Rebel Flag Waves In Atlanta

AFRO'S Hicks Goes Deep Into Dixie With GOP Presidential Nominee Eisenhower

By JAMES L. HICKS

(This is the second in a series of articles on experiences of Jimhy Hicks while traveling with 60 other reporters on the Eisenhower campaign around the nation).

WITH THE EISENHOWER SPECIAL — The first thing I saw when we arrived at the airport in Atlanta was a Confederate flag.

Gov. Herman Talmadge was standing at the airport with his official party waiting to greet Ike, and behind him one of the officials was carrying a Confederate flag which he was waving like mad as we correspondents embarked from our plane.

Picked Wrong Plane

In Atlanta, just as in most other cities, the local officials always felt that Ike was on the first plane to land which was the plane set aside for the correspondents.

As was explained in the first article, Ike always took off before we did but we always landed first.

This confusion on the part of the local delegations afforded the correspondents a chance to do a little clowning in many towns we visited.

Correspondents' Joke

The first one nearest the door would step out when the plane door opened and as the crowd yelled, he would motion behind him as if Ike would be the next one out.

The next guy would do the same thing and so on, and often the crowd would nearly go in a dither making each yell louder than the first because it was sure that the next guy out the plane would be Ike.

In many cases Tom Stokes, who is balding and who resembles Ike closely was often mistaken for Ike. Stokes, an easy going guy, always took it good naturedly.

Stars And Bars Anger

I, who had fought as hard as anyone under the banner of Old Glory, was naturally burned up over the sight of a party headed by the governor of one of the states I fought for, marching under a Confederate flag but I was not prepared for what was to follow.

As Ike came in and was greeted by the officials, the press moved on to two busses which we had been told would be waiting to carry us to Hurt Park where Ike was to speak.

I was the third man in the bus and of course took a seat by the window. The bus filled up with late had to begin filling in the seats beside those who had the window seats.

Female Bus Companion

One of the secretaries from New York who was traveling on the press plane to help grind out the speeches for Ike was late getting through the crowd to the bus and when she finally arrived the seat beside me was still vacant.

New Yorker that she was she flopped into the seat beside me and the bus took off through the streets of Atlanta with me sitting in the third seat from the front. a white woman sitting beside me and all Atlanta was watching.

Stars, Bars and Stripes

If I had been disturbed by the sight of one Confederate flag at the airport, I should have gone mad at what was to follow. For all along the route I not only saw Dixie's flag waving but in some cases the flag had been attached to the same pole with the American flag.

In some groups of the curious in downtown Atlanta I saw white people vigorously waving a Confederate flag and colored people standing beside them cheering Ike like mad.

Mrshall Talk Recalled

As I watched this strange parade I could not help but remember what Thurgood Marshall had said about Washington, D.C. during the time that city welcomed MacArthur home. Said Thurgood:

"When I see a white man waving a Confederate flag and a colored man standing beside him yelling I know that something is wrong — **somebody doesn't belong there**"

This was my thought as we dismounted the bus and I ran smack into J. Wesley Dobbs of Atlanta who was all out for Ike.

A Case In Point?

Murray Kempton of the liberal New York Post, which gives the Dixiecrats as much hell as the AFRO - AMERICAN, was by my side when I walked up to Mr. Dobbs as Ike was speaking and asked him for a few minutes of his time.

I will never be able to understand his reaction.

Ike's speech had been passed out to the reporters on the plane and I had read it thoroughly.

I told Mr. Dobbs that the speech did not contain any reference to civil rights and I asked him to tell me whether he, as an Ike supporter, had expected, or would be disappointed in the fact that Ike would say nothing with re-

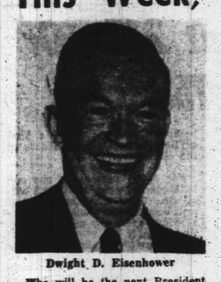
(Continued on Page 10)

Bad Lie

—Reprinted From The Atlanta Constitution.

JOKER IN THE DECK !

AFRO's Presidential Game Starts This Week; $200 In Prizes Offered



Dwight D. Eisenhower

Adlai Stevenson

Who will be the next President of the United States?

Your guess is as good as anybody's, and the AFRO is giving $200 in prizes to persons who express an opinion on the question.

A total of 59 separate awards will be made.

First prize is $100.

There will be fifty-eight other cash prizes: Two awards of $10 each; six awards of $5 each, and 50 awards of $1 each.

"Ike" or Adlai?

Will the next occupant of the White House be "Ike" Eisenhower? Will it be Adlai Stevenson? Will it be Vincent Halliman?

Former General Dwight D. Eisenhower is the nominee of the Republican Party. His running-mate and vice-presidential candidate is Senator Richard Nixon of California.

Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois is the nominee of the Democratic party. His running mate is Senator John Sparkman of Alabama.

Colored "Veep"?

Vincent Halliman is the nominee of the Progressive Party, and Mrs. Charlotta Bass of California and New York is the party's candidate for vice-president.

Mrs. Bass is the first colored American woman to be nominated on a party ticket for the second highest office in the land.

Who is your choice?

Rules Are Simple

Everybody has a chance. All you have to do is cut out the coupon accompanying this article, fill in the blanks, and then, on a separate piece of paper, tell why you think Eisenhower, Stevenson or Halliman will be our next President.

Send your coupon and letter to the AFRO Political Editor, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Simple isn't it?

No hard work. Just a few minutes and presto! there is one of the 59 prizes right in your hand.

Start Now!

The AFRO's Presidential Candidate game starts with this issue. Everybody can get in on the ground floor.

Tell whose chances you think best and why?

"Anybody but Eisenhower," someone will say. "His party was responsible for the depression, for slights handed to colored people. He's a dodger and nobody knows where he really stands on civil rights."

"Anybody but Stevenson," others will say. "His party has been in power long enough. His predecessor made promises on FEPC and we voted him in, but nothing happened. The Democrats haven't given us a law with teeth in it in 20 years."

"Why not Halliman?" still another will say. "His party would take Mrs. Bass to the highest office a colored person ever held. She would be speaker of the House."

What Do You Say?

Some AFRO readers will support Eisenhower, believing that the times demand a change.

Some AFRO readers will support Stevenson, believing that the prosperity they enjoy will be continued.

Some will pull for Halliman, because his running mate is a colored woman.

What do you say?

Who is going to be the next President? Whose chances do you think best, and why?

Use the ballot accompanying article and send your entry to AFRO Political Editor, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

THE RULES

1. The AFRO invites you to submit answers to the question: "Who will be the next President?"

Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to the $200 Political Editor of the AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

2. The AFRO will pay $200 to 59 readers who send in the best answers. First award, $100; two awards of $10 each, six of $5 each, and 50 awards of $1 each.

3. This offer is open to everybody, men and women, boys and girls, of any age, except AFRO employees and their families. It does not matter where you live, it costs nothing.

4. October 25 will be the closing day for all entries and names of winners will be printed in the issue of November 1.

5. No replies will be given attention that are not accompanied with coupon.

6. Write with pen or pencil; use one side of paper only. About 30 words should be enough to state your reasons. Make it short and snappy. Avoid lengthy discussion.

7. You may send in ballots for yourself, a relative or friend. Send as many as you wish. Experts declare that changing moods affect your expression. Remember, $200 will positively be sent out November 1, to 59 AFRO readers, and one of them will get the first award of $100.

COUPON FOR YOUR BALLOT FOR PRESIDENT

(Write with Pencil or Ink)

$200 POLITICAL EDITOR,
AFRO-AMERICAN,
628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

I think ..... will be the next President. You will find my reasons for this on a separate sheet.

Sender's Name .....

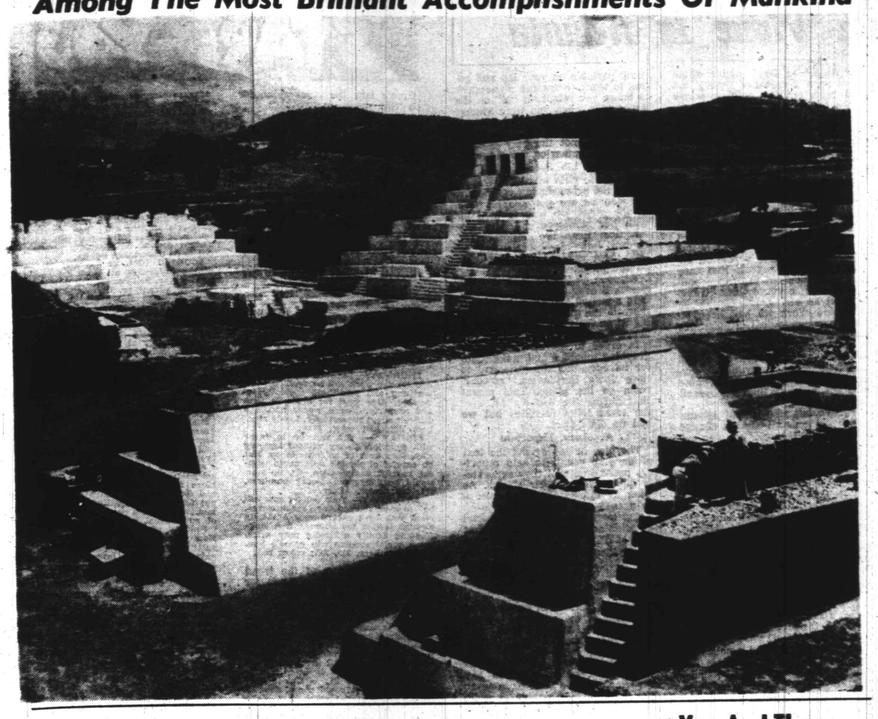
Sender's Address .....

City and State .....

Are you a registered voter? .....

To what party do you belong? .....

Among The Most Brilliant Accomplishments Of Mankind



A Civilization That Flourished 500 Years B.C.

ZACHLEU, GUATEMALA —In Middle America and in Guatemala once flourished a civilization, the Maya, whose cultural contributions judged in the light of the limitations of the period, mark it as one of the most brilliant of the accomplishments of man.

Beginning some two thousand years before conquest, the Maya developed the New World's only system of writing, a calendar more accurate than ours, fine and enduring sculpture, without the aid of metal and magnificent architectural forms.

The ruined city of Zaculeu (White Earth) offered the fiercest sort of resistance to Gonzale de Alvadado before it fell in 1525, largely due to starvation. The entire archeological project was under the direction of John Dimick by the United Fruit Company who and required 40 months to complete. The project was sponsored turned the complete restoration cheological museum. Picture over to the Guatamalan Government to serve as a permanent arshows the restoration of the great ancient city of Zaculey.

In the heart of the rugged South, an old man told the story of one of his friends who went deaf.

"Years ago he went to an ear doctor who told him to stop drinking corn. He did and got his hearing back real good. Later on he found he liked what he was drinking better than what he was hearing, so he went back to his corn and has been with it ever since."

Last Mohican

Miss Jeroldine Dennis of Philadelphia typifies the last of a large colony of sunbathers as she coats herself with suntan oil at Atlantic City as the beach season rapidly draws to a close. Hereafter, the "tans" will be the work of health lamps rather than "Old Sol."

He'll Be 102 In October

By JOHN W. NICOLAS

Allen Epps, one time water boy during the Civil War, will be 102-years-old come October 23.

He was born in Union County, S. C., in the year 1850 where he has resided continuously since the days of the Rebellion.

Many of the youngsters during his early manhood now seek his opinion of their ages it attempting to qualify for Old Age pensions. The county clerk almost always honors Mr. Epps' calculation.

Remembers Civil War

He loves to chat about the battles of the Civil War and to tell of blood flowing down the Shenandoah valley just like water.

For many years he was a tremendous figure in the local Republican Organization. He always had a strange capacity for politics. That is why I think his life is a challenge to all who live in ignorance of vital public questions.

One day after the presidential election of 1936, I met him on the street where he proceeded to dress me down about my support of the Democratic ticket.

Colorful Figure

"Lincoln said slavery is wrong. Nobody has a right to do wrong." The little red-haired fellow with his hat flopping down on the port side was furious.

His goose had been thoroughly cooked.

He might not have been as active in the campaign as he had in previous ones, but he could never divorce himself from the party of Lincoln.

Staunch Methodist

He had his church activities to look after he said. Having been converted to Christianity before being emancipated, he recalled that he had been a member of his owner's church for a brief spell. When the African Methodist Church was established in his community, however, he straightway connected himself with it.

He considered it a facility through which God had extricated many of the beliefs that "Christianity was determined by the color of one's skin, or the shape of his nose, or the size of his feet." I agreed that I could remember how he championed the dignity of the colored christian on its floors.

ALLEN EPPS

Self-Supporting Man

He had a chest of tools strapped to his shoulders which he never dropped during the conversation. He had made, he observed, in resuming the chastisement of the "torn-coats" sufficient money to maintain his home and provide for his family for the past 50 years without resort to relief from the government.

And, headed, he had acquired his carpenter's trade in much the same manner as his education, "self-taught."

Perhaps the state could relax its efforts than to provide for the education of children, I suggested.

God had not given everybody an equal capacity, was the reply.

"But that doesn't mean that I want to be a slave of the state," he roared. With that pungent remark, the little man with the heavy mustache was on his way.

You And The Atom Bomb

If an atom bomb is dropped on an average American city, there will be 40,000 persons killed within two days after the explosion, according to the Federal Civil Defense Administration.

Authorities are now studying the problems and details of such a gruesome possibility. Even the funeral directors are worried. What could they do with the thousands of corpses littering the streets after an air attack?

To obtain 40,000 caskets of wood or any other material would be completely out of the question. Probably they would have to use olive drab plastic sheets in which to wrap the bodies.

To protect the city from health hazards, these corpses would have to be disposed of within hours after death unless the city were located in a cold or dry climate.

This type of wholesale embalming would be impossible. But the bodies would have to be taken out of sight so that they would not destroy the morale of the living.

And the idea of permitting the survivors to file past the unidentified dead in search on their missing relatives would be impracticable.

Miles Of Bodies

If 40,000 bodies were laid out in two rows, the aisle between them would be 20 miles long!

The idea of an atomic attack is not as unreal as it may seem. Military men reportedly look for such action at once should an enemy make war against this country. Air Force Chief-of-Staff Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg says 70 per cent of any raiding force of planes probably will get past U.S. air defenses.

ERRANT MALE

A traveller just home from abroad was describing an earthquake.

"Most amazing thing I ever saw," he said dramatically. "The hotel rocked. Cups and saucers were flung all over the room, and—"

His meek-looking companion turned suddenly white.

"Great Scott" he cried. "That reminds me. I forgot to post a letter my wife gave me two days ago."

She soon discovered the

Way To A Man's Heart

Jimmy Had His Own Ideas About Pickups, But When He Married One He Was In For The Greatest Shock Of His Life

By GENE DAVIS

Jimmie Harper picked up Marcia Murray on Druid Hill avenue. She was a thin little thing with big brown eyes and the prettiest pair of legs he had ever seen on a girl.

He liked the quick, dainty way she stepped along down the street ahead of him. There was a wistful air of loneliness about her, and that made her instantly attractive to Jimmie. For Jimmie, although he would never have admitted it, was a little lonely himself.

Knows The Ropes

It wasn't Jimmie's custom to pick them up on the streets. He had tried the stunt only once before, and then it had met with almost instant rebuff. But this time he knew the ropes a little better. And this girl, it seemed, was an exception to all the rules.

She stopped outside the plate-glass window of a corner store and stood for a moment looking at the display inside. Jimmie idled along the curb and looked at her.

She wasn't old at all—maybe about twenty-one—and she was undeniably pretty.

She wasn't a high society girl —Jimmie, out of long experience, could tell that. She looked slightly worn and tired, but after all, she was evidently a working girl and it was Saturday night.

He eased across the pavement and stood beside her. She turned at length and looked at him, and seemed tremendously impressed by his six feet, two. He let her see his profile; it was, he had been told, somewhat Gary Cooperish. Then he looked down and asked casually, "Got the time?"

Surprise Answer

She said something under her breath but she didn't really seem to be annoyed. And then she surprised him by saying, "Yes, I've got all the time in the world. How about you?"

The answer stumped Jimmie a little. He didn't quite know what to make of it. He took it as a sort of come-on signal, replied that he, too, had more time than he knew what to do with, and suggested that a little of it might be put to better use. "What," he asked, "are you doing tonight?"

She said that she was meeting a girl friend. Jimmie didn't believe her until they actually came upon the girl in front of the Royal five minutes later. She wasn't a bad looker, either, so he bought three tickets and sat between the two of them through the show.

Later they went to a luncheonette and had sodas. Jimmie looked Marcia over critically then, but even close inspection failed to reveal anything wrong with her.

He noticed especially the way she talked—so refined and cultured—and the way she drank her soda and ate the ice cream from the bottom of the tumbler. Certainly she wasn't the type of girl you'd expect to pick up in the street. She was a funny kid, but a swell one. Jimmie liked her.

Takes Her Home

The girl friend obligingly got herself out of the way after that by declaring that she had to get on the job; she worked it seemed, in a big downtown hotel from ten to eight. Jimmie took Marcia, who told him that she had a room uptown, home.

It was a long ride, and when they got to the door, Marcia, put up a little battle at being kissed. He let her get-away with it, which was unusual for Jimmie. And on the following Wednesday he went all the way back uptown to her rooming house again.

She seemed to be glad that he had come. She radiated happiness when she saw him standing in the hallway after her landlady, a shrunken, bleak old woman, had called her down. And she seemed somewhat surprised, too, as though she hadn't expected him ever to return.

She hurried back upstairs to her room and when she came down again he was proud of her, a slim little thing in a black silk coat and a pert close-fitting hat with a shiny pin in it. He noticed, too, the way she raised her eyes to him, half-admiringly, half bashfully. Oh, she was a sweet kid, all right, and a shy one, too.

Go Dancing

They danced that night at the New Albert, and when he brought her home Marcia let him kiss her in the hallway. He found that she was rather more wonderful than any girl he had ever kissed before.

He wanted to say something to show her how he felt about her, but could only get out a husky murmur. "You're a sweet kid, all right."

She said softly, "I sorta like you, too," and then she wriggled out of his arms and turned to go up the stairs. He followed her quickly, catching her when she was halfway up and drawing her close to him. "Please," he said and then kissed her again.

"Don't!" Marcia pushed him away, gently.

From the lower floor came the sound of an opening door and muffled footsteps. A look of dread flashed across Marcia's face. "You've got to go now," she told Jimmie.

Jimmie turned. At the bottom of the steps there was an old woman dressed in a voluminous night gown, bed room slippers, and some queer sort of hat. She addressed Marcia harshly, accusingly.

"Didn't I warn you that if you ever brought another man to this house, young lady, you'd have to leave. This is a respectable boarding house and it's after ten o'clock. I will not stand for anything like this among my girls. Tomorrow morning you go, and take your things along with you."

Jimmie looked at Marcia. Her hands were clenched, her eyes brimming with tears. He turned defiantly to the old woman at the bottom of the stairs.

Quick Decision

"Miss Murray's leaving tomorrow anyway," he told her. "She's leaving with me. We're to get married."

"All right," the woman said. "Just see that she pays her bill. She's a wild little one, she is."

"You won't need to worry about her any more," Jimmie said. The old woman turned and disappeared, her heavy feet shuffling.

"Thanks," said Marcia, "for taking up for me. I guess—I guess it's all over with us now—"

"It isn't," Jimmie insisted, "I meant that. I meant I wanted you to marry me. Won't you?"

She thought a few moments and then looked up wearily. "I haven't a thing else to do," she said. "It might be fun. Have you got a job?"

"Yeah," grinned Jimmie. "Say, this is gonna be swell. We'll get a little apartment—"

They both took the next day off, located a small apartment that didn't cost too much, and proceeded to transfer their belongings. In the evening they were married and went to an amusement park for their honeymoon. Then they came home and began to straighten out the things which had been piled helter skelter about the apartment.

Everything was almost straight when Jimmie picked up something which made his eyes bulge. The thing was a picture of a girl standing between two men, both of whom had their arms around her. The girl was undeniably Marcia.

Becomes Jealous

"Who are these guys?" Jimmie demanded harshly.

Marcia looked at the picture. "They're Earl Hawkins and Johnny Bedford," she said. "We all went on a picnic once, and somebody took that."

"And who," Jimmie wanted to know, "are Earl Hawkins and Johnny Bedford?"

"They're all my friends," Marcia protested. "We've been friends for years. Earl used to take me to the theatre, and Johnny was my favorite dancing partner — until you came along. We've been pals for years, y'see? There wasn't anything wrong in that, was there?"

"Maybe not. But you might at least have told me about — about all those men, before you married me."

"But really, there wasn't anything to tell, Jimmie. We simply went out once in a while—"

"And I suppose you let them take you home?"

"Of course."

"And you let them kiss you?"

"Sometimes. But all that didn't mean a thing, Jimmie. And anyway, it's nothing to get all worried about. I've got you, now."

Jimmie stood up suddenly and sunk his hands deep into his pockets. He looked down at his wife, a queer expression in his eyes, as though he was seeing her for the first time. "Yes," he repeated slowly, "you've got-me, now."

Knew Too Little

How she had hooked him! The little bum. He should have known better than to marry a girl he could pick up on the streets, and knowing so little about her. How many other guys she must have gone out with before him; how many others she must have let kiss her . . .

"None of those other fellows ever meant anything real to me," she protested vainly. "I swear they didn't. Of course you don't believe me . . ."

Jimmie smiled down at her, a queer, one-sided smile. "No," he said bitterly. "No, of course I don't believe you."

He strode across the room and got his hat, then drew on his topcoat.

"Jimmie" Marcia cried. "What are you going to do?" She caught hold of his coat sleeve as he passed her.

He wrenched away from her with a gesture that was contemptuous. "I'm getting out of here," he answered very softly.

She shrank back, numbed, and watched him without a word as he walked through the door.

Jimmie walked through the streets of Baltimore, so angry that he felt half blind. He was even more angry with himself than he was with Marcia.

Over and over he told himself that he had gotten just what he deserved, that he was a sucker for rushing into anything so permanent as marriage with a girl of whom he knew practically nothing.

Attitudes Change

And yet, as the cool night wind whipped his face, his attitude toward Marcia showed a gradual reversal. After all, he had married her; she was his wife. What if she had gone out with other guys and let them kiss her? What did that matter now?

The thing that mattered was that he had married her; it wasn't her fault that he had been a fool. Well, at least he'd keep his part of the bargain. He could stick it out as long as she could.

Slowly he turned around and started to walk back.

Something had changed about the little apartment when he got back to it, tired and worn. The parlor didn't look like just another furnished room any more. Something had happened. He sniffed the air. Coffee! That was it: coffee, and bacon and eggs.

What a difference they made The three little rooms had miraculously become a home, and presiding over it was a small, dark-haired girl, a girl who certainly knew how to cook.

Timidly she came out of the kitchenette. Evidently she, too, had resolved to forget about their little quarrel. Timidly she spoke, "You sit here, Jimmie."

Jimmie didn't look at her. For some reason he couldn't. He took off his coat and hung it over the back of a chair. Then he went into the bathroom across the hall and washed his hands.

Finally he came back into the room. Marcia was sitting sedately on her side of the table, pouring the coffee. Jimmie sat down across from her, and accepted the cup she offered him. There were bacon and eggs and brown toast. He ate them all, in silence.

Makes Difference

How different everything was now, he reflected, with the pretty table in the middle of the floor and the odor of coffee and cooking food! And how this girl—this girl he had picked up on the street, this girl who had let other men take her out and kiss her — how she could cook

"Was everything all right?" she asked tremulously when he was through.

"Why shouldn't it be?" Jimmie's tone was gruff, and the look he gave her was cold. She felt tears spring into her eyes. All her planning, all her hurried work-in-those moments while he had been gone, were to go for naught. It wasn't any use. He didn't love her any more. Nothing she could do would change that.

To hide her tears she jumped up quickly and took the coffee pot back into the kitchenette. Out of his sight she stood for a moment, fingers pressed against her eyelids. She wouldn't cry now. She told herself over and over that she wouldn't.

She didn't hear Jimmie enter. But suddenly he was behind her. One arm went around her and the other pushed her hand down from her eyes. Then he turned her around, kissed her wet lashes and then her lips.

"Of course everything was all right," he growled, and then his voice softened.

"Please," he begged, "I never knew what it was I wanted until just now. It's a home — a real home—and a wife and everything that goes with it.

"I've never had a home—a real one. I never understood what the word 'home' meant until you showed me. Isn't there any way we could just forget what's happened in the past, and live for the future? I can, if you're willing."

"And you know I'm willing," said Marcia softly.

THE END

"He caught her in his arms and whispered, 'I never knew what I wanted until just now . . .'"

Ugly Epithet Spreading In Europe

Theatrical Folk Blamed For Wide Use Of Vulgar Racial Term

By MABEL ALSTON

MANNHEIM - FEUDENHEIM, Germany—Are colored American entertainers expecting more of the United States than they do of foreign countries?

Why should they rave about being called "n-----s" in the United States but permit other countries to advertise them as NEGER?

It is embarrassing to many Americans living or traveling in Europe to read giant-size, glowing posters conspicuously displayed on streetcars, posts and theaters advertising "NEGER JAZZ BAND OF THE USA."

Consult your dictionary and see what the definition is.

(Editor's Note: Small dictionaries do not list the word. Webster's International lists it as French spelled: negre; being of Spanish origin: negro.)

When one sees advertisements for celebrities like Nat King Cole and others rated as high among theatrical personalities bearing this offensive word, it gives them rather a disappointing and sinking feeling.

Seems that such famous artists could put a stipulation in their contracts to omit such words. Other orchestras, singers etc., are advertised as Australians, Swiss, and Italians, so why not just say American.

If there just must be a distinction, it would be a better idea to use colored.

No Small Problem

This may seem to be a minor problem but it is not. Many white Americans have noted the same advertisement and have openly critiéized the race for being so touchy about the epithet in America, but apparently unruffled when other countries advertise them as "NEGER."

A better example: When a colored lady and her child were looking in a shop window not far from a placard carrying such advertisement, a white woman and her boy passed and the child stopped and said, "Mommie, are they NEGERS?" The mother replied, "Yes."

The colored lady was infuriated and told the woman that she and her child were Americans. The woman then asked her why was she so angry, didn't the sign back there on the post advertise 'NEGER' of the USA? "My son happened to read the poster, and we were discussing it when we happen to see you and your son."

Vulgar Sound

The pronunciation of the word "Neger" is about one of the most vulgar sounding words I have ever heard in my life, especially when it is said by a foreigner.

The American colored person is seemingly a novelty to the native European. One feels as if he is on exhibition every time he walks down the street, and that goes for all European countries.

The glowing accounts of democracy in foreign countries that one reads about are just so much bunk.

No Place Like USA

It is rather amusing to reflect on the behavior of artists who have spent many years in foreign countries where prejudice is far greater than it is in the United States in many ways. These entertainers return to America and try and straighten it out over night.

In most places in Europe, a few colored Americans may be able to make a living as entertainers but let them try and obtain any other form of employment.

It has been tried here in Germany by white Americans, who failed miserably in obtaining any kind of gainful employment and finally drifted into dealing in the black market, and ending up in the toils of the law.

Greatest Country On Earth

America is still the greatest country on earth and it is up to us to make it a better place in which to live.

How?

The answer was given by Paul H. Douglas, Senator of Illinois, in a recent publication entitled "Leadership in Government"

"Government officials today have more power over your daily life than ever before in American history.

"They decide whether you can have material to build a home.

"They determine by their rulings how much your cost of living is going to rise.

"They decide whether you or your sons will be sent overseas in the armed forces.

"They decide what your light and gas bills and train fares will be.

"And they are deciding how many atomic bombs we shall build and circumstances that will impel their unleashing.

Best Man Needed

"Since we have felt it necessary to give them these vast powers over us, it is urgently important that we have the very highest type men running our government — men of integrity, ability, and backbone."

Since many of our very own problems depend on the selection of the right man for the solution of them, it is high time we put more emphasis than ever on the value of the vote.

Try living in a foreign country for 12 months, and then see what a feeling of terror will grip you at the thought of never being able to return to the USA.

"God Bless America"

Every morning I rise and say "God Bless America," and please help us to elect the type of men to office who will put the interest of their country above graft and corruption.

The artists of our race, who are traveling abroad should also put principle above the almighty dollar and maybe they will gain more respect from other nationalities.

Err Male

A traveller just home from abroad was describing an earthquake.

"Most amazing thing I ever saw," he said dramatically. "The hotel rocked. Cups and saucers were flung all over the room, and—"

His meek - looking companion turned suddenly white.

"Great Scott" he cried. "That reminds me. I forgot to post a letter my wife gave me two days ago."

This is the cover from a U.S.-sponsored booket dealing with the problems of a European child of mixed parentage.

Is 'Neger' A New Word In Europe?

By VINCENT TUBBS

Everybody knows that language changes from year to year to suit the needs of the people and that America has been one of the world's greatest manufacturers of new words.

There is wide disparity between the English language as spoken in England and as spoken in America. In some instances, persons speaking the same basic language have difficulty understanding each other.

Because of its preciseness, there have been viewing attempts by the United Nations Assembly to have French adopted as the language of international diplomacy.

America's Jazzy Talk

A decade or more ago, America introduced a whole new set of phrases into both English and French language with the upsurge of jazz music and "hep-cat" talk.

In more recent times, "bop" talk has swept the nation and been adopted in some parts of Europe.

At the same time, there is reason to believe that America has given many European countries some of its ugly words as well as its inconsequential musical linguistics.

Many Americans who traveled abroad before and during World War II have no recollection of the word "neger" which is now widely used in Germany and the Scandinavian countries.

"The Black Man"

Former students at German universities and World War II soldiers who were conversant in the language recall that Germans always referred to colored Americans and other dark - skinned ethnic groups as "der schwartze Mann."

However, occupation troops and recent visitors report the term "neger" in wide usage, with the same phonetic sound upon utterance as "N-----."

Experts Disagree

Philologists and semanticists cannot agree that the word may be derived from the French "negre" which has its derivation from the Spanish word "negro.

The prevailing opinion is that the new word in European language is an American import, carried into the Old Country by white Americans of little learning and ugly habits.

JAZZ-WETTSTREIT
USA - Australien
Groene Bel und die AUSTRALIAN JAZZ-BAND
DIE BESTE DIXIELAND-BAND DER WELT
und DIE ERSTE
NEGER-JAZZ-BAND AUS USA
George Mayeocky Chic Combo Band New York
und als Abschluß
JAM-SESSION
der beiden Jazz-Bands
Conference: HEINZ HEIMSOTH Berlin
1 März 1900 SAMSTAG ROSENGARTEN-MUSENSAAL

This is the kind of poster exhibited in Europe today.