

SPORTS *Portland Inquirer* AMUSEMENTS

BEATING THE GUN

By Alvin Moses

NEW YORK—(ANP)—I wonder what has happened to JIMMY BIVINS, the erudite lad who during the progress of the war was rated the best heavyweight in the land. Actually, I know what has become of him following the Archie Moore fiasco during which Bivins unintentionally tossed a "foul" punch. The Lee Savolds, Tami Mauriellos, Lee Omas and other ranking white heavies were none too anxious to tangle with the dark-skinned terror out of Cleveland as best. Now, the fistic grapevine learns that they want Bivins to be sidetracked until after the Louis-Conn titular scrap is finished with. A colorful boxer, this Bivins. A top ranking scholar during his high school days, he might have gone as far in the field of commercial art as he has in boxing and that has been . . . plenty far in my book.

About a year ago, I was first to tell the nation about 6 foot 5 inch AL HOOSMAN, Negro heavyweight contender for four months out of the army. A native of Los Angeles, we hope the tan giant gets by old LEE SAVOLD, a ring-wise veteran who is just the type to upset a youngster of Hoosman's promise unless the kid puts the snore on the big blonde early in the fight.

Second to the story of the UCLA football, tennis, track, golf, and baseball phenom, will be the rise of Illinois university's BUDDY YOUNG, the kid who equalled Red Grange's feats on the gridiron, and often called the shiftest mortal in moleskins who ever played the game.

MIKE JACOBS makes no bones about something I've said all along the line. He has come from behind that comic bouffe opera mask to admit that JOE LOUIS is his very own money-bag. Well, why cry in your beer about it, JULIAN BLACK and JOHNNY ROXBOROUGH? You were the first honest-to-goodness Negro managers whom the rotten business of prizefighting ever permitted to make any real money out of the game.

Fred Irvin made some, but I still said . . . dough like you brown babies had your sticky fingers mixed up in. Fellows in the "know" like I think I am,—have had private ideas about this situation since the time you boys took Louis from his first tutor, a fella named ELLIS I believe. Louis is no longer a mere sport name, he is as much a symbol as was Ruth, Ty Cobb, Earl Sande, Don Budge, Eddie Tolan, Jesse Owens, Ernie Nevers, Bronoco Nagurski, Nat Holman and Johnny Beckman.

'Ebony' Features Virgin Isles

CHICAGO—(ANP)—Delineated on a background of disease, poverty, illegitimacy and exploitation, "Weep For The Virgins" is a story of the sub-human living endured by the Virgin Islanders and is graphically told in the December issue of "Ebony," the new Negro picture magazine.

From the time of Columbus, who discovered the island in 1493, "women, soil, justice, race have all been raped by a succession of pirates." Bought from Denmark 28 years ago, the Virgins have remained a blight on American colonial policy despite the fact that the United States has spent more per capita on Virgin Islanders than any power spent on a Negro colony.

Predominantly colored (95%) their predecessors were brought to the islands by Danish planters when the white indentured labor failed to produce sugar cane profitably. But sugar failed to leave its characteristic sweet taste in the empty mouths of hungry Virgin Islanders. Soon came cattle, who now wander over 80 per cent of the land and provide jobs to three percent of the employable islanders. Escape

from ever present poverty is sought by going to the mainland. The result is a population of 23,890 persons, half of what it was a century ago.

Despite this sub-strata of human existence, a fierce racial pride rears its regal head among the Islanders. So cohesive is this spirit, that the 1,000 French white inhabitants are derisively called Cachas. Ostracism is the lot of the Negro marrying one of these Frenchmen.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

This is to inform you that Mr. Ralph L. Faulk, former owner and publisher, of the Portland Inquirer, is no longer connected with the paper any more and has no right or authority to solicit ads, subscriptions, make collections or received funds for the Inquirer, or do any business for or in the name of the Portland Inquirer.

The Portland Inquirer's Office has been moved from its former address, 2736 N. E. Rodney Ave., to 1453 N. Williams Ave. Mail will be sent P. O. Box 3877, Zone 8; The telephone LANcaster 1568.

Mr. Chesley E. Corbett is now Managing Editor and Publisher of the Portland Inquirer as Mr. Faulk's successor.

Respectfully,
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IPS Photo Exclusive to Ted Yates Publications

It is an established fact that Louise Beavers (above) is an outstanding star of stage and screen. Her performance in the screen attraction "Imitation Of Life" (in which another septia favorite—Miss Fredi Washington, now theatrical editor of the newspaper PV—also portrays a major role) is superb. Playing to record-breaking crowds, the film has been banned in the Deep South, where according to "Southern tradition" democracy is not at work. However, Miss Beavers, beloved by all, by popular demand will soon make a personal appearance tour. Joe Glaser, under whose direction the star has climbed to the top, in an exclusive interview revealed that he will positively accept bookings for this stellar attraction below the Mason-Dixon Line as well as in other sections throughout the country. Men like Glaser are real Americans.

EDITORIAL—Continued from page 1

scriber to the Inquirer.

Your criticism and suggestions will be greatly appreciated in order that we may publish and distribute a weekly that meets the public demand and which will be a credit to this town and community.

Please send us all the news, particularly church, social, fraternal and sport items.

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Yours very truly,
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NIGHTLIFE IN NEW YORK

By Alvin Moses

SAVANNAH CHURCHILL, that eye-filling soft brown beauty often called "America's First Lady of Song," is currently headlining the Elks Rendezvous club show. . . The wax recordings of chic Savannah, "All Alone" and "Daddy, Daddy," are still the talk and rave of pleasure loving Harlemites. . . JOHNNY DAVIS, called "Scat" because he is one of the best riff artists extant, just closed a week at Frank Schiffman's APOLLO THEATRE playing to good houses afternoons as well as evenings. . . EARL BOSTIC, ork leader and one of the most versatile musicians we know of, is in charge of the musical department at ELKS.

ERSKINE HAWKINS, the lad who interested us greatly when we first wheeled into the world's largest town with a troupe known as the 'Bama State Collegians, will be in our midst until a week before Xmas at Charlie Buchanan's SAVOY BALLROOM. . . To the playboys and stage-door-johnnies we might add that do-lovely DOLORES BROW she of the buxom figure with the curves distributed in the right places (oh, but they are),—will be with Brother-Hawk during his Savoy engagement—nuff sed aye guys? ? ?

DEEK WATSON, and the three other boys who comprise the act known as the BROWN DOTS are deserving of some belated praise from my notebook I'm thinking, to-nite. . . I think that they do a smooth, solid-velvety job on the number "Just In Case you Change Your Mind" and as soon as we get the sales report from the recording agency, we'll tell you about the \$\$\$\$\$ side also.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: Please do not pass by my oversized stocking hung over the fireplace as I am expecting you to bring me a—liquor package store. . . Signed, "Most Everybody in Harlem."

Yes, the Jewish element is being given the well known brush off in the package store business and the colored brother is moving right in just as he did in the real estate field a quarter century or more ago. The good book says: "Ye shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters." The good brown citizens of Harlem merely change the script to read: "Planted, and watered by rivers of liquor."

The score card on package-store-operators reads something like this at present: Elmer Carter, Herbery Bruce, Danny Burrows, Jim Mitchell-N. Edwards, Frank Forbes (judge on state athletic commission), Jimmy Ravenell, et al. . . The 'waiting list' reads like a page out of the late, beloved JAMES WELDON JOHNSON'S "Black Manhattan—S."

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A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SCALP



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