

"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



Ability Is Recognized



"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



Baseball Is Here Again



"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



It Sounds That Way!



"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



The King Was Crowned



"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



Well, Maybe, Al



"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



Yes, Mr. Spumoni, How About It?



Green Pastures at Home

NEW YORK CITY, November 7— (CNS)—It was with doubt and many misgivings that Bowland Stebbins, producer of "The Green Pastures," Marc Monnelly's great dramatic vehicle, upon which Richard B. Harrison rode to fame, contemplated the prospects of a Southern jaunt.

Immediately after that memorable night, February 26, 1930, at the Mansfield Theatre when the piece rocketed to sudden fame, the Times Square oracle dinned in his ears the information that it could never be displayed in the South. In fact, they pointed out, the very idea of a tour in Dixie spelled disaster. The Southerners those seers added, would not relish the spectacle of a Negro god and dark skinned angels.

It was originally intended by Mr. Stebbins to inaugurate the Southern tour in Richmond, Virginia. Certain interests controlling the theatres of that city, prevented the showing of the play in the erstwhile capital of the Confederacy. Thwarted again when an effort was made to book the show in Norfolk, it was finally arranged to open the tour in Roanoke, Virginia.

Following three sold out performances there the play moved on to Greensboro, North Carolina, where Richard B. Harrison, "de Lawd," received a token of appreciation from the city. The presentation was made by Mayor Roger N. Harrison and the token signed by city officials and prominent educators of the city. The citation read: "Appreciation to Richard B. Harrison for his outstanding contribution to the cause of education for his understanding interpretation of Negro life and character on the stage and lecture platform, for his constructive influence in inspiring and preserving harmonious racial relationships, for his unflinching loyalty to his home city and the dignity which has always characterized his representations of Greensboro abroad, for his kindly personality and enduring friendship." Mr. Harrison, by way of explanation, was a faculty member at the Agricultural and Technical College in Greensboro for many years prior to undertaking the impersonation of the Deity in "The Green Pastures." Even that fact, however, in the opinion of certain transplanted Southerners, can hardly account for the warmth of the reception accorded him, a Negro, by the executives of a Carolina community.

In the South, the newspaper reviews reveal, "The Green Pastures" is treated with more reverence by theatre audiences than was the case in the East and North, where the play has been considered primarily a comedy. The critic of "The Greensboro Daily News, for instance, had this to say of the presentation: "Southern audiences, if members of the cast do not already know it, take their religion, the religion of their Negroes, seriously, reverently. There was in the theatre last night what one might term a holy atmosphere; a tribute of silence far more effective than thunderous applause. Southerners do not applaud in church, and 'The Green Pastures' seemed strangely like church."

"The Green Pastures," aside from re-opening theatres many of which have been dark for a decade, is taking the spoken drama to the remotest sections of the territory it is playing. Cities like Durham, North Carolina; Macon, Georgia; Lafayette, Louisiana; and Beaumont, Texas, likely have not had a road show since "Ben Hur" tarried in their precincts years ago.

NEGROES SLUGGED BY POLICE AT ELECTION RALLY

N. E. Whitehead, Negro worker, was mercilessly beaten up and half killed for attending a Communist Party election rally, at 138th Street, and 7th Avenue, on the night of October 12th, Betty Patterson, young Negro woman, was knocked unconscious by the club of Police Officer 8627 and several other workers were beaten in an orgy of terror indulged in by a dozen white and Negro cops.

The police rushed up and down the sidewalk in their cars, an officer on the running board swinging his club viciously right and left, Whitehead, who did not move fast enough to suit the "protectors of law and order" after being knocked senseless to the ground, was stamped on, kicked in the face and brutally slugged by the rubber hose and clubs of the police. Even his shirt was lifted up, so his bare back could be exposed to their vicious blows. A white woman who rushed to his defense was told to "get out and damn quick" by a cop who pulled his gun on her.

It is interesting to note that as the bleeding body of the Negro worker Whitehead, his clothes torn off his back, was being dragged off to the 135th Street Police Station, Mr. McNeill well-dressed, gray haired Negro was in a high-class restaurant across the street with a party of friends, to whom he several times boasted: "Yes it was I, John R. McNeill the Democratic leader of this district, who called the police—and I'll do it again."