Editorial

THE AFRO-AMERICAN

A Champion of Civic Welfare and The Square Deal
An Independent Weekly Newspaper

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What The "AFRO" Stands For

1. Colored policemen, policewomen and firemen.
2. Colored representatives on city, county and state boards of education.
3. Equal salaries for equal work for school teachers without regard to color or sex.
4. Colored members of boards of state institutions where females are found.
5. The organization of labor unions among all groups of colored workers.
6. A university and agricultural college for colored people supported by the State.

Still Pushing On

Announcement this week that two additional American Stores Company units have added colored clerks to their staffs demonstrates again the dormant possibilities of employment which at one time was thought impossible.

If we can keep pushing on in this direction, we won't be long before this occupational expansion will reach other sources of employment and open other new fields of activities. It shows also that when employers find that it is to their advantage to employ our boys and girls, they will gladly do so, no matter what the sentiment and traditions of the community might be.

Here, then, is the main point to be considered. Will the buying public among us help to make it advantageous for merchants to employ colored people? Will they use their dollars to clinch this principle and trade with the stores which deal fairly with our group? There is no limit to which this movement may not go, if the 112,000 colored people in Baltimore do their bit in making it worth while when places have been made for them by our own young men and women. Whenever you have a dollar to spend, think of this.

May the Yorktown Spirit Spread

An entirely new angle on the whole business of lynching was developed at Yorktown, Virginia, this week, when a group of four hundred Citizens' Conservation Corps workers marched into the town and gave warning to the whites attempting to stir up mob violence that there would be no lynching without retaliation.

Yorktowners bucked their eyes, cocked their ears, and decided that they would not attempt to string up colored suspects accused of an attack on a nine-year-old white child, when informed that the town would be burned to the ground.

With four hundred determined men willing to give up their lives to see that justice is done, white mischief makers, who think it a trivial thing to drag out a helpless man and burn him at the stake, will think twice before they take matters into their own hands.

The Eastern Shore's mock trial has proved conclusively that if lynching is to be prevented and avenged, black men must do it. May the spirit of the Yorktown C.C.C. spread throughout the entire lynching South.

Whose Fight Is Ades's?

When some time ago Baltimore's State's Attorney, Herbert O'Conor, moved to oust the Hon. Euel Lee from asking that body to investigate some Eastern Shore activities of Bernard Ades, LL.D. attorney for Euel Lee, many thinking people knew that this move was closely aligned with the case against Ades, and that back of it was the basic resentment that comes when any white man goes beyond a certain point in demanding or fighting for equality for colored citizens.

This general belief was strengthened when the proposed investigation before the bar association was abandoned, and Mr. Ades was told that he was to appear before the grievance committee that body instead.

Then when Judge William C. Coleman suspended the LL.D. attorney, basing his decision on activities of the latter in the Lee case, the opinion that there was in progress a well-defined effort to silence him was voiced by a great number of observers.

Add to all this the statement made in Judge Coleman's court last week by Charles H. Houston, one of Ades's attorneys, that some of the records in the case had been tampered with, and one could not help believing that the growing effort to get the LL.D. lawyer's scalp covers a wider range than mere technical procedure before the bar of justice. If the records in this case have been changed why or by whom they changed?

Someone had charged that Ades had instituted action in the Euel Lee case when he knew that there was not sufficient basis for this action, but the eminent Charles McHenry Howard, one of Maryland's leading attorneys, who was given the case when Ades was suspended, went before the Court of Appeals and declared that there was sufficient basis for the action taken. It now develops that one of the charges upon which action was taken against Ades was published in the Euel Lee case for propaganda instead of acting purely as a defense attorney.

With all these unusual facts before it, the AFRO-AMERICAN cannot help reaching the conviction that the fight to bar Ades is more a fight to crush a white man who has the courage to smash local tradition and demand and fight for the rights of an accused black man, than a fight to uphold the standards of the bar association.

And with this conviction, the AFRO-AMERICAN believes that the fight against Ades becomes automatically the fight of every colored man and woman, not only in Maryland, but throughout the country.

It is not necessary to agree with every method of procedure and technique used by Ades to understand this more fundamental and vital question involved. In the courts and legal machinery of the state are to crack down on every white attorney who rises, as did Ades, to the defense of a black man facing the lawless procedure demonstrated so often on the Eastern Shore, then God help us.

We must not forget that Ades faced that howling mob and snatched a black human being from its clutches. We must not forget that this Euel Lee case, conducted by Ades and Lewinson, convinced the jury panel in many counties of this state for the first time to Negroes. We must not forget that this white lawyer hit a vital blow to that race prejudice in this state which has wound its tentacles around even our courts of justice. We cannot stand by silently while the forces of this state try to put into action his conviction on the race question is being denied. Such a procedure would rub in the wrong direction the fur of a man like Mr. O'Conor, who justifies the exclusion of colored lawyers from jobs as assistants in the tax-supported State's Attorney's office.

But as to his right to do so under the American Constitution, there can be no question.

And if colored voters are wise, they will make this Ades fight one which they will join and fight out, not only in the Supreme Court but at every ballot box, so long as as one of the men who are waging it can be reached by a vote.

THE WHAT-CHA COLUMN

By W. A. GIBSON

BY REQUEST

THE PASTOR had just cleared his throat and informed the congregation that he would preach by request on the following Sunday a sermon which he had delivered on several previous occasions.

"By request, all right," mumbled an elderly sister of the flock, "but I'll bet you that request is his'n."

The expression "by request" has been used time and time again by promoters, speakers, musicians, actors and others in public life. Seldom, though, is it used by those who deal with the printed word. Possibly this is because most of the stuff is so terrible that no one would make request to have it repeated, or maybe it is because of that beguiling modesty on the part of so many members of the craft.

A prominent columnist once said, however, that columns could be repeated frequently without anyone being the wiser, but the writer, because column-readers have short memories and most columns are short on readers. This same individual made a plea for more recognition on the part of columnists, citing that the way to get a idea across is to repeat it frequently.

* * *

Just across the street from me is a fire engine house and I am being disturbed regularly by the clanging of bells and the shouts of commands as the smoke-eaters man their horses in answer to alarms. The "hosses" in question are affectionately(?) called, have just raced out to answer a call requiring me, by the way, of a replace written some time back concerning fires.

I am therefore quoting it by request:

"Fire," so Webster tells, "is the evolution of heat and light by combustion."

And the man of many words said a mouthful when he made that statement. Yet, there are many things that he left unsaid when referring to this thing to which cub reporters like to refer as a "conflagration."

Briefly, I just came in from a fire. A real, honest-to-goodness stock-and-barrel fire with real firemen. It had been such a long time since I witnessed one that I found it a new thrill to the experience. It was really the best fire that I have ever attended.

A big hulk of a warehouse downtown caught on fire near the roof the other night, and before the fire was under control, it had gutted the entire building, leaving only shaky walls standing.

Like great monsters, the flames would occasionally lick high into the air, poking their scarlet tongues through the great billows of smoke that rolled upward, like ghosted children at play. Upward and upward in great heavy billowy rolls, the smoke mounted, enveloping the downtown section with a pall that reminded me of a scene from a distance that the entire section was on fire.

Screaming sirens, clanging bells and the loud voices of firemen as they backed their horses and got the minute in a welted company of sound, tear-soaked policemen, estimators benevolent, had to keep the milling crowd back of the danger line, lest one sensational or individual slime through.

Within less than 15 minutes after the alarm had been sounded, hundreds of people were on their way to the fire and within a half hour the streets surrounding the burning warehouse with lines of people were packed humanity. The old mode of running to a fire was when the fire when several hundred of the workshipers were seen unloading just outside the fire line. Cheap transportation does it.

* * *

Color and creed are thrown to the winds when a fire is in progress, as a fire. Everybody is fellow-man. Strangers find themselves jostled by blonde factory workers and vice-versa. You can almost hear the remark, "I am a son of Ireland and then answer, the questions of a Hebrew lad who happens to be next to you, by saying, "Yes, I'm Irish, too, what's burning?" someone asks, and he gets ten different people. Glare reflections of water mixed on the blaze seem puny in the result they accomplish, but the steady pressure of the water conquers in the long run.

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Clang-clug-chug-chug of the pumpers drowns out the voice of a man who is shouting directions to a fire chief who is trying to keep back as some acts are escaping from the throng, themselves over the crowd. Seven firemen have been treated for burns received that night. The crowd drops back mechanically.

"It's raining," somebody yells and immediately a portion of the throng disperses. It is not rain, however, but the water from the hose as it ascends with the smoke and is then blown back upon the bombardment of water. Within two blocks of the fire the water has the smoke of that area, it is as dry as the Sahara.

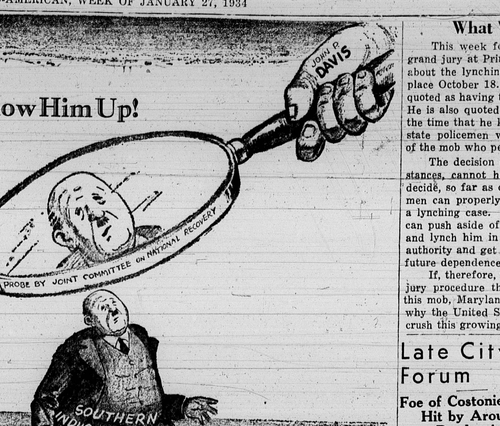
"Boy, look at them flames," an urchin exclaims. "Gee, I wouldn't I like to be a fireman. I wish they'd let it burn up some more". And he's likely to grow up to be a long distance swimmer or lightkeeper.

As the flames come more and more under control, and the smoke subsides, some of the faithful begin to leave. The thrill for them is over. They have seen a great battle between two of the greatest forces in the world. They have seen one prize and lost, and were no fools to mar the proceedings. They got a bargain.

* * *

Daylight finds the ruins still smouldering. Like an epidemic of smallpox or a penitentiary convict fire is likely to break out any time. So the smouldering ruins will be watched carefully. Walls, which once housed valuable goods, stand almost tottering, like legs of an old man whose days are numbered. Crumbling bulks, they are, that must be torn down or they cause injury to someone.

A fire of 1934 has a comfortingration.



What Will the Verdict Be?

This week forty-two witnesses went before the grand jury at Princess Anne, Maryland, and testified about the lynching of George Armwood, which took place October 18. One of these witnesses was a judge quoted as having talked to members of the alleged mob. He is also quoted as having stated to some of them at the time that he knew them. Other witnesses included state policemen who were brushed aside by members of the mob who perpetrated the lynch crime.

The decision of this grand jury, under the circumstances, cannot help becoming classic, in that it will decide, so far as one state is concerned, whether white men can properly administer justice under the law in a lynching case. For if members of a lynching mob can push aside officers of the law, take their victim and lynch him in the very presence of the constituted authority and get away with it, there can be little future dependence upon the state's criminal machinery.

If, therefore, there does not come out of this grand jury proceedure the actual punishment of members of this mob, Maryland will furnish the most direct reason why the United States Government must step in to crush this growing evil.

Late City Forum

Foe of Costonie Hit by Aroused Reader, in Letter

Editor's note: Some weeks ago there appeared, in the AFRO-AMERICAN, a letter signed "One Interested" in which the writer denounced Joseph K. Costonie. The author of the missive pointed out that he had thought of doing the same things Mr. Costonie had done. To One Interested:

After listening to the various practical and efficient speakers with an occasional debate from the platform, discussing different lines of inquiry that are held in Bethel A.M.E. Church under the auspices of the City-Wide Young People's Forum and silence I am forced to believe that Baltimore is partly awake.

But is does seem strange that a person could stir a letter as "One interested" and then without contributing anything but his intentions and criticisms, stand idly by and watch as he says, "with keen interest," the fight, without offering any aid.

Now since your interest is so great that your righteous were to do all of the things Mr. Costonie has done, and more, why didn't you lend him your personal support and use your influence over others toward that end?

Mr. "One interested," I am now trying to reason out and seek information that will lend some aid to your statements being authentic. If the fight was timely, but not better informed, why didn't you give the best suggestions for improvement?

Interested one, you are endowed with an inferiority complex and with an inferiority complex and with a lack of ability to inspire public confidence in your people. If you had contributed to the Costonie, skip town, as you say he will do, leaving us holding the bag when the battle is lost, by the way he will do, then we are not sorry to see Mr. Costonie go, if we are dumbed.

Mr. "One interested," I would advocate that you use some of your time and energy in training some of that crowd that gloated over the indictment and focked to "Tommy Tuckers" store the day warned.

Mr. "One interested," after seeing the results of our efforts and a notice-able interest in the welfare and advancement of our people of this city's sake—regardless of who is the leader.

I. O. L.

But Have We Any Other Assurance.

To the Editor of the AFRO:

Fear has been expressed that those of us working in the Community Forum are in the Pennsylvania Avenue boycott. Is there any assurance that they will not be hurt if they do not follow the pacifists? Have not we been faithful and collective for these many years and the first to be hurt in every instance?

We are continually labor under the impression that all good shall come to us without sacrifice, when every other race has suffered to attain any degree of recognition. We are back as in Biblical times, when Moses led the Israelites, men suffered and sacrificed for the great good of economic freedom—either the Israelites must suffer bondage forever or sacrifice almost the bare necessities of life in those years in the wilderness—the promised land was not to be American colonists wait to be as free as other world country? Were the slaves of Napoleon, however, or it necessary for them to suffer in order that the great good of economy of "taxation without representation?"

With us there seems to be one ness of purpose, all right. We are for our rights, but we have decided that this aim or ideal should be accomplished in a different way. A spirited poem, written by Ivan Krylov (1768-1844), describes our plight. But in order to make this a contemporary illustration, I suggest that we work with the material we have, instead of first placing its weak links with those we know to be strong—keeping in order to make the change as little as possible. But by all means, "preserve the union." Or whatever it would have a far-reaching ill effect on both old and new, as it would carry with it the idea of "quitting when the going gets tough." "Every cloud has a silver lining." Let us make the best of it, and "Stick" thereby making future projects things to be scorned for they might end in the same way.

F. W. WHITE.

Observations and Reflections

By CLARENCE MITCHELL

Making History

On Saturday, a mob of white noodlums decided to look for the alleged attacker of a nine-year-old white boy in Yorktown, Virginia, and to give him a little attention. Some C.C.C. workers, who were near by, threatened to burn the town if anybody was lynched and for once the government acted with rapidity.

A number of marines were sent over equipped for riot duty, which means ready for wholesale murder if necessary, and trouble was averted. Even if the marines had not arrived, it is not likely that the mob would have been very bloodthirsty with approximately 400 colored men could them to be careful.

The situation is a good demonstration of the quality of our American government, however, because it reveals that law enforcement which has never been set in motion to stop mob violence is put to work when the mob members are in danger.

It is a standing joke in military circles for a number of white troops to be called out for the protection of colored people and their property against lawless mobs. But it has been known, during the lifetime of this country, that such soldiers have sat calmly by, while savage persons ran wild through the streets.

It is not said here in thoughtless as to say that it would have been a good thing if the white and colored elements to have remained undisturbed by the marines, down in that Virginia town, but it does bring some interesting things might have happened if the Federal forces had not been summoned.

Capital Spotlight

By LOUIS R. LAUTIER

THINGS I NEVER NEW UNTIL NEW.

That Senator Edward P. Costigan, of Colorado, who with Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, introduced the Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill, is a native of King Williams County, Va.

That in 1879 Congress appropriated $6,500 for the National Association of Colored Women and Children.

That coeds are not allowed to have radios in their rooms in the dorms at Howard University, but the lads may have them in Clark Hall.

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Representative Martin J. Kennedy favors a national lottery to be conducted by the Government to raise revenue . . . Police Commissioner Melvin C. Hazen is going in for the suppression of the numbers racket. It's all a lot of Zooey. Backers of the numbers game, however, are on the jump to keep their works from being snatched by the law . . . I like that crack of Mark Hellinger's: Gambling has been going on since the dawn of artistic appreciation. As for the old apple; it will continue to go on and on."

Who said there are no players in the game of artistic appreciation? Author of philosophy at Howard, Professor Alain Locke, is a student of the ladies. He reports that the ex-girl friend of a student who married on her recently, visited him after her marriage and took his clothing and books . . . The Crystal Caverns, which folded right after the Xmas holidays, is open under the management of Gladys Mike, the hostess. . . . Alonzo Collins sponsored a pansies' night last Sunday at Minnie's Paradise . . . Ben Garrison and some other "girls" at Howard University has advertised for use at public parties the home of the late William H. H. Hart, who virtually founded the Howard law school.

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Walter Winchell reports that Jimmy Lansbury's Elmira Country Club (Harlem) is plenty peppy. If he had not gone into the Cotton Club, the local Kappas planned to have him play at their dawn dance at Easter. He's a Kappa man . . . Clifton and Thomas, managers of the Hubinoff at the Paramount (New York) are the sons of the late Brothers (four boys and a guitar) who played at Keith's Hippodrome a story of a girl spy in the Civil War, in which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will feature Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

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Scallions to the big luncheonette and night club man, who goes weeks without paying his underpaid help . . . Numbers which will be played 200 to 1 when they hit are combinations of 523, 735, 217, 625 and 621. . . . The local press agents should hold their next December meeting in New York during the Kappa Conclave . . . Lionel will rock shortly with another scandal of pretty colored clients.

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Gwendolyn Hughes-Higinbotham (photo on picture page) is back home with her tribe in Baltimore—she is playing the band having called it a day. He's a physicist—graduate of W.Va. George Davis, who is the licenthan who is serving 20 years in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for killing Desdemona Dudley to keep her from returning to Baltimore and Mr. Hubert said.

George Davis "killer cop."

H. Dudley, her husband, waits a parole.

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Georgia Cynthia Lawrence, Baltimore's favorite contralto, also appeared in a recital at the Auer M. E Church on Tuesday night. Was a large and quite a discriminating group of music lovers gathered to hear this singer, who through her recent appearance has endeared herself to lovers of good music.

Miss Lawrence has grown quite in her artistic appreciation. In the past year. Her voice has grown in power and resonance. The singer has seemingly been blessed with a temperament which lends itself easily to the projection of well conceived songs.

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Mozart Choral Union, a troop of local singers, organized by Charles T. Harris, met last week at the home of Dr. J. W. Thomkins, when a lecture the group assembles weekly at the conclusion of the weekly rehearsal, the annual election of officers was held. The result was the following officers: Charles Fax of Hampton Institute, will be held at Bethel A.M.E. Church on Sunday night.

Miss Noam-Sharpe is a former Baltimore girl who was starred in a grand opera presented in Philadelphia last year. Mr. Flax will be remembered for his excellent work in the annual contest sponsored by the City-Wide Young People's Forum. Mr. Flax at that time was the pianist for the contest, and for first honors. Miss Ethel Mae Jones, of Howard, was the other first prize candidate. Since that time Mr. Flax has been studying assiduously in voice.

A committee of representative members of Bethel are planning the recital. The proceeds are for the benefit of the church.

Dr. Earle Andrews, now scholarship student in Howard University School of Music, was among those attending the Waller Concert. The performance here on Sunday, from all reports Mr. Andrews is making considerable progress in his studies at the Capital's music school.

Concords and Discords

By W. LLEWELLYN WILSON

Allyn Hill, a young and promising tenor, a native of this city, a product of our local schools, Lincoln University, the New England Conservatory, and a pupil of a number of European masters, was presented in recital at Douglass High School auditorium on Tuesday of this week. This was the second appearance of this talented vocalist in Baltimore, within a few months and judging solely from the large and enthusiastic mixed audience which greeted this youthful artist, his singing is well liked by local music lovers.

Mr. Hill projected a program of songs of master composers from the Italian, German and modern schools of composition which included the works of Scarlatti, Durante, Donizetti, Handel, Wolf, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, and Gretchaninoff. Negro composers were represented in Burleigh, Johnson and Dorsey.

Mr. Hill was accompanied by William Allen of Howard University. Rehearsal of the City Colored Chorus prevented the writer from attending the recital.

Among the many patrons of the Albyn Hill recital were Mrs. Harry Black and Frederick R. Huber, both of whom have been virtually and actively interested in the development of the musical talent of this tenor here in Baltimore, which have resulted in the formation and continuation of the city colored orchestra and the city colored chorus.

Immediately following the concert, both Mrs. Black and Mr. Huber visited the rehearsal of the city colored chorus.

In response to insistent demands on the part of the assembled choristers, Mr. Huber, the musical director of music addressed the singers.

In part Mr. Huber said:

"It is quite a tribute to the musical portion of local talent that this chorus has kept intact and that there has been noteworthy growth and improvement in the tonal quality of the group as a choral unit."

Continuing, Mr. Huber said: "Your musical library has been carefully selected from the best choral compositions of the world's best composers. That you are singing such music as the lovely chorale from the motet 'Jesus, Priceless Treasure,' by J. S. Bach, with the tonal quality I have heard here tonight is convincing proof that you have the potentiality to interpret the highest type of music."

Mr. Huber concluding said:

"That your chorus is attracting country-wide attention is amply attested to through the number of out-of-town requests I have received to have the group appear in recital in other cities."

Mr. Huber was loudly applauded at the conclusion of his speech.

Mr. Black in a brief speech said "Your singing of Sir Edward Elgar's 'My-Love Dwelt in a Northern Land' was well rendered. As your feeling for the profound work of my favorite composer Johann Sebastian Bach's 'Jesu, Priceless Treasure,' is at once displayed through the wealth of rich tonal color with which the chorus sings it shall look forward with anticipation of real enjoyment at your concert in April."

Mr. Huber announced that the first rehearsal for the pupils in the local high schools would be given on March 1, at Douglass at nine o'clock.

Family night at the Sharp Street Community House on Saturday night is becoming quite a feature of the many activities carried on by our several recreational groups for adults here in Baltimore. Mrs. Jenkins has organized a number of interesting groups. Among these we will appear this week are, Tom Carr and his ukulele, McQueen and Valentine, blind singers, Brown's comedettes, Rudolph Wilson, pianist, Pinky Clark and his numbers. Others who will serve as accompanists are Mrs. Veronica Caldwell, Esther Braxton, and Mamie Brown.

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A jolly concert featuring Phylis Wheatley Y.W.C.A. talent, under Charles Fax of Hampton Institute, will be held at Bethel A.M.E. Church on Friday night.

Miss Noam-Sharpe is a former Baltimore girl who was starred in a grand opera presented in Philadelphia last year. Mr. Flax will be remembered for his excellent work in the annual contest sponsored by the City-Wide Young People's Forum. Mr. Flax at that time was the pianist for the contest, and for first honors. Miss Ethel Mae Jones, of Howard, was the other first prize candidate. Since that time Mr. Flax has been studying assiduously in voice.

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THE SWAN, THE PIKE, AND THE CRAB

By IVAN KRYLOV
Russian (1768-1844)

When persons with each other don't agree,
Each project must a failure be,
And, as to profit come, but sheer vexation.

A swan, a pike, and crab once took their station
In harness, and would drag a loaded cart;
But when, at the moment came for them to start,
They sweat, they strain, and yet the cart stands still; what's lacking?
The load must, as it seemed, have been but light;
The barrel, though, to the clouds takes flight;
The pike into the water pulls, the crab keeps backing.

Now which of them was right, which wrong, concerns us not;
A fire of 1934 has a comforting idea.

Faux Pas

William Allyn Hill, tenor soloist, nearly had his concert spoiled in Douglass High School on Tuesday night when some thoughtless person permitted a chorus to practice in the music hall on the third floor of the building.

I have been told that it is the custom in many places for such things to be done and therefore the incident might be overlooked. It is difficult to conceive of such a circumstance that would warrant such interruptions as occurred.

There is no denying that the group rehearsal was a good one and that is what made it seem so bad. Frequently as Mr. Hill would be finishing a delicately soft number, suddenly the strains of the incident would sound mightily from the recesses of the room in which it was singing.

The incident did not, I imagine, that it was under a severe listening felt sympathetic and it seems impossible for him to have sung through the chants of the incident, but painfully suffered.

Sometimes we are so anxious to see a job that we perform it at the expense of another's well-being, and that is a course will not make those singers worth of forgiveness, is the kindness conclusion that may be reached under the circumstances.

Ancient Wit

The other night I saw a picture at a local theatre in which, for want of pure humor, the producers had to resort to the old, old stuff, comedy themes to draw laughs from the audience.

The one which obtained the loudest guffaw from the audience was when a colored man and woman entered dark men waving their hats and yelling at a price fight.

Odd! Funny! Little people, who pride themselves for being original, resort to the old, old, stuff, standard of wit. During the last community fund drive a motion picture was made in the interest of the fund was shown in the theatres. Still of one of the downtown hotels.

I called a friend's attention to the fact that the same old jokes were inserted were insults to colored people. He in turn branded me as being super-race conscious. From my point when the scenes were inserted in the screen and a noticeable titter was heard coming from the ranks of guests.

Many white speakers will dare to tell "dirty stories" to colored audiences, but I have never heard a well-educated white man, their hearers will snicker like morons. It is high time that most of us learned that if a person cannot tell a clean joke and a lot of broken English was ever funny it has been much over-worked.

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Still Powerful.

To the Editor of the AFRO:

In last week's forum, James Hubert, director, stated that he was wondering whether the new Negro has ever realized that he or she cannot possibly serve Jesus and survive.

But for the mercy of God, we would have survived as long as we have. As long as Jesus is with us, it is more than the world against us.

A CONSTANT AFRO READER
Baltimore

COP IS ARRESTED IN AUTO WITH GANGSTER BAND

Group Had Shot Way Out of Lower Harlem Cafe.

NUMBERS SAID TO BE CAUSE

Police Are Expected to Probe Racket.

NEW YORK CITY.—As radio police crowded a gangster car to the curb at 117th Street and Seventh Avenue, Friday morning James J. Carney, white policeman in civilian clothes, came tumbling out of the car with hands uplifted, crying "Don't shoot, I'm a cop, too!"

With that incident has started what is expected to be a searching investigation of the numbers racket in Harlem, to find, if possible, what connection the police department has with the digit operations.

While the racket has been operating elsewhere quietly, here and undercover, down in lower Harlem around 110th Street, where the Puerto Ricans control the territory, a minor rebellion has been underway.

Split Isn't Big Enough

Too small returns for the money taken in on the numbers game is said to have stirred resentment among the banders.

Friday morning, a group of gangsters invaded the restaurant of Ralph and Carlos Fuentes, at 112th Street and Fifth Avenue.

In the shooting scrape which followed, after one of the thugs had been smashed in the jaw with a husky right, the gangsters fled the scene, to be caught later by a pursuing radio car, filled with heavily armed officers.

Seven men were arrested after the fight, which involved 40 persons. Three of the men are:

Greenwall Holder, 2465 Fifth Avenue; George Taylor, 100 West 140th Street; and John Williams, 76 West 139th Street. All seven are being held in unusually high bail, including Officer Carney.

In the police chase of the fleeing gangster car, the driver was shot through the neck, as bullets ploughed through the car.

DEMAND RIGHTS; SAYS MRS. HURST

NEW YORK CITY—Negro tenants were urged by Mrs. Fannie Hurst, noted writer, to demand their rights in the housing problem at the annual public meeting of the Women's Year Committee, at Mother Zion Church, Sunday.

The meeting was held to promote the interests of the community in the fight for the group's better housing plan, the question being, "should Harlem Share in Federal Funds?"

The key speakers besides Miss Hurst were: Langdon W. Post, tenement housing commissioner; Colonel A. Peirson Hoover, president of the Harlem Housing Contracting Builders' Association.

Miss Hurst spoke about the vital importance of the meeting. Evangelist Rivers introduced the speakers, and Mrs. Hurst by the recognition shown by the presidents of state elections in Harlem and advocating the adoption of the Harlem housing program.

"The disease is spreading and spreading beds for crime, vice and disease," she said.

Miss Hurst was presented by Mr. Hubert and said in part:

"Since the Federal Relief Bill came and shows extraordinary development in N. Y., Mrs. Roosevelt, the Women's Committee, the Women's International League of Peace, and the Toledo Interracial Commission.

Swahili to Curse Lunch Stand Owner

NEW YORK CITY—Because he refused to sell a cup of coffee to the king of the tribe of Manual and Swahili, Prince Mpisha, who appeared in a Central Park luncheonette, now faces the curse of Swahili, which is the war cry, the warning from Africa on Monday.

Mpisha offered the job of king when, a year ago, he fed the gorilla meat to the Ashanti chieftain and retinue some "hot dogs" and ice cream. Now he has reported to have thoroughly enjoyed.

Wilkins, Streator Manage Crisis

NEW YORK CITY—With W. E. B. Du Bois, editor, resigning, editorials and articles from his professional pool at Atlanta University, the crisis has been turned over to Roy Wilkins, editor of The Crisis magazine, and Robert W. Streator.

Dr. DuBois retains his title as editor and Wilkins is formally in that position. Streator was formerly an instructor at Howard University and Wilkins was for eight years managing editor of the Kansas City Call.

Extend Time for Fellowship Exams

NEW YORK CITY—(ANP)—The National Urban League announced the time of application for its annual competitive fellowship in social work. The present deadline has been set for February 15, 1934.

Flees from Gang After Threats

NEW YORK CITY. Alleged threats from gangsters have caused James Jones, 16 Bedford Street, to leave the city, according to Inspector Thomas Sullivan, of Vice. He was to appear in court on Tuesday against Clarence Larrier, 160 West 120th Street.

New York to Raise $5,000

NEW YORK CITY (ANP)—Lemuel Foster, Fred R. Moore, and Walt Trowell are three of the friends who are rallying to the support of the Y.M.C.A. in its effort to raise $5,000 for the balancing of the 1934 budget.

N. Y. ATTORNEY TO HANDLE $110,000 DAMAGE CASE

NEW YORK CITY—Albert C. Gilbert, local attorney, has been retained by the Brooklyn Council for Dr. Vincent E. Judson, white, who is being sued for $110,000 on charges of gross neglect while operating his car. It was learned on Monday.

Urban League Surveys Year

NEW YORK CITY—Surveying its work for the past year, the local Urban League reviews the Rockefeller Apartments, built to provide low cost housing, have been filled, even the professional classes cannot afford to live in them. James H. Hubert, director, reported an increase in all activities of the league.

BELIEVE ...ME...

"I'm the Bishop, and I'm Over the Pastor."

BISHOP W. H. HEARD

who Friday morning, was permitted to speak at Bethel A.M.E. Church in New York City Sunday, over the refusal of the pastor. The congregation declined to hear him and walked out.

NURSES WILL HEAR AUTHORS SPEAK

NEW YORK CITY—Jessie Fauset Harris, author and poet, and Elmer A. Carter, editor of Opportunity magazine, will be the luncheon speakers at the one-day regional conference sponsored by the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses at the Lincoln School for Nurses, here, Saturday.

The graduate nurses staff of Lincoln Hospital and nursing school will receive a luncheon at 1 p.m. in the hospital library at 5 p.m.

The conference is to include the directors from all the accredited nursing schools in the East; faculty representatives from Columbia and New York Universities; representatives from other national nursing and health organizations and from the Rosenwald Fund and Rockefeller Foundation.

Miss G. Estelle Masson, educational director, Freedmen's Nursing School, is chairman of the conference committee.

THREE BISHOPS SUPPORT BILL

NEW YORK CITY—Three bishops pledged their support to the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill, this week, and a large number of congressmen are considering ways and means of giving it the most effective support.

"The bishops who have pledged themselves are the Rt. Rev. R. C. Jones of the M.E. Church; the Rt. Rev. W. J. Walls, of the A.M.E. Church; and the Rt. Rev. E. D. W. Jones of the A.M.E. Church."

Coercion, organized by the American Civil Liberties Union, the Y.W.C.A., the Race Relations Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Jamaica Plain Neighbors, the Women's International League of Peace, and the Toledo Interracial Commission.

Bus Co. Under Fire in New York

NEW YORK CITY — A double charge of failure to employ colored workers and discriminate against colored women, was laid against the Fifth Avenue Coach Company by the N.A.A.C.P. on Friday.

Employees of the company are accused of refusing to give assistance to any other than white women in getting on or off the buses, and to be left open on cold days on the buses that go through Harlem.

Rap Jim Crow Tactics in N.Y.

NEW YORK CITY—In a letter to John W. Wheeler, president of the Board of Transportation, on Friday, the N.A.A.C.P. protested the action against reported restrictions imposed on Negro applicants for employment on the city-owned Eighth Avenue Subway.

The letter charges that qualified colored people who apply for skilled jobs on the subway are often put off and told that the training school is full, when, in fact, a copy of the letter has been sent to the mayor of the city.

Eleven Taken in Raid

NEW YORK CITY—Two white men, eight colored, and one colored woman were arrested in a raid on a gambling house at 769 St. Nicholas Avenue. The place was operated as a club, playing a policy game. An additional $100 in money and a gun were also seized in the raid.

Heavyweights in Hospital

NEW YORK CITY—A heavy day at Harlem Hospital was apparent on Wednesday when David Lightbourn, 49 West 99th Street, who weighs 535 pounds, and Joe Johnson, who hits the scales at 225 pounds, were brought in suffering possible fractures of the skull.

BELIEVE ME

By MALCOLM B. FULCHER

WEEK END

Here I lie upon my bed,
My mouth is dry, Oooh! what a head!
My muscles ache, my feet are sore,
This morning after the night before.

Can't taste my food, and have no pep,
Spent all my dough, and lost my rep.
Just let me sleep 'cause I sure feel bad,
But WHAT a marvelous time I had.
—Bill Smallwood.

Love Letters Written to a Columnist!

Ever so often the boss becomes cluttered with letters. All sorts of letters, and from all sorts of people. Requesting this and requesting that. This week I'm gonna let you read them and let the worries be yours. The first one is from Ted Yates, former columnist and now a Nite Club Manager.

New York, N. Y.

DEAR MALC:

Taking time out (being the Ambassador of Harlem's newest and most unique hot spot) an erstwhile collimist will let you just know it feels to be the manager of a Nite Club. It was Leroy MacDonald of the 1-3-1 Club who saw the possibilities of making me, who the town terms a swelegant, elegant host, and a new Jimmy Walker, a bouquet.

Oddly enough here I am located at the former Nest Club where Maurice Dancer once held sway. The Dancers after six weeks of wringing and twisting though Maurice "sent" the spot with word stories of packed and jumping crowds and talent, a dozen and one entertainers who were making the headlines. Maude Russell and Bobby Hennessy are doing a dance.

Now with Henry (Tubber Legs) Williams, formerly of the Cotton Club and star of the Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds of 1924"; Mae Alix, queen of the Nite Clubs and Chicago's blues screamer supreme; Gladys Webster, the Nite Club Queen of song; Tammy Myers the sepia Harlem's premier torch singer, plus a cast of twenty-five, Lew Leslie's Blackbirds and Dixie Duo Patrolers are attracted there Daily. Anu as Lee Milton Berle (in Dave Parker's opinion "It is all in knowing how.") (Harlemania) Posner said the other night. Yiddish Boy furnishing the music And I think (with Dave Parker's opinion) that Berle is the guy who will make the place will continue to do big business. You love that? Well, there will be other celebs: Eddie Cantor, Tommy Miles, Claude Hopkins, Jack Carter, Pods Hollingsworth, Jerry Preston, Jeff Blunt, Cadillac Kelly, Bobby Henderson, Prince Yates, Victor Lloyd, Ray Rainbow Russell, Harlan Lattimore, Willie Bryant, Dewey Wineglass et al... Other Newspapermen like yourself will come to see what, if is all about. There will be Walter Winchell, Paul Yawitz, Lee Posner, Les Davis, Jack Miller, Richard Samuel Maury, Allan MacMillan, Maurice Dancer, Hal Lockley, Leslie Hunt, Billy Rowe, Ernie White, Clarence Abbott.

Dancers will be Dawn Patrolers are attracted there Daily. Anu as Lee Milton Berle (in Dave Parker's opinion "It is all in knowing how.") (Harlemania) Posner said the other night. Yiddish Boy furnishing the music And I think (with Dave Parker's opinion) that Berle is the guy who will make the place will continue to do big business. You love that? Well, there will be other celebs: Eddie Cantor, Tommy Miles, Claude Hopkins, Jack Carter, Pods Hollingsworth, Jerry Preston