

Trail Blazers, In Defiance of the Klan

By Ben Davis (Associate Editor, CNA)

In a quiet manner bespeaking courage and determination, Samuel B. Solomon, 38 year old Negro leader of Miami, Fla., told the amazing story of how he led 1,500 of his people to the polls in Miami last May 2, despite Ku Klux terror.

"I don't know how it was done, and I can hardly tell it. But I know it was done, I never would be able to stay in the city now if the Negroes hadn't supported me by voting, and if a lot of white people hadn't helped me," he said modestly.

Solomon told his story in a special interview with the Crusader News Agency at 105 W. Leigh St., Richmond, Va., where he was stopping while attending the 30th Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, held recently in that city.

"One thing I do know, the Negroes are going to vote from now on in Miami, Klan or no Klan. The days of frightening us out of our rights by the use of white sheets are long gone," he went on.

Solomon is about five feet, seven in height, slender, and weighs about 135 pounds. He speaks scarcely above a whisper, and is very retiring in manner. He talks deliberately, is shy about making speeches, but "willing to tell my story and over again if it will help other Negroes to vote."

He has a stubborn, fearless poker face which lights up occasionally when he engages, almost unwittingly, in biting sarcasm and humor. He is a printer by trade, but is now an undertaker in Miami.

Action Gains Results

"Since we voted, the grand jury has condemned 10 blocks of slums in the Negro districts. I left the city surveying the Negro section for pavements, never before in the town. And with the assistance of the Federal Government, we are going to have some low-rent houses," Solomon said, recounting some of the achievements which have already begun since the historic vote of May 2.

The young leader told a story of sitting in his home with his greased Winchester in his lap, awaiting the Klan, and how 350 Negroes, equipped for anything stood determined to defend their homes if necessary.

"Some of the newspapers said that the Reds were behind us. But there was no connection between us and any other organization. Many organizations supported us, including the longshoremen," Solomon explained.

"This was such a setback to the Klan, that they quit wearing their robes, broke off from the parent organization. The robes we saw them wear just made us grit our teeth with determination to vote."

"We told Miami we had decided to challenge the Klan for our lawful democratic rights," he went on.

The history making vote of Miami Negroes was flashed all over the country last May 2, when 1,500 Negroes walked by all sorts of Klan terror to vote for the first time in 20 years. Reactionary officials had gone unchallenged in their brazen nullification of the 15th Amendment to the Constitution. There were city ordinances to the effect that Negroes were not allowed in the white section of the jim-crow city after dark, unless employed there, or had special passes. Other democratic rights were wantonly violated.

The night before the election the Ku Klux Klan distributed in the Negro neighborhoods throwaways which said the following: "Respectable Negro citizens are not voting Tomorrow—Niggers stay away from the polls, KKK." "But that didn't scare us any," Solomon said, "when the Negroes read that they knew they had to vote. They knew they'd have to put people in office who wouldn't stand for such hooded tactics.

"Then something else happened. That same night I rode out in my car, and ran smack into the biggest Klan parade I ever saw. There were 73 carloads of night-shirt guys and a truck in front loaded down with crosses. They were burning these fiery crosses on every corner of the Negro neighborhood.

"So I went to my office, more and more determined to vote. I found there about fifty Negroes

who asked me what I was going to do, I said, "Vote." They said "that's all we want," and at the same time they took out their Winchesters and muskets. They were ready along with 300 more, for anything.

"The editor of the Miami Herald called me and asked me whether the Ku Klux Klan had been to see me. I replied No, but he could send them down if they wanted to.

Ice Cream Failed

Solomon explained that one of the candidates for City Commission said he didn't want a "single Negro vote," but he later lived to regret it. The candidate J. T. Christiansen, head of the Miami Ice Cream and Dairy Company, sold ice cream at the Negro junior high school. The children posted slogans which read: "Mr. Christiansen doesn't want our votes, and we don't want his ice cream."

"Then Mr. Christiansen, repudiated his repudiation of the Negro vote. But it was too late, and he had to withdraw from the race," Solomon said with hardly a ripple in his face. "And by the way," he added, "Mr. Christiansen didn't sell any more ice cream."

The platform around which Miami Negroes rallied to vote was for: better sanitary conditions; paved streets and sidewalks; elimination of slums; garbage and rubbish to be removed from streets; parks and improved hospital; and protection for Negro women and children. It was a platform of struggle for practically any Negro community anywhere in America. "A lot of them said this platform made me a Red," Solomon said.

Asked whether they hadn't passed a law since May, to keep Negroes from voting, Solomon replied:

"Yes, they passed such a law. They railroaded it through the legislature and it's unconstitutional. We're not bothered about it. We are going to fight it. We're going to register and vote in Miami next time not 1,400 strong, but six to ten thousand strong. That's our answer."

Solomon's story is a product of the new and developing progressive South, and will in turn inspire the whole right to vote movement in the South today.

WATSON, BATISTE TO GO ABROAD

Lincoln, Neb. Aug. 3 (ANP)—A. U. meet here last Monday and Tuesday Joe Batiste, 18 year old high school hurdler from Tuscon, Ariz., found himself a member, along with Bill Watson of Michigan of the 10 man American track team who will compete in the international games to be held in London Aug. 7.

Batiste won the high hurdles after Fred Wolcott of Rice, generally recognized as the greatest in the world today, stumbled over the eighth and ninth sticks and came in second. But the AAU consistently names winners of the national championships, no matter how surprising their victories may be. Although most of the selections committee felt Wolcott should be chosen, after several hours of wrangling, the bid went to Batiste.

Watson failed to win a championship but was picked because of his versatility. The 10 Americans must compete in 14 events. The Michigan star is Big 10 champion in the discus, shot put and broad jump and also can high jump and throw the javelin.

THE GODS OF THE GOD

By William Henry Huff for ANP
The gods of golk
Will never hold
A lure supreme for me
For I am told
From days of old
They held perdition's key.

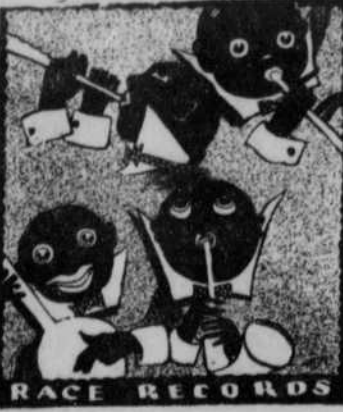
One God alone
I call my own—
One only do I need;
Before his throne
We must atone
For every act and deed.

SILLY

Anne What fools some women are!

Nan—Why?
Anne—Well, if you give your husband too much rope can you blame him if he skips.

RATING THE RECORDS



(by Frank Marshall Davis for ANP)

OLDTIMER JOHNNY DODDS

Back in the 1920's, Johnny Dodds ruled clarinetists just as Benny Goodman does today. Many ace blackstick men have learned plenty from his heavy New Orleans style. Bluebird has just re-issued four of his most representative platters. INDIGO STOMP, (1929) and BLUE PIANO STOMP (1928), trio; WEARY CITY (1928) and BULL FIDDLE BLUES (1928) and washboard band; TOO TIGHT and GOOBER DANCE, and MY LITTLE ISABEL and HEAH ME TALKIN' TO YA, all in 1929 by the hot six. Of this group, "TOO TIGHT" has never before been released.

Most of these numbers are slow blues. Playing with Johnny are his brother, Baby Dodds, outstanding drummer; Lil Armstrong, pianist; Natty Domanique trumpeter, and several musicians whose names are not known. They did not bother with trick arrangements and exhibitionism, but concentrated on producing sincere jazz of the original New Orleans type, and these records will draw enthusiastic applause from those of us who have tired of the 1939 killer-diller performances.

Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard and the boss, Duke Ellington are represented on three new releases. Hodges, my favorite alto saxophonist, does a Wayne King on that sweet and dreamy YOU CAN COUNT ON ME and then gets swingy as the devil on KITCHEN MECHANIC'S DAY for Vocalion. A fine double with two types of music. Clarinetist Bigard's group supports the Quintones, a wonderful new rhythm singing unit, on the Vocalion of CHEW CHEW CHEW and UTT-DA-ZAY. A natural for the jitterbugs. Duke's band revives his COTTON CLUB STOMP in modern manner on Brunswick coupled with IN A MIZZ, the latter with Ivie Anderson warbling. Typical Ellington with some grand Rex Stewart trumpet on the Mizz side.

The Three Peppers, making their bow on Decca, are a natural for swing fans. They are a vocal trio with piano, bass, guitar and drums. Bob Howard is spotted on vocal and piano. Titles are LOVE GROWS ON THE WHITE OAK TREE and SWING OUT UNCLE WILSON. Art Shaw's new Bluebird of OCTOROON is something to rave about, with highly effective muted trumpet and Shaw clarinet in indigo mood. The coupling is ALL I REMEMBER IS YOU. Vocalion has also reissued Art Shaw combine of JUST YOU, JUST ME and IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO. Okay if you're a confirmed Shaw fan.

Billie Holiday has a Class-A performance on YESTERDAY and I GOT A RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES, both thoroughly inspired, and with a great band backing her. There's a particularly brilliant alto sax solo. This platter is published by Commodore Music Shops. Gene Krupa, who hasn't been hitting himself go of late, has a fit on the tom-toms in JUNGLE MADNESS. Swell swing, with soft coupling of YOU TAUGHT ME TO LOVE AGAIN. A Brunswick. The rapidly rising Toppers have a version of Limehouse BLUES that's a honey, with Joe Gordiana playing his fiddle to pieces. Don't care as much for MISTER ARISTOCRAT, the other side of this Vocalion.

After a long absence, the Raymond Scott Quintet, ace players of descriptive jabb, produce for Brunswick the charming IN AN 18TH CENTURY DRAWING ROOM coupled with BOY SCOUT IN SWITZERLAND a much hotter tune. At the same time Brunswick has released MR. RENARD'S NIGHTMARE and PLAIN JANE by Sidney Phillips, called the "Raymond Scott of England." This

DARK LAUGHTER

OL HARRINGTON



An wonder why the big boss still calls this a pleasure cruise?

is some of the most brilliant swing to come out of England in many moons. Both discs are good, but of the two I prefer Phillips'. Larry Clinton has a clever and tricky arrangement of IN A PERSIAN some good tenor sax. The coupling MARKET for Victor featured by is POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL. If you care for cowboy music, then gray up RED RIVER VALLEY and CARRY ME BACK TO THE LONE PRAIRIE by Redd Evans with combines this kind of stuff with good swing. One reason is that Teddy Wilson and Buster Bailey are in the band.

ANOTHER NEGRO GETS APPOINTMENT

Washington, D. C.— Frank L. Williams, principal of the Vashon High School in St. Louis, Mo., has been appointed a member of the housing authority of that city, according to information received here last week by Nathan Straus, Administrator of the United States Housing Authority.

The appointment of the St. Louis educator and civic leader brings to a total of 21 the number of Negroes now serving on local authorities in cities throughout the country. Long a leader in the community life of St. Louis, Mr. Williams is chairman of the Board of Managers of the Pine Street Y.M.C.A., member of the Board of Curators of Lincoln University of Missouri, and president of the New Age Building and Loan Association.

Endorsing the appointment, The ST. LOUIS ARGUS asserts: "In the selection of Mr. Williams as a representative of the colored people of this community, we think Mayor made a fine choice, for Mr. Williams is a man of honor and integrity and had had a wide experience in the business field, particularly along real estate lines."

Negro membership on local housing authorities has been urged by Mr. Straus. Addressing the Second National Conference on the Problems of the Negro and the South, the USHA Administrator said: "In every community in which there is a large Negro population living in the slums, it seems to me fitting, proper and reasonable that one member of the local housing authority should be a member of that race."

Among the 21 Negro members of local housing authorities are three women: Mrs. Jesse L. Terry, clubwoman and civic leader, recently appointed to the Los Angeles authority; Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, educator and NYA executive, Daytona Beach, Fla.; and Mrs. Hattie E. Clark, social worker, Charleston, West Va.

Other housing commissioners include Dr. W. Harry Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joseph W. Bowers, Orange, N. J.; Major Robert A. Byrd, Springfield, Ill.; George W. Crawford, New Haven, Conn.; C. L. Ennix, Nashville, Tenn.; J. Everett Harris, Louisville, Ky.; the Rev. William K. Hopes, Hartford, Conn.; Clay E. Hunter, Canton, Ohio; C. Sylvester Jackson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Richard F. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Harold A. Lett, Newark, N. J.; George B. Murphy,

LIVE IN. And the Harlem Ham-Fats combine rhythm with Albert Smith's voice on the Vocalion of YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAST GOOD TIME WITH ME and SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY MIND.

KOMOTAN



By KORAC
THE DISCOVERY

Records came up behind the Indian while Zaner leaped upon him from the front! The native uttered a startled cry and suddenly became transformed into a fighting demon!

"Hold him!" yelled Leo. "Try to tackle him, John!"
The Indian was all action; his arms flew in all directions but Zaner continued to hold him in a powerful iron-clad grip. Suddenly seeing that he was losing the battle against two very hardened adversaries, the Indian feigned submission. When Leo noticed this, he released his grip while Records did likewise. Taking advantage of the momentary lull in the struggle, the native made a final desperate effort to escape his captors. With a sudden twist, the Indian threw Zaner and Records completely off balance! Leo's head landed hard against the ground floor and the explorer lost consciousness! Records, however, did not fare so badly—he was only stunned by the sudden thrust.

Zaner managed to rise to his feet a moment later and grin. "I can't see what you're smiling about," remarked John Records, "that bump on your head is as large as an egg."

Leo felt his head sheepishly. "I'll probably live; too bad he got away."

"We'll get him yet," prophesied the older man. "Besides he left me a memento—some sort of belt. I grabbed it off him as he pulled away."

"Good work, John. One thing I am sure of: the Indian is certainly not Bolo."

"Of course not. Bolo is much smaller; I did suspect Bolo when he deserted us."

The adventurers had a good night's sleep, and after breakfast Records mentioned something about the belt.

Leo said, "As far as I can see, this belt was made by a master craftsman; the designing is almost like anything I have ever seen before, except in books."

"I have been studying the belt for two hours," spoke Records. "Now I think that I know where it comes from!"

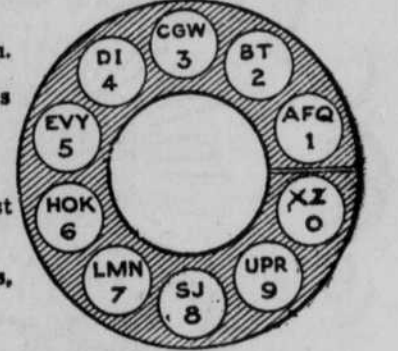
SOLUTION ON PAGE 12

WORD SQUARES

The numbers, 1 to 9, on the board refer to the arithmetical and alphabetical notations on the dial. The test of skill consists in forming a magic square reading five words across and five words down, as defined. Pick the right letter for each and every space to obtain a complete solution.

HORIZONTAL
First Row—Extort money.
Second Row—Musical composition.
Third Row—Excel in any way.
Fourth Row—Tapper who snares with contrivances.
Fifth Row—Wants.

VERTICAL
First Row—American abolitionist hanged in Virginia.
Second Row—Man's nickname.
Third Row—We suggest nous.
Fourth Row—Sharp.
Fifth Row—Passageways.



2	7	5	5	4
9	6	7	4	6
6	9	7	3	6
3	4	9	5	9
7	5	5	4	8



(Paris)
"Let's go over again to the bird market by the river," cried Betsy, as our travelers, Sam and Betsy and Mr. Van, walked along a street early in the morning. "I like that best of anything we've seen in Paris, and we didn't see all the birds yesterday anyway."

A few moments walking brought them once more to the bird market, where the birds, in the morning sunlight, were singing as loud as they could, all the songs they knew. They stopped in front of a shop, with a huge red parrot hanging in the doorway, who scolded Gyp for all he was worth.

Suddenly a little French boy dashed out of the shop and joined them. "So this is the little dog's owner," he said. "I found him the other day running around the market by himself. He was lost, so I took him home with me and he was very good, too. Except at first, he did not like Pierre, but later they became fast friends and slept together all night in Pierre's box."

Sam and Betsy and Mr. Van thanked the little French boy for taking care of Gyp and then Betsy asked:

"Who is Pierre?"
"Do you not know Pierre," laugh-

ed the French boy, "then you must see him sometime. Pierre is the biggest, fattest goose in all Paris, and he has many, many tricks that he will do for you."

"Show him to us," cried Betsy, "we'd love to see him, and so would Gyp."

"Oh, but I cannot," replied their new friend, "because he left this morning with my grandmother to go out to her farm in the country. Tomorrow morning is the Fair, and Pierre is to be shown among all the other geese around the countryside, and we are going there to see him take first prize."

"Then let us go, too, Mr. Van," begged Betsy, "it would be fun to see a country Fair while we are in France."

"And we'll see Pierre the goose take first prize," shouted Sam. "Oh, be sure to come," cried the French boy. "My Grandmother has ironed out a wide blue ribbon for Pierre to wear around his long white neck, and every one will be there; it is a gala day."

When Mr. Van said yes, they would go to the Fair next day, Sam and Betsy filled the bird market with shouts of delight and parted promising to meet the French boy next day at the Fair.