

SPORTS *Portland Inquirer* AMUSEMENTS

Moyer Kayoes Lopez in 7th; Volk Off Card

The Mexican welterweight championship moved bag and baggage into Portland Tuesday night as Iris Tommy Moyer, a world traveler in his four-year hitch with Uncle Sam's fighting army, proved himself a million dollar baby at dime-store prices in The Auditorium as he rocked stout-hearted Tunerio Lopez of Mexico City to slumberland in the seventh of what was to have been a 10-round main event.

Portland's slope-shouldered Irishman, who left here for the army duty with plaudits of ring fans of the amateur variety ringing in his ears and had a couple of national title scalps hanging on his belt, returned New Years night to launch what looms as an illustrious career in the pitcher-pay ranks.

Not only did the theatre operator with the flicker profile lull to sleep a guy as game as they come, but he did it with deliberate casualness and deadly aim of a guy who takes an especial delight in battering a guy so brash as to want to trade pokes with him.

Ten times was the stouthearted senior from Mexico City the recipient of licks to the whiskers which left him draped on the deck like a Yuletide rug. On nine of those occasions he hauled his battered bones erect and tried to fight fire with fire. On the 10th trip canvasward, Referee Ralph Gruman wisely lifted the sturdy right mitt of the Portland socker and mercifully saved a game kid from further punishment.

Teeing off at 146½ pounds, the sallow Irishman proved to himself he could fathom Lopez' style in the first round and he cut loose with a bit of T.N.T. in the second which left Lopez biting dust on four occasions. He was down for 4, 8, 7 and then 8 again as Moyer moved in for the kill.

Twice in the third Tommy staggered his stout-hearted foe with first a left downstairs and then a right which landed flush on the button. Again in the fifth the 147-pound socker from south of the Rio Grande was wobbling on legs of rubber and staying erect on sheer instinct. In the sixth, he spent two seven-second stays on the deck and wound up at the bell with Gruman tolling six over him.

Came the seventh and with it the end of Senor Lopez' bid for fame far from home. He caught a wicked left hook to the same spot and again got up at the same count. On his next jaunt floorward, however, he was through for the night. The end came at

Negro to Be Issue In '46 Elections

BIRMINGHAM —(ANP)— Despite the poor success politicians in recent times have had with the Negro question, it is likely to spotlight the 1946 elections in Alabama next spring.

Handy Ellis, lieutenant governor, from law offices in Alabama, Ala., has circulated extracts from a 40-year-old piece of anti-Negro literature in announcing his intentions of running for governor of Alabama.

Unlike the brand of anti-Negro propaganda that ensued from the 1944 campaign headquarters of Jim Simpson in his rejection by the voters for the U. S. Senate, and the hostile literature issued by Judge Horace Wilkerson in advertising the "White Supremacy league," the libel being spread against the Negro by Mr. Ellis is in a humorous vein reminiscent of the campaign bunk of former Senator Tom Heflin.

In a four-page folder, entitled "The Colored Brother, or The Creator's Masterpiece," Mr. Ellis has dug up the distorted work of

2:37 of the seventh, and, while it will go on the books as at TKO, there wasn't much doubt about Moyer being ready and quite able and willing to make it a legal kayo if given one more shot.

What was a swell supporting bout to the main event came when little Duane Hoag, the ex-sailor from Wichita, earned the duke over Chico ("Baby") Sanchez in as fine a featherweight brawl that has ever been seen. These two little lads, weighing 126 and 125½, respectively, lugged heavy guns all night and they didn't waste a moment in unlimbering the mat a lively rate of exchange.

Hoag roared down the stretch in the last three heats to turn the tide in his favor. Both got in some hefty licks and they vainly tried to uncork a sock of knock-out proportions.

Milo Savage, 148-pound Seattle Negro, beat Dick Wagner, 144, Oregon City, in five of eight rounds and the three others were even as the husky dusky recorded a third straight decision over the farm lad who hasn't flashed much improvement in his last six bouts.

Speedy Cannon, rushed in to pitch for the ailing Bobby Volk, won a clean-cut decision over Gilbert Whitesides, 156, Los Angeles, in six. Cannon, at 151, was too sharp and knew too much for his rival Negro clubber.

Kelly Jackson, 148, Vanport, recorded a TKO in three over Orville Teeter, 147, Portland. Teeter was unable to hit the start-line for the fourth. A turnout of 2079 saw the holiday card and gross receipts were \$5040.90.

MANTAN MORELAND HAS ROLE IN REPUBLIC'S "CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE"



In this scene from "Captain Tugboat Annie," based on the beloved characters of the Saturday Evening Post stories by Norman Reilly Raine, Sandra Berkova plays for Jane Darwell, Barton Yarborough, Mantan Moreland, Jack Norton, and Hardie Albright. Moreland adds another to his long list of screen roles in this amusing and heart-warming picture.

S. F. Davis, of Indianola, Miss., which "appeared in the Memphis Commercial Appeal 40 years ago."

The views of Mr. Davis, as subscribed to apparently by Mr. Ellis, are so ridiculous, stupid, and simple-minded, as to be unworthy of reproduction even to display their absurdity.

The Negro is pictured by Mr. Davis as a curious, over-indulgent being whose standard "rations" are "a peck of corn meal, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of coffee, three pounds of salt meat, and one gallon of black molasses a week," all of which can be consumed at one sitting. He is a sub-human who is "immune to all kinds of poison," and can drink liniment and eat antiphlogistine without it hurting him. Or an animal who "can live a week on three soda crackers, a box of sardines and five cents' worth of cheese."

Mr. Davis is of the opinion that the Negro is "a great admirer of art, and in nearly every Negro's home, be it ever so humble, there hangs a life-size crayon portrait of himself." He pictures the Negro as "loving excursions and loving to ride on merry-go-rounds."

Mr. Ellis' purpose in going back to this article is obvious. He is trying to create the same kind of impression of the Negro now that existed 40 years ago when the 1901 post-reconstruction constitutional convention adopted the poll tax, set up the system of county boards or registrars and placed other restrictions in the registration laws.

Evil propaganda that falsely shows the Negro as an abnormality would tend to create the impression that he is not ready to vote, unfit for a better standard of living and does not belong in the atomic age economy. It is the kind of thinking that must be built up to pass the Boswell White Supremacy Vote bill.

In other words, Mr. Ellis endorses and advocates, it seems, the idea that the Negro is not a citizen but a clown. He is going to ask the voters of Alabama to elect him governor of this state on a backward, burlesque platform.

Attitude Toward Race Slows Up Jury Selection

MEMPHIS — (ANP) — Justice trembled on a "cross of prejudice" here last week as 50 or more white men publicly admitted that in a case involving a Negro and a white person they could not be fair to the Negro.

This development was enacted in the first division of criminal court when Atty. Gen. Will Gerber sought to empanel a jury to hear charges against two former Memphis policemen accused of criminally assaulting two Negro girls on Aug. 2.

In a courtroom crowded to overflowing with Negro and white spectators who had assembled to hear the case, not a single juror was obtained from a panel of more than 350 veniremen.

To Gerber's oft-repeated questions: "Could you give a Negro justice in a case involving a white man?" ... "Do you have racial prejudice?" and other queries of similar nature, the replies were uniformly in the negative or affirmative, indicating a feeling of prejudice to Negroes.

It was necessary to set the trial date up several weeks in order that a special venire of 250 persons can be summoned for another attempt at a jury selection.

Defendants of the charges placed against them by the two Negro girls are J. W. Torrey, 27, and B. J. Lewis, 26, both of whom resigned from the police force following accusations against them.

Gerber declared: "I want to make myself clear at the front end. No man, under the law, has the right to make an assault on any woman regardless of her station in life."

Meet Elwood Smith, New ANT Star

NEW YORK (ANP)—Among the new plays opening in New York's holiday season is "Home is the Hunter" at Harlem's thriving American Negro theatre.

"Home is the Hunter" introduces to theatre-goers Elwood Smith, a young man already well known as an opera singer, Town Hall recitalist, radio actor, and entertainer at New York's Cafe Society Downtown.

Smith, who is only 24 years old, is gifted with poise and striking good looks, including what one girl calls "fascinating eyes." Although he is the wholesome American boy type, he plays the part of the villain in the play so forcefully that many people haven't been able to stop themselves from hissing him.

As to how he came to be selected for the leading role in the new play, we quote Elwood himself: "I joined the ANT last September as a student to take extensive training in all branches of dramatics. When the news got around they were looking for actors to play 'Home is the Hunter', I tried out, even though I thought it was a little brassy of me, a mere student. But they took me."

Acting standards at the ANT are among the highest in the nation. But Abram Hill, director of the play, had no hesitation in choosing Smith, a new actor. Hill says, "Even without experience, Elwood is what some people call a born actor. When he walked out on the stage for his tryout, and read his lines, we all knew he was the one we had been looking for. He could be developed. He has the aggressiveness and the belief-in-himself that make people effective on the stage."

We have it from Elwood, though, that whether or not he was born with all these distinguished characteristics or not, it took plenty of hard work to bring them out.

Mos. of Elwood Smith's life has been devoted to music. He was born in Chicago, son of a railroad dining car waiter and a school teacher, Zelma Wood Smith, now at Booker T. Washington High school in New Orleans. He studied music with his mother and later with private instructors. At the time he entered Xavier university, New Orleans, he was seized upon by the music teachers there as one of the most promising pupils ever to enroll. He sang leading baritone parts in "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "Mignon," and "Tales of Hoffmann."

"When that little college staged a classic, it was done right," says Smith. "Xavier is mostly a Negro school. But the instructors never felt obliged to give the operas and plays the so-called 'Negro twist.' You got it straight and true. The whole town, in-

cluding the Archbishop of New Orleans and the foreign consuls, came to see us."

Out of college with a B.A. degree in 1941, he came straight to New York to continue his singing instruction at the Juillard. In between times he won first prize in a Major Bowes' radio program, got an engagement at the Belmont-Plaza hotel, did some radio work, and then went into the army. As a second lieutenant, he trained as a pilot and later became a special service officer. He was honorably discharged in late 1944.

One of the first things he did, post army, was to audition for Barney Josephson's Cafe Society Downtown. He was taken on immediately as a featured singer—an engagement that lasted a record nine months. In June, Smith together, with Josh White, gave a sold-out song recital at Town Hall, drawing rave notices from all over the city. For a while he was music critic for the Pittsburgh Courier. Thus far, opera in New York has been closed to him.

In "Home is the Hunter" Smith plays the role of an American soldier returned from Germany, imbued with Nazi ideas.

"What I like about doing this play," he says, "is the authentic realism with which the American Negro theatre is staging it. No 'Negro twists'—just like that little college town down in New Orleans."

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