Cab's Hi-de-Ho Hit Song for Jolson Film

Search for 'Hot' Number Ends When It Starts 200 Trucking.

NEW PICTURE IS "THE SINGING KID"

Players Shown Dancing into Heaven.

HOLLYWOOD—It took Cab Calloway's famous "hi-de-ho" music to bring out the "Jet" steps which Bob Connolly, dance director for Warner Brothers, wanted from the 200-odd hoofers appearing in Al Jolson's current production, "The Singing Kid."

Almost every dancer in Southern California responded to the call to take a test for the film. They were told to just be natural and original. Those selected after two days of intensive rehearsing ranged in age from 18 to 60.

Several days of rehearsing failed to produce the zip and fire from the troupers by using the theme song of the picture, "Save Me Sister," sung by the star. The music department wrote a number but it still was not "hot" enough.

200 Start Truckin

As a last resort, Cab, whose orchestra is appearing in the picture also, was asked to play one of his own numbers. Then the fireworks started! The group got so "hot" "truckin'" that it took six guards to halt them.

"That's it," Mr. Connolly shouted.

The next problem was getting a release on the song. Although Cab wrote the words and the music, the publishers exercise the releasing rights.

Warner Bros has formed the custom of using only the compositions of their contract music writers, but said, "If it's Cab's 'hi-de-ho' we need in this picture we will get it at any cost."

Scene As in Harlem Club

The scene takes place in Cab Calloway's Harlem night club, known as the "Hot Spot." Jolson, in his famous black-face makeup, wanders in looking for things to do and places to go.

He meets with Wini Shaw, the Warner nightingale, who plays the role of a mulatto evangelist. (Her current film, "Broadway Hostess," is packing 'em in at the two local Warner first-run houses.)

The mammy singer is amazed by the ecclesiastical drawing power of this young woman and is persuaded to visit her tabernacle.

Truck to Heaven

Once in, he becomes so infatuated with the holy surroundings that he starts singing "Save Me Sister," supported by the Hall Johnson choir in the background.

Then comes the real scene. The group is caught by the camera truckin' up a flight of five hundred stairs, out into the ether beyond the clouds to Heaven—to the tune of "Save Me Sister."

Mass. State House Barber Is Victim of Heart Attack

BOSTON (Chas. A. Cook)—Charles Cook, barber, died Thursday, in the State House barber shop where he has been in employment for years.

The barber was preparing to begin work when he was stricken. Dr. John J. Poulas, white, of the State Department of Health said death was caused by a heart attack.

I'M SOLD

It always works

Just do what hospitals do, and the doctors insist on. Use a good *liquid* laxative, and aid Nature to restore clocklike regularity without strain or ill effect.

A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. *Reduced dosage is the real secret of relief from constipation.*

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has become. It gives the right kind of help, and right amount of help. Taking a little less each time, gives the bowels a chance to act of their own accord, until they are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin contains senna and cascara—both *natural* laxatives that form no habit-forming substances. It is gentle, but sure. It will relieve any sluggishness or bilious condition due to constipation without upset.

Overtons HIGH BROWN FACE POWDER

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FREE MAGIC TINCTURE

FOR MEN ONLY

By EDGAR T. ROUZEAU

Crapp Meets Mr. Bull

NEW YORK CITY.

Call him Peter Crapp. That's not his name, but it will have to do. He is one of the most unusual characters in Harlem. First, because he is a good detective who wouldn't hesitate a second if sent out to arrest his best girl, even if he had to bail her out the next day and get her a lawyer.

In the second place, he lives his social life, and is very friendly, especially with strangers. He is as well-known as Bill Robinson, Ethel Waters and Father Divine, and he is as popular as Mae West was before she moved upstairs. That woman didn't stop to think that the men wouldn't care to jump from a second-story window when the next caller came.

* * * *

One morning, around 3 o'clock, Peter Crapp came down the block from the Yeah Man cabaret. He crossed the street to the Monterey Grill, just in time to catch this remark from a young law student, "Harlem has a great reputation, but has nothing to show for it."

"Is that so?" said Detective Crapp. "I suppose you want us to move the stock exchange to Seventh Avenue and 135th Street, and to install Rockefeller behind the bar in the Big Apple, eh?"

"It wouldn't hurt," said the amazing young law student. "It would help strangers to overlook the community's shortcomings."

"Well, what's the matter with Wash Tub, Ga.?" Crapp wanted to know. "Why the hell did you come up here?"

"Wash Tub, Ga., has a colored population of less than 5,000," the law student said, "but we have a soap factory, a dry goods store and a meat store, all owned by colored people. What have you got?"

* * * *

High Salaried Harlemites

"Well," said Detective Crapp, "if you thought so much about Wash Tub, Ga., you should have stayed down there. Whether you know it or not, we have quite a few men in Harlem who are earning salaries big enough to buy out your hometown and use it as a golf course. You ever heard of Justice Charles E. Tooey and Justice James S. Watson?

"They draw down more than ten thousand bucks apiece. The same goes for Commissioner Hubert T. Delany, of the board of taxes and assessments. And right next to those three is Commissioner Ferdinand Q. Morton, of the civil service board. I bet they don't even have a colored dog-catcher in Wash Tub."

"No, we haven't," admitted the law student, "but where is your soap factory and meat store?"

Detective Crapp laughed. "When we need soap, we buy it at the A. and P.," he said. "And there's at least one butcher shop in every block."

"Owned by whites," declared the law student, sneeringly. "Colored New Yorkers haven't anything. And you wouldn't have the big jobs which you just named if it wasn't for foreign-born citizens and men from other States. Name me a single New York-born colored man who is holding a big city job. There isn't one."

"Well, I grant you that," said Detective Crapp. "But if I were in your shoes I wouldn't go around criticizing unless I knew of a remedy."

At this precise moment the door opened, and in strode Andy Razaf, the music writer. Herbert L. Bruce, Harlem's Democratic leader, and also part owner of the Monterey, had been listening in silence to the debate, but now he called out to Mr. Razaf.

"Come over, Andy. I know you will enjoy this. Bull had been criticizing Harlem, and now Crapp has dared him to show how he can turn Harlem into a Utopia."

* * * *

The Church and Business

"I would start with the churches," said the young man referred to as Bull. "While I don't believe that Father Divine is any more a god than Bill Robinson, I got to give it to him. He is at least showing his people how to vote. I consider him the only minister in Harlem doing anything practical for the community. I admire Dr. Powell at Abyssinian Baptist Church, and I have nothing but respect for Dr. King at St. Mark's, and Dr. Imes at St. James, but I know that they could change life in the community if they wanted to."

"Just how?" chorused Messrs. Bruce and Crapp. Only Razaf said nothing. He was studying the young law student intently.

This worthy assumed a court-room pose, clenched his fist and banged it on a table. "By preaching to them about the necessity of building up colored business. Take a church like Abyssinian for example. They tell me it is the largest Protestant church in America. They say it has ten thousand members.

"Let's imagine that Dr. Powell were to get up in his pulpit one Sunday and say to his congregation, 'Mr. Jones, one of our members, is a poorer butcher. Let's set him up in business. We are going to raise $1,000 next month for the purpose of opening the Abyssinian Butcher Shop.

"Up to you members to patronize this shop and make a success of it. In March we can raise a similar sum and put Mr. Crawford, the tailor, in a first-class tailor shop. When Christmas rolls around, we will have eleven business establishments credited to the members of the Abyssinian Baptist Church."

* * * *

Here the law student was interrupted by Mr. Razaf:

"Mr. Bull," he said, "I have always thought the same thing. I have often thought of grabbing myself a sheet to wrap up in, and to grow a goatee and call myself some new kind of a god. I know I would go over big. I would get myself a following of a few thousand Harlemites and then I would get them to put up business establishments. I fully agree with you. If Dr. Powell, Dr. King, Dr. Imes, Dr. Brown of Mother Zion, Dr. Cullen of Salem, or Dr. Simms of Union Baptist Church were to get the women in their respective congregations that God wanted them to bring in a dollar next Sunday to invest in a business, the women would stop playing the numbers for a week and bring in the money. Don't you think so, Bruce."

* * * *

Safe-guarding Votes

"I am not saying," said Bruce, "I am a politician and I want all the votes I can get—Democratic votes as well as Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist and Catholic votes. As long as they vote for Tammany, I don't care what the ministers do. I am not taking any chances on losing the votes from any church by passing an opinion here."

Detective Crapp, a die-hard, admitted reluctantly that the program advanced by Mr. Bull was possible, but he said he didn't know of any minister who would go to all that trouble.

Mr. Razaf recalled, at this point, that the Colored Merchants' Association, an offspring of the National Negro Business League, whose operations were supervised by Albon L. Holsey of Tuskegee Institute, had failed two years ago.

"That," Mr. Bull said, "was because Mr. Holsey depended on businessmen to operate. The only business chain that is going to succeed in Harlem is one owned by a single individual or controlled by a corporation. A church could do this just as well.

"Instead of taking up donations to put John Brown in business, the minister could ask his members to buy stock. John Brown could still be put to work as a business manager for the church, and some other unemployed member of the congregation, probably an accountant, could be hired in that capacity.

"The trustees of the church could serve as the board of directors, provided they would serve without pay. Thus the church could take care of a lot of unemployed members besides doing something practical for the community."

* * * *

Crapp Gets His Man

Mr. Crapp, the detective, remembered at this point that he had an early appointment. He said he would "have to take it home and put it between the sheets.

"Looks as if you will have to take low to our friend Bull," remarked Mr. Bruce, the politician. "I think he got the best of you this time, Crapp."

"I'll get him," said Crapp, as he took his leave.

The very next night, Mr. Bull was sitting at the poker table of a certain musical association. Suddenly a group of white and colored detectives entered the room, headed by Mr. Crapp. Mr. Bull, not knowing that this was only a routine inspection, carried out periodically by the department, was quite alarmed.

The detectives, as usual, began to search everybody for weapons. Whether by design or not, it fell to Detective Crapp to search Mr. Bull.

"Put up your mitts," ordered Detective Crapp.

"Say, Crapp," said Bull, "This is humiliating."

"I can tell by that," said Mr. Wash Tub, Ga., hasn't got any colored detectives, either. Well, Harlem's got more than one, and what's more, tonight's my turn to stroke the cat's belly."

MAN STEALS LIQUOR, CAUGHT

NORTH HILLS, Pa. — John Newman was sentenced to a year in Montgomery County prison when, it was alleged, he got attendants at the North Hills County Club intoxicated and made off with twenty quarts of liquor.

Heads School Paper

OTTO McCLARRIN, senior at Central High School, Philadelphia, who was recently made editor-in-chief of the Mirror magazine, a Central High publication. The magazine has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and is heralded as one of the best high school publications in the country. McClarrin is an art student at Central.

Joe Baker Now Sorry She Left Continent

(Continued from page 1)

thing, but I did not expect the surprise which awaited me for these American reporters were not Americans at all—not at all at any rate.

"Hello," one calls to me.

I recognize a fine fellow whom I knew in Paris.

"What are you doing here?" But before he has time to answer, here's another face that I know. I think I met him at Varsovia, and another in London, another in Berlin. I do not recall, but they all hasten to remind me while bombarding with absurd questions France? What's his name?

"What do you think of America? Do you know the president of France? What's his name?"

"Have you invented a new dance. Do you prefer Paris or New York. Are you going to see Roosevelt?"

"Do you dress like a man? What do you think of Joe Louis? Do you think he is more important than Einstein?"

Advised Against Trip

To our left stands the Statue of Liberty. Ten years ago—what a child I was then. Poor, alone, afraid, but resolved to try my luck in Europe. Alone, yes, and I return alone to try it again in America. I had been advised not to make this trip.

I had heard many tales about color prejudice of my fellow countrymen, but hesitated to believe them. I was both curious and doubtful. I saw numerous black faces waiting on the deck as the Normandie landed.

These people of my race, are they waiting for me? As the passengers begin to leave the boat, all these black men rush toward the gang plank, and I feel like laughing at myself for all these people of my race as porters, chauffeurs, and servants waiting for their masters.

The customs. I expect the worst. All these inspectors who eye me knowingly frighten me. I sat on my trunk. I wait my turn. An inspector approaches me and looks at me smilingly.

Customs Official Courteous

"All right, you don't have to open your bags," he says.

I am dumbfounded.

"I should like to ask you a favor," said this charming man. "We have a charity fete on Christmas Eve for the families of the customs officers who were killed in the World War. If you could sing something for us, we should be very glad."

Of course, I accepted. A dignified man approaches me with hat in hand.

"I represent the Hotel S." he said. "We have reserved for you a suite, the whole floor, shall be glad to take you." I looked at my manager. As we made no reservations and this invitation is a God-send. It solves many difficulties. Our guide takes us to a taxi and we cross New York. I am delighted. Everything will be arranged.

We Don't Serve

We passed through a curious crowd to reach the desk.

"A call for Mlle. Joe Baker" says the manager, eyeing me suspiciously. "There must be a mistake."

"There must be a mistake," repeats the other representative in his turn.

My manager protested. "What does this mean? Mademoiselle's invitation mean?"

The hotel man makes an evasive gesture, but he politely replies, "Mlle., there's certainly an error. I didn't know that —" he interrupts embarrassingly.

I begin to understand, and a feeling of anguish chokes me.

"You didn't know what?" my manager insists.

Then Southern Tourists

"Oh, we do not have the least objection to serving you," explains the manager, tactfully, "but in a hotel like, ours, we have many Italians from the southern States and we cannot run the risk—"

That is enough for me. I get up and nearly run out of the same hotel. Paris! I lived there ten years without experiencing such humiliation and without knowing how happy one is when he does not feel the weight of this horrible prejudice.

After two hours I am in a nightmare. We go from one hotel to another, always the same country, the same cold reception, the same shrugging of the shoulders, the same terrible, positive discourtesy.

Search for Shelter

I let my manager continue this humiliating search alone. I will find him later. Here I am alone in the streets of New York.

Afro Gets 4-Yr.-Old Clue in Thelma Scott Murder

PROVIDENCE, R.I. — Publication of the unsolved Thelma Scott murder mystery in last week's AFRO, reminded Miss Lydia Brown, AFRO correspondent here, of what may be a new clue.

According to Miss Brown, a girl who gave her name as Maisie or Billie Jones came to her in February, 1931, in great anguish.

The girl said she had been put on the spot by the lover of Thelma Scott who was an Italian numbers collector and finger man in the Dutch Schultz gang.

Miss Brown said she gave Maisie her fare to Montreal, Canada, and described her as very light with brown crimpy hair, wearing an expensive squirrel coat and with no hat.

She had a red bruise on the side of her face which looked as though a bullet had scarred it. Her eyes were gray-green and she said she was a hostess in the Savoy Ballroom.

Miss Brown said that Maisie told her that some fortune-teller, who called himself, John the Conjurer, had told this Italian numbers man whose name was Leo, or Legs, Carilla that Thelma was cheating on him.

To the AFRO Miss Brown said that if she ever saw stark terror on a woman's face, it was that on Maisie Jones's.

Death Dance Shocks 200 Club Guests

F-I-L-A-S-H

NEW YORK—The body of Marie McDuffey, who was slain last Thursday night in the lobby of the Checker Club, 145th Street and Seventh Avenue, was sent to her home, Scranton, Pa., Saturday night, where burial services were held on Monday.

NEW YORK—The "Dance of Death," made famous in Parisian Apache dives, was converted into a real life tragedy here, Thursday night, when Earl McDuffey, after taking several dances with his estranged wife, Marie, at Harlem's Checker Club, calmly severed her head from her shoulders and walked out before the 200 guests realized what had happened.

The dead woman's two sisters, Isabel and Ethel Lancaster, described the tragedy to a reporter in their apartment at 2550 Seventh Avenue.

Sought Reconciliation

McDuffey, they said, bought a ticket and came to the dance because he knew his wife would be there. Apparently in a jovial mood, he danced and drank with her and begged her to come back to him.

Mrs. McDuffey, the sisters related, went to the door with her husband when he was ready to leave, helped him into his coat and stopped to laugh and talk with him in the lobby.

Ethel, who was at the ticket window, left them alone for about five minutes, she said, and returned to find her sister sitting on a bench with her head severed from her body.

Married Eight Years

The McDuffeys had been married for eight years and lived together at 148 West 144th Street until about two weeks ago when they quarreled and separated.

McDuffey has been employed as a porter and his wife, who was 28, earned her living as a presser.

Sensational New Discovery GROWS HAIR In Three Quick Stages or NO COST

1st Stage

2nd Stage

3rd Stage

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST

MAIL Coupon Today

AGENTS! MAKE BIG MONEY GIVING AWAY PICTURES OF JOE LOUIS

Mental Ills May Prove Fatal to D. C. Newsdealer

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Death was predicted as the probable consequence of a mental disease by physicians in the D. C. Supreme Court, Friday, in the lunacy hearing of Edward (Choke) Robinson, 34, well known local news dealer, who was committed to St. Elizabeth Hospital for treatment, after three weeks' observation at Gallinger Hospital.

Emily B. Smith immediately filed petition for the appointment of the wife, Mrs. Anita B. Robinson, as the committee of her husband's person and estate, and, with the aid of Mr. Robinson's brother, Thomas A. Moore, will conduct her husband's business at 1025 11 Street, Nortb.west.

"Electrified" Man Loses $462

John T. Lomax, 52, also suffering from a similar disorder, caused by general paralysis, was also before Justice D. Dickenson Letts Friday.

Lomax, a married man, left home one day recently with $462 in his pockets. When he returned his money was gone and he could give no intelligent account of what had become of it.

He said voices at times "electrified him" that he "often talked to the Lord" and the "Lord in turn often talked to him." He was committed to St. Elizabeth.

Also committed was Mrs. Hattie Green, 56, a widow, who was absent from court, being confined to her bed in Gallinger Hospital.

Amplias H. Glenn, formerly a teacher of languages in the Dunbar High School, who was committed to the hospital several years ago for a mental disorder, died there on Friday.

Carlton 'Y' Campaign Passes Half-way Mark

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—The Carlton Avenue Branch YMCA at the third report, Friday night announced subscriptions and cash amounting to $3,118.50 on quota of $5,428 passing 58 per cent of its goal.

Despite weather conditions, the forty-six men are out each night making contacts. There will be two more reports at the branch Monday and Thursday and it is believed that a large portion of the balance, if not all of it, will come in at these two sessions.

Did Cab Send "Wife" of His Drummer Home?

NEW YORK CITY—Because the AFRO-AMERICAN published a story to the effect that a woman thought in Hollywood to be the wife of Roy Maxey, drummer in Cab Calloway's band, was not the real Mrs. Maxey, the wrongly-identified Harlem entertainer is back at the Cotton Club here.

25 Hospital Heads Meet in Durham, N.C.

DURHAM, N.C.—(ANP) — Superintendents of twenty-five leading hospitals met here in a two-day conference, Friday and Saturday, devoted to discussions bearing on hospital administration and the care of patients.

Among those in attendance were:

A. W. Dent, Flint Goodridge, New Orleans; Mary E. B. Collings, L. Richardson Memorial, Greenville, S.C.; Mary E. Tinsley, Douglass, Washington, N.C.

Nan W. Boyd, Broadmoor, Rose Clinton Hospital, Raleigh, N.C.; Mae Chris Kemper, Hospital for Negroes, Baltimore, Md.; Ruth Ross, Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. E. W. Long, Community, Union, S.C.; Mrs. Lucy Laney, Hunter, Augusta, Ga.; Dr. R. W. Mason, Good Samaritan, Columbia, S.C.

Dr. D. T. Watson, Wards, Greenville, S.C.; Dr. H. M. Green, Knoxville General, Tenn.; Mrs. J. Parham, Parham, Paducah, Ky.

Dr. L. C. Dowling, Howard Memorial, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Geo. Cleveland, Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Geo. Cleveland, Hubbard, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Bar. B. W. Harris, Community, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Lillian Harris, Community, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Bruce, President, Lincoln City, R. B. Fisher, President, Lincoln City, R. B. Fisher, President, Lincoln City, R. B. Fisher