a college cheer,
(hum)
As sympathetic as a baby's tear, (hum)
You're as smooth as a kitten's ear, (hum)
I never would trade you for all the money
in the mint.
It feels like love, it looks like love,
Or can't you take a hint?

Refrain

You hit the spot like a balmy breeze on a
night in May,
You hit the spot like a cool mint julip on
a summ'ry day.
You hit a new high in my estimation.
I had to fall 'cause you've got so much on
the ball.
Oh! you hit the spot like the first embrace
When the knot is tied.
You hit the spot like a pipe and slippers
By a fireside.
Matter of factly don't know exactly
What it is you've got.
But ooh-ooh you-ooh-ooh hit the spot.

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED

(Featured by Eddy Duchin and his Orches-
tra in the Paramount Picture, "Coronado")
Words and Music by Sam Coslow and
Richard A. Whiting

You're just like a baby and I don't know
what you'd do,
If you didn't have someone
Just to watch over you
If I couldn't be around and you were far
away.
I'd keep writing or phoning ev'ry hour of
the day.

Refrain

Keep your fingers crossed
Don't forget to keep your fingers crossed
'Cause you know, my baby,
I'd be lost if anything happened to you.
Watchout day and night
Get up ev'ry morning on the right.
Three upon a match you musn't light
Or something might happen to you.
When you're passing a load of hay
Always make a wish and turn your head
away.

Under ladders never stroll,
Wear a four leaf clover in your button hole
And keep your fingers crossed,
Don't forget to keep your fingers crossed
'Cause you know, my baby, I'd be lost.
Where would I go,
And what would I do
If anything happened to you.

I FEEL LIKE A FEATHER IN THE BREEZE

(Featured in the Paramount Picture
"Collegiate")

Words and Music by Mack Gordon and
Harry Revel

What am I gay about?
What is it makes me beam so?
What does my heart hurray about?
Why do I feel like I do?
This world is heavenly,
What is it makes it seem so?
If you must know the answer
It's you! you! you!

Refrain

I feel like a feather in the breeze
Riding on high, high in the sky,
Honey, and I'm walkin' on air.
Since the moment that you told me that
you care.
Feel like a feather in the breeze
Floating thru space in your embrace,
Dancing on clouds 'way up above
Since the second that you beckoned to my
love.
I'm happy, so happy when you're near
My troubles just disappear
As soon as you're by my side
I'm satisfied
I feel like a feather in the breeze
Having my fun, kissing the sun
And it's because you are the one
So I'm singin' like the birdies in the trees,
And feelin' like a feather in the breeze.

CROONER'S LULLABY

(Featured in the Paramount Picture, "Mil-
lions in the Air")

Words and Music by Arthur Johnston and
Sam Coslow

When a crooner becomes a spooner,
He usually seals his fate.
Soon the crooner becomes a honeymooner,
He then settles down with his mate.
And when a blessed event occurs,
He takes a duty that should be hers.

Refrain

Hush a-bye my baby la da da da dee,
Don't you cry my baby la da da da dee,
Your daddy's gonna go upon the radio
And sing a crooners' lullaby.
There's a sandman comin' la da da da dee,
And you hear him hummin' la da da da dee,
And if you yearn for more
I'll gladly walk the floor
And sing a crooners' lullaby.
Go to sleep my baby with a song that's all
your own.

And if you're a real good-baby
Papa will buy the cutest megaphone.
Hush abye my baby la da da da dee,
Don't you cry my baby la da da da dee,
You're gonna grow up soon
And when you learn to croon
We'll sing a crooner's lullaby.

HOW DO I RATE WITH YOU

(Featured by Eddy Duchin and his Orches-
tra in the Paramount Picture "Coronado")

Words and Music by Sam Coslow and
Richard A. Whiting

Let's cut out all the smart talk,
And have a heart to heart talk,
On the very timely topic of you and me.
You tell me all about yourself
Come on confide
I'll tell you all about myself
I've nothing to hide.

Refrain

I'm in the social register
I'm in the blue book too,
But, baby, what I want to know is
How do I rate with you?
I'm listed with the Vanderbilts,
In Dun's and Brad Streets too
But, baby, only one thing matters,
How do I rate with you?
Trace my family tree
Back to fifty one B. C.
There you'll find a king or two
But what good is a pedigree
When you feel blue.
My credit's good at Tiffany's
And with the Parson too
So baby won't you tell a fella,
How do I rate with you?

HITS OF THE SEASONS

LITTLE ROSE OF THE RANCHO

(Featured by Gladys Swarthout in the Paramount Picture, "Rose of the Rancho")
Words and Music by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger

I may come along tonight and bring a mandolin
Oh! a Mandolin? Or a violin
I may come along tonight and sing a serenade
Ah, a serenade? Yes, but badly played
Ev'ry single phrase would sing your praise
and I would be sincere
What would you say? What could I say?

Refrain

I could call you a flame or a flower
I could call you a song or a star
But I know little Rose of the Rancho
I could never say how wonderful you are.
I could call you a gift from the Angels
For I feel in my heart you're divine
I could call you the only one I'll ever love,
Ah, but why can't I call you mine.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK

(From the Universal Picture, "King Solomon of Broadway")
By Pinky Tomlin, Raymond Jasper and Coy Poe

I work hard to make some money,
You step out and think it's funny,
But you'll come home and I'll call you honey,
That's what you think!
You'll come home some night about eleven,
When you know we dine at seven,
And home sweet home will be perfect heaven,
That's what you think!
I've acted blind too long now, baby,
I'm fixin' to change my plan.
Now I can do all the things you want to do,
But you don't seem to think I can.
So if away from home you're driven,
I will be the first to give in,
With "come on home, dear, all's forgiven."
That's what you think!

THIEF IN THE NIGHT

You're just a thief in the night.
Nothin' but a thief in the night
You came without a warnin' and left before the mornin' broke through
I never knew I wouldn't see you again
You're an education in men
The one I had belief in turned out to be a thief in the night
Oh! How I've worried an' fretted an' got myself in a pet
Wishin' we'd never met
Mopin' and hopin' and swearin'
We'd square accounts yet
Folks declare my eyes are always wet
Because a thief in the night
Stole my heart and vanished from sight
I knew I'd come to grief in believin' in a thief in the night.

ALONE

(Sung by Allan Jones in the M-G-M Picture, "A Night At The Opera")

A million stars are
Shining bright
That glorify the sky
A million lovers out tonight
But here am I

Chorus

Alone
Alone with a sky of romance above
Alone
Alone on a night that was meant for love
There must be someone waiting
Who feels the way I do
Who ever you are, are you, are you
Alone
Alone on this night that we two could share
Alone
Alone with your kiss that could make me care and
When you come I'll promise to be your very own
Alone
Alone with a heart meant for you alone.

IF I SHOULD LOSE YOU

(Featured by Gladys Swarthout in the Paramount Picture, "Rose of the Rancho")
Words and Music by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger

Why should we lose forever
This sacred thing that Heaven gave us,
This sacred trust
Why rob my world of all it's beauty
Why change a dream to dust
My heart is yours
But ask your own if you should leave me
Leave you? Never, dear.

Refrain

If I should lose you
The stars would fall from the sky
If I should lose you
The leaves would wither and die
The birds in May time
Would sing a mournful refrain
And I would wander around
Hating the sound of rain
With you beside me
The rose would bloom in the snow
With you beside me
No winds of winter would blow
I gave you my love
And I was living a dream,
But living would seem in vain
If I lost you.

YOU'RE ALL I NEED

(Lyric and Music by Gus Kahn, Promihlew Kaper and Walter Jurmann)

You're all I need
My wonderful one
You're all I need
My starlight and sun
A friend to walk
Beside me a loving hand to guide me
A tender evening song when day is done
You're all I need for you, heaven sent,
You're all I need
To bring me contentment
The world is mine for you are mine
I'm rich indeed
You're all I need
You're all I need.

RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

(Lyric and Music by Jimmy Kennedy and Williams)

'Twas down where fisher folks gather
I wandered from the throng
I heard a fisher girl
Singing and this refrain was her song:

Refrain

Red sails in the sunset
'Way out on the sea
Oh! carry my loved one
Home safely to me
He sailed at the dawning
All day I've been blue
Red sails in the sunset
I'm trusting in you
Swift wings you must borrow
Make straight for the shore
We marry tomorrow
And he goes sailing no more
Red sails in the sunset
'Way out on the sea
Oh! carry my loved one
Home safely to me.

MINE ALONE

(From the Warner Bros. Picture "I Live For Love")
By Mort Dixon and Allie Wrubel

Mine alone,
Tho' we never have met, I'll find you;
Mine alone,
You are waiting for me, I know,
Dreaming dreams like mine that constantly remind you.
We were made to love each other long ago
Mine alone,
We are strangers and yet I'll know you,
When we meet on that day of days,
You'll be mine,
Thru' a chance thru' sweet circumstance
You'll be mine,
Mine alone, always!

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REVIEW OF POPULAR SONGS

SINGING A HAPPY SONG

The sun's shining, there's no pining,
Your hat's lined with a silver lining
And you're happy
When you're singing a happy song.
You hear the birds singing
And bells ringing
And you find what a joy they're bringing,
'Cause you're happy
When you're singing a happy song
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, are you ready now
Come on, come on sing,
Do, re, mi, fa, so, la,
It's just the easiest thing
The sun's shining, there's no pining
Your hat's lined with a silver lining
And you're happy
When you're singin' a happy song.

EV'RY DAY

Ev'ry day I'll fall in love
All over again with you.
I'll never let our love grow old
I'll always keep it new.
Ev'ry day I'll let you know
That my valentine is you
We'll live the sweetest story told
Like honeymooners do
And each thing I do I'll do
To prove to you that romance never will die
It maybe a word or a sigh
A gift that I'll bring
And as the years go by.
Ev'ry day I'll fall in love.
All over again with you
I'll never let our love grow old
I'll always keep it new.

SWEET MUSIC

Sweet music makes a rainy day seem clear
again,
It brings you near again to me.
Sweet music makes a bitter word grow
sweet again,
Two hearts can beat again in harmony.
We've learned to sing a song in spring and
yet,
If I forget it by December,
Will you remember?
Sweet music makes the same old story new
again,
I bring to you again my song.

WE WERE SO YOUNG

We were so young,
The time was an ev'ning in May,
I wore the pale pink organdie you thought
so gay.
Life was a thing of eager spring and moon-
light,
And I was a girl and you were a boy from
over the way.
We were so young the heavens were smil-
ing above;
I let you keep my handkerchief, I kept
your glove.
Life was a thing of eager spring and moon-
light,
And I was a girl and you were a boy
And we were in love.

I WAS LUCKY

I was lucky to be born at the same time as
you
I was lucky to be born 'neath the same
skies as you
To think we're sharing the same moon
above
Maybe someday we may share the same
love.
I was lucky for there might have been
somebody else
I was lucky for there might have been
somebody else
Oh, what a lucky day
The day I heard you say
You were lucky too.

LA CUCARACHA

In the land of hotta males,
They have something like our follies,
Where the Mexicano dollies
Dance and sing around the bar:
There is one refrain,
A melody that lingers,
So loosen up your fingers,
Try it on your old guitar.
La cucaracha, la cucaracha,
Sing no matter where you are,

La cucaracha, la cucaracha,
Try it on your old guitar.
La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Sing no matter where you are,
La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Try it on your old guitar.

I'M GOIN' SHOPPIN' WITH YOU

Whenever you go shoppin' to buy a dress
that's new,
Honey, I'll keep my eye on the dresses you
try on,
'Cause I'm goin' shoppin' with you.
When you go to the jew'ler
To buy a gem or two,
On your fourth little finger
A ring's gonna linger,
'Cause I'm goin' shoppin' with you.
Lots of shoes an' stockings
And plenty of new chapeaux.
That's what I would go for,
For that cute little baby inside those
clothes.
Oh! you go and pick the cottage,
I'll put the mortgage through.
Honey, I don't know whether we'll move
in together,
But I'm goin' shoppin' with you.
Go to beauty parlor,
They won't have much to do,
If they paint you, they're silly, they can't
paint a lily,
But I'm goin' shoppin' with you.
When you go to the grocer's
To buy an egg or two,
I will bring home the bacon,
Or I am mistaken
About goin' shoppin' with you?
We can build a nest with sweet kisses and
then, someday,
May be we'll be bless'd with "In the pig
latin language, an A Bee Bay."
Say! you buy baby blankets
All trimmed in baby blue,
I'll be tight there behind you
'Cause let me remind you,
That I'm goin' shoppin' with you.

ISN'T THIS A LOVELY DAY

The weather is fright'ning;
The thunder and light'ning
Seem to be having their way.
But as far as I'm concerned, it's a lovely
day.
The turn in the weather will keep us toge-
ther,
So I can honestly say
That as far as I'm concerned, it's a lovely
day,
And everythings's O.K.

Chorus

Isn't this a lovely day to be caught in the
rain?
You were going on your way.
Now you've got to remain.
Just as you were going, leaving me all at
sea
The clouds broke, they broke and oh!
What a break for me.
I can see the sun up high
Tho' we're caught in the storm
I can see where you and I could be cozy
and warm.
Let the rain pitter patter,
But it really doesn't matter, if the skies
are gray;
Long as I can be with you
It's a lovely day.

TOP HAT, WHITE TIE AND TAILS

I just got an invitation thru the mails:
"Your presence requested this evening, it's
formal,"
A top hat, a white tie and tails.
Nothing now could take the wind out of
my sails
Because I'm invited to step out this eve-
ning
With top hat and white tie and tails.

Chorus

I'm puttin' on top hat,
Tyin' up my white tie,
Brushin' up my tails.
I'm dudein' up my shirt front
Puttin' in the shirt studs,
Polishin' my nails.
I'm steppin' out, my dear,
To breathe an atmosphere
That simply reeks with class;
And I trust that you'll excuse my dust
When I step on the gas,
For I'll be there,
Puttin' down my top hat,
Mussin' up my white tie,
Dancin' in my tails.

MUCHACHA

Muchacha, tonight I've gotcha
Where I wantcha my Muchacha.
I'll watcha just like a cat
Would watch a little "Cucaracha."
So stand up and hand me your lovely
charms.
Give me two red lips and a pair of arms.
I've gotcha and, in the lingo of the "Grin-
go",
I'm so hotcha, Muchacha, for you.

REVIEW OF POPULAR SONGS

THE LADY IN RED

Oh, the lady in red,
The fellows are crazy for the lady in red.
She's a bit gaudy,
But Lawdy, what a personality.
Oh! the lady in red
Is as fresh as a daisy
When the town is in bed,
Dancing and dining and shining with originality.
She's very proper,
She's nothing more than a pal,
But oh me! and oh my!
You'd never stop 'er,
She'd be a dangerous gal
If she should ever meet the right guy.
Oh! the lady in red,
The fellows are crazy
For the lady in red.
Is she a study, oh! buddy,
What a personality.
(She's got vitality).

SHE'S A LATIN FROM MANHATTAN

She's a Latin from Manhattan,
You can tell by her "Manyana",
She's a Latin from Manhattan
And not Havana.
Tho' she does the rhumba for us,
And she calls herself Dolores,
She was in a Broadway chorus,
Known as Susie Donahue.
She can take a tanbourine and whack it,
But with her it's just a racket,
She's 'hooper' from Tenth Avenue.
She's a Latin from Manhattan,
She's a "forty second streeter,"
She's a Latin from Manhattan,
Señorita Donahue.

FLIRTATION WALK

I always knew someday I'd accompany you
Along Flirtation Walk.
A dream foretold, a story that you'd never
unfold,
That lives forever and never grows old,
I always felt that your little heart would
melt,
Along Flirtation Walk.
That love would rise and light up your
lovely eyes
For me, only for me.
The dreams we had are fulfilling their
thrilling appeal
The kiss you gave me began this,
Oh! can this all be real?
It's more than grand,
It's more than I ever planned,
I'm much too happy to talk,
Because with you, there's nothing that
won't come true,
Along Flirtation Walk.

LET ME SING YOU TO SLEEP WITH A LOVE SONG

Let me sing you to sleep with a love song,
Let me bring you a dream with a serenade
Let the melody say in its own plaintive way
Words that my lips are afraid to convey,
Let me kiss you goodnight with a love song
Ev'ry chime means it's time to part
And if you hear my song, beloved,
In the middle of a dream
It tells you "I love you sweetheart."
Oh! it tells you "I love you sweetheart."

THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION

The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to rosy red
Every time he holds my hands
And tells me that he's mine
There are many men who can thrill me
And someone who can fill me
With dreams of happiness
But I know I'll never rest
Until he says he's mine
Now I'm not afraid that he'll leave me
'Cause he's not the kind who'd be unfair
But instead I trust him implicitly
He may go where he wants to go,
Do what he wants to do
I won't care, Oh!
The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to rosy red
Anytime he holds my hands
And tells me that he's mine.

MOONLIGHT AND VIOLINS

Moonlight and violins,
Softly the waltz begins,
Your eyes convey
What the violins are saying,
They seem to whisper this
"Red Lips are meant to kiss,
Your lips enchant me one kiss grant me".
Love calls and love begins
With moonlight and violins

COCKTAILS FOR TWO

In some secluded rendezvous
That overlooks the avenue
With someone sharing a delightful chat
Of this and that and cocktails for two
As we enjoy a cigarette
To some exquisite chansonnette
Two hands are sure to slyly meet
Beneath a serviette
With cocktails for two
My head may go reeling
But my heart will be obedient
With intoxicating kisses
And the principal ingredient
Most any afternoon at five
We'll be so glad we're both alive
Then maybe fortune will complete her plan
That all began with cocktails for two.

AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

Ah! sweet mystery of life, at last I've
found thee,
Ah! I know at last the secret of it all;
All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting,
yearning,
The burning hopes, the joy and idle tears
that fall
For 'tis love, and love alone, the world is
seeking,
And 'tis love, and love alone, that can re-
pay!
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of
living,
For it is love alone that rules for aye!
For 'tis love, and love alone, the world is
seeking,
For 'tis love, and love alone that can re-
pay!
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end of living!
For it is love alone that rules for aye!

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Lovely to look at,
Delightful to know and heaven to kiss.
A combination like this
Is quite my most impossible scheme come
true
Imagine finding a dream like you!
You're lovely to look at,
It's thrilling to hold you terribly tight,
For we're together, the moon is new,
And oh, it's lovely to look at you tonight.

ABOUT A QUARTER TO NINE

The stars are gonna twinkle and shine
This evening, about a quarter to nine.
My lovin' arms are gonna tenderly twine
Around you, around a quarter to nine.
I know I won't be late, 'cause at half past
eight I'm gonna hurry there.
I'll be waiting where the lane begins,
Waiting for you on needles and pins.
And then the world is gonna be mine,
This evening, about a quarter to nine.

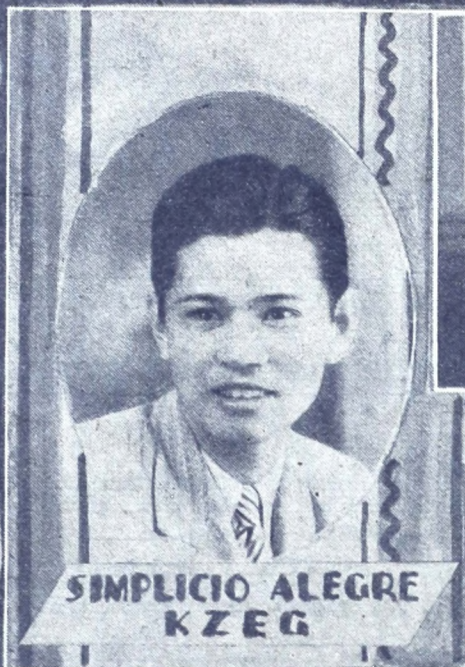
IN CALIENTE

In Caliente, life is a laugh,
You tear it in half.
So, just for a laugh,
Go on that Caliente merry-go-round.
In Caliente life is a brew
Of "whoop-a-dee-doo",
You're bound to renew
Your pep in Caliente, steppin' around.
Put on your cheaters
And see the young chiquitas.
Bet you'd like to be,
Yes, you'd like to be
In their heavenly arms.
Bring on the waiter,
And then, a little later,
You'll go silly for their castillian charms.
In Caliente, show me a girl or show me a
lad.
Who wouldn't be glad
To join that Caliente merry-go-round.
You may say that you won't,
But I'll betcha you'll be on your way
To Caliente someday.

PARIS IN THE SPRING

Paris in the Spring, Mm—Mm—
Love is in the air, Mm—Mm—
Life's a love affair
And every pair of arms a rendezvous for
two.
Paris in the Spring, Mm—Mm—
Hearts begin to dance, Mm—Mm—
And in ev'ry glance you'll find an invita-
tion to romance.
You must fall.
You simply can't evade love.
The moon is there to aid love.
Find someone you can call your own,
You're to blame if you're alone
Mm—It's grand, it's new,
Mm—It's me, it's you,
Ev'ry beating heart becomes a part of
Paris in the Spring.

**R
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O**



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LET IT BE ME

Lyric by
Mort Dixon

From the Warner Bros. Picture,
"Broadway Hostess"

Music by
Allie Wrubel

The musical score is presented in two columns. The left column contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two verses. The right column contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second two verses. The score includes guitar chord diagrams for various chords such as D7, Am7, Bm, Dm, E7, Bm7, E7, Cmaj7, Ddim, G, Daug, A7, A7(9), D7, Am7, Bm, G, Dm, E7, Am, A7, D7, G, Am7, G, Dm, E7, D7, G, Gdim, D7, G, Cm, and G. Performance markings include 'p-f', 'a tempo', 'rit.', and 'a tempo'.

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flashes from "bedside"

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Warren William, star of First National's picture, "Bedside," is faced with the traditional "doctor's dilemma" in choosing between lovely Jean Muir and blonde Barbara Rogers. Make up your mind, William—we'll take the other one.



Kathryn Sergava, exotic Russian star, makes her screen debut in "Bedside." She plays the role of an opera star who falls in love with a fake surgeon, a part played by Warren William.



Warren William, whose latest starring vehicle, "Bedside," tries to be different from the rest of the human race. "Why not?" he asks, and we can think of no reason for Warren to be anything other than his own colorful self.



And it doesn't look as if Renee Whitney minds having Warren William tape up that shapely ankle for her. With a doctor like that—no wonder so many women have breakdowns!

SO RED THE ROSE

Music by
Arthur Altman

Inspired by the Paramount Picture, "So Red The Rose"
Starring Margaret Sullavan

Words by
Jack Lawrence

Molto Moderato

Tune Uke
Bb Eb G C

a tempo

My heart is - nit a ma - te - ri - al thing, It's

mp a tempo

yours, but your lips can - not ca - ress it. My love's on - ly an e -

the - re - al thing, It's yours, but your fin - gers can't pos - sess it. So

all I can do is of - fer to you This fragrant sym - bol of the two -

rit.

Refrain *a tempo*

So red the rose, the rose I bring to you, As

mp mf a tempo

• red as the rose, So true my heart. So sweet my

song, the song I sing to you, As sweet as my song, So

red the rose. My heart is in this blos - som I

give to you dear, Please treas - ure ev - 'ry pet - al, it's love's sou - ve -

nir So great my love, the love that I dis - close, So

sweet my song, so true my heart, So red the rose. So rose.

rit.

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and many others just re -
ceived.

LULU'S BACK IN TOWN

(From the Warner Bros. Picture, "Broadway Gondolier")

Words by
AL DUBIN

Music by
HARRY WARREN

REFRAIN (with a swing)

Got-ta get my old tux - e - do pressed, — got-ta sew a but - ton
on my vest, — 'Cause to - night I've got - ta look my best, —
Lu lu's back in town. — Got-ta get a half - a -
buck some - where, got - ta shine my shoes and slick my hair, — Got - ta
get my - self a bou - ton - niere, — Lu - lu's back in town.

You can tell all my pets, — all my Har - lem co -
quettes, — Mis - ter O - tis re - grets that he won't be a - roun -
You can tell the mail - man not to call, —
I ain't com - in' home un - til the fall — And I might not get back
home at all, — Lu - lu's back in town.

A WOMAN CAN BE FASCINATING WITHOUT GLAMOUR, SAYS MAX FACTOR

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—If you are not the glamour type, then don't try to be glamorous! You can be just as fascinating without glamour!

This dramatic statement came today from Max Factor, famous Hollywood beauty authority who has changed more plain-looking people into glamorous personalities than anyone else in the world.

"Individualized beauty is the important thing today," Max Factor declared. "If you are the demure type, then be demure. If you are sophisticated, be sophisticated. If you are exotic, be exotic—but whatever you are, be yourself. Exciting personalities are created by individuals—not mimics."

Hollywood screen stars depend upon this individualism in beauty and personality for success on the screen, Max Factor points out. "As soon as you mention an important screen star's name, you think immediately of a very definite personality," he commented. "Joan Crawford's beauty has dramatic allure...Carole Lombard and Kay Francis have glamour and smartness...and at the other extreme,

Ruby Keeler's beauty has naive naturalness."

Speaking of the great cry for glamour, Max Factor said, "nine out of ten girls away from Hollywood, feel that they need glamour, I know—and yet if they haven't potential glamour they should forget about the glamour queens of the screen, and try to model their make-up and personality more along lines chosen by stars of their own type. In this way they get individualized beauty.

"Imagine Ruby Keeler, if she tried to look sophisticated, mysterious, and truly glamorous! Miss Keeler possesses a certain naive naturalness that would have been destroyed entirely if I had modeled her make-up along lines recommended for Miss Francis. Ruby Keeler skyrocketed her way to motion picture fame because to fans she is the exact opposite of sophistication and glamour...she represents lovable charm. In the same way the more dramatic types of feminine stars would lose their own individuality, too, if they tried to revolutionize their types and gain the whimsical charm of a Ruby Keeler, or the sparkling radiance of a Ginger Rogers.

"The most important thing today is knowing your exact type... and then learning how to make the most of it. Have your make-up express YOU.

OUTSIDE OF YOU

Lyrics by
Al Dubin

From "Broadway Gondolier"

Music by
Harry Warren

REFRAIN *Tempo di schottische*

I have al - ways been a sort of wom - an ha - ter and I
nev - er met the girl I'd ca - ter to. I con - sidered ev - 'ry girl an ag - i -
ta - tor, out - side of you. Look at
Cle - o - pat - ra and Ma - dame Du - Bar - ry they were
pret - ty bad, if his to ry is true. And I nev - er saw the girl that I would

mar - ry, out side of you. I won't de - ny the
fact that I thought wom - en were a curse. But
now my hate has turned to love, I don't know which is
worse. (Radio version) Now I en - vy ev - 'ry rug you put your foot on, ev - 'ry
So if you don't mind the fuss and all the both - er, I would
lit - tle look - ing glass you look in - to, And I'm jeat - ous of the pret - ty dress you
like to have a wife, a kid or two, And they should re - sem - ble no one but their
put on out - side of you. I have you.
fa - ther, out - side of you.

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I FEEL LIKE A FEATHER IN THE BREEZE

Featured in the Paramount Picture, "Collegiate"
Starring Joe Penner

Words by
Muck Gordon

Music by
Harry Revel

Refrain

I feel like a feath-er in the breeze Rid-ing on high, high in the
sky, hon-ey, and I'm walk-in' on air. Since the mo-ment that you told me that you
care. Feel like a feath-er in the breeze Float-ing thru space in your em-
brace, Dancing on clouds'way up a-bove. Since the sec-ond that you beck-oned to my

love I'm hap-py, so hap-py when you're near. My troub-les just
dis-ap-pear. As soon as you're by my side I'm sat-is-fied I
feel like a feath-er in the breeze hav-ing my fun, kiss-ing the sun And it's be-
cause you are the one. So I'm sing-in' like the bird-ies in the trees, And I
feel-in' like a feath-er in the breeze feel-in' like a feath-er in the breeze

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REQUESTED *and* DEDICATED SONGS

I'LL BE FAITHFUL



(Heartily dedicated to Miss Virginia Fajardo, by Hanipa (L. G. N); to the Cooked Smile, by Yeyeng; to Miss Esperanza Soloria of the National University, by Elie of National Law College; to Naty and Mena Samonte, by Christie Espina; to Charming Melen Tanchingco of P. G. H., by Cening of F. E. U.; to my darling, by P. C. Flordiliza; to Miss Patrocinio Luna, by Amparo Jader; to Moning Jaucian, by Lourdes Usero; to Nory, by Tinoy).

I'll be faithful
Forever and ever, dear
I'll be faithful
Faithful to you
No matter what may come
I'll always stand beside you
When days are dark
I'll take your hand and guide you
I'll be faithful
You'll always be in my heart
Always love you
Just as I do
There'll be no other lips
No other arms but yours
I shall be faithful
Faithful to you.

YOU'RE DRIVINIG ME CRAZY

(Dedicated to Miss Carolina Rodriguez of Hollywood, California, by a young "Filipino from Germany and America").

Yes, you
You're driving me crazy
What did I do
What did I do
My tears for you
Make everything hazy
Clouding the skies of blue
How true, were the friends who were near
me, caress me, believe me they knew
But you were the kind who would hurt me
desert me when I needed you
Yes, you,
You're driving me crazy
What did I do to you.

CHASING SHADOWS

(Heartily dedicated to Lualhati Matute of Torres High by Jesus Araullo of Sampaloc; to Mina Villahermosa by Bersa; and to Fely Canlas, by Maming Quintos).

Chasing Shadows
Chasing love dreams in vain
While my heart keeps on singing
Just a lonely refrain
Chasing Shadows
All is cloudy above
Like a shadow I'm drifting
Hoping I'll find my love, find my love
Who knows someday, someone may come
along
And change my lonely song to happiness
Until the darkness fades into the dawn
I'll just go on I guess
Chasing Shadows
Just a dreamer am I
Hoping I'll find a rainbow
When the shadows roll by.

IMPORTANT!!!

TO OUR READERS:

We wish to make it clear through this column that we only publish pictures in the "REQUESTED AND DEDICATED SONGS," when they are accompanied with one peso to cover cost of cut. Any picture without a self-addressed stamped envelope will remain in our files.

For the "REQUESTED AND DEDICATED SONGS," we have the 10th of every month as our dead line.

Requests and dedications must be typewritten.

MAY I?

(Heartily dedicated to Miss Cely Araullo by Gui Eugenio).

May I
Be the only one to say I
Really fell in love the day I
First set eyes on you.
May I
With your very kind permission
Tell you that my one ambition
Is to share a love affair with you.
Here I wait
Do give me a chance
Do tell me my fate
What is your answer?
May I
Hold you to my heart and pray I
Will be there beside you
When they groom and bride you
May I hear you say "I do."

SING BEFORE BREAKFAST

(Lovingly dedicated to Filomena de la Cruz by Vic. Castro of the Torres High, and charmingly dedicated to Julia Gonzales by Joe Men; to Lallana Liwanag by Ric. Catindig; to Dolores Castro by Carlos Ogalino and also to Socorro Celestino by Luis Villacorte of the Torres High and to Toyang by Mewa of the Torres High).

Sing before breakfast
Help the birdies along
Before you have that buttered toast
Have a song
Sing before breakfast
Croon a tune and rejoice
Before you use that coffee pot
Use your voice
The whole world maybe funny
But it is good enough
If you're short of money honey put it on
the cuff
And sing before breakfast
Never cry at a thing
Before you eat that shredded wheat
Sing, just sing!

HERE'S TO ROMANCE



(Heartily dedicated to Miss Josefina P. de Vera of Lipa, by someone who adores her; to Miss Lourdes Gayonga of V. R. T. Co. Inc., by Temistocles Visitacion; to Amparing Miraflores, by Loking; to charming Saling, by Pedro Macanan; to Emma Delfin, Alfredo Alfarero, Coroy de la Cruz, by H. P. Cortez; to Miss Orlina Seballos, by Primitivo Celzo; to Ana Imperial, by Simeon Claudio; to Francisca Ante, by Jauró Lurreda and to Miss Angelina Ortega of L. H. S.; by Greg. Luna; to Lily, by D'Gang).

Here's to romance,
For you and me, my dear,
Here's to romance,
Long it may linger here,
Here's to your charms
And to your eyes that shine,
Here's to your lips divine,
Long they may cling to mine,
I give a treat
To ev'ry star above,
Here's to this night,
To all we're dreaming of
I drink to you
And to the birth of love,
Here's to romance
Here's to romance.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

(Heartily dedicated to Jolly of Colegio de la Immaculada Concepcion of Cebu, by one who admires her constancy; dedicated to dear pals Pedring Macanin, Romeo Cruz, Alfredo Alfaro and Primitivo Celzo by Loking (T); to Miss A. de Octaviano by Hilario Tambolero, and to the Misses Matilde Besa and Febe Dalpatun by Forever True; to R. Mendiola of Santa Rosa College by R. Mangahas; to Alberto de Joya of U. P.; to Pen Pals Otilia, Fely Lita, Achic, Peony and Edel by Alfonso; to Adory Mata Palad by Josefina Flores; especially published and dedicated to Avelina Velasco of I. N. I. by Pacing Evangelista; to Jessie Von Kruze and to Julita Estrada by Pepito of Baguio; to Fany Maigne by 15-3, 6-2 of Imus, Cavite; to Miss Alice and Zaling Calleja by Amparing Bonafe of A. H. S.; to Mr. Ybañez, by Policarpo Nefiel; to Miss Francisca Ante of A. H. S. by Mauro Tureda of N. U.; to Ana Imperial of Quisumbing Institute of Technology by S. Claudio of National University).

Shipmates, stand together,
Don't give up the ship;
Fair or stormy weather,
We won't give up, we won't give up the
ship;
Friends and pals forever,
It's a long, long trip;
If you have to take a lickin',
Carry on and quit you kickin',
Don't give up the ship!

REQUESTED and DEDICATED SONGS

ON TREASURE ISLAND

(Heartily dedicated to his lovely Virgin Angel, by Jackie Rey Delgado; to Gueling and Lily Calingasan of the Misamis Prov. Hi, by Angelina Villa of the U. P. Conservatory of Music; to Tori, Purit and Trining Fuentes, by Candoy and Mr. Villa of Clarin, Misamis Occidental; and requested by Mrs. Presentacion Laluga of the Misamis Institute).

I sailed away
To treasure Island
And my heart stood still
When I landed on the silv'ry shore,
We met that day
On treasure Island
And the smile you gave me
Was the treasure I had been craving for.
Then came those moments of bliss
In the shade of the shel'tring palms,
I still remember your kiss
As you nestled within my arms,
I looked for gold
On treasure Island
And I found that gold
When you gave your golden love to me.

AN ORCHID TO YOU

(Heartily dedicated to Miss Trinidad Ferrer by her "new found friend," Abundo; to Miss Fe Ricafrente and to Violeta Arboleda by Luz Tarrobago; to Miss Rose Igno of C. H. S. by B. Parcero of the State U.; to Miss S. Topacio by Ruben; to Eligia Santos of Montalban by Maning; to Pita, by Carmen).

For your wonderful smile
An orchid to you,
For your beautiful eyes
An orchid to you,
It's plain to say that you are heaven sent
And finding you, my dear,
Wast just a "blessed event."
For your marvelous love
An orchid to you
For your kissable lips
Like petals with dew,
My song of love is ending
I end it, my dear, by sending
A great big orchid to you.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT

(Heartily dedicated to Encarnacion Quibilan of Zamboanga; and to Miss Rosa Cabato of Zamboanga, by Louis Johnston of Silliman University; to Maria Terrenate, by Piring Saradpon).

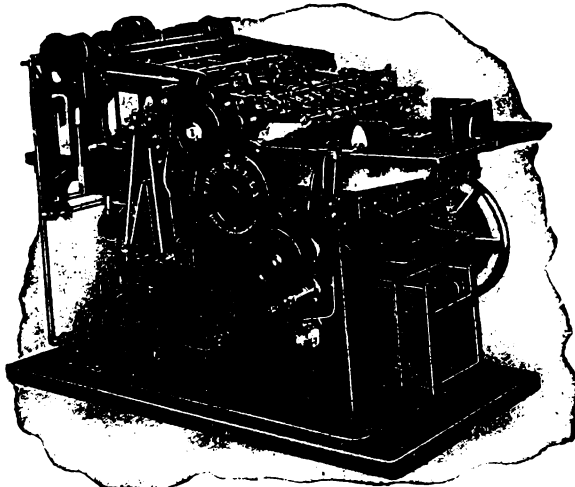
Let's pretend what happened didn't happen,
I was all to blame to realize,
I've been waiting for a chance to tell you
Sweetheart, I apologize
It's all my fault, yes, all my fault
I didn't mean to make you cry,
You really ought to know how much I love
you.
It's all my fault and I'm afraid
That if you ever say "Goodbye"
You'll surely break my heart
That's why I am blue,
You know I don't want to grieve you
So, please forget, please forgive
I am sorry dear, so sorry, dear,
I've made one teardrop fall
I'm sorry, dear, because it's all my fault.

YOU'RE CHARMING

(Lovingly dedicated to Anita Webb by Juan Edralangay; to "happy pal, by Black Moonlight; to Adorable Pedta by Eddy Bayot of Bellebue Tambakan; to Miss Gloria Majiel by her lover in N. U.; published especially for Misses Amparing Miraflores, Eling Alba and Emma Delfin, through the request of Lucrecio Tambolero; to Miss Lilia Jumsay by Pedro Macano; to Miss Adelina Yap by Loking; to Nicolasa Remigio of Batac by Juanito Albano of General Ricarte Academy; to Perlas of Solly Duque by Socorro Navarro; to Trinidad Ampil, Virginia Amorsolo by Ely Buenaventura; to Pacita Reyes by loving Dely Roddy; to Veronica Millan of P. E. S. by Sweet Mystery of Life of A. C.; to Miss Conding by Sopyy Nappy Bitong; to Laughing Besy by Qucho Viblao Benigned; to Dalmacia of Pandacan by Chita of U. H. O. by Ampadas Arsipin; to Mely by Ramirez Gotialabot; to Mary by Bado Aria; to Helen Kapitalpot of Camarines Norte; to P. M. Mapa Hi by Hermogenes Malusaw; to lovable Arong by laughing Pupang; and to Eransueda Samate Umali of Tayabas by Blate Calucin y Revuelta).

The day you looked at me
I know that you would be
The one whom I've been looking for,
The one I'd adore
You're charming
Each word you say to me is like a symphony,
Romantic melody divine
You thrill this heart of mine
You're charming
My earth, my sky, my sunshine
I find them, dear, in you,
My dreams have all come true
My love, since I met you
My very soul is all afire
You are my one divine
You're charming.

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IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER

(Heartily and affectionately dedicated to Fred Alcalá of Virac, Catanduanes, by Cely Bellio of Occ. Negros; to Juding David, by Deonie Love; to Enchon of Dasmariñas, Cavite, by Eliseo; to Charing Lopez of Lucena, Tayabas, by Leon of Catanduanes and to Flor Miranda by Pepe).

Your sweet expression,
The smile you give me,
The way you looked when we met,
It's easy to remember
But so hard to forget.
I heard you whisper:
"I'll always love you,"
I know it's over and yet,
It's easy to remember
But so hard to forget.
So I must dream to have your arms caress
me,
Fingers press me tight.
I rather dream than have that lonely feel-
ing
Stealing thru the night.
Each little moment
Is clear before me,
And though it brings me regret,
It's easy to remember,
And so hard to forget.

YOU'RE AN EYEFUL OF HEAVEN

(Heartily dedicated to V. E., by one Alone in Baguio; to Miss Nery Cabildo of Manila, by Prince Charming; to Felicidad Cruz of Mapa Hi, by Lili Batanyola of N. O. H. S., and by Raymundo Sun of same school; to Miss Alice Clemeño of H. G. C., by Dely Bandedop of H. G. C.; to Pacing Borja of Orquita, by C. Pozas; to A. X., by Dely Bandenhop of H. G. C.; to Carolina Yaptanchay, Virginia Amorsolo, Fleming Sunico; to Marie Santiago, Leonor Conchita Carmelo of H. G. C., by Dely Roddy; to Socorro Navarro 6-19; to Ester Ligaya of A. H. S., by San of N. U.; to Ledudu Raon, by Mills de Sid; to Viring Cruz of Baliaug, Bulacan, Coring Pozas, Emilia Maritin of N. U., by Pacing Borja; to Cely Navarro of KZIB, by Ardencia Tagabango; to my adviser in "Love Affair" Fred Solita, by Cholic Jurado; to Miss Remy Arriola and Ening, by hopeful Mameng; to the Nolley Ball girl of U. H. S., by Fredy Lorras; to Charming Ruth, by Beng Chita; to Sally Duque, Purificacion Perlas, by Socorro Navarro; to Clemes Rear, by Ras. Gar.; to Ping Panlileo Jr., by Pacing B.).

You're an eyeful of heaven,
You're an armful of charms,
You're an earful of cheerful music
When you're in my arms.
You're an eyeful of heaven,
You're a glassful of wine
You're a jugful of hugful sweetness
When your lips meet mine.
And, what is more,
Whenever I telephone you,
My heart goes flip-pi-ty-flop,
My ma, my sis and my pop
Are wishing to goodness
We'd get married and stop,
'Cause you're an eyeful of heaven,
You're a skyful of blue,
You're a porchful of torchful romance
And I'm full nothing but you.
Brimmin' over, full of nothin' but you.

REQUESTED and DEDICATED SONGS

YOU ALONE

(Heartily dedicated to Elisa Sison of the P. W. U., by Agripino Estrellas; to Miss Carmen Martaja of U. M., by Antonio Ramos of U. S. T.; to Miss Rita Yuson, the Miss Binmaley of 1930, by Santiago Estrellas of Jose Rizal College; to Miss Loreto N. Beltran of Gala Fashion Academy by Lamberto Fernandez; to Nely of Guadalupe by a humble friend, C. Tuplano; to R. L. M., by T. E. T. S.; to Miss Rosita Igno of C. H. S., by Ben Parcerero of U. P.; to Aida by some one who cares; to G. Abila of U. S. T., by Marcos Avila of Higmoto, Baras, Albay; to Josefina by Horacio; to Concepcion Abellana by Lita Kapungan; requested by Jose Abellog; to Juding David by Doming; to Cezar Perez of Camiling, Tarlac, by her pal Garcia; to Rebecca Perez of Tarlac, by Walditruedes B. Mendoza of Baguio; to Puslit by Puslit; to Amor by Puslit; to Olga Garriga on her coming out party this March; to my Berengaria of Cebu (N. K.) by Richard, the "Lion Hearted" of U. S. T.; to Luz Ramirez by someone; to Adorable Ining S. Romulo of Baliuag, Bulacan, by her silent admirer Boy 13).

You alone can bring me hours of happiness
You alone can thrill me with your sweet
caress

You and only you can keep the flame of
love

Aglow in my heart
Every memory will live anew
I know if we could ever part.

You alone can make my every dream come
true

Only you can claim me for your own
Take my heart

It is love's altar

Take my love

'Twill never falter

Ah, my own

It is for you alone.

TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR WORDS

(Heartily dedicated to Miss Viring Majarocoon of Dumaguete, Oriental Negros, by Vivencio L. Cayton of Butuan, Agusan; to Miss Visling Valenciano and Nene Moraleda by A. D. Bonafe of A. H. S.; to Remedios by Eduardo).

You're like a lover's dream in the Spring
A song of the trees and the birds

I don't know how to say it

Too beautiful for words!

You're like a sweet refrain

That will cling

A strain like the angels preferred

All I can do is play it

Too beautiful for words!

Like the music of a Berlin...

Or a Gershwin or even a "Moonlight Serenade"

Though I can't compare

With Berlin or with Gershwin

To me you'll always be

A perfect "Rhapsody"

You bring an inspiration to sing

A song that can never be heard

You're just a lovely love song

Too beautiful for words!

THANKS A MILLION

(Heartily dedicated to Loving Mitzi by Gil Angcles; to Lina Flor by Fely Gamban of F. E. U.; and to Fely Gamban by one who loves her faithfully; to Edna Santos by Trining S. de Clara; to my boy friend, by Antonietta Panlilio; to Virginia Lacson, by Casimero Turla; to Nena Paras, by Eladio Ayson; to Berting Panlilio, by Isabelo Nepomuceno; to Paula Sicut, by Ramon Caparas; to Amada Potter, by Clara; to Francisca Villanueva, by Rogelio Yuseco; to Maemi and Guillermina Panlilio by Teresita Dayrit; to Lucing by Panching; to "Spanish Eyes", by Ponciano N. Dayrit; and to Adelaida Nepomuceno, by Gerardo Narciso; to Miss Rafaela Puzon by her friend Donato, of the Q. S. T.; to Nene on her 18th birthday last February 19, by Alfonso C.; to Miss Anecita Francisco of Paco by Juanito Databeli; to Miss Socorro Icasas by A. J. Trinidad, and requested by Mr. Gregorio L. Tan; to Asuncion Utok by Mildrol Rio; and to Fining Inocentes of the A. N. S., by D. T. Lizaso of the Columbian Institute).

Thanks a million a million thanks to you
For everything that love could bring you
brought to me

Each tender love you happened to say
Is hidden away

In mem'ry's bouquet

Thanks a million for I remember too

The tenderness that your carresses taught
me

You made a million dreams come true and
so I'm saying

Thanks a million to you.

I WISHED ON THE MOON

(Requested by Ernesto C. Verzosa of Aparri; dedicated to Miss Soledad Chal Delfino of L. H. S., by Aurelia C. Liunag; to Cely Navarro of KZIB, by Tagabanga; to Socorro Navarro by 6-19; to Rocking alagot, by Delly Bandendorp; to Luring Sese by Coning Pojas; to Ester Ligaya by Don. of N. U.; to Miss Belen Tabucan and Angelina Alba of Victorias, Occidental Negros; to Miss Lourdes Gayonga by Temistocles Visitacion of the W. R. T. C. Inc., Bacolod, Occidental Negros; to Miss Lilia Junsay by Pedro Macauan; and to Miss Irene Portuguese by N. R. Meneses; to Nena Rodriguez by Ben Bautista; to Vitaliana Kalugdan, by "Blue True")

I wished on the moon

For something I never knew

Wished on the moon

For more than I never knew

A sweeter rose, a softer sky an April day

That would not dance away

I begged of a star

To throw me a beam or two

Wished on a star

And asked for a dream or two

I looked for every loveliness it all came true

I wished on the moon for you.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY

(Heartily dedicated to Lourdes Cortes of U. S. T., by Conrado Dizon of Sta. Ana, Pampanga; to Manding on account of her birthday, on March 15th, by one who cares; to Jose Reyes, Letty Cavanaugh, I. Palma, Maria Amoneca, on account of their birthday by Lyding; to Miss Virginia Domingo on the occasion of her birthday, Feb. 1st, by Socorro de Castro; to (naughty cousin) Nording Kabajar on the occasion of his birthday, March 13, by Lita; to Jose P. Ledesma of M. I. T., on the occasion of her birthday, March 19th, by delicate Rose; to Miss Carmelina Jurado of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Institution on the occasion of her last birthday, Feb. 23rd; to Miss Rosa Tesoro on the occasion of her birthday last Feb. 14th, by E. J. Agatep of the Cagayan High School; to Mr. Fabian Rosacia on the occasion of her birthday by her admirer; to my dearest cousin, Conching de Dios, in honor of her last birthday (February 16) by Ombing Leoncio; to Forts on the occasion of her birthday, March 28, by a friend of the Literary Song Movie Magazine; and to Victoria Pañola of Lucban, Tayabas, who celebrated her birthday last Feb. 25, by Eva Maria Manza.)

Many happy returns of the day

This is what my heart can say

On your birthday, my dear,

I have nothing to give,

Ever true and sincere

Let this love be my present to you

Take it, dear, and say I love you too

On your sweet natal day,

I shall silently pray

Many happy returns of the day.

THE IMAGE OF YOU

(Heartily dedicated to divine and sweet Angustias P. Jose of Caridad, Cavite, by the "Miserable"; to Miss Aurora Trinidad by Jose Tagle; to Miss Soledad Reyes by Alfredo Monzon; to Misses F. Bautista and Lucila Veluz by Golden Rosa; to Miss "7-6" by "46-5"; to Minang Victa of Kawit, Cavite, by "Meri"; to Miss Mely Austria of San Pablo Laguna by R. Pasco).

Ev'rywhere I go I'm sure to see

The image of you

Ev'ryone I know appears to be

The image of you.

If I ride up a tall skyscraper,

You're there before my eyes.

If I pick up the evening paper

It's just you in disguise.

Ev'ry day my heart expects t' see

The image of you.

Ev'ry day will start with ecstasy

When you see me, too.

I have a very special dream

And if it ever comes true,

There'll be you and I

And the cutest little guy,

And ev'ryone will say that he's

The image of you.

REQUESTED and DEDICATED SONGS

THE NIGHT WHEN LOVE WAS BORN

(Heartily dedicated to Miss M. N. Catimbang by Antonio Ostica; to Monay by Horacio; to Nene Orbase of Guinobatan by a silent admirer; to Miss Valentina Bartolome and Domingo Velasco by Nena Orbatia; requested by Ading Jimenez and her darling of A. H. S.; to Encarnacion Dialogo, by Remedios Fernandez of Sabanez; requested by Jose Hermosa; dedicated to Josefina Avila of Tayabas by Fernandito Pansacola; to Julita Estrada by Pepito of Baguio; to Franklin Lucrecia and R. Jimenez of the P. N. S., on account of their birthday last Jan. 29, by a friend of theirs in 60 HOND; to Argustros P. Jose of Caridad, Cavite, by the Miserable; to Edil Paker by Rose D.; to Bessie, Peral and Annie McCall of San Roque, Cavite, by Delly Roddy; to Diony Aquino by Tinding Gamban; to Morning Star by Bert de Joya of U. P.; to R. Gonzales of F. E. U., by Semi; to Miss Julita Ylagan of Gasan, Marinduque, by a forgotten friend of Norsaragay, Bulacan; to R. Gonzales of F. E. U., by S. Arnaldo).

You took my lips and sprinkled them with twilight,
Oh, what a night, the night when love was born.
You took my eyes and thrilled them with a June light,
I blessed the night, the night when love was born.
The trees discovered us
Beside a silver stream,
With leaves they covered us,
So we could dream and dream,
You took my heart and dipped it in the moonlight,
That wondrous night, the night when love was born.

CHEEK TO CHEEK

(Lovingly dedicated to Fely Gamban by Diony Aquino of Batangas; to Mansalud Cariño by Leonard Lemesa; to Charming Pepita Cabrera by Jessie Von Kruze; to Ador by Cornelio Rosal; to Eduardo Basa by the "same"; to Eldie Reyes of R. H. S., by Lina Re Brillante; to Choling Aguinaldo by Felicing N. Aguda; to Luz V. Villamor by U. R. T. of L. A. H. S.; to July 10 of Torres High School by her sweetheart; to Miss C. Stuart by H. Huga; to Miss Lucila Veluz by Charles Budy Rogers; to Miss Elenita Samson by her sweetheart Alfredo; to Mary Cuyapan by Eleuterio Asotool; to Leonora Panday of Tabaco, by Frank Black, Douglas; to Macaria Balanacon by Uic Polepode. Requested by Ireneo for Verzoza of Aparri, Cagayan; dedicated to Rosy Mangahas of Santa Rosa College by a silent admirer from F. E. U.; to Luring Sese and Pacing Borja by Caring Pozas; to Panching Baluyot of H. G. C., by Delly Boden hap of H. G. C.; to Frankie Valdez by Honey-Sy; to Aida Echang of Hin, Occidental Negros, by Delly Roddy; to Auring Guntang of N. U. by A. Zarate of N. U.; to Silva of Badoc, Ilocos Norte, by Pacifico Evangelista; to Miss Auring Ocampo of I. N. T., by Senong of Banna; to Soledad Yapoy by Goyo Abellion; to Miss Sotera Lazo by Demetrio Torres; to Elena Luzod by Peping of U. P.; and to F. Reyes of Zamboanga General Hospital, by Mi-

I CANNOT FORGET

(Especially published and dedicated to Miss Elena Fernandez of Lingayen, Pangasinan, by someone from the Conservatory of Music who cannot forget; to Fely Flores, by Peping Manikis; to Cesar Reyes, by Elda; to Naty, by Joaquin Limjap; to Concha, by Amado Diez and to Nena, by Ceferino Simpaoy).

I cannot forget,
I will not forget,
The happy memories since we met.
For my heart is a treasure chest,
Where they find a fitting nest.
Though they at times are drenched by bitter tears,
Tears only can make them last thru the years,
Time cannot cool the sacred flame of love,
Eternally in my heart is treasured
A memory of you, beloved,
And until the borrowed sin of life shall set,
It's you and you alone, dear,
I cannot and will never forget.

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE

(Requested by Purificacion Escarte of the Torres Hi; lovingly dedicated to Miss Aurora Trinidad by Charles Buddy Rogers of the Imus Institute; to Lucila Veluz, by Golden Rose; to Miss Dolores Darwin by Charles Buddy Rogers; to Miss Aurora Soyoc by little Crispulo: lovingly dedicated to only White Gardena of Manila as requested by her prince Charming; to Antonia Baltazar of Araullo Hi, by her forbidden Lips Rosy Mercado of Jose Rizal College; to Julita Estrada by Pepito of Baguio; to Nely of Guadalupe by Catalino Tuplano; to my one and only Hita Carreon, by Mr. Espinas of F. E. U.; to Miss Ester A.

ling Encarnacion; to Meding of A. H. S. by Tito.)

Heaven, I'm in heaven
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak;
And I seem to find the happiness I seek
When we're out together dancing
Cheek to cheek
Heaven I'm in heaven,
And the cares that hang around thru the week
Seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak
When we're out together dancing
Cheek to cheek.
Oh! I love to climb a mountain
And to reach the highest peak,
But it does not thrill me half as much as dancing,
Cheek to cheek.
Oh! I love to go out fishing
In a river or a creek,
But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing,
Cheek to cheek.
Dancing with me
I want my arms about you
The charms about you
Will carry me thru to heaven
I'm in heaven and my heart beats
So that I can hardly speak
And I seem to find the happiness I seek
When we're out together dancing,
Cheek to cheek.

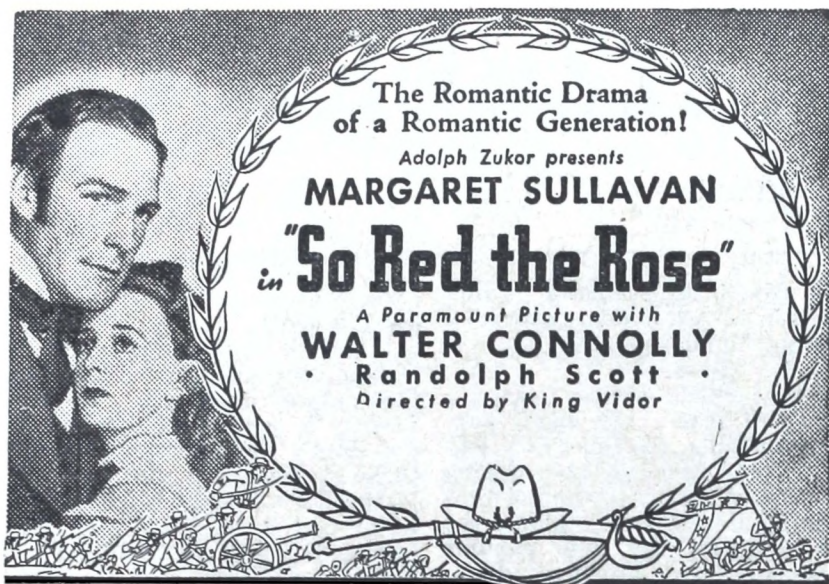
YOU'RE AN ANGEL

(Heartily dedicated to Angel of Doon of Tea Eye, by someone; to Miss Isabel by Trining S. de Clara; to Milagring Romero by Ceferino de Veyra; to Aning Panis by Tinding Gamban; to Ester P. Sanchez by Felicing N. Agudo; to Miss Cony Santos of Santa Rosa College by L. G.; to Rizalina Corales by king Henry I. of Mapua; to Miss Mangahas Cony Santos and Josy Tamayo by L. Carreon; to Mrs. Francly Bohesan and Teodora Sotor by Lucy Bohisan and to 60 40 by Amphy K. Steem; to charming Cilay de Leon by Felizardo Bonifacio of Versonco; to pen my pal, L. R. Garabato; to Miss Otilia Herrera of Tondo, on the occasion of her last birthday, last January 19, 1936, by Felicidad; to Josefina Rose San Juan of Urdaneta, Pangasinan, by Tinagahan; to my Huey Buech Miss Neny Silas of the St. Rita Academy, by her lovely admirer, Nena G. Mercado of Mayon, Sta. Ana.; to Juanita Lepral of Manila, by Faith A. Serrano; to adorable Mary de Leon of the Aurellano Hi, by her ardent Admirer Aurellano, on account of her birthday, February 3; and to R. Gonzales of F. E. U., by Seni; to Chimang, by Glory).

You're an angel,
You're so understanding,
Think of heaven handing me a dream like you,
You're an angel,
You're an inspiration,
What a combination,
You're a sweetheart, too.
Makes no difference where I look
You're all I see.
Close as pages in a book,
That's how we'll be.
For when you taught me
What my heart was made for,
I got what I prayed for,
You're an angel, dear.

Contes, by Quarto; to Miss Fanny Maigne, by Severino Ilano; to Macday S., by a silent admirer of Imus, Cavite; to Fanny Maigne by Severino Ilano; to Macday S. by a silent admirer of Imus, Cavite; requested by Mr. Gorgonio L. Yaw; dedicated to Bruce Lance by Blondie; to Miding by Josabelle, to Puring by Mr. Manuel Pajardo; to Jovita Legarda by F. B. Tadera, to Elenita Samson & Lilia Bella and to a faithful friend of the Imus Institute by Marta Jeson; to Miss Natividad Eced of Buhi, Camarines Sur, by Vicente Agravante; to Miss Orbase by Nesson Masayda)

I'm in the mood for love
Simply because you're near me
Funny, but when you are near me
I'm in the mood for love
Heaven is in your eyes
Bright as the stars we're under
Oh, is it any wonder
I'm in the mood for love
Why be afraid of wether
This little dream might fade
We'd put our hearts together
Now we're one
I'm not afraid
If there's a cloud above
If it will rain, we'll let it
But for tonight forget it
I'm in the mood for love.



SYNOPSIS

At Portobello plantation of the wealthy Bedford family, the serene civilization of the Old South in the Ante-Bellum days has reached its height. Gallantry is the code of this civilization, which demands that its men be brave, gentle and kind; its women beautiful, virtuous and accomplished.

The Bedford family is headed by Malcolm Bedford, the father, the master of the plantation. His wife is Sally Bedford. Their children are Edward, the older son, his mother's joy; Middleton, a spoiled, imperious youngster; and Vallette, who combines all the charms and graces of a belle. Then there is the Bedfords' cousin, Duncan Bedford, who is the plantation's overseer. A spinster aunt, Mary Cherry, completes the family in residence at Portobello.

Vallette is in love with her cousin Duncan, who is older than the young men whom Vallette so imperiously rules. Duncan loves Vallette, too, but he thinks she is a terrific flirt, and will not give her the satisfaction of knowing that he loves her. He continually makes fun of her coquette's tricks and regularly has her alternating be-

tween fury and despair. Duncan is a man of his own opinions, among which are that a war between the States which seems inevitable, following the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, would be a stupid, senseless affair.

Edward Bedford returns home from military school, bringing with him a friend, George Pendleton. Edward's arrival makes his mother's happiness complete, and a great season of festivity starts at Portobello—balls, dinners, riding, parties, over all of which Vallette reigns supreme. She flirts outrageously with George Pendleton, hoping to arouse Duncan's jealousy.

Then comes the news: Fort Sumter has been fired upon. The plantation country greets the news with shouts and singing, thinking that the War will be an easy Southern victory and a lark. Edward burns to go, but his mother implores him to wait. Duncan refuses to go, because of his convictions. But George Pendleton goes; and is killed in one of the first battles. Then only do the gay people at Portobello realize the horrible seriousness of the War. Edward can no longer be restrained, and one day he leaves to join the Confederate

Army, slipping off in order to avoid the last heart-breaking farewell with his mother.

One night a Northern raiding party rides through the Southern lines and reaches Portobello. Malcolm Bedford is roughly roused from his bed, and ordered at the point of a sword to escort the raiders to a road which will take them safely back within their own lines. Humiliated to the depths of his pride, Bedford returns home, determined to join the Confederate Army. Through all this, Duncan remains steadfast, refusing to fight, while Vallette despises him more and more, loving him more and more at the same time.

Rumors reach Portobello of a great battle at Shiloh, and Sally Bedford fears her son Edward has been killed. In the dead of night,

little Middleton, trying desperately to fulfill the place left vacant by the death of his father and brother, see Confederate soldiers passing the plantation, in disorganized retreat. Ever without success, they ask for news of Duncan. In the wake of the men in grey come the Yankee troops. A Yankee group is routed by the Confederate rear guard, and in the fighting, a young Union soldier is wounded. Vallette takes him into the house, to Edward's room, to protect him. The Confederates storm into the house, in pursuit. In command of the avenging Southerners is Duncan, who demands that Vallette give the Northern boy up, to be hanged, as a reprisal for the hanging of Southerners by the Yankees. Val-

(Continued on page 49)



Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott in a romantic scene.



A dramatic moment from the Paramount production, "So Red The Rose," starring Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott.

she rouses the household, and with the staunch old family servitor, colored William Veal, journeys to the battlefield. Duncan goes with her. And there, amid the dead and groaning wounded of Shiloh, Sally finds her beloved son—killed in action. Numb with despair, she brings his body home. Duncan remains behind, however, to join the Southern Army. Even his principles cannot hold him in the face of such grief and need.

Only the women are left at Portobello, with young Middleton, now the heir. The slaves hear that the Yankees are winning, and revolt, threatening death and destruction to the plantation and its owners. During the revolt, Malcolm Bedford stumbles home, sorely wounded. Vallette keeps from him the news of the slaves' rebellion, and with the help of William Veal, succeeds in quieting the Negroes for a little while. But when Malcolm dies, the slaves flee the plantation, all ties with the past broken.

Soon the sad-eyed women, and

THE CAST

- Vallette Bedford . . . Margaret Sullavan
- Malcolm Bedford . . . Walter Connolly
- Sally Bedford . . . Janet Beecher
- Edward Bedford . . . Harry Ellerbe
- George Pendleton . . . Robert Cummings
- George McGehee . . . Charles Starrett
- Yankee Boy . . . Johnny Downs
- William Veal . . . Daniel Haynes
- Duncan Bedford . . . Randolph Scott
- Mary Cherry . . . Elizabeth Patterson
- Middleton Bedford . . . Dickie Moore
- Cato Clarence Muse
- Major Rushton . . . James Burke
- Confederate Sergeant . . . Warner Richmond
- Chas. Tolliver . . . Alfred Delcambre

If you want to hear the STARS of the ether, don't fail to tune up KZRM every other Tuesday from 6:00 to 6:30 P.M.—The LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE PROGRAM.

ORCHIDS OR RAZZBERIES

By
WATER WIND SHELL
(Sees All...Hears All...Tells All)

Well...Well...Your old pal is back with you with plenty to talk about (*crooners, nuisances, pests, included*)...You know this business has got me worried lately...*(If you could only see the "gray hairs" that appeared in my nut since I began this.)*...I need a "raise" but my boss won't give me...He told me to keep on "digging" until I give him the real "lowdowns" about this radio business...*(Haven't I, Boss?)*...So that's that, folks. And so you see why I'm talking plenty this time...*(I need that raise. Think of my five little kids!)*....

Have you heard the regular Amateur Period over R.M.? If not, I advise you to try listening-in once...The Baron is a WOW!!!! *(No, he isn't a dog...I mean he's GREAT!)*...It's real entertainment, folks...with those ambitious boys and girls trying their best before the mike...But here's an advice, applicant's: No Imitations...Our studios are filled with "carbon copies" already and we are growing tired of it...**SING YOUR OWN STYLE**...*(Take it from me.)*

Orchids to the "RHYTHM MINSTRELS" over EG...

Your program is "tops" in that station...Keep on the good work and Papa Wind-Shell will be always ready to give you nice fresh orchids...*(Advice: Your orchestra needs more practice.)*

Here is what I may call a "preliminary orchid" to that little fellow called, "TROUBADOUR"...You are climbing fast, Kid...Advice: Look up "DICTION" in your dictionary *(If you have any at home)*... That will help you a lot, little man....

This is what you might think some "S.S.B.'s" *(That's not the Silos Sister either!)*...but whether you take it that way or not, nothing is gonna stop me from offering Miguel Velarde, Jr. a fresh orchid for his entertaining "PIANO STARDUST"...His fingers have got "originality," that's why....

If KZEG thinks it is "LYRIC TIME," I am Madame Du Barry!!!! Me no talk any more...*(For particulars: Tune-in EG, every Tuesday 6 P.M. and do the judging...)*

We are just wondering how that "certain IB crooner" get that "certain title"...So far there was not even a contest held...*(That's just one of the EIGHT WONDERS in this cock-eyed business...)*

Orchids to Alma Corro...The girl has been doing a lot of good singing these days...*(Surely you notice that too, folks.)*....

Here's the latest flash concerning the Ramon Novales-Carmen

Rosales family...The stork will be arriving in a few months from now...Wonder if it will be another future radio star...Let's just hope....

According to many reports, a very popular KZRM singer's head is swelling...*(We don't need such guys here)*...I slammed that guy last issue...well, here goes another rotten "RAZZ" for you, Swellhead!!!!!!

Orchids to JERRY AND HIS ROMANCERS for their good harmonies...You are the one reason why "SMART MUSIC" retains its name....

Heard Tony Sobral the other night...*(One Saturday nite, to be exact)*...and me think Antonio should have to stick to his "footballs"...Remember there is another guy, BIMBO, *(that's his name)* who has got a grand voice...It happened that you *(That means you, Antonio)* and him have the same style of warbling...*(Think it over.)*...In case you want to do something about it...*(That's just in case, remember)*

Señor Bimbo is stationed behind a counter at Aguinaldo's everyday excepting Sundays....

Here is a little advice, folks...If you are that crazy about popular recordings, tune-in every day *(Of course, Sundays out)* during the Mid-day Merry-Go-Round conducted by Don Alva...That's the time when all the best popular recordings are broadcasted...*(Why not, Don chooses them himself!)*

If you were present during Miss Radio Night at the Carnival, you would surely noticed how the audience praised "The Black and White Number" presented by some fifty pairs of radio luminaries...*(Bernie Nolasco was the conductor)*...And speaking about the Carnival here are the latest flashes...The Silos Sisters deserved a fresh orchid for their wonderful rendition of Orchids In the Moonlight...The Troubadour for "Alone"...and Ding Yalong for "Sweet Sue"...Al "KZIB" Nafataly was a grand master of ceremonies...Mike Velarde, Jr. was a hit as an orchestra leader....

Luis Nolasco turned out to be a good hooper...*(Of all things!)*...and all in all Radio Night was a huge success...More blah-blahings about that glorious night *(Dopes to you)*...Papa and Mama Mat. Castro kept watching their beloved daughter *(Her Majesty, The Queen, Milagros)*...Koko and Lina Flor *(as usual)* having the time of their lives...And Señor Bimbo was there with the one and only *(You should see them as they dance; what a romantic pair!)*...Mitzi *(Miss Eg)* and consort had a reserved bench in the beer garden *(That was around three a.m.)*...Patrocino Ong *(No guitar that time)* wore the most beautiful mestiza dress that night despite Lina's competition...That charming girl with Crooner Ding Yalong was the new heart interest *(That's what the "tongues" said)*...And for the surprise of that evening the girl I took with me turned out to be a "gold-digger"!!!!!! *(I went home with just the exact fare for an auto-calesa!)*

Woke up one fine morning and found two free passes to ICEBOND, the Cosmopolitan Dramatic Guild show, under my pillow. What else to do but put on the glad rags and attend. So said so done. "Hey Taxi! Manila Grand Opera House and make it snappy! Got there and what a crowd! Packed to the gills. Bright eyed coeds...bearded gents...frowning dowagers...slick-haired drug store cowboys and bawling babes. Didn't know amateur dramatics pulled 'em in like that. Well, must be good said I to myself. I didn't reply so I must of agreed.

Curtain rises for first act. Say, is that Gareth Garlund there standing on the staircase, a bunch of people around, all of them wearing an expectant look as if Santa Claus or somebody was coming in a minute. By jove! It is.

Fireworks. This boy Garlund is an actor. Lionel Barrymore himself in person. Attaboy, Gareth.

Ah ha! Who's this just come in? No!!! Yes, it is! Don Alva himself. *(Donald Johnson to you)*. What's this? A radio announcer's meeting or something? No wonder there's a crowd. And look at the girls now...they're sitting on the edge of their seats, sighing heavily. Golly, look at Don draw the applause! Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Robert Taylor all rolled into one. Wait I forgot. Throw Fredric March in, too. Don's a real actor. A "natural" if there ever was one. Full of *poisonality* and does he strike 'em dead.

Grand play, ICEBOND. Best bunch of actors and actresses I
(Continued on page 48)

INDIAN HEAD CLOTH

"With the Guarantee you Know"



F. E. Zuellig, Inc. May 20, 1934
90 Rosario, Manila

Dear Sirs:

I have used "Indian Head" cloth extensively in the furnishing of my home, using it for curtains, runners, pillows, and in many other ways, and in it very good and durable too, in clothing for the children.

What I like about "Indian Head" is that it can be obtained in various widths, narrow and wide, to suit the purpose, and in different colors and shades making many attractive color combinations possible.

The cloth has the appearance and wearing qualities of fine linen, and the colors do not fade even in this climate.

I am always glad to recommend it to my friends.

Very sincerely yours,
Trinidad F. Legarda

THIS IS WHAT MRS. TRINIDAD F. LEGARDA PROMINENT SOCIETY LEADER, SOCIAL WORKER, PATRON OF MUSIC, AND A FORMER QUEEN OF THE MANILA CARNIVAL HAS TO SAY ABOUT THIS EXCELLENT CLOTH



Insist upon **GENUINE INDIAN HEAD**

36 INCHES WIDE IN 29 DIFFERENT SHADES

WHITE - IN 6 DIFFERENT WIDTHS

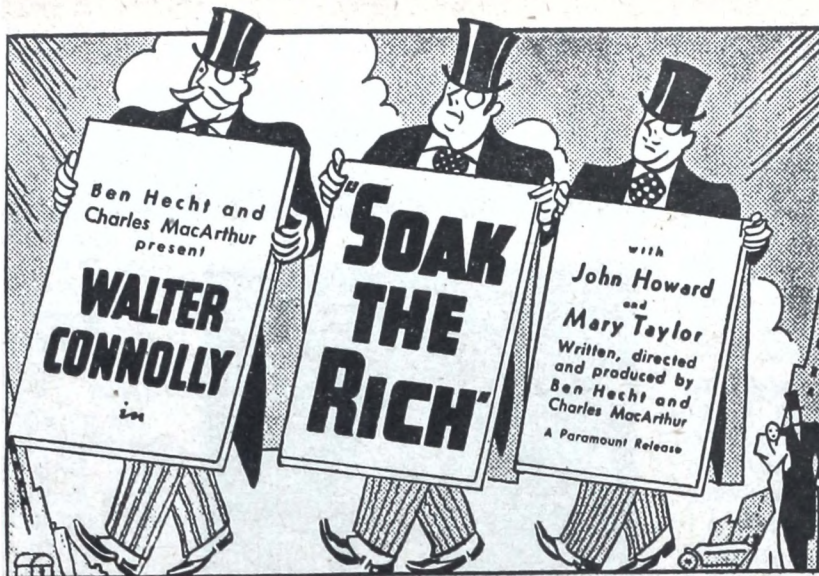
FOR ATTRACTIVE PRINTS ON FINE CLOTH

Ask also **INDIAN HEAD**



THE CAST

Humphrey Craig Walter Connolly
 Belinda Craig Mary Taylor
 Miss Beasley Alice Duer Miller
 Joe Muglia Lionel Stander
 Rockwell George Watts
 The Butler Con MacSunday
 Buzz Jones John Howard
 Mabel Ilka Chase
 Tommy Hutchins Robert Wallsten
 Tullio Francis Compton
 Capt. Pettijohn Joseph Sweeney
 Jenny Isabelle Foster
 Everett Percy Kilbride
 Black-Eye" Lockwood Edwin Philips
 Sandwich Man John W. Call
 Dean Phillpotts Ed Garvey
 Dr. Keats Allan Ross MacDougall



The G-Men trace Belinda and, through a ruse, manage to rescue her. Belinda, by this time, is disgusted with her experiences as a radical and returns to her home. Buzz believes Craig is holding her prisoner and organizes a student uprising to rescue her.

Craig persuades Belinda's old suitor that he should insist that Belinda marry him at once. Tommy tries to win Belinda's consent. Knowing her father is back of Tommy's renewed interest, Belinda gets rid of him by telling him that she is guilty of an indiscretion with Buzz and that is why her father is anxious for an early wedding.

Belinda Gets Her Man

Tommy, furious, tells Craig, and Craig realizes he's got to find Buzz and make him do the "right thing" by Belinda, even if a divorce fol-

linda's answer is an emphatic "No."

Fun at School

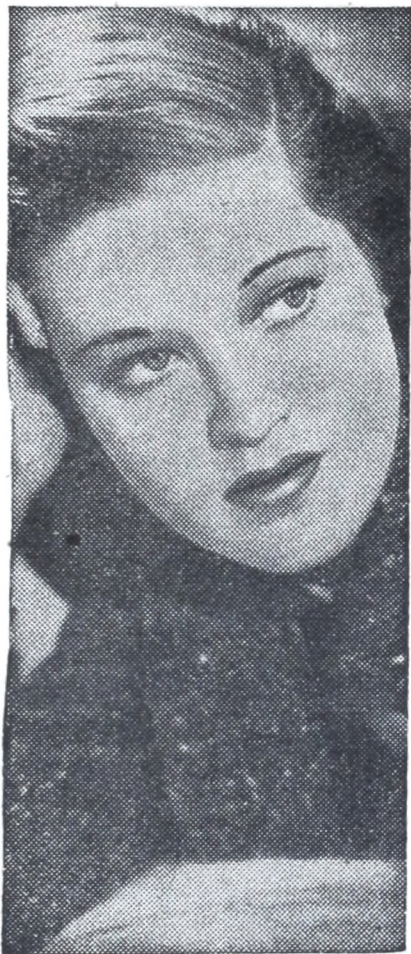
Fun at Craig University is being attended to personally by Buzz Jones, leader of the students' radical group protesting the dismissal of Professor Popper for writing a pamphlet, "Soak the Rich: the First Step Toward Recovery". Buzz arranges a fire-hose party for the dean in the middle of which the police arrive and carry off a battered-up Buzz to the hospital.

Belinda, in the dean's office at the time, gets one good look at Buzz and decides to become his nurse. Buzz thinks Belinda is just looking for a thrill but she convinces him that she is heart and soul with him by donating her money and jewelry to the cause and offering to see that her father has Professor Popper reinstated.

When her father gets a load of Belinda's new philosophy, he immediately takes the wrong turn and has Professor Popper banned from the university for ever. Belinda, enraged, escapes from the house and hurries to seek refuge in Buzz's rooms. Buzz's radicalism, however, is not strong enough to permit her to stay there, and he orders her to take a room for herself at the St. George Hotel.

Belinda Kidnapped

Meanwhile, Old Man Craig receives a letter from the Society for the Abolition of Monstrosities, threatening to kidnap Belinda, and he enlists the aid of G-men to find her. And Belinda, on her way to the St. George Hotel, is really kidnapped—by Joe Muglia, a crazy anarchist who styles himself the Society for the Abolition of Monstrosities.



Mary Taylor

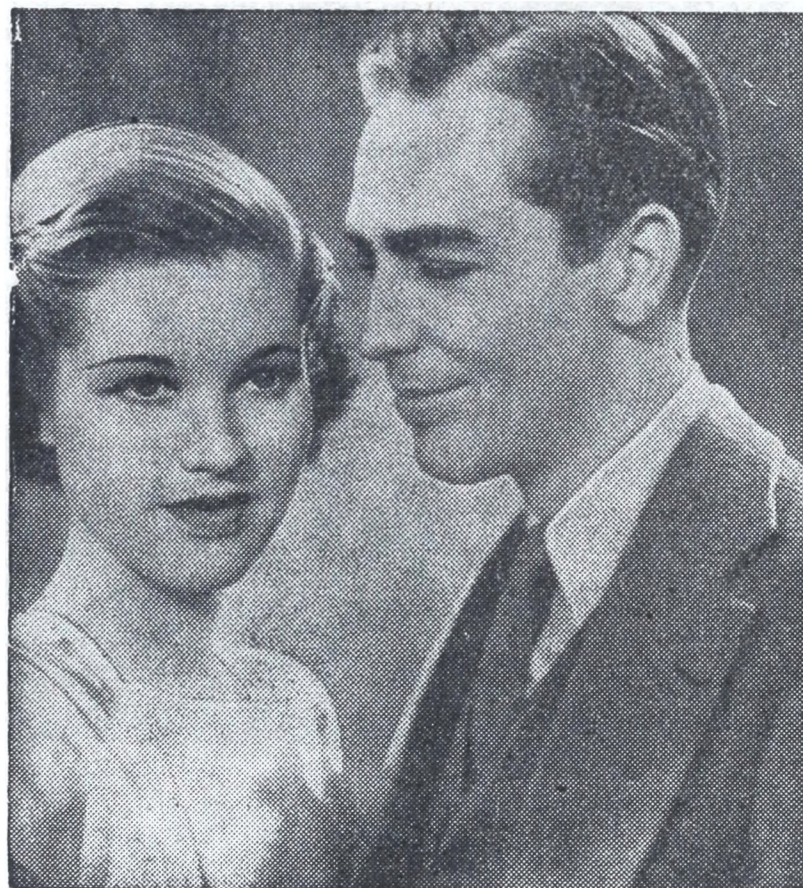


Walter Connolly plays the role of a multi-millionaire in "Soak The Rich."

THE STORY

The sun shines into the palatial library of the Humphrey Craig home, but the cantankerous multi-millionaire is in a blue-fog of troubles, caused by his digestion, his wife (his second), his daughter, Belinda, and, particularly, a Soak the Rich Tax Bill which, the morning papers say, Congress is sure to pass.

Belinda, unexpectedly back from an around-the-world tour, focuses his troubles when she announces that she is going to return to Craig University as a student—just for the fun of it. Craig wants her to marry Tommy Hutchins, but Be-



John Howard and lovely Mary Taylor add romance to the Hecht-Charles MacArthur film satire, "Soak The Rich."

lows immediately after the wedding. Fortunately Buzz arrives at the Craig home at the head of his riotous student band just at this moment.

Craig quiets the students by sending out champagne and sandwiches and invites Buzz to a conference. Buzz demands that Popper be reinstated; Craig agrees on condition that Buzz marry Belinda at once.

Then Belinda confesses that her "confession" to Tommy was "just a big fib", but she hopes Buzz will marry her anyway. And he does—a bewildered soak-the-rich agitator marrying into the wealthiest family in the country—and, outside, his friends and supporters, gay with champagne, sing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow", meaning Old Man Craig.

THE CHATTER BOX

by
RUY I. ABUEG

THIS AND THAT

A modern Missus is like a car. Without gasoline, it won't run and without a careful chauffeur, it'll go straight to Hell.

Whoever said that life is not life without "wine, woman and song" is right. The past ages and the present one had proven and is proving the truth of the said outburst: There was *wine* in the days of old; and at present, it is a necessary evil to both sexes just as powder, lipsticks etc., are to the ladies. *Woman*, that frail and beautiful creature will live always, as long as the earth revolves around the sun. Losing her would be a great misfortune to man in general and to the world in particular.... What do you think? And *Song*, we surely had it before, and at present, we're having it in a quite exaggerated way. What with these many, many snappy tunes that fill the air with noise, as our Beethovens and Schuberts would say it!

Ever since the word CROONER came to life here, there has been quite a rave for it. It's evident that a good many gents and ladies as well, are on the march for a crooner's fame. That's a great idea.... you're getting ambitious... only, I think the ladies would sound funny with such a title, or is it a title really?

Would you have thought that radio-announcers are the most talkative beings in the world?... talking and talking for hours everyday? What's more funny, they don't mean all what they say.... poor souls!... or rather, they don't know all what they talk about. Nowadays, it pays to be talkative and nonsensical at the same time!

RADIO PERSONALITIES

If there's a fellow who's tops at wisecracking and anything else that spells funny, it's announcer Gareth Garland. You ought to hear him explode his laughter-stuff; it's even funnier than the movie cartoons I bet. Fun-men always have that characteristic something which never fail to add popularity to their own selves. For instance, Joe E. Brown.... it is his colossal mouth; Jimmy Durante.... his "schnozzle." Now what is yours, Gary? I don't see anything? Might you be wearing a mask?

Mitzi is surely a good radio-entertainer. She and THE HARMONY CIRCLE are going great guns among the fans. At present,
(Continued on page 49)

MISS F. R. Cruz Speaks....

(Delivered over KZEG on Feb. 15, 1936)

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Radio Audience:

The Pioneer Institute of Technology, established in 1932 in Manila is an outgrowth of the present widespread demand for technical and vocational courses. Urged by the desire to help in the practical training of men that will make for the development of character vision and reliance, the founder foresees the advantages of vocational courses for the country. The Institute realizes that an institution of this kind is essential to a progressive and independent Philippines.

Each individual chooses his own profession, occupation or calling. The Pioneer Institute of Technology serves as a vocational guide

pointing to the people the right courses that are best to meet the needs of this modern age.

The Pioneer Institute of technology claims to be the first vocational school in the Philippines that ever offered varied and purely vocational courses both for boys and girls. In fact its activities in this line were extended to the provinces especially the Department of Fashion and Arts, whose numerous graduates are now engaged either in school activities or in their own private establishments all over the islands.

Aroused by philanthropic spirit and public service in the best of our ability and means after four years of strenuous and continuous
(Continued on page 49)



Miss F. R. Cruz



Mr. William Teahan, Technical Adviser to the First American High Commissioner in the Philippines, wears a pair of the NEPA style of Ang Tibay Shoes. "They're all wearing Ang Tibay Shoes now."



Take a look at the many other styles at the

Ang Tibay Shoe Stores

Plaza Goiti

Manila

710-714 Ilaya

Parodies

WITH YOU

A Parody on "Alone"

by Eva-Man-Za

(Dedicated to Pipay Gutierrez)

With you, with you I'll be happy and gay, dearie,
With you, with you I forget everything but you
And when we are together, we talk and laugh and sing
No matter what comes next, we don't care, dear;
With you, with you I'll be content and glad always
With you, with you I am safe and protected too
We only hope for God's grant
That nothing will divide
Two hearts, that always will live forever and ever.

MAMMY, I'LL ASK DOUGH FROM YOU

(Tune: Mammy, I'll Sing About You)

By Amado C. Mendizabal

Let others talk about the brooks,
As long as I am going broke,
My Mammy, I'll ask dough from you.
Daddy may frown when I'm around,
As long as I am broke and down,
Oh Mammy, I'll ask dough from you.
You're the one who never would deny me,
The thrill of your purse,
You're the one who use to be my treasury,
When I'm out of source.
So, let the whole world laugh at me,
As long as I cannot meet my need
Oh, Mammy, I'll ask dough from you.

THE LADY IN BLACK

(A parody on "The Lady In Red")

Oh, the lady in black,
The boys are so crazy for the lady in black.
For she has a charming way,
Of putting, anybody at ease.
Oh! the lady in black
Is fresh as a dew drop
When the morning is fresh,
Smiling sadly and serenely with magnanimity.
She's very simple,
Sympathetic and kind,
Her company... you'll enjoy!
She's adorable,
A pal that's hard to find
I know she's going to meet the right guy.
Oh! the lady in black,
The boys are so crazy for the lady in black,
Isn't she just grand, oh! Tony,
What a personality.
(She's got simplicity).

DIALECT SONGS

AWIT NG PAGIBIG

(*Lovingly dedicated to Miss Juana de Jesus of Pasay, by O. E. Trinidad of Manila.*)

Ikaw ay bulaklak ang kawangis,
Sa ubod ang bago'y kay tamis,
Ang lahat ay iyong naakit,
Puso mang wala pang pag-ibig,
Ang lahat ay iyong rabibihag,
Sa lambing ng ngiti at sulyap,
Kahit sino'y, nangangarap
Sa pag-ibig na matimyas.

Koro

Kung aking maulinig,
Ang awit ng pag-ibig,
Na papawing lahat
Ang mga hirap na tinitii,
Ang aking nararamdaman,
Ay ligaya ng buhay,
Parang ako ay na sa
Piling ng minamahal.

SOR MATILDE

neng Romualdo Roman
Micanta ya qng Peliculang "Sor Matilde"
Pacante que cang Sise

Oh! caniaman tumerac qng lambis ning
tigtigan
Caring tacde mu anti cu mong macaduyan
Mababating pa ing sabla cang casaquitan
Qng siping mu banding Irang
At nung emu buri ing maralas a tampuan
Nasa cu ing panirug mu't pacamal
Buri cu ing lambingan
Buri cu ing suliapan
Nasa cu ing alang capante capalsintan.

WALANG KAMATAYAN

(*Handog kay Betty Estrada ng Mamburao, Mindoro ni Naning; at kay Cheding Chaves ng Columbian Institute ni Boring L. Kempis Nang Night Dept.*)

Hindi mo ba naalaala guiliw
Nang ang pagibig moy isumpa sa akin
Umaawit ako sa iyo'y naglalambing
Habang ikaw na man ang siyang sumasaliw
Magkasama tayo sa dosat at ligaya
Kung ikaw'y magtampo ay sinusoyo kita,
ay
Oh! kay sarap... nang ating paglalambing
Poso mo't puso koy isa lamang

Koro

Hindi mo ba naalaala minsan
Nang tayong dalawa'y nasa isang lunday?
Habang ikaw'y walang tigil na pagsagwan
Nakahilig ako'y sa iyong kanduñgan
Minsan ay nakita mo akong umiiyak
Luhang tumutulo ay pinahid mo agad, ay
Oh! kay sarap... nang ating pagmamahal
At parang tayo ay walang kamatayan

SINTA Capampañgan

neng Romualdo Roman
(Tune: I Wished on the Moon)
Bacud yamu cang Six Songs

Baya ning sinta
Quilub na ning salu cu
At cucumpitan
Ning sugatan cang puso
Dusa't caplas
Nining calma cang mebigu
Pete mung pangacu.
Yaduan cu queca
Nung ala cang ligaya
Qng canduñgan
Ning liguran mung mutya
Irug miunan mibali'ca
Uling cacu
Ica ing bie cu't sinta.

NA MOMOTAN Bicol

(Tune: Oh! Guiliw Ko)
by Mateo I. Condono

Haloyon na, sa puso co daghan, Nenang,
Pag mauot co, pinag rimpos sa daghan,
Maculogon dico na ma tatagalan
Ica an sacong na momotan.

Chorus

Hinanioga ining inagragñay co
Na momotan taca nin tudoc sa puso co
Guiromdoma simong pag honá-honá
Ta ica an ladauan bituun ca sa daghan.

TITANG Pampango

Neng Odlaurmor Namor
(Tune: Tina)
Bucud yamu cang Sixta Sengco

Titang, ibat iniang aquit cu
Leguan mu't cajiñjan
Megulu yang puso.
Titang, baluan mu qng ica mu
Palsintan na ning puso
Angang 'tiu ing yatu.
Nung acaquit mula ding taxi
Ngening maratun ca
Ilang gawan cang tune sacsi
Qng dalise sinta.
Titang, balang pañgismawa cu
Malsinta la ñgan queca
Angang 'tiu ing bie cu.

"AKO'Y PATATAWARIN" (Danza)

(*Affectionately dedicated to Miss Anicia Francisco of Paco, by J. D. Detabali.*)

Tanda ko pa noong, kita ay minsan biruin,
Birung may hinampo at may halong paglalambing,
Ikaw ay nagalit at nagtampo sa akin
Sa birung binitiwang, di ko akalain.

Koro

Kung ngayo'y tatandaan,
Di ko na u-ulitin
Sapagaka't ang biru, ay lambing sa akin,
Sapagkasala ko, ako'y patatawarin
Pawiin ang galit mo, magbalik sa akin.

IKAW ANG DAHILAN

(Tune: TINA)
Written by Ben. Noriega of P. S. A. T.

Tina iyo sanang lingapin
Ang aking kalagayan
Mata ko'y luhaan;
Tina ikaw sana'y maawa
Sa aking paghihirap
Ikaw ang dahilan;
Di mo marahil nalalaman
Na kita ay mahal,
Mula pa nang kita'y mamasdan
Minahal kita oh—
Tina anong hirap magtiis
Nang tunay na pagibig
Ikaw ang dahilan.

HAIN NA PINANGGA (Visayan)

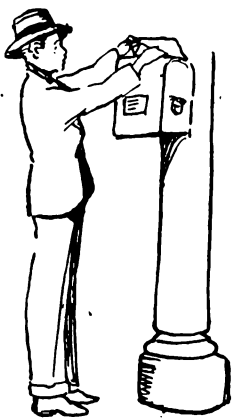
By Frank B. Vidal
(Tune: Moaning in the Moonlight)
(*Lovingly dedicated to "cutie" Francine Desoylo*)

Gipaabut ko ang imong kalooy
Hinalaran sa tim-os nga pagbati
Giusa ko ang tanang pangandoy
Aron onongan ning kinabuhi.
Wala ko tagda ang kapaitan
Nga gitingal mo ning alaut
Ang tanan giantus ko lamang
Hangtud ang imong panghimaraut.
Apan wala mo gayud gantihi
Sa gugma.....
Hinoon imong gipahilak
Ug gihikawan sa himaya
Aron mahugno ug mahunlak—
Ah, walay lain nakong mabuhat
Ang pagpaagay ra ning mga luha
Ug king ngabil moyamyam pagaghat
"Ang kalooy-HAIN NA PINANGGA"

"MAY HINALA AKO"

(*Himig sa "I've Got A Feeling You're Fooling...Ni Bb. Fely Rosal ng KZIB. Ded. To Laura Valentin by Simeon Salazar ng KZEG.*)

May hinala akong nagbibiru ka
At ako'y iyong sinusugukan
Ngunit ang pagmamahal ko'y
Di mo malilinglang
May hinala akong nagbibiru ka
Nababasa ko saiyong mga mata
At nasusubukan ko pa
Ang iyong pagtawa
Akala mo yata, ako'y mabibihag
Ng iyong paraan
Ngunit nalalaman kong
Na ikaw ay nagbibiru lang
May hinala akong nagbibiru ka
At ako'y iyong sinusubukan
Ngunit ang pagmamahal ko'y
Di mo malilinglang



The FRIENDLY CLUB

Conducted by
Miss Alice Brian



Dear Miss Brian,

I'm just another gal anxious to make new acquaintances. My real aim and ambition is to have a bunch of friends throughout the Islands; but before we proceed, let me make an introduction.

I am a girl of 17 summers, light brown in complexion, 4 ft. 8 in. in height. My hobbies are collecting stamps and beautiful song hits. I am also fond of collecting snaps of friends and I love to write to beautiful pals. So hurry up, drop me a line with your picture and you'll find me reciprocating.

Chrysanthemum Num Crystal Blossoms

Dear Miss Brian,

Why did I not write you sooner? I crave for pen pals, and I hope I won't be disappointed.

I recently celebrated my 15th birthday last November. I am at present a freshman of the Academy in my town. My hobbies are reading the Literary Song Movie Magazine, biking, playing ping-pong, writing letter and reading detective stories. I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall. I assure each and everyone that all letters coming my way will be answered without a moment's delay.

The Unknown Noning

Dear Miss Brian,

I am a young man of eighteen—not yet sophisticated, who is looking for real pen pals. Am still a greenhorn, but I prefer American or Spanish mestizas for pen pals. At present a prelaw student in a private university of Manila, and I stand 5 ft. 10 in., weight 140 lbs. and have got Farrell's hair. I enjoy dancing, singing, swimming and reading. Still in bad shape... so drop me a line with a picture of yours... but you must be beautiful. So, beautiful girls, give me "a drop".

Alfonso

Dear Miss Brian,

Am I too late in this quest for pen pals? I'm a very lively lass of 18, bobbed, with a pair of dark mysterious eyes that friends sometimes call me Greta Garbo. Others mistake me for a Spanish mestiza altho I'm a pure Filipina. I'm a bookworm, very fond of novels, song hits and all sorts of magazines. I love to dance and to

croon. Having just come from an exclusive college for girls, I'm still heartwhole and free. I've just launched into society and many call me a "beautiful deb". I love everything beautiful, especially to dream under a tropical yellow moon.

C'mon ladies and gents—especially you handsome Romeos and beautiful Juliets. Take a chance and you will never regret it. You'll get a snap for a snap, a souvenir for a souvenir.

Hasta la vista!

The Queen of Hearts

Dear Miss Brian,

Everyone is enjoying the Friendly Club and why shouldn't I? I'm 20 years old, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, 119 lbs. with brown curly hair. As for hobbies, I am fond of reading romantic stories, a lover of sports and the movies. I guess these are all I can tell you about myself for the present and would certainly do my best to satisfy the inquiries of my future pen pals.

Loly

Dear Miss Brian,

Here comes a lonely pal whose aim and ambition is to have a carload of pen pals all over the Globe. I am 20, a pure Bulaqueña and very much interested in Home Economics. I am very fond of singing, reading novels and stories, sewing and cooking.

Say, pen pals, get acquainted with me. I should like to be friend with those who are good, kind, honest, courteous and religious. So come one, come all and let's be cheerful. Hurry up, drop me your sweet missives. Am willing to exchange letters and snaps.

Lonely Beny

Dear Miss Brian,

Here's a boy of 17 who stands 5 ft. one and is a sophomore student. I want to be acquainted with everybody, in short, I am a pen pal seeker.

I am fond of swimming, horseback riding, driving, hunting, reading all sorts of magazines, going to the movies and clipping beautiful pictures. My favorite sport is swimming and my hobby is drawing.

I am hoping that everyone will spare a little of his time to correspond with the "Count of Monte Cristo" and drive away all his sor-

To be qualified to this club an applicant must cut the coupon below and send it to Miss Alice Brian, care of the LITERARY SONG-MOVIE Magazine, P. O. Box 36, Manila, P. I.

Describe your letters so interestingly that others will want to know you.

Sign your full name and address for our files.

Choose a nickname under which your letter may appear in these pages.

When you write to pals whose letters have already been published: Enclose your letter in an undressed, stamped envelope. Send it with a note to Miss Brian saying for whom it is intended to.

Girls can write to boys or vice-versa. Also girls can write to girls and boys to boys.

Do not ask Miss Brian for anyone's address.

rows. I am willing to answer all letters and exchange snaps.

Count of Monte Cristo, Jr.

Dear Miss Brian,

I'm a young bachelor earning my livelihood thru a business firm, who wants to have new friends, but would prefer girls. My hobbies are tennis, swimming, traveling, movies and above all, dancing and auto riding.

Now everyone is welcome and I promise to exchange autographs and snaps.

Chipi

Dear Miss Brian:

Would you mind helping me find some pals all over the Islands? Gee, I'm awfully lonesome and would love very much to have pen pals. Boy! the one who writes me first will receive lots of pictures of mine and views of Lanao. I'll answer immediately all letters I receive for, believe me, I love receiving and answering letters from pals.

I'm a Syrian mestiza of 18 summers, I am at present working in my Dad's firm as secretary. I am 5 ft. 3-1/2 in. tall, with golden-hair, and light brown eyes. I'm not bad to look at, believe me! So, come on boys and girls, drop me a line and you won't regret having written me. I love dancing, traveling, reading and writ-

ing. C'mon everybody, give me a break. I'll not disappoint you.

Amy

Dear Miss Brian:

I scale at twenty-four and a century pounds and tower over Carnera by five and two at that much bone and flesh. I figure a la Buster Crabbe in a bathing suit and prefer newly shined shoes to dance on.

My weakness are mestizas And those that got "las curvas". There is no limitation, In fact that is an expansion. So don't fail me if you are not so hot,

For maybe you've got more than what they've got.

My hair waves like the Pacific, With a brownish tint to it. My looks are just 'like that', Which you won't quite disregard. If you will send me a 'snap' It will be a tit for tat, Then I'm yours to judge. Step on the gas and let 'er go, You won't regret you've done so. Well, 'von jour' or good day, Here's hoping you don't miss your way Boop-boop-a-boop!

"D Gay Cavalier"

Dear Miss Brian:

Here's a guy whose extra-special weakness is writing letters, who would rather miss a meal than forego reading a good novel, for

If you want to learn the tunes of the song hits published in the Literary Song Movie Magazine tune in your radio to KZIB every Wednesday from 6:40 to 7:00 P.M.—The Literary Song Movie Magazine Period.

whom a thrilling talkie is every-thing. So come on, ye pen pal bugs, sling plenty of ink my way, and I promise honor bright to answer each and every missive. Am a grad of the Ateneo de Manila, 21 years old, and 5 ft. 6 in. tall. I go for sports, too, but not in a big way as I prefer novels and hair raising adventure magazines to sweating in the noonday sun.

Can dance a little, at least, I don't step on pretty girls' dainty feet! If you wish to know more, drop me a line and I'll answer pronto!

As I'm particularly shy in the company of the fair sex, I'd like to have plenty of pen pals among them so that I can gradually brush off my inferiority complex.

Why Not

Dear Miss Brian:

Come on gals and guys, get going and sling your pen this way. I'd bet my right hand you won't regret your choice!!!

The perfect combination of Spanish and native blood running through my veins. I stand 5 ft. and my curves are in the right places. Brown curly hair but not bobbed, and have got a pair of brown eyes to match. My hobbies are reading magazines, swimming and bowling and last but not least, I got that "dancing nerves" under my toes—in other words "music makes me".

You can write me in either Tagalog or English. Hope you won't keep me waiting.

Lita Miranda

Dear Miss Brian:

I am a girl of 21 summers, 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weigh 99 lbs. Friends say I resemble Jean Parker, and got a figure that of Jean Harlow. My hair is black cal-line, and I wear a dimple on the left cheek. I'm rather old fashioned, housekeeping is my only hobby and dancing is my weakness. I always find it sweet to stay at home, and of course I love music.

Would be very glad to have pen-pals and I promise to exchange photos.

Cinderella

Dear Miss Brian,

Hoo-o-o-o Teng! Teng! Teng! Calling everyone, calling everyone, a male fugitive from a chain gang is now in the city desirous to have pen mates every where, to help him

in his ambition as a fugitive from lonely places.

Identification—Alias—Peña
Stands—5 ft. 5 in.
Weight—103 lbs.
Hobbies—To love everyone especially names beginning with Lydia.
Knowledge—To play piano especially jazz
—To play violin little only
—lover of art and beauty

Sh—h—h—h!! This is a secret for those who are unreaders of the Literary Song Movie Magazine".

Ruddy Peña

BREVITIES

Loving Rose, is a girl of 17, lovely to look at, stands 5 ft. tall and weighs 98 lbs. She has got tantalizing eyes, a light complexion, long dark hair and a slender body. Her hobbies are going to the movies, collecting autographs, and caring for roses (no wonder she is as sweet as a rose) C'mon everybody, be one of her pen pals.

Saladin is a handsome fellow of 18 summers, stands 5 ft. 4 in. and drops the scale at 109 lbs. He is an asst. scout master in one of the outstanding troops in the city. He is fond of hiking, camping, cycling, reading, crooning and all sorts of sports. You will find him very interesting.

A Bicolana of 18 springs is Lovely Ety. She is not bad to look at, in fact, she has got a high-bridged nose and a pair of lovely dimples. Her hobbies are going to parties, reading magazines, biking and writing. Write to her and win a snap.

Here is a young man from the City of Pines. Pure Lelies is a jack-of-all-trades. He loves music and is a devourer of True Detective Stories. He addresses a la Clark Gable, but snaps will tell you the rest. Everybody listen! He has got a lot of surprises in store for you. Remember, he dwells in the mountain tops. The sooner you write the better. The first ten who will send their pictures, will naturally receive the best.

Naughty Girl. A bloming Bula-keña, 18 year old, weighs 116 lbs. has got white complexion. Has for her hobbies, singing, reading, excursions. She is a theater addict. Wants pen pals. Apply soon.

Rebecca of Sunny Brook is a student with a fair complexion and of the dainty feminine type. She stands 4 ft. 11 in., and weighs 100 lbs. Her hobbies are writing, reading and swimming. She is also fond of sewing, cooking and traveling. She promises to exchange snaps, thoughts, wisecracks. So, don't pass her by but keep the postmaster busy.

Jo is a young man of 21, employed at the Phil. Aerial Taxi Co. There's no talk there that does not concern airplanes. So, he would like to have pals to relieve him from thinking of airplanes the whole day through. He prefers the "fems" who can be dated up every once in a while. He is willing to exchange snaps.

Dulcinea is a sweet and charming girl of 18. The opposite sex, especially the Clark Gable type is preferable. Come on, give her a break and snaps will do the rest of the talking.

Kattie, a girl of 16, is longing for letters of both sexes. She is 5 ft. 1/2 in. in height and many mistake her for petite Janet Gaynor. She rides on horseback like nobody's business. Everybody, cheer her up, drive the blues from her.

Cupid is in our midst in the form of Don Mike. He is young, 20, 5 ft. 5 in. tall and weighs 128 lbs. He reads stories of noted authors as Burroughs. Mike has dark brown hair, dark eyes and light complexion. His weakness is disappointing the opposite sex. (Girls, watch out!) Anyway, he loves the beauty in woman. Folks and fellas, drop him a line.

A girl of 18 and a native of Naga, is Pretty Milly. Her hobbies are singing, dancing, bowling and reading romantic stories. She has got curly hair, dark eyes and light complexion. Get acquainted with her you young señoritos and señoritas.

Mysterious Mystery Lover welcomes everybody. He is 5 ft. 6 in.

tall, weighs 118 lbs. with loving eyes, black hair and fair complexion. His hobbies are singing, sports and he is a radio enthusiast. He promises to give a break to anybody who writes him.

A²—Ring, is a girl of 16 summers who is just crazy about pen pals. Towering 5 ft. 3 in. in height, she has got those dangerous Mae West curves. For further information, be one of her pen pals. Grasp this great opportunity, boys and girls, and receive some snaps from her.

Count Fazil is not so bad to look at. What's more, he has got that Clark Gable profile. He tips the scale at 138 lbs. with a height of 5 ft. 10 in. He is 20 years old and is in search of pen pals throughout the Islands. He has been driven in the Wilderness of Broken Dreams. The count speaks Tagalog, Pampango, Ilocano, English and Chinese.

It is just too bad for Lone One, who is 16, an American mestiza and a lover of sports. She is getting blue and would like to be acquainted with everybody. She skates, rides on horseback and hikes. In a word, she loves all sorts of sports. So c'mon everybody, get the chance of a lifetime.

Here comes Smiling Lieutenant looking for friends with cheery smiles. He is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 114 lbs. has got dark hair, a pair of "ojos negros", and a fair complexion. He loves sports, dancing, riding and crooning. Drop him a line girls, and see what happens.

Don Colonel is a guy of 18 summers, stands 5 ft. 3 in. and weighs 106 lbs. He's got dark hair and a light complexion. He has dancing, humming, going to the movies and reading for hobbies. You won't regret knowing him.

The Girl of the Limberlost is anxious to have pen pals throughout the Islands. She's 5 ft. 2 in. in height, and believe me, boys (Continued on page 47)

Miss Alice Brian
LITERARY SONG MOVIE Magazine
P. O. Box 36
Manila, P. I.

My dear Miss Brian:

I am very much interested to be a member of The FRIENDLY CLUB. Attached is my letter to be published in your next issue of the LITERARY SONG-MOVIE Magazine with my nickname.

Very sincerely yours,

Real Name
Address
Nickname

(For publication)

We Have Big Assortment of
LADIES' HAND BAGS
Latest styles in different colors
PERFUMES OF ALL KINDS
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HORSE LAFFS AND BELLY ACHES

"She's a leading light in the movies."

"Yeah, an usherette."

—College Life

Girls who say goodnight in hallways

Cannot hold a man for always!

—College Life

They were speeding along the road.

"I said you could kiss me," protested the damsel, "but I didn't say you could hug me."

"Oh, that's alright," said the one-arm driver. "I just threw in the clutch."

—College Life

She: Would you believe it, it's twelve o'clock already.

He: I'm sorry, sister, it's only eleven fifty-five.

She: Would you call me a liar for five minutes?

He: I would if I had the time.

—Penn. Punch Bowl

Wife: Well, dear, have you found a job yet?

Hubby: Yes, dear, you go to work tomorrow.

—West Point Pointer

Teacher: Willie, you have the lowest marks in the class thus far. We will now have the test in music. If you can sing a song

appropriate to your feeling, I will pass you.

Willie: I'm dancing with tears in my eyes.

—Bucknell Belle Hop...

Sweet Young Thing: Stop! My lips are for another.

Fresh Young Man: Well, hold still then and you'll get another.

—Penn. Punch Bowl

"Judge, I just shot a duck out of season."

"What! Five years at hard labor."

"Judge, I just shot a man."

"My, me! How careless. Call a doctor so this man may be judged insane."

"Your Honor, I just shot a woman."

"Really! Congratulations . . . Say, if you ever feel in that mood again, here's my address, and my mother-in-law sleeps in the first room to the right on the second floor."

—Wisconsin Octopus

"Were there many drunks at the dance?"

"Yes, the floor was crowded."

—Jenn. Punch Bowl....

Mrs. Bragger: My husband hasn't been out at night for over a month.

Mrs. Asker: Turned over a new leaf?

Mrs. Bragger: No. Turned over a new car!

—College Humor

"Why treat that girl with such a patronizing air?"

"Why not? I'm one of her best patrons!"

—Penn. State Froth.

"Jane, because you are so secretive, I want to break our engagement. But tell me what you are keeping from me."

"Your diamond."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

Biologist: Why is a mosquito ungrateful?

Anatomist: Because he bites the hand that feeds him.

—Yale Record

Tam: Oh, but you don't really care for me.

Sam: Oh, don't I though? How would you like to be my wife?

Tam: Am I to consider this as a proposal?

Sam: No—I'm just taking statistics for the U. S. Census Bureau.

—Penn. Punch Bowl

"How do you know he's a politician?"

"His facial expression and handshake don't match."

—Pitt Phanter

Andy: I had an awful time with Amos last night.

Kingfish: Amos who?

Andy: A mosquito.

—Lehigh Burr

Voice (over phone): Is this Mr. Snah?

Mr. Snah: Yes, this is Mr. Snah.

Voice (over phone): Hold the line a minute, please.

Mr. Snah: All right.

(Lapse of one minute)

Voice (over phone): Your minute is up, thank you. (Chick).

Mr. Snah: BANG!!!!!!!

—Brown Jug

Kayo: They gave Six Second Smith a present of a bathrobe before the fight last night.

Okay: Yeah. And he got a beautiful pair of socks later on, too.

—Penn. State Froth

She: Say, Joe, I'm out of a job again. Wouldn't you give me a chance with your sawing-a-woman-two-act?

He: Indeed not! I wouldn't think of cutting an old friend.

—College Humor

(Continued on page 49)



LOTION AND PERFUME

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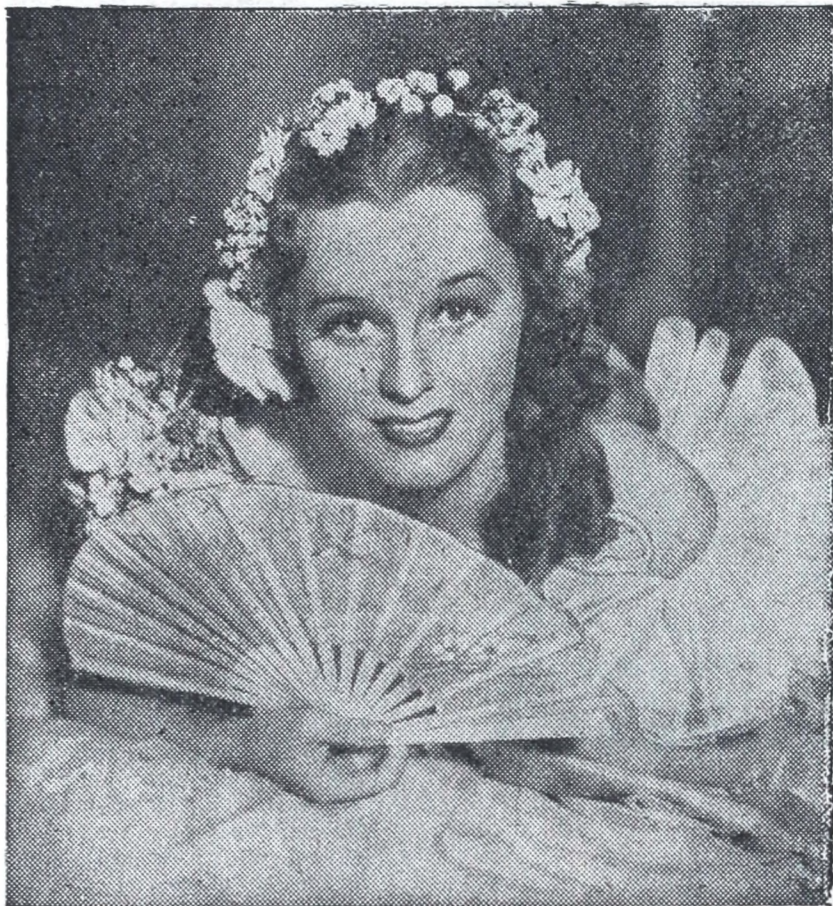
₹3.50 a bottle of Perfume.

Distributed by

BOTICA BOIE

Sección Castellana

“El Mundo dentro de 100 Años”



Margaret Sullavan



Mary Taylor

Alexander Korda ha dado fin a la filmación del fantástico argumento del célebre H. G. Wells, “El Mundo Dentro de 100 Años”, y su estreno se espera para dentro de poco en Londres y Nueva York.

El costo de esta producción alcanza, según informes dados a la prensa recientemente, a la suma de \$1.450.000 dólares, cantidad que, considerando el bajo costo de la producción en Inglaterra comparada con el de Hollywood, constituye la película más costosa que se ha hecho en los últimos dos años en el mundo, puesto que si se hubiese realizado en Estados Unidos su costo no hubiese bajado de dos millones y medio de dólares, según los cálculos de los entendidos.

Esta película, según corresponsales de las más importantes agencias informativas que visitaron los estudios de London Films durante su filmación, será el espectáculo cinematográfico máximo de la temporada 1935-36.

La última escena en filmarse fué la del “Cañón del Espacio”, así llamada porque en ella aparece un disparador de grandes proporciones que lanza el proyectil en que por primera vez seres de nuestro globo visitan la luna. El hecho supone tener lugar en el año 2054 en la ciudad del futuro. Este escenario es considerado como el más grande é intrincado que jamás se ha hecho para película alguna. El espectáculo es emocionante en forma tal que no se puede hacer con el paralelo. Un escenario de más de 250 pies de largo ocupa la sola plataforma sobre la cual se erigió el “Cañón del Espacio”. El proyectil que supone lanzar este cañón tiene una puerta de entrada de diez pies de espesor, por este detalle se puede uno formar una idea de la magnitud del proyectil en sí y por consiguiente del cañón.

Durante los últimos seis meses los más famosos modistos y artistas europeos y americanos presentaron para la aprobación de London Films infinidad de diseños sobre la indumentaria de los habitantes del mundo del futuro.

El período de 2050 en adelante, posteriormente a la turbulenta época de guerras, revoluciones, famina, pestes y destrucción sobre el que hicimos un relato en número pasado de este boletín, presenta a las ciudades limpias, brillantes y enteramente exentas de enferme-

dades. Las ciudades enteras respiran aire purificado por medio de potentes aparatos que generan rayos purificadores, y luces de sol artificial alumbran los interiores. Naturalmente, los diseños de los vestidos del período tienen que verse regidos por el ambiente creado por los nuevos inventos. Al principio, los diseños presentaban indumentarias complicadas, algunos en metal, espirales de alambre, cristal, celofán y substancias similares, pero casi todas resultaron imprácticas por motivos diversos. La segunda fase las constituyeron trajes super-abundantes en material. Total, que nada resultaba simple y cómodo para un mundo ultra-civilizado en que grandes problemas habían sido resueltos, y por lo tanto también fueron desechados. Donde la temperatura y demás inclemencias del tiempo se encontraban subordinadas a la voluntad del hombre, la simplicidad era vital para que estuviese de acuerdo con la nota dominante de los escenarios creados por el gran director artístico de London Films, Vicent Korda.

Por último fué consultado Rene Hubert, famoso diseñador, quien después de estudiar más de 150 modelos de indumentarias presentados, gradualmente logró, eliminando de aquí y tomando de allá, la confección de trajes que bajo un punto de vista vuelven a la antigüedad más pura, y que por otro lado resultan ultramodernos por su comodidad y practicabilidad. Después de muchas conferencias con otros artistas, se obtuvo un nuevo material de extraña textura logrado por medio de largo proceso. Estos materiales serían poco prácticos para uso en el presente, pero son de un gran valor pictórico. Tales accesorios como botones, broches, etc., han sido eliminados por completo y los vestidos son cortados en tal forma que se adaptan por sí solos y en forma natural al cuerpo. Hoy tal simplicidad no sería posible, no solamente debido a los climas, sino que los grandes fabricantes de zapatos, botones, corbatas, camisas, etc., tendrían que cerrar sus fábricas. Pero en el mundo del futuro no habrá frío, ni calor, por lo tanto no se necesitarán pañuelos, medias, camisas..., todo será limpio y puro y no habrá necesidad de protección.

Esta película es una verdadera revolución.

If you want to hear the STARS of the ether, don't fail to tune up KZRM every other Tuesday from 6:00 to 6:30 P.M.—The LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE PROGRAM.

Del Mundo Del
Radio Local

PREGUNTAS y RESPUESTAS

1. Que edad tiene Cielito Rey y donde estudia ella?
2. Por que le gusta a Ramon Escudero estar con bigote?
3. Cual es el verdadero nombre del "Baron" que anuncia en la KZRM?
4. Cual es el programa del radio mas popular actualmente?
5. Quienes son los organizadores y directores de la "Comparsa Black & White" que ganó el segundo premio en el pasado Carnaval?
6. Por que ya no anuncia Don Alva en la KZRM?
7. Es imprescindible el uso del "gong" en los programas del

- "Amateur Hour" en la KZRM?
8. Que pasa con Lily Tavera que ya no se la oye cantar en el

- radio desde hace varios meses?
9. Por que dejó Pat Agcaoili la dirección de los programas del



23. Quienes son los que toman parte en los programas "Future Stars Of the Air" dirigido por Johnny Harris?

RESPUESTAS

1. Cielito Rey tiene 16 abriles y estudia en el "Mapa High School."
2. Esta es una pregunta que no podemos contestar por ahora, pues cada vez que le preguntamos a Ramon Escudero sobre su bigote, se limita a sonreír y a mover la cabeza.
3. Harry Fenton.
4. Segun algunos, el "Manila Radiolites," y segun otros, el "Now You're On The Air."
5. Los organizadores de la comparsa "Black & White" son el Hon. Pedro Vera, capitalista; Luis F. Nolasco, manager; Bernie Nolasco, director de baile; y Miguel Velarde Jr., director de música.
6. Don Alva solo anuncia en la KZRM desde las 5:30 A. M. hasta las 6:30 A. M. solamente.
7. Lo es. El "gong" sirve para indicar al cantante que ya no debe continuar cantando.
8. Lily Tavera ha estado bastante ocupada en sus quehaceres durante estos últimos meses que le falta tiempo para ensayar y dedicar parte de su tiempo para deleitar a los radio-oyentes.
9. Para poder dedicarse mas tiempo a sus estudios.
10. Simplicio Hernandez, popular "announcer" y cantante de dicha estación diseminadora.
11. "Tapungol," que es una palabra bisaya.
12. El "Iced Cold Papaya."
13. Una linda y joven cantante llamada Mercedes Ponce Enrique. Ella posee una voz y una belleza que cautivan.
14. Manding Monsura y Lulu Magpayo.
15. Miss Olive Oswald que toma parte en los programas de "Rhythm Minstrels."
16. Jose Arevalo.
17. Jerry, Tommy y Johnny que forman el popular trio masculino "Jerry And His Romanancers." Ellos fueron contratados para Japon por seis meses.
18. Little Ginger, que solo tiene 9 años de edad. Ella suele cantar en los programas del "Radio Revels" los domingos en la KZRM.
19. Betty O'Malley, que un tiempo ha sido muy popular entre los radio-oyentes de esta capital.
20. El programa "Meralco Dancing Party," que se oye todos los sabados, de 9:00 a 12:00 P. M. y en el que figura la "KZRM Orchestra."
21. El conocido "Mystery Singer."
22. El "Harmony Circle," dirigido por Mitzi.
23. Cely Navarro y Ric Javier, dos jovenes que prometen mucho.

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and economy—you get
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EL SENSACIONAL EXITO DE "EL ESPECTRO ERRANTE"

London Films ha dado principio a la temporada 1935-36 con un estupendo triunfo. Nos referimos a la nueva realización "El Espectro Errante", dirigida por Rene Clair con el apuesto Robert Donat, Jean Parker y Eugene Pallette en los papeles principales.

El estreno constituyó una de las funciones de gala más extraordinarias de los últimos años, habiendo asistido S. M. la Reina, así como el Duque y la Duquesa de York, y un gran número de altos personajes del mundo político, social y diplomático de la capital del Imperio Británico.

El público y la prensa toda conceden los más entusiastas elogios a esta producción de Korda, llamada a triunfar en todas partes del mundo por su extraordinaria calidad y novedoso tema.

CON GRAN INTERES SE ESPERA EL ESTRENO DE "EL MUNDO DENTRO DE 100 AÑOS"

Gran interés existe entre el público y todos los círculos cinematográficos, literarios y artísticos de esta capital por el estreno de la sensacional y fantástica producción de London Films "El Mundo Dentro de 100 Años", basada en obra original escrita para la pantalla por el famoso escritor Mr. H. G. Wells. Esta película, según todos los informes previos que se hacen de ella, se espera constituya la sensación máxima cinemática del año 1936.

CRITERION FILMS ADELANTADA EN SU PRIMERA PRODUCCION

Criterion Films, la nueva productora inglesa fundada por Douglas Fairbanks Jr., y la cual distribuirá su material por medio de Artistas Unidos, lleva muy adelantada la realización de su primera película titulada "Amateur Gentleman", con Douglas Fairbanks Jr. y Elissa Landi en los caracteres centrales. Tan pronto como esta cinta sea terminada, se dará principio al rodaje de la segunda película de la joven productora.

BRITISH & DOMINIONS TERMINO "EL CANTOR CALLEJERO"

British & Dominions terminó recientemente la filmación de "The Street Singer" con el famoso cantante americano Tracy, llamado en Estados Unidos "El Cantor Callejero", y la bailarina de fama mundial Tilly Losch.

EN EL LEICESTER SQUARE

Según informes de última hora, "El Mundo Dentro de 100 Años" será estrenada en el Leicester Square a fines de enero o a principios de febrero próximo.



Barbara Stanwyck y Robert Young

Buen Partido Para Dos

SINOPSIS

Drue Van Allen, bella y rebelde hija de un general del ejército de Estados Unidos, es expulsada de la Universidad debido a sus ideas de marcada tenencia subversiva adquiridas en su asociación con Ernest Arner, compañero de estudios de quien se cree enamorada. La publicidad que acarrea este nuevo "escándalo" de Drue, coloca a su socialmente destacada familia en una situación embarazosa, por lo que la hacen abandonar el país temporalmente mientras pasa al olvido su última "escapatoria".

Durante algún tiempo Drue vive apaciblemente en un pequeño pueblo al otro lado de la frontera, hasta que recibe un telegrama de Arner en que le pide urgentemente que regrese. Jose Beal, miembro del Ejército y amigo de su padre, le aconseja que no acceda a lo que le pide Arner, pero ella está determinada a volver.

Drue logra que Jeff, un joven y apuesto soldado que se encuentra gozando de su día de licencia, la ayude a cruzar la frontera. Una vez en territorio de los Estados Unidos, Jeff vislumbra las posibles consecuencias de la aventura en que lo arrastra la muchacha, y quiere dejarla para volver a su

REPARTO	
Drue Van Allen	Barbara Stanwyck
Jeff	Robert Young
Arner	Hardie Albright
Rooney	Cliff Edwards
Lefty	Gordon Jones
Mrs. Rooney	Ruth Donnelly
Louis Martin	Paul Stanton
General Van Allen	Purnell Pratt
Tía Betty	Nella Walker
Baldy	Edward McWade

campamento, pero Drue lo obliga a continuar al decirle que el hecho de que se encuentre maneando un automóvil del ejército tomado sin autorización lo hace técnicamente un desertor.

Aquí comienza para Drue y Jeff un accidentado viaje lleno de aventuras y situaciones desconcertantes y chistosas. Entre tanto, la policía y el ejército se encuentran en movimiento tratando de atrapar a los fugitivos, a quienes se ha sumado en la aventura Rooney, un pobre marido que huye de su mujer, y quien provoca algunas de las sonoras carcajadas que se su-

ceden a cada momento con esta vertiginosa comedia.

Por fin un accidente los obliga a guarecerse en una casa de campo, cuyo guardián sospechando que algo no anda bien con sus inesperados huéspedes, se pone en comunicación con las autoridades. Beal, acompañado de la mujer de Rooney y otros, los alcanza en la casa de campo. Drue se informa que Arner ha sido arrestado y Beal le manifiesta que tendrá que hacer de ella y Jeff sus custodiados hasta Washington donde tienen que comparecer como testigos en el juicio que se va a llevar a cabo con Arner.

Noticias sobre la última aventura de Drue, llegan a la Universidad, donde sus compañeros de estudio organizan una manifestación en protesta por su arresto, entre tanto otro grupo, partidario de las ideas de Arner celebran un mitin allí mismo por lo que muy pronto se desata una verdadera batalla entre las dos facciones. Jeff llega a tiempo para tomar parte en la contienda y cuando esta termina, Drue se da cuenta de que después de todo el hombre que le conviene es Jeff.



Cantos En Español

QUIERO UN CANTO GITANO (Play To Me Gypsy)

Quiero que me entonces
Un canto gitano,
Quiero escuchar tu voz,
Canto de amor,
Anda y no me niegues
Espero con ansia,
Tu voz solo escucharé
Solo mi bién,
Arden los leños,
Bajo el azul
Viviendo en sueños,
Oír tu voz,
Quiero que me entonces
Un canto gitano,
Quiero escuchar tu voz,
Canto de amor.

CARIOCA

(Dedicado a los miembros de la "VIRAC
CALL SOCIETY" por Bersorab).

A mi me gusta la Carioca
Y sé que a ti te vuelve loca
Yo quisiera que lo bailes
Si el Criollo es chiquitin.
Yo prefiero a la Marimba
Y tu quieres la Cachimba
Y tu papa lo consiente
Si el Criollo es bailarín.

Coro

Ay! no te muevas Carioca
Criolla negra de mi amor
Un beso me diste en la boca
Arza y dal y baila
Carioca al dulce son.

AMOR MIO (My Love)

(Dedicado a la Srta. Luisa Consunji de
Aviles, San Miguel por Jesus N. Palacio)

Si tu solo supieras
Cuanto te quiero yo
Que yo sin tí no vivo en mí
Entonces tú, me amarias cual yo a tí
Has de saber amada
Que estoy loco por tí;
Que sin tu amor, amor mio
Todo es dolor en mi fiel corazón.

Coro

Mi amor, dulce amor mio
Vuelve al corazón
Que sin ti sufre y llora
Huerfano de ilusion
Mi amor, dulce amor mio
En mi cruel soledad
Mi alma en un suspiro
Llora su orfandad
Dia y noche en mi eterno ensueño
Surges tú, divina mujer
Ven, pues a mi y no me dejes solo sin ti
Escucha mujer mis lamentos
Y amame como yo a ti
Ven a calmar mis tormentos
Ven dulce amor mio.

CARMEN

(Dedicado a Mameng Quintos por un
amigo)

Asi cuando muere en occidente
Los tibios rayos del astro rey
Asi muriendo mis ilusiones
Asi extenguiendose se va mi fe.

Coro

Carmen, Carmela, luz de mis ojos
Si luz no hubiera, tú habrías de ser,
Hermoso faro de venturanza,
Dulce esperanza, bello placer.

AMOR SANTO

(Dedicado al Sr. Esteban Lumbao y a su
señora por el "gang").

Amor Santo que al calor de un ensueño
floreció,
Tu recuerdo en mi ser se eternizó;
Amor Santo que en mi alma un día posó,
De mi vida dolorida,
Para siempre como un sueño se fugó.

Coro

Al caer la tarde, mi alma reza
Una oracion de amor,
Vibra en su acento la tristeza
De un corazón que amó con fervor.
Dulce ilusion que yo adoro,
Profundo es mi dolor;
Por tí sufro, por tí lloro,
Por tí estoy muriendo de amor.

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Evening 6:00 to 8:00

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Miss GAVINA MONZON

Directress

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Delineator of KZIB

(Continued from page 8)

piners by Filipinos for the Filipinos... More remote control broadcasts of importance will follow real soon...

KZIB is broadcasting popular pictures from the Lyric Theatre from time to time, and according to the management of the Station and the Lyric I am told that one of the best musical Spanish Pictures that has ever come to the Islands will be aired sometime around the middle of March... Watch newspaper announcement as to the date and time of the showing and the broadcast...

Radio Revel's . . .

(Continued from page 9)

trix," and she even knew how to pronounce the word, aviatrix. I saw she was serious so I asked her what he planned to do when she would become an expert female flier, and she answered, "I'm going to fly over the Pacific. Mind you she didn't say, "I'm going to try to fly the Pacific," but, "I'm going to."

Well, friends, there is our little Ginger, really the cutest little girl you ever know and I'm sure if you all got to know her better, you will take this little girl to your hearts for what Radio needs out here is more "Sweethearts of The Air," and I don't mean those "babies" over sixteen, although they think and honestly believe they are the "sweethearts of the air," boy oh boy, if they could only read our thoughts, what made you say????

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 7)

- board of judges, composed of the most popular debs of the city.
- 20. Jerry, Tommy and Johnny—the popular "Romancers." They have been contracted for a period of six months (All aboard, for Japanese adventure!)
- 21. Little "Ginger"—a 9-year old performer on the Radio Revels broadcast.
- 22. Lina Flor and Mitzi, Misses KZRM and KZEG. They have been invited to be guest artists on board the S.S. Negros by the managers of the Compañia Maritima.
- 23. Betty O'Malley, the local "Ramona" who has been absent from KZRM for almost a year.
- 24. The Meralco Dancing Party, —featuring the famous KZRM orchestra with Frankie (Ko-Ko) Trinidad.
- 25. They are Cely Navarro and Ric Javier, two of the most promising performers over KZEG.
- 26. The Harmony Circle, conducted by Mitzi.
- 27. The Mystery Singer.
- 28. No. The only original member still connected to the group is Kits Tablante, its conductor.

Broadway Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

because he loves her, agrees to marry him.

Winnie is broke and forgotten by Broadway, when Lucky returns from his honeymoon. Tommy tells him what Winnie has done, and Lucky secretly backs a Broadway show with Winnie in the leading role.

Lucky and Iris attend the

that is precisely why these broadcasts are on top and will be for some time . . . In the entertain-

opening. The show is a tremendous success, but during the intermission, Ronnie gets drunk and shoot Lucky. Winnie finds him dying, but he asks her to carry on the show, which she promises to do.

Telling Mamma

(Continued from page 11)

Dear June In January,
No law forbids you to be married to him. Even cousins of the first degree can marry. Your having the same family names does not matter.

BREVITIES

(Continued from page 41)

and girls, you won't get disappointed. Hers is the policy of Give and Take.

Frank, only a boy of 14 summers, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and has got straight dark hair. His hobbies are singing the song hits and tickling the ivory keys of the piano. He promises to answer all letters and is willing to exchange snaps.

ment fields of the world today . . . the people who pay are always looking for something new . . . and so are the directors of these various fields of entertainment . . . Has anyone any original ideas? . . . Well . . . let's hear them . . . Radio is still foremost in the field of entertainment . . .

The "Gong" business over at IB during their Amateur Program is certainly a rapid way of ridding themselves of amateurs who have ambitions but can't seem to have the ability to carry them through. The other night a representative of mine went over to see what it was all about and before the program was half over, he had the idea that he was in a fire station. Not that ringing the gong is a bad idea . . . but . . . it does help the listeners from having to listen to two choruses of a number that is being sung very poorly. The gongs stop him or her making themselves ridiculous . . . and that is why it is so popular in the States . . . of course the success of a program with a gong lies in having a humorous master of ceremonies . . . which could stand a bit of improvement over at IB.

Have you ever heard that so-called "Hotcha Singer" of the local radio world . . . who, should you ever see her during broadcasting time, is painted up like a Christmas Tree? . . . At the sound and presentation of the program . . . she sings as she looks . . . However . . . her looks is her own affair . . . and if it is her style to paint up too absurdly . . . and sings well . . . there is no reason for complaints . . . but . . . that isn't the case . . . she paints rather exceedingly . . . but well . . . but sings "terrible." . . . As a columnist once said . . . are program directors always out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee? . . .

Well, my friends . . . next month . . . will mean . . . more news . . . more favorable and unfavorable commendations . . . but of their nature not even I know as yet . . .

Here's another adios hoping for bigger and better broadcasts for YOU.

To all Teachers and Students of the Land!

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For the benefit of school teachers all over the country, of the civil service employees of the government, of the students of the country in general and of all the graduates of the different schools of fashion of the land, who desire to perfect further their technique, knowledge and experience and wish to follow the standard method of teachings of the GALA FASHION ACADEMY, the academy considered as the best in the country, under the wise and technical direction of Mrs. YGNACIA T. LAPUS, the directress, who dedicated the best part of her life in foreign lands in this line of endeavor, we are offering now:

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Orchids or Razzberies

(Continued from page 36)

ever seen. And I've seen 'em all. Nothing schoolish about them. Act like professionals. Orchids to the directors, too. Fine work, all around. Ruth Clapham Sevilla, a great actress. So's Don's lil' kid sister. If you ask me she just about swiped everybody's hearts. Like Shirley Temple does. Only Rosie's more the Jane Withers type.

Came the very happy ending. Don plants hearty kisses all over blushing "Jane" and the curtain drops. Too bad. I'd like to know what happened after the curtain dropped. It looked like Don was "going to town."

If you still keep in your minds the scripts included in my inauguration column, I bet yu won't say I like much this person—Tony, the feller with the "Goodnight Sweetheart" theme song. No, not much. . . . er, . . . though I mean only his voice or the kind of program he "used" to defuse. Personally, meaning . . . his looks and behaviour, I reckon' he's O.K. Well, here goes *peleanty* more which kept me off my seat when I heard him last Thursday evening paired with Boots. Bingo! Whata swell time I had listenin' to him (Buddy or Tony, himself) and Boots, . . . cracking the mike, cracking my head, and cracking the

whole town with excellent wise-cracks! You got me this time, Buddy, you got me! And so folks, whiz-z-z goes the one and only orchid I have this month to "Boots & Buddy" with my compliments and congrats to Tony in particular. Everybody listen on Thursday and if you don't exclaim they are "Burns & Allen" in person, why I'll be . . .

(No razzberies this time Buddy 'cause I've got a feelin' you're no longer the same feller that . . . well we'd better skip. At the rate you're goin', why am afraid I'll have to beg you to employ me as yur publicity manager. Careks, Buddy, that's what you're born for and for the last time *peeleezee* keep on forgettin' such word as "formality" . . . even in singing. They ain't for you.)

And again, Wind-shell (*that's me*) says so long. . . . (*Gee folks, I haven't even slept a wink since last night. . . . That girl I told you about was with me!*) . . . That's confessing to you man to man. . . . so what!!

ROBIN HOOD

(Continued from page 13)

against his gun, just in time. That's all."

"My friend, you saved my life." The man spoke with a warm, slow drawl as he put his gun back in its holster. "Sorry, partner. You see, folks warned me of the ban-

dit Three-Fingered Jack, so when that shot came I—"

"Tomas was no bandit!" Joaquin defended his dead friend bitterly. "He hated the Americanos because they took California from we Mexicans."

The two faced each other silently for a moment. Then the white man extended his hand gravely.

"My name's Bill Warren," he said.

Joaquin took the proffered hand. "I am Joaquin Murietta. I am sorry Tomas is dead, but he had no business to do what he did." He glanced at Warren's wounded shoulder and asked anxiously, "Are you hurt very badly, *señor*?"

"Only drilled me in the shoulder—but it's bleeding a lot."

"You come with me to my farm," invited Joaquin. "My *madre*, she's a fine doctor—and my Rosita, she's a fine doctor, too."

Warren nodded gratefully, and introduced his companion. "My brother Johnnie."

In the little adobe house, with the assistance of *Madre* Murietta and Rosita, Joaquin succeeded in extracting the bullet. His mother ripped bandages from her ample petticoat, and Rosita went out to get fresh water for Warren.

"How do you feel, Bill?" asked Johnnie.

"Fine. How do you feel?" Johnnie smiled but did not answer, and Bill grinned good-naturedly. "My brother doesn't talk very much. He's in love, Joaquin—in love for the first time."

"In love for the first time!" Joaquin turned to Johnnie with a

gay laugh. "But here is a funny thing with me, Johnnie. Rosita and me—it's always the first time for us every day."

Rosita's face darkened as she reached the spring which flowed into the stream. Tabbard and Wilson were digging there, on Joaquin's property. She caught Wilson eyeing her appraisingly, and she held her head high as he muttered to Tabbard:

"As pretty a piece of calico as I've set my eyes on since I left Missouri."

She bent down to fill her jug from the spring, and the movement accentuated the alluring lines of her figure. Wilson whistled significantly, but she ignored him and started back toward the house. Wilson stepped forward and chuckled her under the chin.

"Hello, little bundle!"

She pulled away scornfully and slapped him viciously across the face, flouncing away. Tabbard stuck his foot forward nonchalantly and she tripped, sprawling brutally on her face. The two miners laughed, staring at the trim legs revealed beneath her skirts. Rosita glared at them, rubbing her elbow. Her arm had struck a rock and the skin was broken and bleeding. Without a word she picked up her jug and walked away.

Back in the adobe house, Joaquin was just finishing dressing Bill's wound. Rosita said, as she set down her jug, "Joaquin—those Americanos are digging on our property."

Joaquin frowned uneasily. He explained to Bill: "Yesterday they steal my vegetables, and today they dig for gold on *my* property."

There was a moment's stillness. Then Bill asked:

"Are you going to let them get away with it?"

"I don't know what to do, Mr. Bill." There was uncertainty in Joaquin's brooding glance. "They are so unfriendly, I am afraid if trouble started, someone might be killed."

"Don't worry about it." Bill got up to leave. "I think I can take care of this matter for you. Johnnie and I'll go to town and see a lawyer. There must be some laws that protect you Mexicanos."

Tabbard and Wilson did more than dig for gold on Joaquin's ranch—they found it, the dust so thick in the bottom of their pan that it set a fever raging in their blood. The discovery sent them racing to Saw Mill Flats where, in the Last Chance saloon, they found two cronies, Doc and Slocum.

"That Mex ain't got no right to that gold," said Wilson viciously, pouring out the story of their discovery. "The land belongs to the Americanos now, and what gold's in it belongs to us."

"It sure does." agreed Slocum.

"I'm for goin' up there and throwin' the Mex out—"

Thus it was that four grimly purposeful men walked into Joaquin's adobe house, with Wilson, in the lead, issuing a savage challenge:

"We're here to tell you you've got to pull your freight out of this here digging!"

(Continued on page 50)

SUMMER

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Local Potpourri

(Continued from page 42)

by Manuel Manahan

Girl: Don't follow me here. It shows that you are a dog.

Boy: So I'm a dog eh! My dear young lady, do you know why I'm following you? Dogs like bones.

—Will you lend me five bucks until pay day?

—What pay day?

—The day I pay you.

Suitor: I came here, sir, to ask for your consent to marry your daughter.

Father of girl: What's the hurry my boy? You know that my daughter is 25 and you are only 18. Why not wait for a few more years so you can be of the same age?

Boxer: Please give me another bout, you know that I love the ring.

Manager: So have I observed. The way you kiss the canvas shows it.

Optician: Look here, can you read this?

Patient: No sir.

Optician: (after putting the boards nearer) Now, can you read this?

Patient: No sir.

Optician: Why, you must be blind, its only one foot away from you?

Patient: How can I read that when I don't know how to read.

"So Red the Rose"

(Continued from page 35)

lette refuses and pleads for the boy's life. The scene is a climactic one between Vallette and Duncan in which all the old antagonism burns and flames, but in which at last they find themselves and their great love for each other. Vallette has her way, and the little Union lad is saved.

But Duncan must be off with his men, and soon another wave of Union soldiers engulfs Portobello. The end of the war is near, but that doesn't save the gracious old mansion. It is put to the torch, and the proud Bedford family, with only its women left besides one little boy, is reduced to living in the slaves' quarters. Sally and Vallette work the fields themselves, pulling the plow and sowing the crops, in desperate need for the bare necessities of life.

Then the war is over, leaving a shattered, exhausted South to continue as it can. Changed now from a capricious girl into a quiet, noble woman, Vallette carries on. She doesn't know whether Duncan is alive or dead—until one day, footsore and bedraggled, he staggers back home. And home it is for Vallette and Duncan, for they have their great love to sustain them, and on this firm foundation they begin the struggle to rebuild the glory that once was theirs at Portobello, more precious now than ever—because "some buried Caesar

bled," in the words of the poet from whose works the title of the story comes... Edward Fitzgerald, whose "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam" contributes "So Red the Rose."

Miss F. R. Cruz Speaks...

(Continued from page 38)

pioneering in the field of vocational education the present administration of the Pioneer Institute of Technology which is now housed (Room 202-212) Crystal Arcade, Escolta, Manila, has decided to offer to the public for the fair sex regardless of age, academic attainment and station of life, the courses of Art of Dressmaking and Designing, Art of Decorative Painting, Interior Decoration, and Teaching Course in Fashion. The reason is principally of all over economic depression and at the same time the desire to be of serv-

ice to the public in the field of vocational education.

The Pioneer Institute of Technology is the first philanthropic school in the history of the P.I. Representing the Dept. of Fashion and Arts, allow me to express what we have observed and closely studied during these years when Fashion has become the endearment closest to the hearts of every girls and women. Fashion Schools are found almost in every corner of the Philippines especially in Manila, but the result has not always been to the expectation of their parents who have sent their children for a vocational education and training.

Our Dept. of Fashion is purely vocational and practical in every phase of its organizations and purposes. Only courses and subjects of importance are offered and included in the curriculum. A vocational school must only give the students all the chances to be

(Continued on page 50)

The Chatter Box

(Continued from page 38)

plans are getting underway for a proposed H. C. FAN CLUB which is, of course, the first of the kind in the local radioland. What makes you be liked very much by your so many fans. Mitzi? Is it your voice, your wisecracks, or your sex-appeal?

Russ Aranas, cornetist de luxe of the KZRM ORK, is, I might say, one who likes all and hates nothing. Didn't I see him play in a small, out-of-the-way cabaret in one of the towns in Cavite? And did everyone enjoy the evening with Russ? If it was a change or mere publicity that he wanted, we cannot know; but if it should be the latter, you must be glad and thankful, Russ... because I saw you and here you are now!!!

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Just a few of the thousands of actual reports that are flooding in from all over the country telling us how this newer form of NATURAL IODINE is building firm flesh, strengthening the nerves, enriching the blood—nourishing vital glands and making weak, pale, careworn, underweight men and women look and feel years younger.

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If you want to hear the STARS of the ether, don't fail to tune up KZRM every other Tuesday from 8:00 to 6:30 P.M.—The LITERARY SONG MOVIE MAGAZINE PROGRAM.

Miss F. R. Cruz....*(Continued from page 49)*

self reliant and inventive in matters where it is useful for them to be so and to regard their successful efforts.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have one advice to give you tonight which is practically of very great importance, than a very humble one. This is your chance to earn a vocational career from the first philanthropic vocational school in the Islands.

The free service now which the Pioneer Institute of Technology is rendering to the public is the result of the activities for the last four years of its existence, is now opened to girls and women. Only useful vocational courses will be opened to boys and men, beginning next month, March. We are giving everybody a chance to grasp this opportunity. I wish also to announce that in view of the request of the public, we are extending the enrollment for another week, but those already enrolled must come to the Crystal Arcade, Escolta, Manila, Monday Feb. 17, 1936, for assignment.

In conclusion Ladies and Gentlemen, we are only building up the name of the Pioneer Institute of Technology, for the ardent need of our country, and may we receive the cooperation of the public and God's Will to push on this free vocational education for the good of each and everyone.

On the whole I would bid you all to come and see us in Room 202-212 Crystal Arcade and grasp this opportunity for your benefit.

THANK YOU.

Robin Hood Of....*(Continued from page 48)*

Joaquin jumped to his feet, the lambent flame deepening in his eyes. Rosita shrank against the wall.

"You can not bully me". Joaquin's eyes blazed dangerously. "I may be a Mexican, but I am a man. If you want this place, you pay me for it."

"Sure, we'll pay you," sneered Wilson. "Here's cash on the spot." His heavy fist crashed into Joaquin's face. The Mexican was knocked to his knees, but was up again in a flash, reaching for his bowie knife on a table.

They swept over Joaquin in an irresistible rush, fists flying, feet kicking out. Rosita snatched the knife and tried to hand it to Joaquin, but she could not reach him in the center of that furious battle. Springing on Wilson, she aimed a deadly thrust at his heart.

"You little wildcat!" he snarled. He twisted her wrist; the knife dropped and scrambled after it. Wilson ground her wrist heavily under his heel. "What you want to kill a good friend like me for?"

"Joaquin—" Her cry deepened into a moan of pain and terror as she saw Joaquin stretched senseless on the floor... *Madre Murieta*

groped her way blindly into the room, screaming.

"Get her out of here," growled Wilson. Tabbard and Slocum dragged the blind old woman to the door, hurling her viciously into the bushes. She lay moaning, a broken, pathetic figure.

It was an hour later when Johnnie and Bill, having paid a visit to a lawyer on Joaquin's behalf, returned to the adobe house. In the darkness Bill stumbled over an unconscious figure on the ground. It was *Madre Murieta*. Alarmed, he threw open the door. In the moonlight he saw Joaquin, stirring feebly, lying in a pool of blood on his own floor. He knelt down and lifted Joaquin in his arms, murmuring his name.

"Rosita! Where is Rosita?" Joaquin's eyes opened slowly. "And *madre*?"

"Your *madre* is all right," said Bill gently.

"But Rosita?" Joaquin staggered to his feet. The door of Rosita's bedroom was partly open. He stumbled to the threshold and stood transfixed with horror. Rosita lay unconscious on the bed.

"*Querida!*" The word was a tortured cry. Joaquin picked up her broken, rubished body carried her back and forth in his agony, covering her face with kisses, crooning over and over: "*Querida! Mi querida!*"

As if the sheer strength of his love pulled her back from the abyss on which she hovered, her dark eyes fluttered open. Almost inaudibly she breathed his name. Her face held the pallor of a petal from a dying rose.

"I am cold," she whispered. "It is growing dark. Put your arms about me—Joaquin—"

The tiny voice died with a sigh and her body went limp in his arms, dazed, unable to believe that the blithe and childlike spirit was gone from him forever.

"I will kill every one of them!" It was a promise given to the lifeless body he cradled in his arms.

Slocum was the first to feel the lash of Joaquin Murieta's vengeance. He was lassoed from his horse and shot under a hangman's tree, and crudely printed placards went up in town: WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE—JOAQUIN MURIETTA—REWARD \$500.

Wilson was the next killer on Joaquin's list and Joaquin trailed him by the light of his campfire. The look of terror on Wilson's face brought some measure of peace to the young Mexican's tortured soul.

"I am here," said Joaquin with deadly calm, "to return the call you made to my little farm, *senor*."

Wilson groveled at Joaquin's feet, his voice high-pitched with terror.

"Listen, Murieta—I didn't have nothing to do with it! Honest! You know that, don't you?" His face was ashen under Joaquin's stare. "I swear I had nothing to do with it! I left before anything happened!"

Joaquin's mirthless smile was terrible as he considered the statement.

"I do not believe you, *senor*," he said evenly. "But I give you the benefit of the doubt. I'll let you defend yourself. My pistol is in

my belt. When you have yours, *senor*, I take mine—and the slowest man—Ready!"

Wilson reached for his gun, got it out of the holster. Before he could pull the trigger Joaquin had shot him twice. And the wanted placards of Joaquin Murieta were changed to read REWARD \$1,000. And when Doc and Tabbard, the last of the raiders of Joaquin's rancho, had met their inexorable destiny, those posters read REWARD \$2,000. The price on the head of Three-Fingered Jack, the most hunted outlaw in California, was only \$1,500.

To Joaquin Murieta, his work done, came an overpowering sense of loneliness. In blood red letters he had marked the debt of Rosita's ravishers "Paid in Full." But vengeance could not restore her soft arms around his neck or the yielding warmth of her lips, and always there was the haunting memory of her last words with their pathetic faith in him who would have laid down his own life for her: "I am cold—it is growing dark— put your arms about me, Joaquin—"

His tortured soul sought solace from the only friend he knew, Bill Warren. Joaquin rode into Saw Mill Flat and entered Bill's sitting room with a smile for Warren's amazement.



"Joaquin!" Bill's warm greeting was shot through with alarm. "What are you doing here? The whole town's on the lookout for you!"

"Let them look." Joaquin's sensitive face was crossed by a shadow as he read a deeper meaning into his friend's words. "You think I did wrong to kill for my Rosita?"

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