

GOSSIPS AND SCANDALS

"THE ONLY PAPER THAT TELLS THE TRUTH"

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Editor & Publisher

P. O. Box 1978

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
In Manila P3.00 a Year
In Provinces . . P4.00 a Year
Per Copy P.07

Vol. II

Manila, September 29, 1934

No. 35

EDITORIAL

WASTING THE LEGION'S EFFORTS

WE seriously doubt if the crusade against the filth and corruptions of the movies being waged by the local chapter of the Legion of Decency will result in concrete accomplishments. In America, yes. There the Legion can be a potent factor for good in elevating the moral tone of screen productions. But in Manila, what can the Legionaires do but publish a sort of black and white list of the current films exhibited in local theatres?

It is for this reason that we believe the Legion can do a lot more by diverting its efforts to the other evil influences that are fast degrading the morals of our people.

Let us take the members of the Legion to a visit of some of the "interesting" places in and around Manila. First, to the so-called "decent" hotels and eating joints which are in fact no different from the ordinary Chinese lodging houses. In a private room over a cup of coffee, X is whispering words of love to Mrs. Y. It is not so licit a company, of course, but isn't this the modern age in which married women take it as a sport to go around with men other than their husbands and vice versa? Hasn't the *querida* system become an established institution in this country, an honorable institution at that in the estimation of many people? Before we notice them they have disappeared, and the only clue to where they have gone to seek solace and peace is the hotel register book.

We proceed to a cabaret in the suburb. We find a business magnate playing rival with a P. U. driver for the hand of a dainty *bailarina*. Students, professionals, legislators, married and unmarried, rubbing elbows together as good sports. In one corner is Mr. B, prominent member of the bar, embracing a girl he wouldn't allow his daughter to associate with. In another, Mr. C has in his arms one of those cute painted dolls, too young

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to be his grand-daughter. And other similar scenes revolting to the sight and conscience of respectable and decent people.

We switch our way to the houses of pleasure. If there are unfortunate souls who need most a helping hand to rescue them from the mire of disgrace and perdition, these poor creatures are. In perpetual agony they exist; in continuous moral and physical torture they pass the days and months and years, ever hoping for really kind hearts, that seldom come, to pull them out from the pit to which they have fallen. Who are the patrons of these places? No different from the regular cabaret habitués; many of them, the very men who are loud in their preachings of morality in student meetings and college convocations. Men who, by reason of their position in society, should be models of clean living.

We continue our round to the gambling houses. Around a *monte* table are the so-called representatives of the people—members of the senate and the lower house and delegates to the constitutional convention. On a stack of cards they stake their career, their future and that of their families. These are the types of husbands who consider it an expensive drain on the family purse to spend fifty pesos for the wife's or children's dresses but don't mind throwing away hundreds for an hour of pleasure with other women or thousands for a night's game of cards.

Would not the Legion be rendering greater service to the community by helping reform the conditions pictured above?

More power to the Legion. Heart and soul we are for its noble cause but let its efforts be directed to things that would give practical results rather than to the useless task of supplying us a guide of the best shows in town. The latter sounds more like a box-office proposition.

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