

MUSIC SWEET AND HOT



TWEEN-AGE boys and girls in New York's Harlem crowd around the juke box, one of the features in the new Pepsi-Cola Junior Club of Harlem. The Recreation Center at 121 Lenox Avenue, New York, has been presented as a gift to Negro youngsters in that community by Pepsi-Cola Company, through its President, Walter S. Mack, Jr. The Club is run on a system of self-government by the teen-age youngsters themselves; an adult Director and Neighborhood Committee of adults give guidance. The Center, which operates late afternoons and evenings, was presented by the Company so that Harlem's youngsters could have a place of their own, with games, dancing, refreshments, and activities they would enjoy in wholesome surroundings.

Brigadier General Addresses Officers and Men

General Eaker, and comrades in the service, I am very happy to have this privilege of being present at what I understand is to be an activation of a new group. To me an assignment to duty with a new organization carries with it a serious responsibility in that the new unit has not the advantage of the tradition and history of an old established unit. It means that the new unit will be very closely observed, and all of its acts will be given very close scrutiny and evaluated more closely than similar acts by an older, well-established unit.

The department is sparing no pains to give you the advantage of experience. Your new commanding officer, Colonel Davis, and the officers accompanying him from his former assignment are men fresh from the European combat zone. Nearly all of them have not only been in combat, but they have been awarded decorations for meritorious services performed in combat. It has been my privilege to know something about our enemy, having visited his country and observed him in training.

The Jap is a tough soldier, and in most cases he has to be killed. To the veterans of World War I I who may be with you now and

have had combat experience in the present war, I would like to say that the experience of the soldier of the present war is far different from that of yours. As Americans, we have our own way of thinking, but I want to emphasize this one point with those of you who have not had actual combat experience in the present war, that it is necessary for you in your training, in your training and in your performance to give full support to the officers who command you.

The only people who know how to fight this war to the best advantage are the people who have had actual combat experience with the enemy. I wish to congratulate you on the calibre of the officers to be assigned to you. They have the confidence of the department they have the respect of the men they have fought with and against. I urge you to give your whole-hearted loyalty, support and maximum effort to bring about a victory.

Again I want to assure you that I feel greatly honored having the privilege of being here today because I know that your performance is going to make this one of the most outstanding events of our history.

Memphis High School Receives GI's Praise

MEMPHIS, TENN.—The students of Manassas High School here recently learned that a trainer plane bought by them through War Bond purchases is being used by a fellow Memphian who is an air cadet at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Fla.

In a letter to J. Ashton Hayes, principal of the large Negro high school, Air Cadet R. O. Beck, Jr., white, wrote: "I wish to notify

you that the War Bond purchases of your students were not in vain. It so happens that I was the first cadet to fly the training plane that your students donated to the war effort. Being a Memphis boy, I wish to express my appreciation for what may 'home town' is doing to help us service men."

"Be assured," Mr. Hayes replied to Cadet Beck's letter, "that not only the students of Manassas High School, but the students of all schools in Memphis and Shelby county and the entire citizenry of the same, regardless of race, color, or creed are 100 per cent behind you and the other men in the armed forces." Mr. Hayes took the occasion to thank Cadet Beck for his thoughtfulness in writing the students of his school thanking them for their contribution to the war effort through the purchase of War Bonds.

In the least year, students of the nation, through their bond and stamp drives, supplied the military forces with 37,000 jeeps, 12,000 amphibian jeeps, 12,800 flying jeeps, 7,700 parachutes, 6,000 life floats, 5,000 motor scooters, and 7,000 field ambulances. Also students have bought an unknown number of gliders, walkie-talkies and potato peeling machines, among other items. Many thousand planes, jeeps and ambulances in battles areas are marked with school sponsorship panels.

War Bonds and stamps being bought monthly run about \$50,000,000—enough to pay for 200 heavy bombers, or enough to maintain 733,000 boys and girls in colleges for the month when the bonds mature. Treasury Department statisticians credit the schools of the nation with the sale of more than \$1,300,000,000 worth of War Bonds in the last three years.

It Happened in Ohio:

MY MOST HUMILIATING JIM CROW EXPERIENCE

By Langston Hughes

It happened in Cleveland years ago when I was in high school, and the Great Migration of Negroes from the South during World War I was, at its height. Jim Crow, new to Cleveland in most public places, was beginning to raise its ugly head.

Our high school French class had gone to see a matinee performance of the late great Sara Bernhardt, with her wooden leg, in Cleopatra's death scene, where the sap stings her in the bosom. The magic of Sarah's famous golden voice still rings in my ears.

But of that afternoon, there is an even more vivid memory. Following the performance, with one of my white classmates, a Polish-American boy, I went across the street from the theatre into one of Cleveland's large cafeterias. Its self-service and low prices appealed to our schoolboy pocket-books. Its long cases and counters and steam-tables loaded with appetizing food whetted our appetites. We took our trays and got in line. My white school-mate was just in front of me.

We passed around in front of the colorful green salads, the sweet, good looking desserts, the white and pink chocolate frosted cakes, the long steam table with its soups and vegetables and meats. Each of us selected our foods, and stopped with our trays before the cashier's desk. She rang up my friend's bill, he paid her, and passed on to seek a table.

But when the white woman looked at me and then down at my tray, I thought she would never stop striking the keys on the cash register. It rang and rang and rang. The amount it registered on the black and white tabs behind its glass strip became larger and larger. Finally the cashier pulled out a check and flung it on my tray. It was **Eight Dollars and Sixty-Five Cents!**

My friend's check had been only about forty-five or fifty cents. I had selected about the same amount of food. I looked in amazement at the cashier.

"Why is mine so much?" I asked.

"That is just what you will pay if you eat in here," said the cashier.

"But I don't have that much food," I said.

"That is what you will pay to eat it," said the cashier, her face growing more and more belligerent, her skin turning red and her eyes narrowing. I could see the hatred in her face.

"But it doesn't cost that much,"

"Tops" At Paramount



Exclusive Independent Press Service Photo
The celebrated **INK SPOTS**, featuring Billy Kenny, are currently appearing at the Paramount Theatre in New York where crowds are a block long as this outstanding attraction is featured along with Ella Fitzgerald, Buck & Bubbles, Ralph Brown and Cootie Williams and His Orchestra.

I said.

"Pay your check—or else put your tray down and leave it," she shouted. "You are holding up the line. That's what it costs if you want to eat!"

I put my tray down and left it there in front of her. I had not run into anything like that before in Cleveland, but I knew it was because I was colored. I went up to the table where my white classmate was eating and said, "Come on, let's get out of here. They won't let me eat in this place."

He was astonished, and it took a long time to explain it to him, because he did not know that such things went on in this democratic land that his parents had travelled way across the sea to find. But neither one of us made any protest. We were only fifteen, and we did not know what to say. He and I both were embarrassed.

Some years later a large group of Communists picketed that same restaurant and others like it in Cleveland. Negro and white workers together went in and insisted on service for all. In that way they broke down the color line and ended that kind of un-American Jim Crow in the downtown caterias in Cleveland. I do not believe such an incident would happen to a high school boy there today. At least, I hope not. Such things are harder to take when one is young.

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