

"The Beast Of Bradhurst Avenue" — A MYSTERY STORY — IN 12 CHAPTERS — By SAMUEL I. BROOKS

Mystery Murder, Beheading Of Girl Stirs Harlem; Probe Is Started

A Gripping Tale Of Adventure In The Heart Of Harlem

"IT AIN'T NO SIN" WITH MAE AND DUKE

CHAPTER I

A shriek like that of a tortured soul from the stifling, searing heat of hell aroused the early morning stillness of Bradhurst avenue. Again and yet again it rent the air, piteous and horrible. Then there was silence. Ominous silence.

Windows creaked as the curious braved the freezing January air to peer out. Up and down the park-bordered avenue that runs from 142nd street to the 155th street viaduct, heads appeared. The shriek had ridden far on the clear cold air.

But there was nothing to be seen. Across from the park-like row of huge gray apartment houses the little lights in Colonial Park twinkled feebly amidst the encompassing darkness. If there was anything amiss under the bare, gaunt, black branches of its snow-clothed trees, there was no indication of it. Far above the park and the stone-walled cliff that bordered it, rose the vast, more palatial apartment houses of Edgecombe avenue. They looked down condescendingly upon the shabby structures 75 feet below.

A police siren wailed down the avenue from 145th street. The little green runabout crunched to a stop at 150th street. The Negro policemen jumped out and hurried into the nearest apartment house.

"Did you ring for the police?" one of them asked a scared elevator man.

"Yes, I-I-I did," he stammered. "Somebody must be killed. There was an awful shriek. Then two more. And then everything was quiet."

"Where'd they come from?" asked the other policeman.

"I don't know," said the elevator man, now more composed. "I was sitting here reading a magazine when the screams started. It sounded like they came from the park, and then they might've come from the court back there. Whenever they come from they sure was loud, believe me."

"Let's take a look around," said the officer in command. "Keep your eyes open, fellah!" This to the elevator man.

"Ain't nobody gonna catch me slepin' around here this night, 'phooey," the man replied with emphasis.

The two officers left the lobby and walked a few feet to the square court of the building. The searching beams of their flashlights revealed nothing. They looked into the wells alongside the basement windows. They found nothing. Only an cane filled with refuse, a battered baby carriage and a discarded Christmas tree.

They went back to their runabout and cruised slowly in the direction of the viaduct. Occasionally they stopped and flashed their lights into an alleyway or court. In a few minutes they were back. Leaving the car they searched along the winding, tree-bordered cement walk of the park. There was nothing there except the upturned iron benches. Disgusted, they returned to their car and scudded off to report.

"Two o'clock!" mumbled one of them, consulting his wrist watch. "Damn, it's cold!"

Sergeant Callahan, a burly, red-faced, good humored Irishman, sat behind the desk in the Harlem precinct station.

"Say, Johnson," he called to a Negro officer, "didja hear any more about that scream on Bradhurst avenue? Anybody found dead or anything?"

"Nope, sergeant, we ain't heard a thing. I figured we'd get a call the next morning, but we didn't."

"Somebody funny about that," boomed the Irishman. "Lotsa people said they heard the hollerin' but nobody's killed or nothin', so what 'll hell? I can't make it out."

Quigley, glancing across at Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel, "what do you make of it?"

The tall, powerful, handsome Negro, dressed in neat blue serge civilian clothes, glanced over the proffered report and handed it back.

"Whoever killed her must have been a fiend!" he exclaimed. "Have they found her head yet?"

"No, that's the funny part about it," said the Captain, frowning, "and unless we can absolutely prove that it's the missing Marjorie Fenwick, we couldn't convict the murderer even if he confessed."

"But her parents identified her, didn't they?"

"No, it's not really an identification, Walter," the Captain explained. "All they could say was that the body looked like that of their daughter and had a scar on the stomach from a childhood burn. But that isn't enough to convict on. There might be a thousand good looking colored girls 17 years old, with similar scars on their stomachs."

"Whoever killed her was a pretty clever duck, then," observed Crummel. "He knew it couldn't be pinned on him."

"That's it exactly," agreed the Captain, "but it's even more complicated than that. Did you notice in the medical examiner's report that no blood was found in the body?"

"No blood in the body?" echoed Crummel.

"No, and none was found where we picked up the body."

"You mean the body was bled and then carried where we found it?"

"That's it," said the Captain grimly, "and that's what gets me. I can understand why a shrewd fellow would cut off the girl's head to avoid identification. But why should he drain the blood out of her body?"

"Very strange," mused Crummel, slowly munching his inseparable gum. "When did the girl's people say she left home?"

"Sunday night, about 9 o'clock. She said she was going to a dance at the Renaissance, but she didn't go. We couldn't find anybody that saw her there."

"Any other colored girls of her age missing?" asked Crummel.

"None that we know of," his superior replied. "Oh, I don't doubt that this is her corpse, but we can't prove it."

"Well, I don't see how we can prove it," said Crummel, thoughtfully chewing his gum. "unless we find the head."

"Crummel!" said Captain Quigley, leaning forward, "I'm going to put you on this case. I think you're the man for it. And I needn't tell you what it'll mean if you can solve it. I'll give you all the help you need. But we must have results. The Police Commissioner is all excited and the tabloids are plugging it for all its worth. The colored people up here are all excited and hollering for action. So we've got to show some results."

"Yes, sir. I'll get busy right away," said Crummel, rising lazily to his six feet two inches and stretching. "By the way, Captain, who found the corpse in the sack?"

"A milkman. You'll find it all in the report there. By the way, who do you want to work with you?"



DUKE ELLINGTON



MAE WEST

Eagerly awaiting his arrival on the West Coast, Mae West, Hollywood's leading cinema attraction, prevailed on the Paramount Studio officials to immediately sign Duke Ellington and his orchestra for her forthcoming sizzling opus, "It Ain't No Sin." Now the theatergoers can look forward to more weird Ellington melodies when they view the "King of Jazz" supporting the "Queen of Sex Plays."

Father Of White Attack Victim May Win 'Coveted' Job Of Executing 3 Race Prisoners In Mississippi

INTEREST DIES IN EASTERN REVIVALISTS; 'FOUR HENRY'S' GET SHIRTS WASHED FOR NOTHING

BOSTON, Mass., Mar. 1.—(A. N. P.)—An appreciable waning in influence exercised by high-powered evangelists is being noted here following testimonial statements offered at a meeting held this week by Rev. Elisher of the International Gospel Troupe. A young man named Frank Silvers, called attention to the fact, in his statements, that the good reverend was making a common racket of the church; leading the

Trio Convicted of Attack On School Girl May Be Executed By Victim's Father.

HERNANDO, Miss., Mar. 1.—(ANP) — Isaac Howard, Johnny Jones and Ernest McGhee, convicted and sentenced to death for an assault on a white 16-year-old Holly Springs school girl, are scheduled to ascend the scaffold on March 16, and Clyde Collins, father of the girl, may spring the trap.

"Open up!" commanded Crummel, now alert and grimly chewing his wad of gum. "We're police officers."

A key fumbled at the lock. The door opened a few inches. Detective Williams barged into the dim corridor, followed by his superior. A medium size, elderly brownskin man, wrinkled and gray, with pouches of dissipation under his eyes, faced them inquiringly and somewhat apprehensively as he noticed them sniffing the air. This man had once doubtless been handsome but the ravages of age and physical mistreatment had taken their toll. But his eyes were as bright as those of a youth; bright, worldly, shrewd, calculating.

"You Sammy Andrus?" snapped Williams.

"Yes, I'm Sammy Andrus," admitted the old man. "What do you want with me?"

"We'll just take a look around, Crummel put in firmly, striding past the old man and down the hallway.

It was an unusually well furnished place. A thick, dark red runner ran down the center of the hall. Bright prints hung here and there. A pair of heavy wine-colored drapes separated the front room from the hallway. The front room was a symphony in dark, rich red. A gorgeous red silk scarf draped from the grand piano. Dainty multi-

colored little cushions were piled on the large modernistic green and gold sofa. Wine colored drapes bordered the windows looking out on Bradhurst avenue and Colonial Park. Potted palms and rubber trees added to the oriental luxuriance of the place. Gold fish swam lazily in a green glass bowl perched on a mahogany pedestal.

"Well, what's the idea?" asked Sammy Andrus somewhat irritably, lying the cord of his purple satin dressing gown tighter and throwing himself into a low, brilliantly upholstered modernistic chair.

The officers seated themselves without saying anything, but all the time Crummel was closely studying the man. He pretended to be in no hurry. Chewing his gum slowly he leisurely surveyed the gorgeous room.

"Pretty nice place you've got here, Andrus. Costs a lot to keep up, I guess," said Crummel, more to himself than to the older man. Then, "How much do you have to pay for a place like this?"

"Fifty-five a month," replied Andrus, his irritation increasing.

"Working?"

"No, I'm not working, why?"

"Well, how do you keep a place like this, then?" asked Crummel, drawing innocently.

"That's my business," snapped the other.

"Oh yes?" observed Crummel, "we

PASSING OF 'LILY WHITE' PRIMARY SEEN IN TEXAS

(Courtesy The Houston Guide) HOUSTON, Tex., Mar. 1.—The passing of the "white man's primary," in which Texas Negroes have been denied a voice in the government of the state for many years, was predicted last Friday by the United Press, Scripps Howard newsgathering agency, in a release from Dallas.

The United Press quoted John Davis (white), Dallas attorney, and a member of the Texas Democratic Executive Committee, as expressing confidence that at the next meeting of the committee, which will be held some time before June, the committee will acknowledge the right of members of the Negro race to take part in the Democratic primary elections in the state in July.

"I am going to openly vote in favor of inviting the Negro to cast his primary ballot," Davis is reported as saying to the United Press. He is quoted as saying further:

"I have taken that stand since last year, when I read the Supreme Court opinion written on the subject by Judge Benjamin Nathan Cardozo."

Mr. Davis is credited by the United Press with saying that he has contacted a majority of the members of the State Democratic Executive Committee and that they have expressed themselves as being in full accord with him.

According to the United Press, many white Texans of influence and prominence in Democratic circles do not share Mr. Davis' willingness to admit members of the race to the primary elections.

At Austin, the United Press reported, State Senator W. K. Hopkins of Gonzales, leader of young white Democrats in the state, insisted that the Democratic party should have the right to limit its membership as a club or any other organization.

"The Democratic party is not an arm of the government, and I don't see how the limitation could be constitutional," Senator Hopkins is credited as saying.

Lieutenant Governor Edgar Witt, who is running for governor in the state primary election this summer, is said to have alternately frowned and later smiled when questioned as to his opinion on the issue raised by Mr. Davis.

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson and her husband, former Governor James E. Ferguson, have remained silent on the subject of admitting Negroes in the primaries this summer. In 1932, when Governor Ferguson was seeking election on the Democratic ticket Negro spokesmen for her told race voters over the state that the primaries would be open to the group in 1934.

State Representative Coke Stevenson, who is speaker of the Texas house and a political associate of the Fergusons, is quoted by the United Press as saying:

"It looks like the primaries are thrown open to Negroes."

In times past Representative Stevenson has been considered a spokesman for the Fergusons.

Says T. Thomas Fortune Did Not Invent The Term 'Afro-American'

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—(CNS) —The Star of Zion, official organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in an editorial commenting on the use of the words Negro and colored recently stated that "Years ago the late T. Thomas Fortune, inventor of 'Afro-American'."

It is claimed here that Editor Deavenport of the Zion organ is in error for the reason that the term was invented by the late Everett Waring of Baltimore, Md., back in the '80's.

The Zion editorial reads:

"NEGRO VS. COLORED

"What is all this old talk about the use of the word Negro? Is it not a proper designation of our group; as proper as colored, and clearer of understanding?"

"The Chinese, the Japanese, the Indians, et al, are all 'colored'; but Negro is not included in that group of peoples."

"Years ago the late T. Thomas Fortune, militant and brilliant editor of the New York Age, invented, 'Afro-American' and the Negro press, for the most part, devoured it."

"Then followed the 'Afro-American Council' in which the late Bishop Alexander Walters figured conspicuously."

"Other descendants of African origin in the United States who knew that they were neither 'pure' Negroes, nor 'pure' Anglo-Saxon, nor 'pure' anything else, chafed at being called Negro, so they employed the word race, and capitalized it, as if that would eradicate racial prejudices and discrimination."

"The dictionaries define race, as a division of mankind possessing constant traits, transmissible by descent, sufficient to characterize it as a distinct human type; a permanent variety of the genus homo."

"Has the Negro in America any monopoly on the use of that word? How ridiculous and absurd it would be if all the races of mankind would call themselves, the Race! What race?"

"There are all sorts of complexions among people of African descent in America, and in the world, and what is the sense of being forever harping about our racial designation?"

"We are American citizens, the same as everybody else who was born or naturalized in these United States, and we are of African descent, and we are designated as Negroes."

"Our idolatry of white, and our detestation of Negro are some of the handicaps of the Negro group."

"What's in a name? The word, 'Methodist,' once a derivative term is now honored and respected throughout the world. The Methodists made it so. They never tried to run from their name."

Songs From a Littered Desk

By LEWIS R. FREDERSON

Lighthearted girl—thrill-seeking boy,
Blithely they tread to the spacious Savoy!
Haunting refrains,
Instilling a spirit of infinite joy.
Under a rainbow of tremulous light,
Couples serenely glide, long in the night,
Now smoothly a waltz
Of intricate halts,
Now gaily the Charleston, Virginia's delight.
The atmosphere rich as a proud Sutan's tent!
Soft pillows, fine drapings, and deep lounges meant
For lingering at ease
While sweet melodies
Fade into an evening gloriously spent . . .
Magical strains,

Lives After Surgeons Sew His Heart Up

ATLANTA, Ga., Mar. 1.—(ANP) —Following a successful operation on his heart, in which several stitches were taken to close a knife gash, surgeons at Grady Hospital Monday gave Isom Jones, 34, an even chance to recover. Immediate after the difficult operation, Jones showed considerable improvement. He was stabbed in a street brawl.

COLE BLEASE WANTS TO BE GOVERNOR OF S. CAROLINA AGAIN

COLUMBIA, S. C., Mar. 1.—(By CNS)—Cole Blease, former United States Senator and Governor, is among the quadrennial host of political aspirants for the governorship. He is now touring the State, speaking at each county seat.

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Interracial Love Tryst Ends In Disappearance Of Brownskin Venus

The story so far: A headless body resembling that of Marjorie Fenwick, a missing young colored girl, is found drained of blood in a back on Bradhurst avenue, a Harlem thoroughfare. Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel is assigned to the case. Sammie Andrus, an old former lover, whose apartment Marjorie frequented, is suspected. Quizzed by Crummel, Andrus asserts that Marjorie left his apartment and went to see her young lover, Ernest Oats, living in the same apartment house. Crummel has Andrus telephone Oats to come upstairs. Crummel hides while Andrus questions Oats as directed. Oats confesses that he was with Marjorie until late. Crummel arrests both men, but admits to his assistant, Detective Williams, that neither is the guilty man. That night the entire area is surrounded by detectives. Crummel himself watching in one of the vacant apartments. Suddenly a pitious scream is heard, a scream of terror, a scream near at hand. Now proceed:

CHAPTER THREE

"Surround the block!" ordered Crummel. "Don't let anybody leave until we've searched the whole area!" There were four other huge apartment houses in the square block and the tall dark detective sergeant selected three of the blondes men to search each one.

Williams, we'll go over these houses ourselves. Go get the janitor. "I'm th' janitor," a rotund fellow spoke up from the crowd of sparsely clad residents who crowded the halls.

"All right," commanded Crummel, "get your keys. We'll start at the roof. Make it snappy!" "Why the roof, chief?" asked Williams in his monotone voice.

"Because that scream came from where I was watching. I was on the sixth floor. I wasn't two minutes getting down stairs to the lobby. Now unless the murderer and I am sure it was murder, I went over the roof, he is still in the house."

The corpulent janitor returned with his pass keys and the three men ascended in the automatic elevator to the seventh floor and thence to the stairway leading to the roof. The janitor was leading, Crummel following closely behind, electric torch in hand, service pistol gripped in the other.

The janitor paused on the last landing. Before them was the big "X" leading out on the roof. The janitor flashed his lamp on the wall.

"By God! It's hooked!" he exclaimed, stepping past the janitor. The door was indeed hooked from the inside.

Crummel unhooked the door and examined it closely, inside and out. The roof was covered with snow. There were no footprints going to or from the door. He walked out on the roof and looked around quickly. The house was situated in a corner, thus on two sides it would be almost impossible for anybody to leave.

At the rear of the house was a court at least 40 feet wide, separating it from the adjoining house on Eighth avenue. The roof of the adjoining house on Bradhurst avenue was at least 10 feet below. Crummel hastened back to the stairway, hooked the door again, and with Williams and the janitor descended to the seventh floor. He walked down the long hall to a window opening on Bradhurst avenue. Pushing up the window, he looked down. Two detectives were posted in front of the house.

"Hey! One of you fellows come here quick. Take the elevator!" "What do you make of it, chief?" Crummel asked the other. "Nothing yet, Williams," he replied in a tone that did not encourage conversation.

The elevator door opened and the detective Crummel had summoned stepped out. "I want you to stand in front of that stairway going to the roof," Crummel directed, "and let no one go up there. Understand?" "Yes, sergeant." The man touched his hat and turned to his post. "Now, janitor," Crummel drawled, "we'll start at the end of the hall and we'll go through every apartment in the house. Something's wrong here and we must find out what it is."

A Gripping Tale Of Adventure In The Heart Of Harlem

SHE'S PERFECT, THEY SAY!



CATHERINE CAMPBELL Of Harlem is said to be the most perfectly shaped show girl. She is one of the featured members of Clarence Robinson's chorus.

was clad in blue pajamas, with red Moorish slippers on his feet. His pajama coat was open, revealing his pale white chest.

"And you were in a hurry to go," observed Crummel, glancing pityingly at Williams.

"They lifted the young white man out of the bathtub, loosed his bonds and peeled the adhesive tape off his mouth. He quickly gained consciousness under their ministrations. They helped him into the front room.

"Who are you?" asked Crummel, sitting down close to the young man and lighting a cigarette.

"My name is Ronald Dane."

"Do you live in this apartment?"

"No," replied the other, somewhat hesitant. "I was just spending the night with Mbula, Princess Mbula." He shifted uneasily.

"These ofay boys sure like black women," observed Williams, just the suggestion of a smile on his expressionless face.

"Where is she?" snapped Crummel.

"I—I don't know. We were just about to go to sleep when we heard a noise out in the kitchen. I went out to see what it was. I reached to switch on the light and got an awful walloo on the head. That's all I remember, officer."

"Well, the girl's gone," said Crummel. "You say you two were in bed about to go to sleep?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did she have on?"

"Green silk pajamas."

"Williams, go down stairs and tell the boys what we've discovered. I guess we've got the place all right. Tell them to hunt for this Princess Mbula. What does she look like, Dane?"

The white man's eyes lighted. He brushed back from his eyes a few strands of yellow hair.

"She is beautiful," he said simply and affectionately. "The most remarkable specimen of pure Negro beauty I have ever seen, and I've been across Africa. About five feet seven inches tall, I would say, slender, lithe, supple, with small, aristocratic hands and feet, long slender legs and arms, small waist and beautiful erect conical breasts. A beauty, I tell you, and a brilliant woman, too."

"What color?"

"Very dark, the color of milk chocolate, with a skin as smooth as old velvet. And her eyes, her almond-shaped black eyes, God!"

"You like her, eh?"

"I worship her," he replied reverently. "Since the first day I saw her come aboard the steamer at Grand Bassam, I have worshipped her."

"Well, why didn't you marry her, then?" sneered Crummel.

Dane's expression became grave. He did not answer the question.

"If you were so crazy about her," continued Crummel, "why didn't you marry her like you would have married a white princess?"

"Oh, I asked her a thousand times," he blurted, "but she would not. All the way to Europe from Africa I asked her to marry me. Then in Paris, in Rome, in Vienna, in London, wherever we went I asked her, but she wouldn't do it."

(Continued next week)

PROMINENT MEN HEAD 'ORLEANS 'Y'

NEW ORLEANS, La., Mar. 15.—(ANP)—C. C. DeJoie, S. W. Green, Dr. Thaddeus Taylor and William Robinson were re-elected president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, respectively, of the local Y. M. C. A. here this week.

All of these men are prominent leaders in the community. Mr. DeJoie is president of the Unity Industrial Life Insurance Company here, the Unity Mutual Industrial Life Insurance company in Chicago, and is owner of the Louisiana weekly.

Mr. Green is supreme chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and president of the Liberty Life Insurance Company.

Dr. Thaddeus Taylor is a well-known physician, attached to the Flint Goodrich hospital staff, and a member of the hospital board, while William Robinson, ex-slave, is the wealthy owner of New Orleans' only colored furniture store.

Five years ago Mr. DeJoie and Mr. Green set a record for local Negro gifts by contributing \$5,000 each toward the Y. M. C. A. Building Fund.

Here's hoping Europe will remain at peace for a year at least and then forget it.

DIXIE CAPTAIN SHIPS 50 UNPAID BOYS FROM CAMP

PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 15.—(CNS)—Fifty-one colored boys in a Civilian Conservation Camp at Kane, McKean County, Pa., were summarily court-martialed, found guilty of insubordination and shipped home minus a month's pay last week. The statement is made that the boys refused to dig rocks and load trucks in two feet of snow in weather so cold that the thermometer-registered 10 degrees below zero.

According to a story told a Philadelphia newspaper on Wednesday morning, February 28th, the boys started their round of work as usual. In fact they all piled into the army trucks to be taken eleven miles to Owl's Nest, where they were to dig and dynamite rocks covered by at least two feet of snow. Rubber boots, which had been issued prior to arrival at Camp Kane, had been taken from the boys on Tuesday afternoon and they only had galoshes in which to trample through heavy snow drifts. They did not mind this, in spite of the fact that they thought they were being unfairly treated. However, the heavily laden trucks refused to pull through the snow-gutted dirt roads. The boys accordingly returned to the mess hall.

Lt. Dr. Cleever, camp health officer, stated that it was too cold for the boys to go out in the open to work, but according to the boys, Captain Mosely ordered them out anyway. They refused to go.

After being advised by a colored sergeant, who seems to have a great deal of authority in the camp,

ANTI-LYNCHING MASS MEETINGS ASKED TO SUPPORT SENATE BILL

DR. BOWLES ON HEALTH GROUP
YORK, Pa., Mar. 15.—Dr. George W. Bowles, prominent York physician, chairman of the Advisory Board of the National Negro Health Movement and chairman of the Executive Board of the National Medical Association, was recently appointed a member of the Emergency Child Health Committee.

The appointment was made by the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania, and the recommendation for the position was sponsored by the Pennsylvania State Medical Society.

Dr. Bowles is one of the best known physicians in the Keystone State.

A PAIR OF FILMLAND QUEENS



The above photos show Hollywood's newest, and perhaps youngest, little dance artists in the persons of Misses Charlotte and Charlene Derrick, five-year-old daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derrick of Sacramento, who are in filmland looking about for a suitable vehicle for their extraordinary talents. The twins sing as well as dance and have filled long-term engagements at the Kiddies Theater in the Capital and at the famous Travelers Hotel in that city.

hundred and one boys were sent to Camp Kane from Philadelphia, and before the wholesale discharge last Wednesday, 59 had already been sent home by Captain Mosely. The boys claim that his southern management of the camp makes it impossible for anyone to remain.

Urge Holding Protest Mass Meetings In Every City and Hamlet—Suggests Speeches In Every Community.

NEW YORK, Mar. 15.—An appeal for the holding of anti-lynching mass meetings in every city, town and hamlet to roll up sentiment for the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill and to collect funds to aid in the fight for its passage has been issued by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to its branches throughout the country, by Walter White, secretary.

'TOWEL KING' DOING BIG BUSINESS

NEW YORK, Mar. 15.—John T. Hallstak, president of Hallstak's Linen Supply Co., Inc., New York City, announced last week that his company furnished 1,396,000 towels to Harlem during the past year. This represents an increase of more than 500,000 towels over the same period in 1932. Mr. Hallstak predicts that his company will supply over 2,000,000 towels during 1934. In addition to towels, 30,000 Hoover dresses, 12,500 aprons, 15,000 gowns and 22,500 coats were supplied.

The people of Harlem can derive no little satisfaction from knowing that in their midst is one of the largest Negro-owned-operated Linen Supply Companies in America.

Congratulations are due Mr. Hallstak for his courage to carry on during these years of depression, despite the threats and competition of White Linen Supply Corporation. Then, too, the Negro-owned business firms are deserving of every compliment for their courage in patronizing this company.

The business was recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for \$20,000. The officers are: John T. Hallstak, president-treasurer; Benjamin Reid, vice-president; Edythe Keintuck, secretary. The board of directors: John T. Hallstak, Inas Hallstak, Charles Dingle, John Lawer and Benjamin Reid.

which still goes on, has kept the Negro strain powerful in Arabia.

As Prof. Dorsey pointed out: "Wherever the Indian Ocean touches land, there it touches Negroid people. He suggests that this be called the Indian Ocean, or the Negroid division of the human race. It is very probable that the Negroid people of Asia brought civilization to Ethiopia and Egypt, from where it came to Greece, and thence to the rest of Europe, including England, which we know most positively to have been savage as late as 85 B. C. This is at least 2,000 years after the building of the Great Pyramids by the Negro, Cheops.

J. A. Rogers Recalls Rich Civilization Of Dark Races In Queen Of Sheba Days

By J. A. ROGERS
NEW YORK CITY, Mar. 15.—Three unusual news items of the week are the discovery of the Queen of Sheba's supposed capital in Southern Arabia, a German in Berlin divorcing his wife on the ground that she had a Jewish grandmother, and a Jewess in Los Angeles divorcing her husband, a doctor, claiming that she is white and he is part Negro.

These news items might not be so unrelated as they seem. With regard to the first, the kingdom of Sheba, Seba, or Saba, goes back to the dimmest antiquity, and had its base in Arabia. Crossing over into Africa it founded powerful colonies there. It is not improbable that Ethiopia or Abyssinia was one of these colonies. The original name of the latter was Ha-Sheba. The word, Ethiopia, came from the Greek and was not used until the fourth century. According to Hebrew tradition, the Sheban or Seban kingdom was founded by a grandson of Ham, named Cush, founder of Ethiopia. Another grandson of Ham, the great hunter, Nimrod, founded the Assyrian Empire. Ham was a son of Noah, Abraham was descended from Shem, another son. Therefore, according to Jewish beliefs, there was a close relationship between all these people. This is important for the point I am trying to make.

One of the most famous of the Seban rulers was Makeda, the queen and consort of Solomon, Jewish king. Arabian, Ethiopian, and Biblical records all speak of her. Arka and Axum in Abyssinia were her principal residences. A few years ago her tomb and 22 obelisks of her time, were excavated at Axum.

In 115 B. C. the Sheban empire was overthrown by one of her colonies. In the middle of the fourth century the Ethiopians, invading Arabia, made themselves masters of this empire, then known as Yemen. Later it fell into the hands of the Jews. But in 525 A. D., Ethiopia, now a Christian nation, invaded Yemen again, and in one of the bloodiest battles of history, defeated the Jewish ruler, Dhu Nowas, killed 26,000 of his men, and made themselves masters of Yemen. The Jews, driven out, came in large numbers over to Africa, and who knows, migrated from there into Europe. In Europe, principally Germany, Poland, and Russia, they mixed with the whites there, gradually lost their dark coloring as mulattoes and coloroons have done, until some of them became blonds, as in the case of some so-called Afrikaners of today. Thanks to this mixing the Jewess in California is thus able to strut her so-called race and invoke a law which, if barbarous in Germany, cannot be less so in America. Many American Jews have as strong anti-Negro prejudices as the Hitlerites have an anti-Jewish one.

The peoples of Arabia, Palestine, and all about the Red Sea are closely related by blood and were even more so, as are shown by Hebrew records above cited. In the past the Negroid strain has penetrated everywhere. In ancient times this Negro strain seems to have dominated. The Jews, for instance, when they left Egypt, must have been thoroughly Egyptianized. Seventy of them went down there and they remained 330 years, and left with "about 600,000 men," besides women and children, which must have three times as many, New

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

Uptown Fredi Washington Gives The Lowdown On Hollywood; No Great Hope For The Sepia Stars

Headless Body Of Brown Princess Brings Spurt In Search For The 'Beast'

The Story So Far: The headless, bloodless body of Marjorie Fenwick, a colored girl, is found in a sack on Bradhurst avenue, a Harlem thoroughfare. A Negro sleuth, Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel, is assigned to the case, but apparently good clues lead nowhere. While watching the area of the crime Princess Mbula, an African, is kidnaped right under the nose of the detective and his men. Ronald Dana, a handsome young white man, is found bound and gagged in the Princess' exotic apartment. He tells a strange tale of his and the Princess being followed about Europe by one of Princess Mbula's Guro tribe of cannibal blood drinkers. Crummel learns that some Africans have hired a basement room for religious purposes. He and his men wait until the group meets again and then burst in and arrest them at the height of their orgies. While Crummel is quizzing the Africans the janitor rushes in and tells of a mysterious filled sack in the courtyard. It is the lifeless, headless, bloodless body of Princess Mbula. Now proceed:

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Well, Chief," said Detective Williams in his toneless voice, "where do we go from here?" Crummel started as if being awakened from a dream. He had been lost in thought, trying to piece together this jigsaw puzzle. He looked at his watch. It was after 1 o'clock, in fact, nearly two. The African orgies had lasted longer than he had imagined. He snapped shut his watch and turned to his gloomy assistant. "Did you post those men where I told you to?" "Sure. You said to put one guy on the roof of the house next door and one on the roof of the house across the street, and one on top of the house across the alley. I did that. Then you said to put one cop on the roof of this house where he could watch the penthouse door and the fire escapes. I did that. Then you said to put a cop on each floor to watch the elevator door and the stairways. That's just what I done, Chief, and I'll be dogged if I can savvy how that gal's carcass got out in that alley. We got a bunch of boys surrounding this house and the whole block. This thing is gettin' my goat, Chief."

Crummel grunted. He was plainly worried. The case was getting his goat too. He felt tired, baffled, puzzled. He wanted to go home and sleep over the case, to return to it later refreshed and with clearer mind, but he knew he couldn't do that. Captain Quigley was expecting results. The police commissioner was nervous. The newspaper would blazon forth this second murder as soon as they learned of it, and it could not be kept from them. Harlem would be demanding action in no uncertain voice. Already the churches, fraternal organizations, newspapers and citizens of the section were saying that the police were not really trying to solve the Marjorie Fenwick murder. What would they say now, with the finding of the headless, bloodless body of Princess Mbula? "Go upstairs and see if those fellows saw anything," Williams, he finally ordered. "Make it snappy, now. We haven't much time to lose." "O'kay, Chief." Crummel turned to the tall African, who stood sorrowfully looking down upon the headless body of Princess Mbula. "What's your name, fellow?" "G'Mande." "Are you any relation to the Princess?" "I am her father's brother." "What were you following her around for?" "It was by command of the King of the Guro people, my brother, and the wish of JuJu." "Why did he want her followed?" "Because she was the next in line to succeed him. She carried within her the spirit of the first Guro, JuJu himself. She had to be protected." "Well, why did the King let her go on this journey, if she was so

"I'LL PASS FOR NOTHING BUT AN ARTIST!"



Two charming poses of the beautiful, talented Fredi Washington, who speaks her mind about the opportunities for Negro artists in Hollywood. Her real ambition is in legitimate stage work. "Motion pictures are too mechanical," she says. Fredi will be seen soon in "Drums of the Jungle." She was in the screen version of "Emperor Jones" with Paul Robeson.

words have flown, they never return." Outside the clang of the police patrol bell sounded. The Africans were fully dressed now. The policemen herded them into three large vans and drove away. Crummel ordered the janitor to lock the door of the room in which the savage orgies had been held. Detective Williams came striding down the passageway, a cud of tobacco tucked in his cheek, his countenance expressionless. "Well?" questioned Crummel. "Nobody saw a thing," Williams reported. "I went the rounds, Chief and every guy said the same thing. It sure beats me. I can't make head nor tail of it. Must be one of them miracles." "There are no miracles, Williams," snapped Crummel, frowning. "There is a rational answer for everything. The answer to these murders is in this house. It is up to us to find it." "But what more can we do, Chief? Ain't we searched every apartment in the joint? Ain't we put guys to watch on every floor, on the roof and on all the roofs around about? Ain't we had the whole block surrounded? I can't make it out. I don't see what more we can do!" "Oh, yes, Williams," said Crummel, smiling into the doleful countenance of his assistant. "There's always something more to do and there's something more to do on this case." Williams said nothing. There was silence in the basement except for the noise occasionally made by the motor of the elevator as it was started and stopped. Suddenly they heard the sound of someone shoveling coal in the fire room. Crummel smiled craftily. "Call that janitor," he ordered. Williams obediently walked to the fire room. "Is there any way to lock that dumb waiter?" Crummel asked the janitor when he had arrived, perching from his exertions in the fire room. "Yas suh." "Do you lock it from down here?" "Yas suh." "When do you lock it?" "Evey' night at eight o'clock, suh, 'ceptin' on Sat'day night." "What time did you lock it tonight?" "Ah guess Ah locked hit 'round seben t'night, suh 'cause they hadn't no groceries or nuthin' much on Sundays." Crummel walked over to the dumb waiter. The door was locked. "Unlock it," he snapped, turning to the janitor. The man unlocked the door and examined the interior of the box and also the shaft. There were wires leading to the upper floors. "Ah jes pull down dis wire," the janitor explained, "an' dat unlocks all th' doahs. Wen Ah pulls down dis wire, all th' doahs is locked." "So when the doors are locked it is impossible for them to be opened from the various kitchens, eh?" "Yas suh." "Did you lock this dumb waiter at eight o'clock Wednesday night?" "Yas suh." "Well, it wasn't locked when we searched down here early Thursday morning," challenged Williams. "But the dumb waiter door in Princess Mbula's kitchen was locked," said Crummel. "Ah sho locked dis doah down heah," said the janitor. "Well, it's a cinch somebody unlocked it," Crummel observed. "Who else has a key to this dumb waiter?" "Nobody else, jes me." "How many other dumb waiter shafts are there?" "Ten, chief," said Williams. "I counted 'em. But this is the one that goes up to that African apartment." "Does the same key fit the locks of all the other nine dumb waiters, fellow?" asked Williams, turning his gaze on the thoroughly scared

Internationally Famous Actress-Dancer Finds Race Barrier Too Strong For Stardom—Claims New York Offers Most Liberal Outlet—Refuses to "Pass."

"I DEPLORE SHAM AND INSINCERITY"

LOS ANGELES, Calif., April 12—(By Fay M. Jackson for the ANP)—Freda Washington curled her pretty legs under her, oriental fashion, drew long and thoughtfully on a Marlboro cigaret, narrowed her cold grey eyes to the merest suggestion of a line, and spoke her blessed piece about Hollywood and the future of Negro performers in motion pictures, in an exclusive interview for the Associated Negro Press this week. The apartment in which she and her husband, Laurence Brown, are spending a part of their honeymoon while the latter performs with Duke Ellington's famous band, was simply but elegantly furnished. Unlike most of Hollywood homes and apartments of theatrical folks, it bore none of the earmarks of hurried trips through antique shops, and none of that studied artiness reflected by curiously hung batik and nonsensical pictures so characteristic of filmdom homes. It was a place where people obviously lived. Two books lay on the end table near Freda's chair, the only books in the room except a colorful array of movie magazines, principally those containing stories of her latest picture, "Drums of the Jungle," made by a British company, released by Paramount; a catechism and a very small book of prayers, "Exploring Your Mind," by Wiggins, and "The Human Body," by Clendenon, were the names of those two books. The walls of the room were strikingly bare, yet there was an inviting warmth about them and an air of sincere hospitality pervaded the atmosphere. As bare as the color of Freda's eyes; as warm as the fires that smolder within her heart when she thinks of the ironies that confront her race, when she speaks her blessed piece about Hollywood. "There will be large numbers of colored people used as extras in motion picture productions made out here," she began. "A few will be given bits and some sort of feature parts, but, personally, I think that the hope for use or development of Negro motion picture stars in Hollywood is absolutely futile!" Citing the work of Clarence Brooks in "Aroosmith," Etta Moten in "Gold Diggers" and Noble Johnson, she declared that only the stupidity of race prejudice prevented those performers being cast in other films in which their talents might be displayed to greater advantage. "Managers, producers and film executives have tried to get me to 'pass for white' in order to get the break they claim I deserve." Many times her striking resemblance to Ruth Chatterton and Alla Nazimova has been pointed out. "Why should I have to pass for anything... but an artist? When I act I live the role I am assigned to do. If that part calls for me to be a West Indian half caste, a Spanish or Creole maiden, a French woman, a lady of great social distinction or a prostitute—how can I, or anyone, essay such roles with the business of his national heritage constantly dangled before his eyes? I don't want to 'pass' because I can't stand insincerity and shams. I am just as much Negro as any of the others identified with the race. I know that I am an actress without presuming to over-rate my ability. We see these Hollywood producers grabbing up untrained performers with little or no background of soul or understanding, spending fabulous sums on their development, thrusting them upon the public as 'artists' for no reason at all. But if someone suggests that they give half a chance to a performer who might do a role much more successfully with half the trouble, training and expense in preparation, if the performer happens to be 'colored' the question of race prejudice is immediately injected into what they think the box office reaction might be. If they didn't raise the question, I wager, no attention at all would be paid to the performer's race. As for the color question, I made any efforts to do picture work here, Miss Washington replied in the negative. "If they want me, they will call me, and if they accept me, they'll have to take me as I am." "Anyway, she concluded, her real ambition lies in legitimate stage work. "Motion pictures are too mechanical for me. I'm not made that way, I guess. I prefer the stage, because an actor must give

Race Votes Give Democrats Lead In Sedalia, Mo.

SEDALIA, Mo., April 12—(By ANP)—In the recent elections here the two wards in which Negro citizens live elected Democrats to the city council and produce a Democratic vote that elected the mayor. The white wards went Republican. Dr. William J. Thompson, recently nominated for Recorder of Deeds, Washington, was active in the campaign here.

his best in one performance. There are no re-takes and rushes and all that sort of thing. There is also less of this so-called race prejudice and more of real art in the drama. Then, I guess, I am what you call 'too independent' to fool around with your producers here. In New York it is different. More business-like. And if the Negro gets any sort of a break in pictures, it will be in pictures that are produced in New York, where the question of race is not such a heavy item." The one exception to all of her conclusions about the race and Hollywood was Etta Moten. Freda thought that Etta will bridge the gap because she has a great deal of the pioneer spirit; because she can sing, and because her complexion is adaptable to a great variety of parts. With this, Freda's eyes snapped into their full roundness. The ashes of her last Marlboro fell on Clendenon's volume, she slid out of the chair and extended her arms to Laurence gracefully, who, all this time, had been fussing in the small dressing room with an unruly tie.

SHOT BETWEEN EYES BUT NOT INJURED

TEXARKANA, Ark., April 12—(ANP)—A. J. Crawford, 30, reported to the police Sunday that he had been shot between the eyes with a rifle bullet. He showed the bullet and the bleeding spot on his forehead where it had hit him. He was walking along the street when he felt a sting between his eyes and threw his hands up in time to catch the missile before it dropped. The School of Experience is to be recognized and will be known as the School of Adversity. Every crime wave finally has to break upon the sands of time.

Convict California Man Charged With Assaulting Step-Daughter

Refuses Aid of Counsel, Then Admits He Was Drunk On Night of Alleged Attack.

LOS ANGELES, April 12—A jury in the court of Superior Judge B. Rey Schauer found Ralgia Taylor, 27, guilty of a charge of committing rape upon his six-year-old step-daughter. Taylor was found not guilty of two additional counts of violating section 288 of the Criminal Code. The defendant was charged with having committed the attack on his stepdaughter, Aritha Taylor, aged 6, in 1932, by his wife, Ethel Taylor, and was not captured until January, 1934. Taylor was apprehended in Fresno, Cal., and brought back here to face the charge. He protested his innocence at the time of arraignment. However, he appeared in Municipal Judge Robert Chambers' Court, and spurned the aid of counsel. In doing this, Taylor paved the way for his subsequent conviction. The California Code of Criminal Procedure provides against either of a married couple, appearing in court as a witness against the other, where there is an objection. But the objection may be waived. This the defendant waived.

BISHOP COLLEGE GIVES QUOTA TO PENNY FUND

NEW YORK, April 12—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has just received a check for \$18.90 from J. V. Anderson, business manager of Bishop College, Marshall, Texas, as that institution's contribution to the Association's 25th anniversary campaign Penny-a-head fund. A large number of colleges, schools and organizations are collecting pennies for this fund, whose objective is \$200,000, or a cent for every colored person in the country. El Paso Passes Quota The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has received from the El Paso (Texas) branch a check for \$18.58, a sum three cents in excess of its appropriation for the Association's 25th Anniversary Cent-a-Negro Campaign Fund. The branch is continuing its efforts to collect more pennies for the fund.

Pike Davis, Saxaphonist, Taken To Divorce Mill

Wife Sues For Cash, Clothes, and Charges Adultery.

CHICAGO, April 12—(ANP)—Suit for \$500 for room and board money plus \$300 for new clothes for herself, was instituted in Superior court this week by pretty little Mrs. Virginia James, wife of George R. James, featured saxaphone player in Pike Davis' internationally famous orchestra, now appearing with Lew Leslie's 1934 edition of "Blackbirds" at the Regal theatre here. The wife, in her bill, charges adultery was committed by her talented young husband with a woman she terms as "Mary Doe," at the Grand Hotel, stopping place of visiting celebrities and that he is living at that place with her at the present. She says she owes her mother \$500 for room and board and, woefully in need of clothing, \$300 will be the least she could outfit herself with.

R. R. WRIGHT Jr. TO ADDRESS GRADUATES

WILBERFORCE O., April 12—Dr. R. R. Wright Jr., president of Wilberforce University, has been requested to deliver two commencement addresses which will end the academic activities of two well known institutions. His first address will be at the Paul Laurence Dunbar School at Little Rock, Ark., on May 23, and on Friday, June 8, Dr. Wright is scheduled to be at the Booker T. Washington High School at Tulsa, Okla.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

BATTERING DOWN BARRIERS OF RACE PREJUDICE

AWAITING "LEGAL DEATH"

STIRRING CHAPTERS UNFOLDED FROM THE COLORFUL 25-YEAR HISTORY OF THE N. A. A. C. P.

MOB'S INNOCENT VICTIM

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was born out of the despair of Negroes and the indignation of white people over the rising tide of lynching.

"Either the spirit of the abolitionists, of Lincoln and Lovejoy must be revived and we must come to treat the Negro on a plane of absolute political and social equality, or Vardaman and Tillman will soon have transferred the race war to the North . . . The spirit of the abolitionists must be revived."

Accordingly, Walling, a Southern white man, Dr. Henry Moskowitz and Mary White Ovington, with others, met in a small New York City apartment in the first week of 1909, and called a national conference for Lincoln's birthday, at which time the mounting evils of disfranchisement, segregation and mob violence were discussed.

With the assistance of Oswald Garrison Villard, then publisher of the New York Evening Post, another conference was arranged for May 31-June 1. It was attended by 1,000 people. A committee of forty was organized with Miss Frances Blascoer (white) as secretary.

In May, 1910, this committee became the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, being joined by the Niagara Movement, a Negro organization formed in 1905.

When the association was founded there had been 3,284 lynchings since 1882. During the ten years from 1899 to 1908 inclusive, 959 lynchings had occurred, 357 colored and 592 white; 28 having been burned, one a woman and two of them children.

The association became almost immediately known nationally through its investigations and its publicity in magazines and newspapers.

When Robert Johnson, an innocent Negro, was lynched at Bluefield, W. Va., James Oppenheim, noted writer, volunteered his services and wrote a graphic account of his investigation in The Independent.

The janitor returned, went into the fire room and soon the lights flashed on.

"Come on," cried Crummel, "those screams came from down this way."

He led the way down the corridor, pistol in hand, stopping at each electric light socket to examine it.

"That's what de Chinaman stay," said the janitor.

Crummel knocked on the door with the butt of his pistol. There was no answer. He knocked again more insistently.

"That's what de Chinaman stay," said the janitor.

WHITES JAIL FIVE FOR MISSISSIPPI MURDER

BOONEVILLE, Miss., April 19—(ANP)—Five Negroes have been lodged in jail in connection with the murder of L. L. Bane, white lumberman. Bane was shot, it is alleged when he refused to give his money to a Negro bandit. A heavy guard has been placed over the suspects in custody.

lynching throughout the nation. The publicity given the N. A. A. C. P. investigations and news stories was chiefly instrumental in forcing President Wilson to make a pronouncement against lynching on July 26, 1918.

The Association had made lynching and mob violence a national issue. In 1919 it called the First National Conference on Lynching, where 12 distinguished leaders of American opinion focused national opinion upon the menace.

It prosecuted an energetic campaign for a congressional investigation of lynching, spending \$15,793 in 1919 alone for this purpose.

The wave of race riots during the year in which hundreds of Negroes and whites were killed gave further point to the Association's campaign for a congressional investigation of the lynching evil.

The investigations of lynchings and race riots by the Association were made sometimes by outside agents, but frequently by the Association's officers, including Walter White, James Weldon Johnson, Herbert J. Seligmann, Wm. Pickens.

The efforts of the association resulted in the introduction into the Senate by Senator (later Vice-President) Charles Curtis in January, 1920 of a resolution calling for



The lifeless body of Freddie Moore, believed innocent of an alleged attack on a white girl, but lynched as an "example" in Labadville, La., last October, hangs here as mute evidence of the gruesome toll of the South's barbaric mobs.

The Association feels that there is more hope today than ever before for the enactment of a drastic federal anti-lynching law.

Most important of all, during these intervening years, the attitude of America toward lynching has undergone a profound change.

In January, 1934, the Conference of Southern White Women for the Prevention of Lynchings passed resolutions calling on President Franklin D. Roosevelt to work with governors to eradicate America's disgrace.

Alarmed by the screams of his victims, the murderer had then removed the electric lamp and caused a short circuit.

He took the child in his arms and went out. Crummel went around the counter and examined the street door.

Crummel hastily took out his powerful magnifying glass and studied the print. Then he looked about and found evidences of other prints, but none so distinct as that by the door.

He sat down in an easy chair across from the shrouded body of the murdered Mongolian, lit a cigarette and leaned back luxuriously to lose himself in thought.

Williams came in, his face hard and expressionless as usual. "Th' wagon's on th' way," he announced laconically.

Crummel grunted, tossed away his cigarette butt and lit another smoke. "Take the load off your feet," he said, grinning at Williams.

Williams strode away, only to return in a few seconds. "It wasn't turned off," he said.

Williams strode away, only to return in a few seconds. "It wasn't turned off," he said.

In the shadow of the death chair for the alleged theft of \$1.85, youthful O. C. Brown is one of the many persecuted victims of Dixie justice who is in need of a champion such as the N. A. A. C. P. Brown was sentenced to death in Greenwood, Miss., last month.

Another Murder Shocks Harlem As Sleuths Find New Clue To Killings

The Story So Far: Following the finding of the headless body of a young colored girl in a sack on Bradhurst avenue, Harlem thoroughfare, Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel, a colored sleuth, is assigned to the baffling case.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The basement was as black as death. The very air was charged with some awful, mysterious, sinister spirit.

"All right. Make it snappy. Take this flashlight."

"That's what de Chinaman stay," said the janitor.

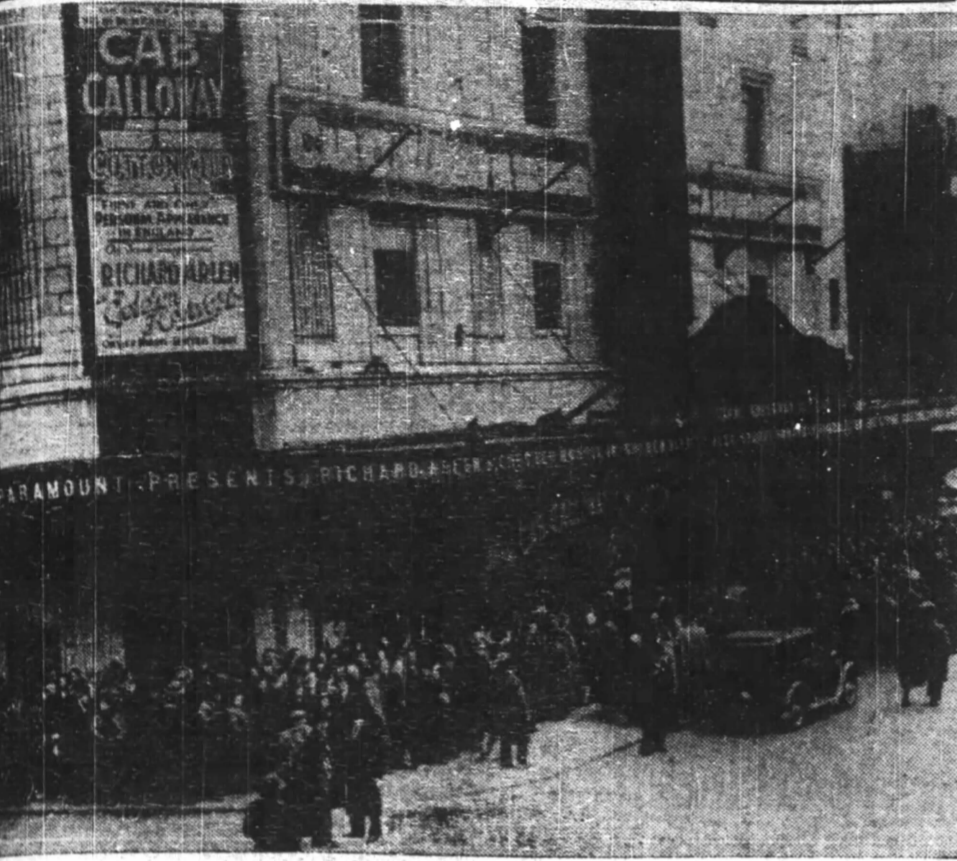
Crummel said nothing. He merely frowned. He was more aroused now than ever.

"I get it now," said Crummel, sweeping the place with his flashlight and permitting the beam to rest on the empty electric light

ARE YOU WILLING TO PAY \$1.00 TO MAINTAIN YOUR SELF-RESPECT?

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

CAB OPENS IN ENGLAND . . . RAWTHER ROYAL!



Regardless of the many reports in this country that Cab Calloway and his Cotton Club orchestra were a complete flop while on their European tour, the above picture proved they repeated the American custom of standing in line to await the offerings of his highness of hi-de-ho fame. Cab Calloway and his orchestra sailed from European shores last Wednesday, arriving here Saturday for an American tour of more than thirteen weeks.

"Daring" Phone Call From Mississippi Farmer Brings Deluge Of Relief Appeal Mail To The White House

Sylvester Harris' Telephonic Plea to Roosevelt Which Saved Mortgaged Farm Prompts Many Similar Requests Through Mails.

By DUTTON FERGUSON
WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 3.—Without his knowing it, Sylvester Harris, Columbus, Miss., farmer, who "dared" to call President Roosevelt on the telephone last month and ask the Executive save his mortgaged farm, has caused a constant and increasing flow of letters from all parts of the South to jam the White House mail box.

Has But One Arm; Saves Two Lives

CHICAGO, May 3—(ANP)—Emmett Marshall, a one-armed man, succeeded in rescuing two white policemen from a burning automobile Sunday on Dearborn street, here. The police car had just been turned over in a collision and caught fire with the officers trapped in. Marshall broke open the door and aided both men, severely injured to get out.

INSTITUTE FOR DOCTORS AND NURSES

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 3—(ANP)—Miss G. Estelle Massey, educational director, Freedmen's Nursing School, Washington, D. C., conducted an institute sponsored by the Community Council of St. Louis for physicians, social workers and public health nurses here last week.

BOSTON SOCIAL WORKER GETS APPOINTMENT

BOSTON, Mass., May 3—(By Jesse O. Goodman, executive secretary of the Boston Urban League has been appointed a member of the Advisory Committee of the Emergency Relief Administration of the State of Massachusetts. This appointment is the result of activity on the part of Mr. Goodman and Julian D. Steele, director of the Robert Gould Shaw House, and in recognition of the grasp that Mr. Goodman has on the status of Negroes in this state. It is the feeling of the colored people of Boston that a larger measure of relief will be given Negroes as a result of Mr. Goodman's membership on this Advisory Committee and that the welfare status of the colored people will occupy a more definite place in the thinking of those moving to do with the program making aspect of relief as well as those charged with administrative functions.

JANITOR'S WIFE, UNDER VOODOO 'SPELL', BARES VITAL CLUES TO CRIMES

The Story So Far: Following the discovery of the headless, bloodless body of a young colored girl on Bradhurst avenue, Harlem thoroughfare, Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel, a Negro sleuth, is assigned to the case, but fails to prevent the kidnaping of Mbulu, an African princess, in whose exotic apartment is found Ronald Dane, a handsome young white man, bound and gagged. Following a tip from Dane, Crummel raids an African voodoo orgy, but while so engaged the headless, bloodless body of Princess Mbulu is found in the alley. About to visit Karl, the German iceman, who occupies a one-room apartment on the first floor of the murder house, Crummel discovers that Charlie Wong, the Chinese laundryman in the basement, has been murdered and his West Indian wife spirited away. Knowing it to be impossible for the murderer-kidnaper to escape through the cordon of officers about the house, Crummel and Williams, his assistant, execute a minute search of the basement. From examining the baggage in the trunk room, he learns of a new tenant, Prof. Eric Grausmann, a German scientist studying Negro life in Harlem. Searching the janitor's apartment, Crummel arouses the ire of his wife because he picks up her book on witchcraft. Now proceed:

CHAPTER TEN
"Doan nevah tech mah tings!" the janitor's wife cried again, her deep set, evil eyes flashing.

"So you believe in voodoo, eh?" asked Crummel, a smile playing around his lips.
"Yeh, Ah believe in it," she answered, "kaze it's true."
"I guess you know how to find out things, eh?" Crummel thought he would humor the woman.

"Yeh, Ah know," she answered, "Oh know. Ah know whut's happened 'n' Ah knows how tuh stop it."
She swayed as she spoke, looking for all the world like a fury; her white nightgown billowing about her bony frame, her malevolent eyes filmy and half closed, her book gripped closer, her thick lips twitching.

Williams and Crummel looked at each other and then at the little round janitor who gazed awed and fascinated at his gaunt spouse.
"It's col," she murmured, and then in louder tones, "Ah say it's col . . . It's col 'n' wet . . . Yeh, it's col 'n' wet . . . 'n' it's goin' 'n' its goin' up . . . up . . . up through uh hole . . ."
She was swaying back and forth now, her eyes completely closed, her thick lips twitching, perspiration on her brow.

"Through uh hole . . . up through uh hole," she mumbled. "Ah kin see it . . . Ah kin see it . . ."
"Where is the hole?" asked Crummel quickly. He would sleep no bets, pass over no clues. Stranger things had happened in history than this. Who knew but what there might be something to it?
"Take me to it," he insisted firmly. He reached out and touched the woman's hand. "Take me to it," he commanded again.

Mrs. Johnson grasped his hand with a strong masculine grip that surprised him. Her eyes were closed. Beads of perspiration stood out on her brow. She moistened her switching, bulbous lips with her long purple tongue.
"Ah kin see it . . ." she mumbled, almost in a whisper, moving toward the door and still firmly holding Crummel's hand. "Yeh . . . Ah kin see it . . . It's goin' up through a hole."
"Say, Chief," whispered Williams, "do you think there's anything to this case?"

"I sleep no bets," replied Crummel, grimly. "I've seen some funny things in my time."
Johnson, the janitor, hurriedly opened his apartment door and flattened himself against the wall.
"How long do these spells last?" asked Crummel out of the side of his mouth as the uncomprehending barefooted black woman led him slowly past her husband.

"Sometime 'f' minutes, sometime ten," he whispered.
"It's goin' up . . ." the woman mumbled hollowly, making her way slowly down the corridor. "Yeh . . . it's goin' up . . ."
Crummel wished she would hurry. He wanted to continue his search, but years of experience had taught him to never overlook the slightest clue or tip that might help him solve a case. And this was one case that he HAD to solve. It meant a great deal to the Police Commissioner. All Harlem, all New York was aroused by these fiendish murders. Unless they were solved there would certainly be a police shakeup.

"It's col 'n' wet," she murmured, as she strode slowly down the corridor between the stone walls. "It's col 'n' wet . . . Ah kin see it . . . it's goin' up . . . up . . . through uh hole . . . uh hole . . . uh . . ."
Her voice trailed off. Suddenly, like a wax figure before a blazing fire, she collapsed on the cement floor, still clutching the big red book on witchcraft. Crummel picked her up.
"Take me to it," he insisted frantically, but it was too late. Mrs. Johnson's eyes opened wide.

DICK SAUNDERS AND HIS 'BABY LINCOLN'



The hot spot of the musical comedy hit, "Hot Chocolates," posed beside his "Baby Lincoln" . . . DICK SAUNDERS, himself, no foolin'. The talented dance artist is an old Pittsburgher and he received a royal welcome here last week when the show played to packed audiences in the Pitt theater. This week the aggregation, featuring LeRoy Smith's orchestra, Baby Cox, Radcliffe and Rodgers, the Lucky Seven Trio, The Four Gobs, Avis Andrews and a peppy chorus, is the headliner at the Lafayette, New York.

Continual Slandering Of Race By White Press In Colorado Scored By Denver Citizens At Forum

Three Wounded From One Bullet

WASHINGTON, May 3—(By CNS)—A single bullet wounds three men. Henry Greer, 43, was arrested and charged with the shooting. Lajoy A. Cooper, 28, first of the trio wounded, received a wound in his left shoulder, the bullet then going through the head of William A. Richardson, 38, and then passed through the left hand of Allyn Furr, 38.

Alleged Attacks On Colorado College Students Brings Volley of Malicious Propaganda—Believed a Slap At Fair-Minded Governor Who Pardoned Innocent Man.

DENVER, Colo., May 3—(ANP)—Decrying the policy of some newspapers towards Negroes, members of the Denver Youth Open Forum, Sunday afternoon, recorded an unanimous vote disapproving undue emphasis that some newspapers place on racial identity in reporting the alleged perpetrators of crime.

Pasadena Near N.A.A.C.P. Goal; Mrs. Lampkin Aids In Drive

PASADENA, Cal., May 3—The membership campaign of the Los Angeles Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People reported \$1,000 in memberships on April 22, with every possibility of reaching the goal of \$1,500 by May 7th, at which time there will be held a final meeting in the campaign. To date the teams having brought in the highest number of memberships are those headed by Dr. Claude Hudson, branch president and Mrs. Betty Hill. Other teams in the lead are headed by Mrs. Paul R. Williams, Mrs. J. J. Christian, L. G. Robinson, George A. Beavers, Mrs. Mildred Howard.

Two Theories

Persons who have followed the case closely see two things: the accusations against these Negroes is but a recurrence of what is common under such circumstances; namely, some helpless Negroes are the victims of a crime perpetrated by whites upon whites; or it is a political gesture to embarrass Governor Ed. C. Johnson because of his liberal attitude toward Negroes.

Recent investigations showed Douglas to be innocent of the crime for which he spent many years in the Colorado penitentiary. When interested persons, cooperating with the N. A. A. C. P., brought the matter to the attention of Governor Johnson, he being faced with preponderantly conclusive and unimpeachable evidence, granted a pardon. This action brought the Governor into disfavor with certain white people in this section and they claim Douglas was given "a secret parole," having been out some time before it became generally known.

next; I want to talk to him."
"He live upstairs . . . Fact is, heh live right about heah on th' first fl'."
"Oh, I see," murmured Crummel. "Well, I guess we'd better look in on him when Williams comes back."

"Ah guess you'll fin' 'im th' all right. He uh funny man; he doan go nowha. Jist stay aroun' heah."
"Is that so? And how long did you say he had been handling the ice here?"
"Jist 'bout uh munt."
The outer door opened and Williams came in.

"Here they are, Chief," he said, indicating the five policemen behind him.
Crummel directed them to completely search the basement. The janitor locked the outer door of the ice storeroom.
"Now," he announced, "we'll go up and see this fellow, Karl. He may know something."
"I think so, too, Chief," added Williams. "He's about the only guy that fools around these dumb waiters. And that African gal was sure brought down on the dumb waiter. Couldn't have come down any other way. And then who else would have a key to this room?"
"In addition to that," said Crummel, quietly, "this door leads into the alley or court outside, and Princess Mbulu's body was found there."

With all of our men about, it must have come from here. Yes, this man Karl has a lot to explain. Let's go. Williams, station one of those cops inside this room. I'm going to get to the bottom of this thing right now."

Williams called a policeman. Then he followed Crummel and the janitor to the automatic elevator, where they ascended to the first floor. The policeman on guard there saluted as they came out of the lift.
"Seen anything, Sam?" asked Crummel.
"Not a thing," the officer replied. "No one came into the hall?"
"Oh, a couple of people came in . . . Oh, yes, and that old white man that lives down the hall came out and asked me what was going on around here. He talked a few minutes and then went on back into his place."

"That must have been this Professor Grausmann," wused Crummel thoughtfully. "Where is his apartment, Johnson?"
"Right down th' hall theah," replied the janitor. "He live in 1-K. Karl live in 1-J."
"Interesting," commented Crummel to himself.
They walked down the hall to 1-J, pausing before the door.
"Unlock that door," Crummel commanded.

"Deh man's in ths," protested the janitor. "Ah can't open people's doahs w'en dey's inside. Hit's 'gint' deh rule."

"Shut up," growled Crummel, "and do as you're told. I'm making the rules here now. Turn the key easy, I don't want to make any noise." He got out his pistol. Williams did likewise.

The janitor inserted one of his keys gently into the lock and softly turned it until there was a faint click. Crummel shoved him to one side and pushed the door inward, wide, noiselessly.
The interior was black, dark, forbidding, sinister and silent as an Egyptian tomb.
He signalled to Williams to wait and then softly closed the door behind him. He flipped along the carpeted little hall to the curtain that shut off the view of the room beyond. He reached his hand inside the room to feel for the electric light switch that he knew was alongside the door frame.
Suddenly, in a movement astonishingly swift, his wrist was held in a vice-like grasp. He was yanked into the dark room and a hard object crashed against his skull. He lurched forward but was kept from falling by the giant strength of his assailant. Another blow staggered him and he lost consciousness.
(To Be Continued Next Week)

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

NEW YORK PLANS FOR HUGE DEFENSE FUND BENEFIT

SLUETHS FIND HIDDEN TRAP DOOR BUT MORE MURDERS FOLLOW

The Story So Far: When the headless, bloodless body of a young girl is found on Bradhurst avenue, Harlem thoroughfare, Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel, a Negro sleuth, is assigned to the case. He fails to prevent the kidnaping and murder of Mbula, an African woman. Following a tip from Ronald Dane, her wealthy white lover, Crummel raids an African voodoo orgy in a basement room of the apartment house, but without fruitful results. While in the basement he kills Wong, the Chinese laundryman, is murdered almost under his nose and his West Indian wife spirited away. A minute search of the apartment yields practically nothing. Searching the janitor's apartment in the basement, Crummel arouses the ire of the man's wife by picking up her book on witchcraft. Mollified, she promises to show him something. Going into a sort of trance, she leads him down the corridor, but collapses before revealing anything. The detective then enters the room used to store ice by the iceman and there discovers an important clue. Rushing to the one-room apartment of Karl, the iceman, on the first floor, Crummel has the janitor unlock the door. He enters cautiously, but is suddenly attacked and knocked unconscious. Now proceed:

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Detective Orestes Williams waited impatiently outside apartment 1-J, frowning and twirling his pistol around his index finger. One minute, three minutes, five minutes, ten minutes passed, and yet Crummel did not reappear. What could he be doing? It surely did not take that long to search a one-room apartment.

"Hey, Sam!" he called down the hall to the policeman on guard. "Yes, sir." "Come down here." The policeman hurried to him. "I'm going in the Sam. You keep watch outside. Don't let anyone out of this apartment except Sergeant Crummel or me. Savvy? And if that white man next door comes to tell him to stay in his apartment. That goes for everybody else, too."

"Gotcha," the policeman replied, sitting himself on an ornamental bench upholstered with red velvet where he could watch both the door and holding his service revolver in his hand. "You wait around here, Johnson," Williams directed the janitor. He turned the knob softly, pushed the door wide open. The place was still as a subterranean cavern. A heavy blue drape at the end of the little carpeted hallway hid off the view of the bedroom. In fact that there was no light coming immediately aroused the floor's suspicions. Why should Crummel remain in the dark?

"Chief!" he called softly. There was no reply. Thoroughly alarmed now, Williams strode the brief length of the hallway, thrust the curtain aside and pulling out his flashlight, directed its beam to play over the entire length of the room. There, curled out on the floor, was Crummel, unconscious, a great bruise on his forehead. There was no one else there.

First aid methods shortly brought Crummel around. His eyelids flicked and very shortly opened. He looked up at Williams and smiled. "What a wallow!" he exclaimed, lightly touching the lump on his forehead. "That guy ought to be banged with a camera."

"The guy that hit me, you say," Crummel said. "But where is he? He sure did come past me, Chief, and he hit in here. You can see that." "Yes, Williams," said Crummel, beginning to see everything very clearly. It won't be long now let me take a look around this place first. Meantime, go down stairs and see if that white man next door has anything. Make it snappy."

"Chief, Chief," Williams hurried. Sergeant Crummel proceeded to search the little one-room apartment minutely. There was a small stove for cooking, a tiny bathroom, a clothes closet and the bed. Moving swiftly but methodically, Crummel examined every inch of floor and wall, every stitch of clothing, every article of furniture. Several times he exclaimed in satisfaction as he noted what was a clue. He made several notes in his notebook.

Suddenly the door opened and Williams hurried in. "Well, what's up?" asked Crummel, looking up from a minute examination of the floor. "That cop, Adams, somebody got a key. You know, the cop we left the iceman's storeroom down here," Crummel asked Crummel, "lighting up?" "Shot through the head. They shot his coat and badge, his cap and his gun. He's dead, Chief. I thought as much, Williams. We've got this case almost solved. I knew there was a way out of this room to that storeroom. It's the way he escaped. That's why he brought the bodies up here."

TO SING AT BENEFIT



ETTA MOTEN
Popular stage, screen and radio star, who sang for the President and his party during the inauguration, will be one of the sterling artists to appear on the midnight bill being arranged for the mammoth N. A. A. C. P.—Pittsburgh Courier National Defense Fund benefit.

EXCLAIMS, 'I'M SAVED!' AND THEN SITS IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

HUNTSVILLE, Tex., May 10—(ANP)—Walking calmly to the electric chair in the State prison Tuesday, Johnnie Williams, convicted of shooting a white farmer to death, exclaimed, "I'm not guilty—I'm saved!" and sat down to be put to death.

THOMPKINS SEEKS FUNDS FOR RECORDER'S OFFICE

Newly-Appointed Recorder of Deeds Asks Senate Appropriations Committee to Restore \$8,000 Cut To His Department.

WASHINGTON, May 10—(By ANP)—Dr. William J. Thompkins, recently appointed recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, appeared before the Senate appropriations committee last week to request that an appropriation of \$8,000 for his office, which has been cut off be restored.

He said the money was necessary in order to put in good condition in his office land records dating back to 1792, originally copied by hand, which have become faint with age. He claimed that it would take 100 people one year to bring the records up-to-date.

"He isn't the brains behind this," said Crummel. "He was just the muscle man. There's some fiend, who planned these murders, Williams, some maniac, who is cunning and resourceful. I haven't got the whole thing pieced together yet but it's taking form. But I'm convinced there is someone behind Karl, directing and controlling him. Only a fiend incarnate, some strange madman, some singular pervert would seek the heads and blood of young women; only some strange magnetic monster could force the co-operation of a giant like this fellow Karl."

N.A.A.C.P. And Pittsburgh Courier Ask Aid Of Performers In Harlem Inaugural For Campaign, May 26, At The Apollo Theatre

By MAURICE DANCER
(Theatrical Editor Pittsburgh Courier)
NEW YORK, N. Y., May 10—THE FIGHT IS ON! THE BIG BALL HAS STARTED rolling and the fire-works of the huge N. A. A. C. P.—Pittsburgh Courier Defense Fund Drive is in full blast. Interest has soared sky-high, having

They'll "Shoot The Works" At Harlem Midnight Benefit

Features of the stage, screen, radio and night clubs who have so graciously consented to donate their talent for the mammoth PITTSBURGH COURIER-N. A. A. C. P. National Defense Fund Benefit to be held Saturday midnight, May 26, at the 125th Street Apollo Theater:

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| Bill Robinson
(Mayor of Harlem) | Ethel Waters
(As Thousands Cheer) | "Peg Leg" Bates
(Hot Chocolates) |
| Etta Moten
(Stage, Radio and Screen) | Adelaide Hall
(Cotton Club) | W. C. Handy
(St. Louis Blues) |
| Milton Berle
(Broadway Headliner) | The Southernaires
(N.B.C. Features) | Derby Wilson |
| Fletcher Henderson Orchestra
(Courtesy of Irving Mills) | The Virginians
(WOR Features) | Donald Heywood Choir |
| Eddie South and Orchestra
(Chicago Favorite) | Ralph Cooper
(Apollo Theater M. C.) | Artie Belle McGinty
(Mandy Lou) |
| Danny Small and Orchestra
(Harlem On Parade) | Danny Healy
(Cotton Club Producer M. C.) | Barrington Guy |
| Monette Moore
(Sunset Gardens) | Sepia Gloria Swanson
(Theatrical Grill) | Olivette Miller
(Flournoy Miller's Daughter) |
| Sepia Mae West
(Small's Paradise) | Struttin' Sam
(101 Ranch) | Rubberlegs Williams
(Ubangi Club) |

been further intensified during the past week over the announcement that plans were under way for a mammoth Midnight Benefit Show.

Representatives of The Pittsburgh Courier and the N. A. A. C. P. have been in conference with leading Civic leaders and during the past week a definite program has been inaugurated. Meantime

editorial editor of The Pittsburgh Courier and the management of the Apollo Theater has culminated in the completion of final plans for the greatest benefit show that has been held in Harlem in a long time. The date has been set for Saturday midnight, May 26, and there is not the least bit of doubt but that this benefit will draw the support of an unusually large array of radio, stage and screen talent.

Program Nation Wide
Nothing will be left undone in making this civic and humanitarian venture an outstanding success. The Defense Fund Drive will cover the entire nation, and every man and woman will be asked to contribute his or her share to the success of the greatest National Defense Fund Campaign of all time. Already, many civic leaders and stage names of note have pledged their undaunted support.

Bill Robinson Ready
The reason for this huge benefit program is to give the N. A. A. C. P., the organization that has been fighting the cause of our people for the past twenty-five years, sufficient money to enable the organization to further wage militant warfare on segregation, discrimination and injustice in every metropolitan village and hamlet in the country.

Bill Robinson, the world's greatest tap dancer, Mayor of Harlem, and staunch civic supporter, has already pledged his support and will head the entertainment committee which is under the supervision of the theatrical editor of The Pittsburgh Courier, "Peg Leg" Bates, noted dancing star of "Connie's Hot

Chocolate," has also agreed to appear and will no doubt encourage others to participate. Mr. Robinson, who has the reputation of drawing more people to a benefit show than any person of stage, screen or radio fame, will ask every celebrity in New York to help so as to be sure of a gala performance. As fast as possible, letters and telegrams are being sent to the various stars and there is a certainty that over fifty per cent of them will readily respond. The reception is most enthusiastic and success is assured. Tickets will be placed on sale in a few days.

Sidney Cohen Helps
Mayor LaGuardia of New York, and his cabinet, will be asked to attend, and also to persuade his colleagues to aid this most worthy cause. Mr. Sidney Cohen, owner of the Apollo Theatre, is assisting in the promotion of the benefit show by contributing the theatre for the show without cost. Even the operators, stage hands and ushers have agreed to render their services in a sincere co-operative spirit to this gigantic campaign. It is a matter of fact that the

TO SING THEME SONG



ETHEL WATERS

America's foremost comedienne and current star of Broadway's musical smash hit, "As Thousands Cheer," Ethel Waters has consented to sing J. C. Johnson's theme song, "Little Black Boy," written especially for the N. A. A. C. P.—Pittsburgh Courier National Defense Fund, which holds its initial benefit, with a midnight show, at the new 125th Street Apollo Theater, New York, May 26.

success of the affair in its entirety, will depend on the co-operation of every interested person throughout the country. Other newspapers will be asked to join in the support of the N. A. A. C. P. and The Pittsburgh Courier, and the aid of every civic leader, civic organization, every actor and every performer, is being solicited for benefits, dances and entertainments throughout the universe.

PICKENS TO ADDRESS JERSEY TEACHERS

CAMDEN, N. J., May 10—William J. Pickens, nationally known speaker and race man, will deliver the main address at the afternoon session of the 20th annual meeting of the New Jersey organization of Teachers of Colored Children to be held in the auditorium of the Sumner School, Eighth and Jackson streets, Camden, N. J., on Saturday, May 12th.

The Pittsburgh Courier's Feature Page

NEW YORK SET FOR HUGE DEFENSE FUND BENEFIT

DETECTIVE CRUMMEL'S CLEVERNESS TRIUMPHS, MURDERERS TRAPPED

The Story So Far: The bestial murder of two Negro women on Bradhurst avenue, Harlem, thoroughfare, causes Detective Sergeant Walter Crummel, a famous Negro detective, to make a fruitless raid on an African voodoo orgy in an apartment house basement. This is followed by the murder of a Chinese laundryman and his West Indian wife almost under Crummel's nose. Suspicion points to Karl, the German iceman, who has a one-room apartment on the first floor. Crummel enters the apartment, is attacked and knocked unconscious. After waiting impatiently for ten minutes, Detective Williams, his assistant, enters the apartment, but finds no one there except Crummel, whom he revives. While Crummel searches for a possible means of egress from the apartment, Williams goes below into the iceman's storeroom and finds the policeman on guard has been murdered and stripped of his uniform and badge. Crummel finds a trapdoor in the floor of the apartment. And yet he admits that there is no legal evidence against the German iceman. Leaving the apartment with Williams, he goes around the corner purposely for five minutes and then returns, to find that the body of the laundryman's wife has been found. He decides to interrogate the venerable white scientist, Prof. Eric Grausmann, who lives in the next apartment to that of Karl, and is in Harlem studying the American Negro. Now finish the story:

CHAPTER TWELVE (Conclusion) Walter Crummel was tremendously curious about the occupant of apartment 1-K. The fact that a white scientist should seek residence in a Harlem apartment house was itself singular. What was he trying to find out? Was there any connection between him and that other German, the fugitive Karl? They had both arrived about the same time; their apartments were side by side. Why? Did it mean anything? Or did it mean nothing?

Crummel frowned. Something told him that behind the door of apartment 1-K was some vital clue. It was not just a hunch; it was the result of careful elimination, and how easily it was to be mistaken. Motioning to Williams, he approached the door of Apartment 1-K. He told the janitor to softly unlock the door. Johnson was about to comply when a hubbub arose at the front door of the apartment house. Several policemen were entering. In their midst, securely handcuffed, was a gigantic blonde, square-headed man with close-cropped hair and pale vacant blue eyes. He was dressed in an ill-fitting policeman's coat. He had evidently been soundly beaten. "Dat's Karl," said the janitor. "That's swell!" exclaimed Crummel, turning to meet the approaching group.

"Well, here he is," announced one of his captors. "We got him up in the Bronx. We sure had a scrap. He's as strong as a bull." "Good work," said Crummel. "Well, Karl, are you going to be smart and talk or do you want the chair?" "That's swell!" exclaimed Crummel, turning to meet the approaching group. "Well, here he is," announced one of his captors. "We got him up in the Bronx. We sure had a scrap. He's as strong as a bull." "Good work," said Crummel. "Well, Karl, are you going to be smart and talk or do you want the chair?" "That's swell!" exclaimed Crummel, turning to meet the approaching group.

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They'll All Appear At Midnite Benefit

We are happy to note the names coming into the Theatrical Editor's office donating their talent for the mammoth PITTSBURGH COURIER-N. A. A. C. P. National Defense Fund Benefit Show to be held next Saturday midnight, May 26th at the 125th Street Apollo Theatre:

- Bill Robinson Mayor of Harlem
Ethel Waters ("As Thousands Cheer")
Adelaide Hall Cotton Club Star
Cab Calloway Courtesy of Irving Mills
Etta Moten Broadway Headliner
Milton Berle Stage, Radio and Screen
Eddie South and Orchestra Dark Angel of the Violin
Olivette Miller The Southernaires N. B. C. feature
Flournoy Miller's Daughter
Danny Healy Artie Belle McGinty Mandy Lou Cotton Club Producer M.C.
"Fats" Waller and Bud Allen WABC Feature
Ford, Bowie and Dailey Dancers Extraordinaire
Ralph Cooper Apollo Theatre M. C.
W. C. Handy St. Louis Blues
Derby Wilson Taps Superb
Jimmie Lunceford Cotton Club Orchestra Courtesy Irving Mills
Hall Johnson Singers Aida Ward
Lucky Millinder Courtesy Irving Mills The Virginians WOR features
Valda Hatton Contortionist Rudy Smith Cotton Club Feature
Luis Russell Orchestra with Tiny Bradshaw Roseland Ballroom
Rubberlegs Williams Poosapatuck Club
Sepia Gloria Swanson Theatrical Grill
Sepia Mae West Small's Paradise
John Mason Ubangi Club
Fletcher Henderson and Orchestra Courtesy of Irving Mills
Sepia Clara Bow Ansonia Club
Will Vodery Arranger
Monette Moore Sunset Gardens
Edgar Hayes Courtesy Irving Mills
Willie Bryant and Orchestra Savoy Ballroom feature
The Pope Sisters Cora Green
Donald Heywood Choir Barrington Guy
Lula Maye Andy Razaf find
Stratlin' Sam 101 Ranch
Danny Small and Orchestra Harlem on Parade
Roy Atkins Cotton Club feature
Radium Club Revue Courtesy Jeff Blount
And Maurice Dancer's Night by Night Club Favorites

Glittering Stars Of Stage, Screen, Radio And Night Club Rally For Mammoth Midnite Benefit, May 26, At 125th Street, The Apollo Theatre

By MAURICE DANCER Theatrical Editor, The Pittsburgh Courier

NEW YORK, May 17—The big wheels in the executive offices of the N. A. A. C. P., and THE PITTSBURGH COURIER are turning by night and by day. They are continuously grinding out new plans for the successful promotion of the Inaugural Benefit Show, which, to be exact, is the first of a series of benefits to raise funds for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.



Again... the talented, popular Maribondine ("Mebs") Busey, 1331 E. Long street, Columbus, O., is honored. She has been selected to the Ohio State chapter of Sigma Xi, national honorary scientific society. She is working on her Doctorate in Pharmacy. Brilliant girl!

Chicago Aviators Planning Goodwill Flight to Tuskegee

CHICAGO, May 17—(ANP)—Col. J. C. Robinson, of the local Military Order of Guards, and a noted aviator, left here Saturday for Detroit on an American Airways plane, where he will complete plans with Captain C. R. Coffey for the mass formation trip to Tuskegee Institute on Friday morning, May 18.

KIMBALL HIGH WINS SONG FESTIVAL PRIZE

INSTITUTE, W. Va., May 17—First trophy in the Song-Festival contest, closing event last Friday of Music Week at West Virginia State college, was awarded to Kimball High School, Miss Cleopatra Whittice director. R. Nathaniel Dett, distinguished composer, appeared in a lecture-recital at the college last Tuesday.

GETS HIGHEST AWARD SPECIAL TEACHER COURSES AT HOWARD

CHICAGO, May 17—(By ANP)—Miss Dimetra C. Tallifero, student at the University of Wisconsin, has been awarded the Golden Eagle badge, highest award given, for her meritorious work as a Girl Scout of America. It was announced. She is the first colored person ever to be so honored. She was formerly of Kewanee, Ill.

TRAVELS SKY-WAY



Ulysses G. Rollins, well-known New Yorker, rushed to Chicago by plane to be present at the official launching of the Spring Membership Drive of the Metropolitan Motorist Association. He is the son of Mrs. Cora Rollins, who plans to sail for a three months' vacation in Europe early this month. His hasty trip home had a dual purpose: to bid his mother bon voyage and his business duties. His sister, Mrs. Mauvoeyne Carter, is a prominent Democratic leader in Chicago politics.

Others who have so graciously promised their co-operation are Cab Calloway, who only recently returned from a successful European tour and at present is filling a fifteen week tour of the East and mid-West. Mr. Calloway will fly in from Philadelphia, where he's booked for the Eddie Tamm Parade during the week of May 25th. Jimmie Lunceford and his popular Cotton Club orchestra will come down to 125th Street from the "aristocrat of Harlem," with their new kind of distinctive music. Josephine Hall, for years a Cotton Club star and equally as popular with the radio fans for her marvelous renditions over the "Harlem Serenade" period, and Adelaide Hall, star of the current Cotton Club Parades, have been asked to export their superb renditions and charming personalities from the Apollo stage.

Still More To Do Their Bit... Luis Russell and his "Old Man River" orchestra... The Pittsburgh Courier is overjoyed at the way things are shaping up and it is now a certainty that the first benefit show will be a huge success. Other than Miss Ethel Waters, the inimitable star of the current Broadway musical smash hit "As Thousands Cheer," who has promised J. C. Johnson to sing his composition "Little Black Boy," as the Defense Fund's theme song, there will be a parade of Broadway and Harlem stars which will dazzle the eyes of the most consistent theatre-goer.