



DO YOU REMEMBER?

by Richard Stanley

On Saturday June 19 1939 two long shots made their appearance in the winning circle. One for 90.80 and one for \$48.80 to place. That is real money on any man's race track. Some fans never play a horse that is over 5 to 1. They seem to think that if a horse has got juicy odds he or she can't win. Fans, the public make the prices, not the mutuels, so it makes no difference what the price is if you like the horse play the animal. Your choice is just as good as the other fellow. I have seen owners bet \$50 dollars on their horse to win and the horse finish out of the money because no man that got breath in his body knows what a horse is going to do. All that an owner can truthfully tell anybody, is that his horse is ready to win because there is 144 ways legitimate that horses can lose a race. I hear race fans get sora at touts after all he is guessing just like you. If you take his suggestion in a race and the horse wins, you think he you want to call the police so my suggestion is that you pick your own then you will feel more content either way your horse comes in. Here is a little hint to horse players. You take races that is one mile and one sixteenth or ever very seldom that a mare or a fillie wins one of these long races unless she is in company of one of her own sex. Nine times out of ten races a gelding or a horse will ou last a fillie or a

mare going over a distance of ground. You know it has been many a year since a female won the Kentucky Derby or any big stake. They just haven't got the stamina. Discovery, Gallant Fox, Man of War, War Admiral, Sea Biscuit, even the great horse, Johnstown, they are all male horses. So you see that why you lose bets on those last races. Some long shots always beat you because the best looking horse on form is always a female horse. Here is the last year winners for June 11, 1938.

- FIRST RACE— 1 My Model 2 Prince Peacock 3 It Keen
SECOND RACE— 1 Ded Wing Miss, long shot 2 Gold Return 3 Air Glide
THIRD RACE— 1 Gay Blade (long shot) 2 Clatsop Chief 3 Phyllis C
FOURTH RACE— 1 Susie Q (track record) 2 Claude Omar 3 Fervorita
FIFTH RACE— 1 Klister (long shot) 2 West Wichita 3 Marlie May
SIXTH RACE— 1 War Flight (long shot) 2 Royer Witch 3 Too Busy
SEVENTH RACE— 1 Air Zon 2 Flag Horn 3 Disaster

DARK LAUGHTER

by Ol Harrington



It's just like I said: Mr. Bootsie was sparring and sees an opening in this guys guard. He shoots a left, and he's flat on his back. Poor Mr. Bootsie.

UNITED CASH COAL WINS 15-4

By Richard Stanley

Well baseball fans, that old ball game started off like it was going to be a runaway for the white team in the very first inning. There was 3 walks and 3 errors which caused the other team to make 3 runs not earned by the sweat of their brow. Boy wasn't the fans hot in the second inning. The colored boys didn't score. It looked bad for them again. All of a sudden about 8 beautiful ladies appeared on the scene of action. Look says the boys in uniforms of the United Cash Coal, lets go to work and to work they went. Why the boys run in 11 runs before the hail storm put a halt to activities. Then came back in the 5th to run in 3 more. Why they batted around 2 times. The colored lads don't seem to be so hot on the defense but on the of-

fense. Why they batted the ball where there wasn't any body to catch it. Scott hit a triple and Barley got to second. John Owens hit a double, almost got thrown out at first. Bring on the rubbing alcohol the boys are a little stiff you know. They spend their idle time talking baseball and planning their Sunday plays. My suggestion is to practice more.

NEGROES URGED TO JOIN UNIONS

New York, June 22 (CNA)—Speakers who included the Rev. William Lloyd Innes and Rev. A. Clayton Powell this week urged all Negro cafeteria workers to join unions, at a meeting held under the auspices of the Greater New York Co-ordinating Committee for Employment at the St. James Presbyterian Church, St. Nicholas Avenue and 151st Street. The meeting also heard informative speeches by Manning Johnson, Business Agent, and Arthur Barry, Organizer, of the Cafeteria Employees Union, Local 302, A. F. of L. Arnold Johnson, executive secretary of the Co-ordinating committee, acted as chairman.

NOTICE! THE OMAHA GUIDE offers free service on all Church, social club and organization news. Mail telephone or bring to office at 2418 Grant St., before Wednesday noon for publication. Special coverage of big events, call Webster 1517. For your protection and ours, please write all handwritten copy legible.

Everybody is going? Where? To see the first Elks Dress Parade in motion pictures at Elks hall, June 30, July 1, 8:30 p. m.

NEURITIS

RELIEVE PAIN IN FEW MINUTES To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in a few minutes, get the Doctor's formula NURITOL. Dependable—no opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain, to your satisfaction in a few minutes or money back at Druggists. Don't suffer. Use NURITOL on this guarantee today.

JAGGED LOVE

By Herman J. D. Carter

CHAPTER III

Our Heroine is talking with Carl Smith, who has finally succeeded in getting a conversation with her. She is relating to him her past life. It seems they have found something congruent in each other.

Go on with the story "Did he deliberately kill your baby?" asked Carl. "No... not deliberately. You see the plane crashed... and he and my baby were both killed in the wreckage... after that my life wasn't worth living. I almost drifted into ruin... I... I..." She interrupted her statement with silence and wiped her eyes. Carl sat in a daze and pondered listlessly until the train's echoing whistle sounding in the distance, aroused him. "You know, there is something about you—something that makes me want to know you better," he said.

Willie smiled slowly as Carl's expression changed. "I'm sorry we'll have to part at the end of this trip," he finished. "Where're you going?" she asked. "New York." "Why, that's where I'm going; but not 'till tonight. I'm going to spend the day in Washington." "Where'll you live in New York?" he asked. "I don't know exactly. I think I'll be on Morningside Drive tomorrow unless they make..." She turned pale as some unwarranted information narrowly escaped her lips. Carl stared at her questioningly.

"What's the matter? Unless who makes what?" he asked. "Oh nothing," was the soft mysterious reply. He realized further questioning would be distasteful, and he wrote her name and address in his memorandum book. "Oh look! There are the Blue Ridge Mountains!" she exclaimed. "That's a beautiful sight!" he marveled. "As far as the eye can see, nothing but hills, finger-waved by God; some tip-toeing to hide their heads among the pallid clouds, please excuse me, I've got to go. I feel a poem." She smiled as he arose to take his former seat.

The train continued to rumble through the region of the mountains as they both observed the scenic beauty. She turned about after a bit and saw him slip his fountain pen on the inner pocket of his coat, fold an envelope and put it into his vest pocket. "Let's see it," she asked. "You wouldn't appreciate it now. It's in the rough. If you want to see some of my poetry, you may look at this one." He handed her a newspaper clipping from his pocket. She read it carefully and remarked: "Oh this is wonderful! Give it to me." "It's the only copy I have and I can't get that paper again. It's out of date. I keep a scrap book of all my works."

"You have lots of others already published. It looks like you could spare me this one."

Her lips parted with a tempting smile as something within him seemed to snap. "Oh alright, you can have it." "Autograph it for me." "Say, you act like I am a genius or some well established celeb," he smiled pulling out his fountain pen and scribbling his name on the bottom of the clipping. "Maybe you are, and modesty prevents you from telling me," she returned with a challenge. He smiled and handed her the autographed slip of paper.

The train rolled into the Washington, D.C. terminals. "I'll call you in New York," he said and left for the New York bound limited. He arrived that afternoon and secured his room and went out to get something to eat. At twilight he returned and dressed to go out on the streets of Harlem for the first time. As he walked down Seventh Ave. near 155th St., he marveled at the boulevard crowded with racing vehicles and noisy buses and people flitting rapidly up and down the side walks as if late for some destination which meant life or death. Sporting women with faces painted like marionettes and clad in one piece dresses and wearing no stockings, stood in door-ways and on the side walks smoking cigarettes, hoping to get the eye of some masculine prey.

As he reached 134th St., two girls approached him. They walked swiftly. He didn't notice them at first. Then he heard a voice: "Hello Mr. Carl." He turned with surprise and recognized Willie. "What on earth are you doing here so soon? I thought you were not going to leave Washington 'till tonight." "I thought so too; but I changed my mind, and caught the next train out after you left. What are you doing over here in this section of New York?" "Oh just scanning with an author's eye. What are you doing here?" "Find out next week in White's Specific's Serial. Use this product. It brings you the story each week. Help find a Negro writer by buying it."

THE FAIR SKIN CREAM WHITE'S SPECIFIC FACE CREAM (Bleach) Helps You Toward LIGHTER-CLEARER FAIRER SKIN 25c at Druggists or by Mail WHITE'S SPECIFIC TOILET CO. Nashville, Tenn.

EDUCATOR DESERTS CLASSROOM, TURNS DAIRYMAN, WINS SUCCESS IN 18 MONTHS

Atlanta, June 22 (ANP)—Reading like a page from a Horatio Alger story, the remarkable success achieved in 18 months by Dr. Wilfred B. Nathan has caused a stir in Georgia educational circles and given new meaning to the theory that real economic independence for the Negro is to be found on the farm.

Just 18 months ago, Dr. Nathan 39 professor of four degrees earned in this country and Europe, and a native of Jamaica, British West Indies, was serving as dean of education at Atlanta university. For 11 years he had been telling students of the possibilities of the Negro in agriculture, of the

boundless resources of nature and of the proved ability of Negroes to excel in any line of endeavor that wholeheartedly claims their attention and interest. Suddenly Dr. Nathan quit his position at Atlanta U., took up dairy farming, set about methodically to prove some of his classroom utterances and put into practice his theory that in agriculture and stock raising a man can make himself economically independent.

From an original investment of \$33,000—about \$25,000 in cash, the rest in mortgage loans and other credit—Dr. Nathan has developed in a year and a half modernly equipped, 100 acre, 90-cow dairy valued at \$60,000. He has met all his obligations, earned a satisfactory salary for himself, furnished profitable employment to 17 workers and provided good living conditions for five families. Located just five miles outside of Atlanta, Dr. Nathan's dairy plant has a \$3,500 deep-well water system, modern sterilization system, a \$3,000 refrigeration plant, filter room, laboratory room for

buter fat test and bacteria analyses and many other improved devices needed by the modern dairyman. Dr. Nathan has accomplished all this despite the fact he had no previous training in farming, no practical experience in commercial production of dairy products.

But, by having a clear objective and a determination to achieve it, Dr. Nathan has learned many things about dairy farming—that it requires close attention and supervision, a thorough system, knowledge of animal husbandry, feed crop production, land fertilization and improvement and many other farm rules, that once learned, spell the difference between success and failure.

Last week, Dr. Nathan commented on his successful farm venture, in part as follows: "With the proper training, the Negro is able to do anything that anybody else can. It is quite possible for us to become a productive race, because we have the strength and ability to work. What is needed is an exodus of trained youth from our economic and industrial in-

stitutions that will take the initiative creating small economic units that will provide work for skilled and unskilled people."

OFFICIAL SHOWS HOW MISSTATEMENTS DISCREDIT WORK OF WPA

MOST COMPLAINTS, AFTER INVESTIGATION, FOUND TO BE GROUNDFLESS

Washington, D. C. June 22 (ANP)—Discussing on Friday the subject 'Do WPA Workers Refuse Jobs in Private Industry?' Howard O. Hunter, WPA deputy administrator, declared the public is often misled by complaints of individuals that WPA-ers are "shovel leasers" and "if anyone offers them a job, they turn it down quicker than they can straighten up from the shovel handle."

As a case in point, the deputy administrator stated that Collier's magazine had published part of a letter from a Mr. J. C. Richabarger of Vinton, Texas, which complained that a friend of the writer had tried to hire a woman named

Marie to do housework, but could not get her because she was on a WPA sewing project at \$40 a month. Also her daughter a WPA-er, was getting \$38 a month; her son, in the CCC, was getting \$30 a month, and her husband, Miguel was working for relief at \$12 a week.

Mr. Hunter stated, "Our investigator tracked down the man who was supposed to have discovered the family in the story, and he said it had happened to him, it was just sort of legend in the district based on something which was supposed to have happened several years ago before there was any WPA in existence. He couldn't give the names of the original cases or of any others. The whole thing had just been 'a good story.' That was all."

Another complaint came in the form of a telegram signed by six men and sent from Dexter, Ga., declaring that farmers in that section were threatened with loss of crops because WPA had all surplus labor. "The grain was falling down in the fields and the grass was taking the crops. Couldn't some arrangement be made to get WPA labor back to the farms?" Mr. Hunter said the inquiry revealed the following: "The six gentlemen were visited by an investigator right off the bat. Three of them were very much surprised. They said they'd never signed any such telegram. All said there was no shortage at the present. None of them needed workers. As for the man who really sent the telegram—a Mr. Clayton Nicholson—he was out of town and could not be reached. The investigator asked his wife, 'Did he need any workers?' No, he had needed some the year before, but didn't want any now. So, with all the stories. They are told by someone who has an axe to grind. They are a form of wish-fulfillment."

COLORED EX-SERVICE MEN ASK WHY NOT COLORED TROOPS IN THE REAL GLORY "PHILIPPINE WAR PICTURE"

Hollywood, June 24 (ANP) — While preparations were going forward for the production of "The Real Glory" at Sam Goldwyn studio, local colored foreign war veterans wondered why the film written around the Philippine campaign of the Spanish-American war did not include colored troops. There are many men here who while in the 10th calvary and other regiments fought against the savage Moros there. All other details as to weapons, etc., were faithfully reproduced.

Sports Headliners

Joe Louis advertisement featuring a large illustration of him and the text 'JOE LOUIS'.

by CLAYER



HOW WILL LOUIS MEET GALENTO'S CRASHING LEFT? - REMEMBER - A PUNCHER ALWAYS HAS A CHANCE

Cartoon illustration of a man with a speech bubble and names of athletes: WALKER, SULLIVAN, LANGFORD, BELLY, GOER, NELSON, DEMRSEY, FITZ, JEFFRIES, R. CLAY.

WHY DAT FAT L'L MAN WANT TO CALL ME A BUM? THERES A REVENGE MOTIF.

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