

# Anti-Poll Tax Bill To Get Early Start In House

## NATIVE SON

By RICHARD WRIGHT  
(Continued From Last Week)

He crawled back through the door into the narrow passage and lowered himself down the shallow wooden steps into the hall way. He went to the first floor and stood at the window through which he had climbed. He had to find an empty apartment in some building where he could get warm; he felt that if he did not get warm soon he would simply lie down and close his eyes. Then he had an idea; he wondered why he had not thought of it before. He struck a match and lit the newspaper; as it blazed he held one hand over it while, and then the other. The heat came to his skin from far off. When the paper had burned so close that he could no longer hold it, he dropped it to the floor and stamped it out with his shoes. At least he could feel his hands now; at least they ached and let him know that they were his.

He climbed through the window and walked to the street, turned northward, joining the people passing. No one recognized him. He looked for a building with a "For Rent" sign. He walked two blocks and saw no sign. He knew that empty flats were scarce in the Black Belt; whenever his mother wanted to move she had to put in requests long months in advance. He remembered that his mother had once made him tramp the streets for two whole months looking for a place to live. The rental agencies had told him that there were not enough houses for Negroes to live in, that the city was condemning houses in which Negroes lived as being too old and too dangerous for habitation. And he remembered the time when the police had come and driven him and his mother and his brother and sister out of a flat in a building which had collapsed two days after they had moved. And he had heard it said that black people, even though they could not get good jobs, paid twice as much rent as whites for the same kind of flats. He walked five more blocks and saw no "For Rent" sign.

Would he freeze trying to find a place in which to get warm? How easy it would be for him to hide if he had the whole city in which to move about! They keep us bottled up here like animals, he thought. He knew that black people could not go outside of the Black Belt to find a place to live. He had to live on their side of the "line."

His fists clenched. What was the use of running away? He ought to stop right here in the middle of the sidewalk and shout out that this was it. It was wrong that surely all the black people around him would do something about it; so wrong that all the white people would stop and listen. But he knew that they would simply grab him and say that he was crazy. He reacted through the streets, his bloodshot eyes looking for a place to hide. He passed a corner and saw a big black rat leaping over the snow. It shot past him into a doorway where it slid out of sight through a hole. He looked wistfully at that gaping black hole through which the rat had darted to safety. He passed a bakery and wanted to go in and buy some rolls, with the seven cents he had. But the bakery was empty of customers and he was afraid that the white proprietor would recognize him. He would wait until he came to a Negro business establishment, but he knew that there were not many of them. Almost all businesses in the Black Belt were owned by Jews, Italians and Greeks. Most Negro businesses were funeral parlors, white undertakers refused to bother with dead black bodies. He came to a chain grocery store.

Bread sold here for five cents a loaf, but across the "line" where white folks lived, it sold for four. And how, of all times he could not cross that "line." He stood looking through the plate glass at the people inside. Ought he to go in? He had to. He was starving. They trick us every breath we draw! he thought. They gouge our eyes out! He opened the door and walked to the counter. The warm air made him dizzy; he caught hold of a counter in front of him and steadied himself. His eyes blurred and there swam before him a vast array of red and blue and green and yellow cans stacked high upon shelves. All about him he heard the soft voices of men and women.

"You waited on, sir?"  
"A loaf of bread," he whispered.  
"Anything else, sir?"  
"Now."  
The man's face went away and came again; he heard paper rustling.  
"Cold out, isn't it?"  
"Huh? Oh, yessuh."  
He laid the nickel on the counter; he saw the blurred loaf being handed to him.  
"Thank you, Call again."

He walked unsteadily to the door with the loaf under his arm. Oh, Lord! If only he could get into the street! In the doorway he met people coming in; he stood to one side to let them pass, then went into the cold wind, looking for an empty flat. At any moment he expected to hear his name shouted; expected to feel his arm being grabbed. He walked five blocks before he saw a two-story flat building with a "For Rent" sign in a window. Smoke bulged out of chimneys and he knew that it was warm inside. He went to the front door and read the little vacancy notice pasted on the glass and saw that the flat was a rear one. He went down the alley to the rear steps and mounted to the second floor. He tried a window and it slid up easily. He was in luck. He hoisted himself through and dropped into a warm room—a kitchen. He was suddenly tense. Listening. He heard voices; they seemed to be coming from the room in front of him. Had he made a mistake? No, the kitchen was not furnished; no one, it seemed, lived in here. He tiptoed to the next room and found it empty, but he heard the voices even more clearly now. He saw a still another room he knew that it was empty and that the sound of the voices was coming so loud that he could make out the words. An argument was going on in the front flat. He stood with the loaf of bread in his hands, his legs apart, listening.

"Jack, Yuh mean't stan 'n' say yuh'd give tha' nigger up't the white folks?"  
"Dam right Ah would!"  
"N' git killed? Hell, naw! Ah gotta family. Ah gotta wife 'n' baby. 'Whut if hell he run off fer her?"  
"Maybe he thought they wuz gonna blame the murder on him!"  
"Lissen, Jim. Ef he wuzn't guilty, then he oughta stayed 'n' faced it. Ef Ah knowed where that nigger wuz, Ah'd turn 'in 'n' git these white folks off me."

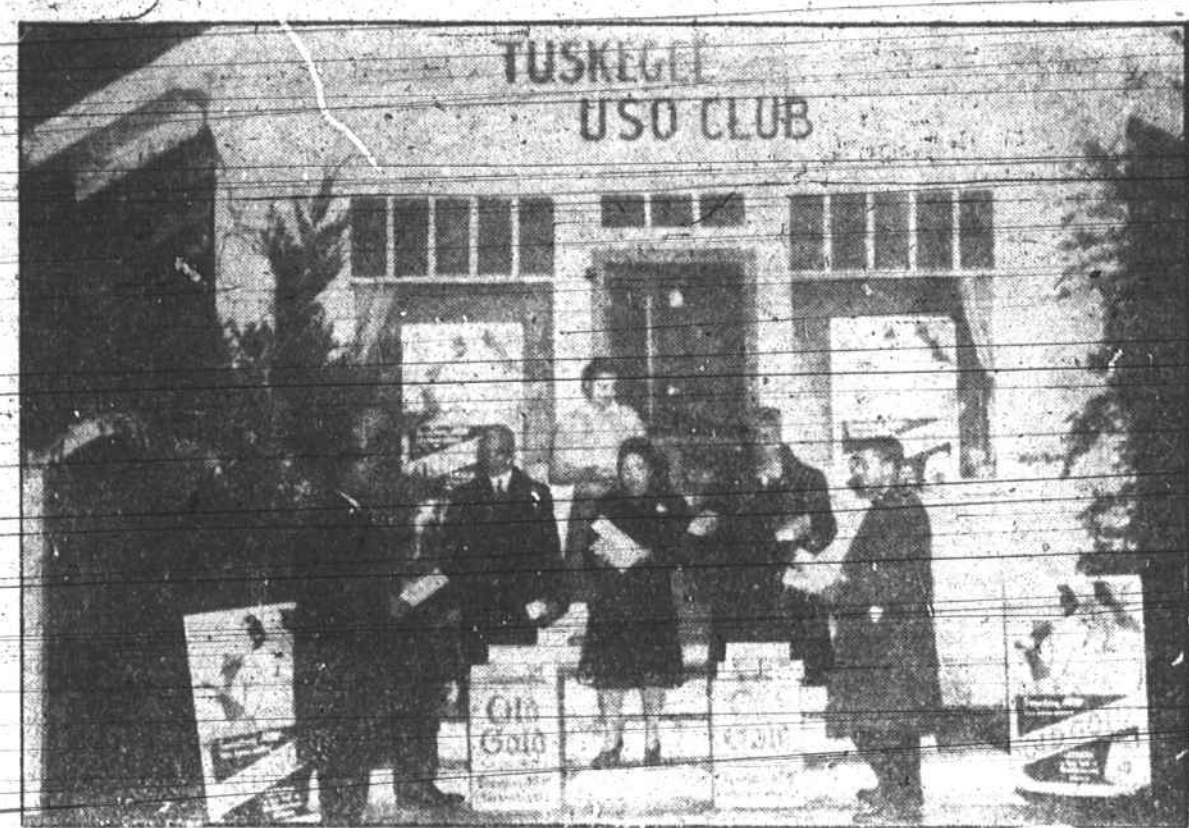
"But, Jack, ever 'nigger looks guilty 'whut folks when somebody's done a crime?"  
"Yeah, that's 'cause so many of us ack like Bigger Thomas; that's all. When yuh ack like Bigger Thomas yuh stir up trouble."  
"But, Jack, who's stirring 'n' up trouble now? The papers say they beat'n 'in 'n' up over the city. They don't care whut black men they git."

"We's all murderer's!" then Ah gotta stan 'n' 'n' fight these folks."  
"N' git killed? Hell, naw! Ah gotta family. Ah gotta wife 'n' baby. Ah ain't startin' no fool fight. Yuh can't git no justice perfect'n' men who kill . . ."  
"We's all murderer's!" then Ah tell yuh!"  
"Lissen, Jim. Ah'm a hard workin' man. Ah fixes the streets wid a pick 'n' shovel ever 'day, when Ah git a chance. But the boss tol' me he didn't want me in them streets wid this mob feelin' among the white folks. . . . He says Ah'd git killed. So he lays me off. Yuh see, tha' Goddam nigger Thomas made me lose mah job. . . . He made the white think we's all 'us' like him!"  
"But, Jack, Ah tell yuh they think it already. Yuh's a good man, but tha' ain't gonna keep 'em from comin' 'n' yo' home. Is it?"  
"Hell, naw! We's all black 'n' we jus' as waa' ac' black, don't yuh see?"  
"Aw, Jim, it's swarin' 'n' no fiid, but yuh gotta look at things straight. Tha' yuh made me lose mah job. Tha' ain't fair! How is Ah gonna eat? Ef Ah knowed where

the black sonofabitch was Ah'd call the cops 'n' let 'em come 'n' git 'im!"  
"Waa! Ah wouldn't. Ah'd die first!"  
"Man, you crazy! Don't yuh want a home 'n' wife 'n' chillum?"  
"Whut's fightin' gonna git yuh? There's no fightin' gonna git yuh; could kill us all. Yuh gotta learn 'n' live 'n' git erlong wid people. 'When folks hate me, Ah don't wanna git erlong."  
"But we gotta eat! Ah'd die first!"  
"Aw, h . . . You crazy!"  
"Ah don't care whut yuh say. Ah'd die fer Ah'd get erlong 'n' inter-tellin' on tha' man. Ah tell you: Ah'd die first!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Old Gold Salutes Negro Market



TUSKEGEE U. S. O. CLUB receiving Old Gold Cigarettes for distribution among the officers and soldiers of the Tuskegee Army Flying School. Reading from left to right: S. J. Phillips, President, Booker T. Washington Sales Agency; Capt. R. S. Darnaby, Publicity Director, Tuskegee Institute News Bureau; Mrs. B. S. Williams, and Mrs. I. K. Campfield, Assistants, Women's Auxiliary, U. S. O. Club; Theophilus C. Cottrell, Student Representative, Old Gold Cigarettes. Rear: Miss Eleanor Gibson, Hostess, U. S. O. Center.



LEFT—Eliot C. Van Zandt, selected as Tuskegee's most progressive young business man to go to Chicago to publicize Old Gold's Salute to Better Negro Business in 1943. Extreme Right—Miss Texie Ellen Willis, Clerk-Stenographer, Tuskegee Army Flying School, receiving War Bond as prize awarded in Old Gold Talent Hunt.

## GIANT TALENT HUNT AND BOND RALLY CONDUCTED IN TUSKEGEE AREA

The closing weeks of 1943 and the first few days of 1944 brought forth the greatest recognition of the importance of the Negro market that has ever been given by a major cigarette company in our country. During this period, P. Lorillard Company, makers of Old Gold Cigarettes conducted, through the Booker T. Washington Sales

Agency, what it called "A Salute to Better Negro Business in 1943." The Tuskegee Institute area was selected for this "special" salute out of recognition to the fact that out of this area came the National Negro Business League, which has meant so much to the Negro in business history.

Outstanding talent found was presented on a special program as a part of a community wide "Victory Bond Rally," which was held in Logan Hall on the campus of Tuskegee Institute to culminate the activities of the two week's "salute."

**HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH OLD GOLD SALUTE**

Many activities were conducted by the Booker T. Washington Sales Agency, advertising representatives for Old Gold in the Negro markets of America, during the holiday season. Outstanding among these were the holding of auditions in the search for talent, the publicizing of Old Gold's campaign before the council on campus life; meeting the various church organizations, so-

cial and fraternal gatherings of these areas; the selection of Eliot C. Van Zandt, as Tuskegee's most progressive young business man and sending him to Chicago to publicize Old Gold's recognition of the Negro market; the securing of Edward Laird, Tuskegee's mathematical "wizard" for public appearances in the interest of Old Gold; the selection of a competent set of judges, headed by Captain Alvin J. Newby, Executive Secretary of the Tuskegee Institute Alumni Association, and for a long time outstanding director in the musical world.

**SPECIAL GROUPS PRESENTED OLD GOLD CIGARETTES**

20,000 Old Gold Cigarettes were distributed to the Tuskegee Army Flying School for its Christmas Dinner. 1000 Old Golds were distributed in the Tuskegee Institute hospital, 1000 in the Veterans' Facilities, and the 15 employees of the United States Post Office at Tuskegee Institute were given Old Golds to help to lighten the heavy load of handling the mail of the Christmas season. These cigarettes

## Representative Marcantonio, New York, To Sponsor Legislation

### Southerners Warn They Will Again Oppose Measure

WASHINGTON — Despite warnings by southern Democrats that the action might turn the slim Democratic majority in the house into a minority, Representative Marcantonio, American Laborite, New York, announced Sunday "a plan to pass the anti-poll tax bill in 1943."

The New York solon has drafted for immediate introduction when congress convenes Wednesday a bill that would outlaw the poll tax, levied in some southern states, as a prerequisite of voting for federal officials. A similar measure was passed by the house last session after a bitter fight but was killed in the senate by a filibuster such as has blocked anti-lynching legislation in past years.

Marcantonio said he could thwart a senate filibuster this year by obtaining house action on the bill early in the session. He announced he would file a discharge petition in February to force the bill to the floor from committee and said there was no doubt the necessary 218 signatures would be obtained.

"Every week," the New Yorker promised, "the people of the country will be informed which congressmen have signed the discharge petition and which have not. I am sure the people will see to it, under these circumstances, that the necessary 218 signatures are obtained in short order."

House passage of the bill by June was predicted by Marcantonio who commented that "a year and a half will be a long time for poll-tax-senators to carry on a filibuster."

Southerners warned that they would hold the Democratic leadership responsible for the legislation. One influential Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee, who preferred to remain anonymous, added that many southern Democrats would feel justified in joining Republicans in opposing New Deal measures if northern Democrats joined Republicans in supporting legislation "aimed solely at the south."

were distributed by the Booker T. Washington Sales Agency with the best wishes of the Lorillard Company.

### TALENT HUNT CONTEST PRESENTATION

Six outstanding entertainers found in the "Talent Hunt" were presented as featured attractions on the closing program of Old Gold's salute to better Negro business in 1943. From among Tuskegee Institute's 1400 college students came Miss John Brown, singer; the Tuskegee Institute High School was represented by the "Sawannee River Boys," vocal quintet. Mr. David Ganaway did a fine job of representing the 1400 inmates of the U. S. Veterans' Facilities. Private Carl Parker came from among the many officers and soldiers of the Tuskegee Army Flying School to help to entertain the great crowd present with music and song, while Miss Texie Ellen Willis, selected from among the nearly 2000 civilian workers at the Tuskegee Army Flying School did her share with song. The entire community of Tuskegee Institute was ably represented by the "Tuskegee Community Chorists" under the direction of Mr. Nathaniel McCray. These chorists are a featured radio attraction on the program of the Alabama Extension Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

### TALENT HUNT CONTEST WINNERS

Winners in the "Talent Hunt" were selected by the judges on the basis of audience appeal. The following were awarded a \$25 War Bond with the congratulations of Old Gold Cigarettes: Mr. David Ganaway of the Veterans' Hospital; Private Carl Parker of the Tuskegee Army Flying School; Miss Texie Ellen Willis of the Tuskegee Army Flying School.

**DOOR PRIZE WINNERS**

The price of a \$25 War Bond was

## Africa Offers Greatest Hope For Rubber Families

LAGOS, NIGERIA (AP)—Evidence of a determination to grow more rubber in West Africa is seen in the activity of a group of planters in the past six months. Rubber is one of the vital raw materials needed in warfare. England has known that rubber could be effectively grown in Africa, indeed it grows wild in Nigeria, but England never developed this territory probably because of her hooking up Dutch East Indies and Brazilian interests. An Englishman now been named "director of wild rubber production" and advertising for wild rubber.

Liberia has demonstrated what can be accomplished in Africa. Last year the Firestone plantations in Liberia produced 14,000,000 pounds of raw rubber. If the industry is developed in Nigeria, it will be an economic factor of great importance in raising the standard of living.

**ASTROLOGY READING**  
for 1944  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**GUIDING LIGHT**  
On your HUMAN RELATION PROBLEM  
by ABBE WALLACE SERVICE  
Let Us Reason Together In Wisdom and Understanding

NOTICE TO READERS: You may have your own human relation problem and FREE in this column. Please include a clipping of this column with your letter. For a PRIVATE REPLY send a quart. (25c) for ABBE'S ASTROLOGY READING. Give your Birthdate; you will receive free with your reading a confidential letter of advice and understanding advice analyzing three (3) questions privately. Send your letter to: ABBE WALLACE, care of The SCOTT NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE, 710 Auburn Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

**ABBE'S 1943 ASTROLOGY READINGS ARE READY**  
F. G.—I have been going with a girl 8 years and I am in love with her. She never kissed me, she doesn't smoke or drink or stay out at night in clubs. I asked her to marry me but she hasn't given me an answer. Must I continue hoping?  
Ans: Your girl is not a play girl. She has strict code of morals, and her head rules her heart. 3 years of loyalty to you is a bigger proof of her love than a display of emotionism. She will give you her answer if you are persistent enough. It will be a favorable one too.

T. G.—I am going with a boy and I really love him. He asks me for dates lots of times and I give them to him. When he dresses up in his sport suit he hardly sneaks to me. But at night when he comes around, he says he really loves me. But I am getting tired of this. Please give me advice.

If he can't share the glamour of that zoot suit with you, why share your moonlight and roses with him? Better beware of these night-time wolves. It can't be a case of true-love when he refuses to recognize you in the presence of other people.

M. W.—My husband is working in California. He says he will send for me, if he does, shall I go to him.

given in door prizes. Winners of the three door prizes were: Mrs. Amelia C. Roberts, Physical Director of Women, Tuskegee Institute; Mr. Felix Wade, College Student; Miss Hazel Glashen, College Student, Tuskegee Institute.

**BOND RALLY RESULTS**

As a result of the Bond Rally held in connection with Old Gold's Salute to Better Negro Business in 1943, citizens of the small Tuskegee Institute community purchased \$1250 worth of War Bonds; in addition to this, 1000 war stamps were sold at the door.

**MOROLINE**  
MIND CUTTERS  
PURE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

## Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel the irritating phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly relieves the cough or you are to have your money back.

**CREOMULSION**  
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

**MASTER** "HARLEM'S LEADING STYLIST"

"The Lenox Avenue" Neckband shirt with collar to match . . . popular colors. \$1.95

COMPLETE LINE OF SPORTWEAR  
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG  
WE SHIP EVERYWHERE

**A. J. LESTER** 283 W 125th ST. NEW YORK CITY

## DAVIS FROM HEADQUARTERS

NO, MR DAVIS—I WAS OUT OF TOWN THE NIGHT WANDA WAS MURDERED AND JUST GOT BACK THREE HOURS AGO. . . .

HM—YOU ADMIT BRINGING BACK A VIAL OF CURARI FROM BRAZIL? LET'S SEE IT?

SURE—IT'S RIGHT OVER HERE LOCKED IN THIS LITTLE BOX. WHY, IT'S OPEN! THE LOCK'S BEEN FORCED.

IT'S GONE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE STOLEN IT!

OKAY CHUM—MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS. LET'S MOVE!

WAIT A MINUTE, DAVIS. IT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA AS TO WHO MIGHT HAVE KILLED WANDA!

YEAH? SURE—BUT MAKE IT GOOD!

DAVIS STARTS TO ARREST BOB JENKINS, EX-SWEETHEART OF THE MURDER VICTIM, WANDA. JENKINS DENIES HE HAS BEEN AWAY FROM LAGOS AND CAN PROVE IT.

## Ted Watson

Continental Features