

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRES. ROOSEVELT

Mr. President, your first term is half over. This is a good time to take inventory. Just now, when your administration has scarcely passed its halfway mark, you are the object of all eyes and the source of almost every question. People are asking: Mr. President, what now?

Along with other Americans, your colored constituents are asking the same questions other citizens are asking. When you went before the people as a candidate, your program fairly bristled with the things in which the common people were then interested, and they are interested in those same things today. You spoke of the man farthest down. You referred to the common people as the owners of this great country. You talked of a square deal for everybody. You said that the resources of this great country belonged to the people.

You have spent two years of religious devotion to your ideals and program. You have stood steadfast, almost immovable, to the tune of popular applause. To use a popular phrase, your batting average has been high, almost as high as you expected to make it. You have the American people following your lead with confidence and with pride.

If your success during the first half of your administration is any encouragement to you, let that encouragement stimulate you for the trials ahead—and there will be man—during the next half of your first term of office. Pressure is being brought to bear to destroy your influence. Much of the pressure is hidden in strategic places within your administrative family. Defted here and there, determined to contribute to your failure, are persons employing the advantages of the office they hold in order to bring about the complete failure of the Roosevelt administration. It is altogether possible that you know who these persons are. If, Mr. President, by any chance you know who these men are, accept the advice of Hiram Johnson, who said, long ago, that his only mistake was temporizing with his enemy. Mr. President, it is just possible that you are laboring under the impression that your kind attitude toward certain men you have allowed to remain in office will convert those men to your cause and make disciples of them. Mr. President, you were never so mistaken in all your life. No amount of kind treatment toward these men will ever convert them to your cause. They are against you and your party. They are against your liberal attitude toward the common man. They are against your program for relief and reform. They are against your known attitude toward the "little fellow." No amount of indulgence of these men by you will alter their attitude because, with them, their convictions constitute their religion. You cannot change the leopard's spots.

The colored people of this country voted for you; and they did it in the face of every conceivable argument against you and your party. They were accused of ingratitude to Lincoln and yet they voted for you. They were told that John Garner, if made President of the Senate, would destroy the last vestige of constitutional protection now enjoyed by Negroes. And yet, they voted for you. They were told that the South would be in the saddle, if you were elected, and that Negroes would be lynched by the wholesale and trampled under foot like so many worms. And yet, Mr. President, they voted for you. The colored people of this country voted for you, not so much to punish the Republican party for its neglect and exploitation of them, as for the purpose of giving your party an opportunity to translate the principles of Jefferson into action. They expected you to make Jeffersonian democracy articulate. They still believe that you can do all of these things if you have the courage to do them. They believe that you can change the attitude of some of the men you have in your administration; or, if you cannot change their attitude, you can get other men. The Negroes of the pivotal States voted the Democratic ticket with the expectation that your party's appreciation would be reflected in a better attitude toward their brothers in the South. In many instances, a better attitude has been reflected in the South, but there is still room for improvement. For example, the inequalities practiced against Negroes in the South by some of the so-called Relief Agencies require your personal attention. Another example may be found in the AAA. Sharecroppers are not getting the benefit of the New Deal, in many instances. Many tenants, contrary to contracts between cotton planters and the government, have been dismissed as tenants and re-employed as day laborers. Your Mr. Chester Davis, administrator of the AAA, should be requested to pay a visit to the White House. In the matter of the Housing Administration policy, Mr. Moffett's attitude toward the colored citizens should be remodeled. Mr. President, the Negroes of the pivotal States who voted the Democratic ticket must not be discouraged by men in your administration who cannot see eye to eye with you. The pivotal States' voters are expecting an improved condition in the South and they expect to see it reflected by a more tolerant attitude exhibited by men appointed by you to carry out your policies. This is only a fair and reasonable return to expect for support already given.

The Democratic party can remain in power with the consent and assistance of the Negro voter of this country only if its attitude toward the colored citizens justifies their continued support. The radical departure of the colored citizen from the Republican party in 1932 was just as human and natural as it was radical. Just as the Negro changed his party affiliations in 1932, as an experiment, just so he can resort to other experiments if he finds he has made a political mistake.

If the Negro changes again, you may attribute that change to some of the men who are now safely ensconced in strategic positions in the various departments of government. Be not deceived. You are going to be told in 1936 that your administration was an "emergency administration" only. You are going to be told that the emergency is over and that there is no further need for Franklin D. Roosevelt and his policies. Your political enemies are now forming and shaping every conceivable weapon with which to attack your administration in 1936. Mr. President, you cannot employ a more effective weapon in behalf of a continued Democratic government in this country than a complete ferreting out of enemies of your policy who are today enjoying high government positions, to say nothing of your executive confidence.

You are only half the way of your first term. It will require your second term to complete the job. Stand by your guns. Make them as effective today as they were when you were but a candidate. Your second term is now in the making.

LABOR UNION MEMBERS PLEDGE TO FIGHT FOR NEGRO RIGHTS

Pittsburgh, Pa.,—CNA—Four hundred delegates, representing seventy eight lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, at a recent conference here, pledged themselves to fight for the admission of Negro workers into their union.

The conference also stressed the necessity of raising special demands for Negro steel workers at equal pay and no discrimination.

When we pray to God with entire assurance, it is Himself who has given us the spirit of prayer.—St. Cyprian.

NATIONAL DENTAL ASS'N. EXECUTIVE BOARD HOLDS MEETING IN WASHINGTON

Washington—(CNS)—The officers and executive board of the National Dental Association gathered here last Saturday, February 23, in an all day mid-winter session, at the Dental College of Howard University. Dr. Q. B. King, of Washington, presided over the deliberations of the board. The sessions being attended by Dr. Benjamin Boyd, of Tuskegee, Alabama, acting chairman of the executive board at Nashville, July 1934; Dr. C. Dorsey, of Philadelphia, Pa., president; Dr. M. D. Wiseman, of Washington, ex-president; Dr. W. N. Beekman, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. L. Baxter, of Newark, N. J.; Dr. R. L. Thompson, of Westfield, N. J.; and Dr. E. T. Mavritte, of Washington.

After the approval of the report of the Twenty-first annual session held at Nashville, Tennessee, July 13-16, 1934, the board approved the draft of a constitution and by-laws for the approval of the national body, at its annual meeting in August 1935. Arrangements were perfected for the coming twenty-second annual session of the general body at Louisville, Kentucky, August 13-16.

Of major importance at the session was the consideration of the feasibility of adopting a plan whereby local and State dental societies may be granted charters thereby becoming constituents of the national body. During the noon recess the members of the executive committee were the luncheon guests of Dr. Russell H. Dixon, Dean of the Howard Dental College. In the evening the officers and members of the executive board were the special guests of the Robert T. Freeman Dental Society of the District of Columbia, at its regular monthly meeting at the Y. M. C. A. building. Dr. Adolphus Walton, president and Dr. Dorothy B. Ferrebee, of the Howard Medical School, read an interesting and informative paper on "Prenatal Supervision with Emphasis on Dental Care."

At the close of the local meeting the officers and executive committee of the National Association and members of the Robert T. Freeman Dental Society, Maryland Dental Society and invited guests were entertained at the residence of Dr. M. D. Wiseman, 151 Thomas St., northwest, where a repast was served; Doctors Wiseman, Foster and E. Gaskins being the hosts.

Among others in attendance were Doctors O. D. Jones, M. Dolo, president Maryland Dental Society; C. Hairston, J. A. White, A. A. Smith, W. B. Mason, I. H. Young, and C. Alane, all of Baltimore. Dr. S. J. Lewis, Manassas, Virginia, and Doctors W. T. Grady, G. A. Coles, C. S. Godden, C. Ferrebee, J. J. Scott, J. C. Brazier, J. L. Davis, C. C. Frye, G. H. Butcher, R. B. Thomas, A. Harris, W. O. Claytor, J. A. Washington, E. M. Gould, W. Taylor, W. N. Hendricks, W. H. Skinner, G. M. Calloway, T. W. Cobb, J. C. Carr, C. Edwards, T. Reid, R. C. Brown and J. C. Nicholson.

OUT OF MY SCRAP BOOK

By Hopie

I am sure you are wondering why my column has changed from "Doings Among the Dining Car and Hotel Waiters" to "My Scrap Book." First I would like to bring to your minds an old saying, "Wise Men Change, But a Fool Never Changes." So many of my close friends have said: "Hopie, Don't Be a Fool." Not only that, I have always felt that I was wise anyway. Smile!

Now to be plain and frank I feel that I can always carry my own troubles, but I really hate to drag anyone else in with me; so I am going to write for you in the same way that brought me comment after twenty years, and what I want to say will not be behind a billboard, reading, "Doings Among the Waiters." I am free now to tell you the truth whether you like it or not, but if you didn't know me, and I was highly touted by some big speaker in the East, you would like and enjoy every line of my writings.

My column will carry the same as ever, only in a clean and polished form. I still believe that if we are told of our mistakes and wrongs in a decent way, it is a real help to us.

Here's one out of my scrap book. Listen: "Look upon criticism of yourself as a way to betterment." So true. If you are to get sore, fight or get as low as the person criticising you, you are not bettering your condition. Listen to this, "criticism does reveal the truth, either about you or the other fellow. True, isn't it? If a man tells you that you are no good or two faced, look at him, and if he is the guilty person, he will show it, so he is telling the truth on himself, and if he is telling you the truth, Oh, Well! You'll show it or inwardly, you know it, anyway. You either get sore and want to fight or just smile it off. So, Welcome, Criticism. It's always a break for you. Am I right?"

Listen to this. Last week I received two letters from South Omaha upon a tip I gave to a North Omaha lad. Of course this certain lad, and quite a few others, knew what it was and meant. But Miss Albright and Miss South Omaha, as they so represented themselves, got offended over it, and took it the wrong way, and felt that I was comparing the North and South Omaha colored people. Now, if they had stopped and considered this a Waiters' Column, they could have easily corrected their own mistakes and criticism. Yet, I must welcome it, because it really enlightens me and I do want to thank Miss Albright, and Miss

South Omaha. The waiters have no control of the packing houses. Yet, we do carry some good butchers in our dining rooms, including myself, but we seem to be contended where we are at present anyway.

We always look at ourselves through a rosy glass. Yet, you may be the judge.

Here is a good one on cooperation. It says a confectioner died and went to heaven, and when St. Peter welcomed him, he asked to be with the confectioners. This was granted, and when he saw them, they were so thin you could see through them. So surprising, as these people should be fat from sweets, and behold; when dinner was served, the sweetest food, and plenty of it. But an angel came and tied a long iron spoon to their arms making it impossible to eat. Then he visited the rich people, and they were so fat and plump. So their dinner was served, and the same big meal was given them, but behold! the angel came and tied a long iron spoon to their arms. But when they saw it down and, finding they were unable to eat they simply used the spoon to feed the one beside him, and in return, he fed the next. Cooperation, huh? So he went back to his people and told them to feed the one beside him, but he quickly replied, "What! Me feed my competitor, and starve myself?" See it? Well, that is really what is wrong in the Dining Rooms. Don't be afraid to help the man next to you, and you will find a spoon in your mouth. So true.

Here's a good one. Nine out of

ten drunks that get arrested always tell the judge that he only had two or three glasses of beer. Isn't that strange? The brewers should get them out, because even with the government whiskey back and what this county has craved for years, the 32 makes it take the back seat. Think of it. It's never a highball or sidecar when the police car comes. Oh, gee. Poor Beer.

I am told that the Fontenelle isn't so hot. Sick, yet this came to me that several of the waiters quit last week. Too bad. Yet one business man said he cashed some checks and he thought they were tips. Oh, well. It may be better later. Still, I guess the boys hate to play the stock market and gamble on it. Well, I guess Johnson didn't play such a bad card when he threw his hand in early. O. K. Johnson.

Here's one from my scrap book. Listen. If every person would be compelled to mind their own business, ninety per cent of the people would rather have died at birth. There would be nothing to live for. How about it, huh? Sure, haven't the war lords got noth-

ers? They surely wouldn't put their mothers in prison. Well, there would be a sure cure. Stop having sons. What? Smiles— Did you ever see a Negro hero in a war picture? Yet, I am reading here of the good work of Bert Williams, Col. Wm. Hayward, Dr. G. McSweeney all of whom are wearing French Croix De Guerre and other medals. Oh, Al guess they just felt sorry for themselves. We always get our horrors by doing a 101. There

were 100,000 Negroes over seas. But the United States forgot it when the war was over. Still they say we haven't a flag. Oh, me.

Here we are. I was sick last week, and they tell me that my friend, Wm. Johnson called Lewis and asked him to come up to see me. Oh me. A friend for you, I am glad they didn't buy the wreath anyway. I could have smelled the roses. Consolation, huh?

May I close by saying while you are having a good time, think of tomorrow. Remember last week: "Between Yesterday and Tomorrow," huh? Well, it is true. Don't waste your time and money with fortune tellers. Tell your own by preparing for the future. You know the past, and now is present. If you have money or protection for the future, hat's all you want anyway. Am I right? So, I will close with one of my poems, and I hope you like it. It is really true. So scratch it down and learn it, and see if it isn't true.

"A lot o' fellers loaf around And wait for luck to smile on them And hope a fortune can be found B- puffin' on an old pipe stem! But somehow, fortune fails to smile They're always 'out of luck' and broke The busy fellers make their 'pile' While 'pipe dreams' fade away in smoke!"

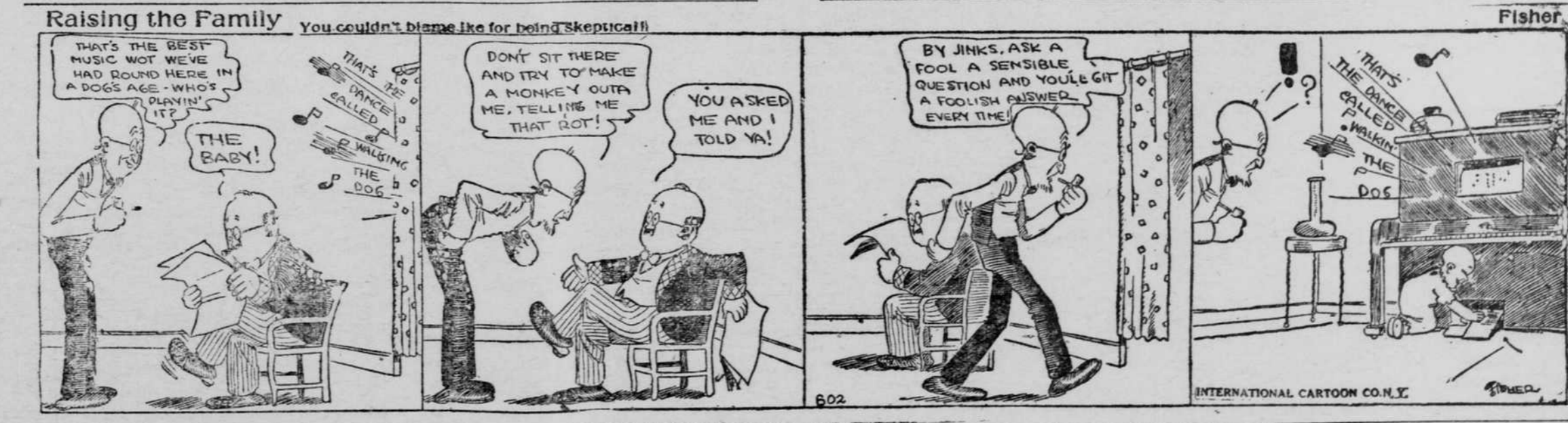
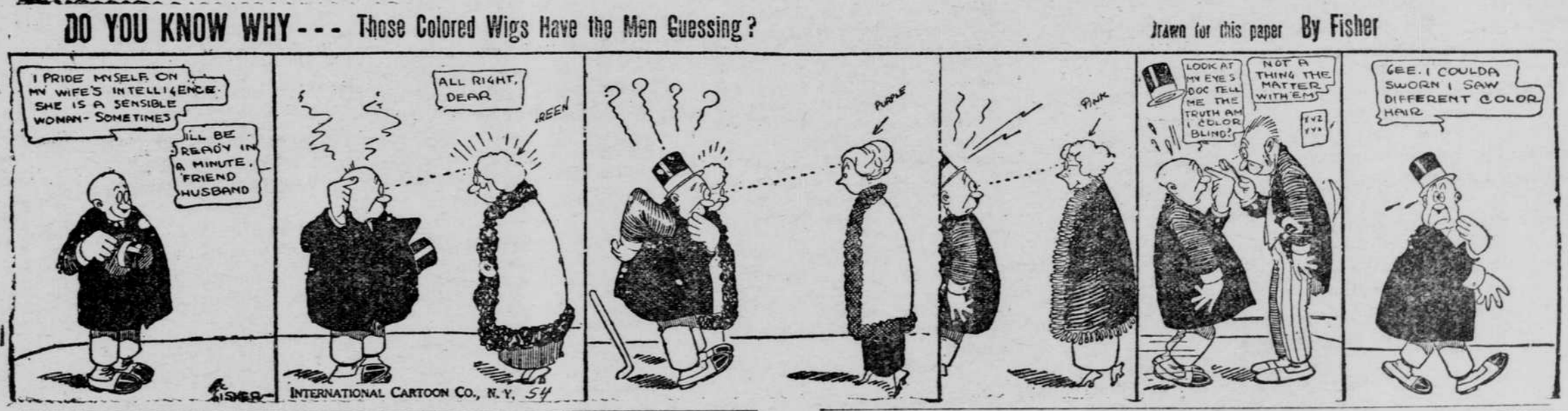
Remember, "Work is play when it pays." And remember, what the actor said, "No pay, no play," Right? O. K.

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"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES"



A Message For Eddie

