

BALLADS
THAT'S OUR BUSINESS

Bill (Ink Spots) Kenny
Tells Ted Yates How Quartet Hits High Note With Popular Ballads

"TELLER, am I glad to see you!" It was Bill Kenny's voice. The leader and tenor of America's No. 1 quartet had just entered his dressing room at the Cafe Zanzibar after doing the first show on opening night.

"Well," he continued, "I know what you want to know."

"You do, huh?" I quipped.

"Sure, you reporters always ask about how we did on the road and what numbers the fans went for most of all," Kenny said, showing that popular broad grin of his that has made him a favorite with everyone. "But not to spoil your interview, Ted," he added, "actually, what is it this time that you'd like to know?"

"I'm anxious to learn what type of songs the crowds are going for in various sections of the country. Do they like blues, swing or —?"

"Ballads," Kenny broke in and at the same time waved a "beg pardon" as he did.

"Sweet stuff, huh?"

"Precisely, Ted," Bill pointed out, "and, do you know sumpin'—that ballads is our business?"

Co-ordination

"In our trip throughout the country; north, south, east and west, I took particular notice of the reaction between the various types of songs that the fans went for in a big way." The tenor singer changed into a pair of bright pajamas and

donned a bright cardinal silk robe as he went on to explain the trend of music cross-country.

I made it known to him that although there was a re-birth of the blues taking place that swing too came in for its share of plaudits.

"I agree with you, old man," Bill smiled and with that I took his calling me 'old man' as mere jest (sensitive, these reporters); and accepting a mild Havana cigar listened intently, "a rhythm-bound group is alright it is true. All choral groups blend with the sweet and hot. That's why you hear the critics rave that the so-and-so boys are 'solid on the sweet side' when writing their reviews. But the Ink Spots, we prefer to be sweet on the solid side—and ballads does it."

The telephone rang somewhere outside the dressing room and I could hear it above the laughter of the crowd of carefree diversion seekers who had jam-packed the Zanzibar. A knock came at the door and almost instantly Coleman, Kenny's valet, sprang the door open.

"Bill Kenny wanted on the 'phone," a voice uttered.

"Excuse me, Ted," and Kenny left hurriedly.

It wasn't long before I joined the Broadway mob.

"Ballads," I mused to myself, "so that's how America's favorite quartet hits high with popular melodies."



ASK AUNT STELLA
SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING!
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED R.E. FITZ-GIBBON

A century ago, some wise guy put himself on record by cracking that "one earth, there's little worth a sigh—and nothing worth a tear!" No news to hard-boiled eggs, but lovers won't believe a word of it! Especially while in the throes of a new passion, these softies just can't shrug their shoulders in dry-eyed indifference. But two avenues of release remain open to such: oblivion or Aunt Stella. And which is to be preferred? Oblivion, of course, if one could be sure of it. But are we dead when we die? Like the Dago addressing his dog, don't we "have to go to hell yet?" But there's that other alternative, which leads us up against dear old Aunt Stella! And why not? This Gifted Little Lady—who Knows All, Sees All and Tells All—can prove what the poet claimed about sighs and tears. In answering each and every perplexing question, she unscrews the inscrutable and makes us realize that all is not cold that shivers. Her solutions to heart-breaking problems—as lucid as they are logical—are printed anonymously and regularly in these columns. Editor.

Dear Aunt Stella: I've sworn that I'll never marry but recently have met a very fine gentleman, old enough to be my father, whose health isn't so good. Besides, he's worth a million dollars. What would you advise me to do? On The Fence.

On The Fence: Study up on how to strengthen and improve your will power. Aunt (Pushover) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: How—except by getting a divorce—can I live down the disgrace? My husband was in a motor accident, recently, and the doctor who mopped up the blood said he was convinced that he was drunk. The cop who arrested him said the same thing; then the magistrate at the traffic court nodded and said that he was too. I'm mortified to death! Social Climber.

Social Climber: Wherein is the disgrace? If all three were drunk, and admitted it, that makes it unanimous! Aunt (Foursome) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: This town's getting pretty tough. A thug chased me for ten blocks, the other night, before he succeeded in rifling my pockets. Where do the cops hang out after dark? Irate Taxpayer.

Irate Taxpayer: What's the difference? After all, the stick-up man gave you a run for your money—didn't he? Aunt (Fence) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: How would you explain the divorce problem—briefly and simply—to a group of high school students? Hesitant Teacher.

Hesitant Teacher: By comparison with arithmetic. After all, Dearie, divorce merely is the taking of one from one and leaving two. Or more! Aunt (Lightning Calculator) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: Is a farm the Try again, Robert—you're almost correct: sometimes a closet is a place in which a girl keeps most of

same thing as a ranch, only smaller? Cowboy.

Cowboy: Authorities disagree. But, up north, a farm usually is a piece of arable land entirely covered by a mortgage. Aunt (New Deal) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: My daughter has become so popular that she never gets a chance to get half enough sleep. How can I make her go to bed at home at a decent hour? Dancing Mother.

Dancing Mother: About the only thing that will keep a girl in nights is an old-fashioned corset. Can't you lend her one? Aunt (Why Bother?) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: Why did everyone laugh when I rose to speak at the Parent-Teachers' meeting last Thursday? Puzzled Matron.

Puzzled Matron: Because of an excuse your son presented to his teacher after playing hooky on Monday: "Please excuse Johnny's absence yesterday. I tore my pants." Your name was signed to it. Aunt (Typographical Error) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: I'm very much in love with a girl who always is thoughtfully quiet and serious. Do you think that our marriage will make her happy and vivacious? Outdoor Man.

Outdoor Man: That's hard to say, but observation leads me to believe that a pensive sweetheart usually turns out to be an expensive wife. Aunt (Bubbling Over) Stella.

Dear Aunt Stella: My boy-friend wants me to settle down and get married but I'm having too much fun and would rather play the field. Don't you think that there's plenty of time and that a young girl is entitled to a little experience? Always Gay.

Always Gay: Maybe so. But I've noticed that girls who play the field seldom stay in clover. Aunt (Haymaker) Stella.

NAB TWO AS TRAIN GUNMEN

WASHINGTON—(ANP)—Two Negroes are under arrest and a third is sought by FBI men as participants and instigators of the sensational train robbery last week, when a south bound freight train just out of Washington was robbed in approved wild west fashion and an unidentified amount of bonded whiskey removed from the car.

James Brown, 36, of Baltimore and Rufus Williams, 33, of Alexandria, Va., are being held. Brown was charged with grand larceny and Williams with violation of the Virginia Alcoholic Beverage law.

Williams was released on \$3,000 bond for a hearing Monday in Fairfax county, Virginia.

Meanwhile, federal action against the pair, charging them with theft from interstate commerce, appeared likely. The FBI said it was waiting the action of the U. S. attorney before lodging detainers against the men.

The whiskey was shipped from Brooklyn and consigned to the Virginia Alcoholic Beverage Control board of Richmond.

The arrests were made by Capt. Paul S. Pegelow in a swamp near the R. F. and P. railroad tracks near Lorton. Thirteen cases of the stolen whiskey were recovered.

The Lorton man said he was cruising the highways in the vicinity of the train robbery when he saw a taxicab off the main road on a pathway that leads into a swamp.

Blocking the path with the truck he was driving, Pegelow walked over to the taxicab, saw it contained some of the stolen whiskey and placed the man under arrest.

The hijacking occurred shortly after 1:30 A. M. on a lonely stretch of track near Lorton, Va., Friday. Railroad detectives said one or more of the robbers had evidently stowed away on the train and severed an air hose, causing the brakes to lock when the freight train reached the desired location.

The taxicab and a truck were waiting on a nearby highway when the train stopped, it was reported.

A trainman who alighted to find the cause of the delay noticed one of the bandits carrying a machine gun, he said, and fled to the highway to summon police. H. L. Harris, conductor, said when he approached the car which was carrying the whisky, three of the men jumped into the truck they were loading and fled.

NEW BAND SENSATION GETTING SET



Exclusive to Ted Yates Publications
Buddy Mitchell, versatile musician, has the band that is strictly of the new era. It has been hailed as the band sensation and consists of Negro and white musicians and all of the men are capable musicians, writers and composers. Buddy made himself famous at A. and T. College in Greensboro, N. C. and now with his musical aggregation is active in nite clubs here in the East.

MANTAN MORELAND IN REPUBLIC'S 'CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE'



TEDE YATES PUBLICATIONS
A screen favorite for many years, well-known Mantan Moreland is highlighted in "Captain Tugboat Annie," Republic production based on the beloved characters of the Saturday Evening Post stories by Norman Reilly Raine. Jane Darwell, Edgar Kennedy, and Charles Gordon are featured.

AFFIDAVIT
State of Oregon)
County of Multnomah)


We being deposed, do swear and say that the conditions of 865 Port Co., A.P.O. 0331 c/c Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal., are deplorable. They are stationed on Okinawa, having to beg or steal rations and food necessary for existence. Their Commissioned Officers are white and urge and tell them to steal for their wants. We also swear that they in numbers prevailed upon us to see proper officials of The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and make public their plight in the Associated Negro Press or any other means, including other interested publications. We also swear that we have in our possession original signatures of 83 of the 213 men in the Company which are available to proper channels of help to these men.

Stanley Bennett signed
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(Seal)
Subscribed and sworn before me this 10th day of December, 1945,
Oiver E. Smith signed
Notary Public for Oregon.
My commission expires Oct. 25, 1949.

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

JOHN FITCH
JANUARY 21, 1745—JULY 2, 1798



HIS 1786 STEAMBOAT—EACH BANK OF OARS RAISED AND LOWERED BY A SINGLE CRANK.

HIS STEAMBOAT OF 1788—WITH OARS OPERATED BY SEPARATE CRANKS—AND SUSPENDED AS IN ROWING



HIS SMALL STEAMBOAT—1797—DRIVEN BY PADDLE-WHEELS AND SCREW PROPELLER



PATRIOT AND INVENTOR, JOHN FITCH SERVED AS GUNSMITH FOR AMERICAN TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE—COMPLETED HIS FIRST STEAMBOAT MODEL IN 1785, BUILT HIS LARGEST VESSEL WHICH WAS RUN AS A PASSENGER BOAT BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND WILMINGTON, IN 1790.

TODAY HE SHARES HONORS WITH ROBERT FULTON FOR THE INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT.
DEMOCRACY STIMULATES INVENTIVE GENIUS.

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Job Whispering Campaign Starts

WASHINGTON — (ANP) — Southern white workers are being encouraged to advocate jim crow labor unions in a determined "union busting" drive, labor leaders charged here last week. Vicious anti-Negro whispering campaigns are going on in union halls where frightened white workers are told "there are not enough jobs for them and the 'nigger' too."

CIO officials have been wrestling with complaints that their unions have tolerated employer discrimination against the Negro workers, said a spokesman for the CIO Committee to Abolish Discrimination, whose organization has waged an all-out fight against racial bias. The Kansas City Urban League has charged that the United Auto Workers, CIO, permitted downgrading and seniority cuts for Negro workers in General Motors plants before the GM strikes.

don herold says:



America has become the greatest nation on earth because nearly everybody here has tried continuously to give everybody else more for his money. Workers should have good pay, but their unions will really do the world and themselves more good when they begin to say "How can we give more for what we get?" Automobile manufacturers once (in 1925) gave you one horsepower for \$31.50. In 1940 they gave it to you for \$9. Radio manufacturers gave you a radio in 1928 for \$167.50. They gave you a better one in 1941 for \$9.95. Anyone with anything to sell, whether it be a product or a personal service, can succeed permanently only if he keeps thinking "How can I give more for what I get?"

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