

THE ARIZONA GLEAM

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MEMBER ASSOCIATED NEGRO PRESS

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OUR POLICY

We array ourselves as the parties of NO individual, group or party. In defending the great cause of human rights, we wish to derive the assistance of races, religions and parties. Assenting to the "self-evident truth" maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," we shall strenuously contend for equality of justice, and the right of life, liberty and happiness unhampered by petty prejudices, and for the political freedom of the Negro.

OUR PLATFORM

1. The employment of Negroes in all public works supported by public utilities or from any tax fund from which Negroes are not exempt.
2. Race employees in all businesses which are patronized largely by our group.
3. Aid and encourage Negro enterprises.
4. Broadcast facts of the health restorative facilities of our climate.
5. Encourage and advocate the buying of homes and the creating of bank accounts among Negroes.
6. To fight prejudice and discrimination.
7. The advancement of the race educationally, morally and spiritually.

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Around and About

By FLOYD L. EASTER

Well, last week went into a local doctor's office, and when I gave the office girl my name, darned if she didn't start complimenting my poetry that used to be warbled over KOY occasionally. She began "shooting the bull" about how much she liked it. Was she really telling the truth, or just being "kind" to my feelings.

Decided that whoever writes some of these bridge hands that appear in the columns of papers must either be a dope, or a darned big optimist. The hands they print are whom-dingers to some that I pick up. And I've played for six and seven hours at a time without getting over five cards of one suit in any hands, so the hands

they print with eight and nine cards in a suit headed by ace, king queen must either be picked out or never existed at all. Or am I just getting pessimistic about hands.

Heard a little sketch over the radio about an editor who was howling for news from some of his reporters. At the hospital, an old Italian fellow was waiting for his wife and his youngster. He got the youngster, but not the wife. Understand? Of course he was broken hearted, and robbed of everything that meant life to him. Another occasion was the pilot of an Army mail plane. He was trapped in the fog, and doubted if he could clear the mountains in his path. He radioed the landing field

and told them to tell his wife goodbye and the usual course of last salutations. After about a half hour after he should have landed, all ground crews gave up hope for him. About ten minutes later, he landed; minus his landing gear that had struck the mountain, barely missing wrecking the plane. A few other instances similar to the above were mentioned, but the editor would not accept any of them for NEWS. Finally he heard a rumor that some big shot was going to fill bankruptcy papers. He nearly went wild with ecstasy. Here was a story people would like to read about. Someone was gonna get drug through the mud. Now I would much rather read about the other happenings, although they might not have been more important to the editor of that pulp paper sheet. Would you? After all, the really touching and feeling occurrences aren't printed. Those happenings that really mean life and death to individuals.

The Arizona Gleam endeavors to give you the news that you will be interested in, while it is still news. The news of those vital things in life. We will never know if you are being satisfied with the news you are getting unless you let us know just what is wrong, just what you would like discontinued, and just what you want to read about most. A postal card or telephone call is all that is needed to give you what you want to know about. And if any of these columns are getting in your hair (except this one. It's always in everybody's hair) we want to know about that too. It all depends on you whether you get what you want to read about, or whether you have to be satisfied with what someone else wants to know about.

"Peter Called The Great" written by Maurice Bethell Jones; (\$3.00). This is fictionized history, a novel about a man whose title of great was really and truly justified, at least in terms of physical magnitude and \$Europewide achievements. And if history justifies fictionizing it is the obscure, confused contradictory history of Russia. The novelist begins with the Gargantuan youth on his way back from his brief civilizing period in England and Holland, to a Russia full of intrigue and rebellion.

What follows is personal history; the debauchery and massacres of a barbarian; the ruthless governing of a despot; the really magnificent assaults of an autocrat determined to force his barbarous country out of medievalism

during a lifetime. With the political and social aspects of this history, we are familiar. Mr. Jones has told his story from the inside. It is of Peter's personal life with his mistress, his wife, his friends, his enemies, his fellow plotters against the weaknesses of Europe, that we read. What this book gives is probable dramatic history, that is, fiction. The attempt is to make this barbarian with a skin-deep culture credible and in this the novelist has done his best and is often successful. The reader who knows his Russian history only in brief outline will certainly get a sense of reality from this novel. But he must have a taste for history, and sensibilities not too delicate and whimsical.

I often wonder if people ever stop to think of, and appreciate all the modern conveniences that science has placed at our disposal in our homes. The radio, electric refrigerator and fireless cooker, airmail, automobiles, and myriad other pleasures and labor savers. When we turn on the radio, we take it for granted that the room will immediately be flooded with music, or the chimes from Big Ben in London. Very few of us ever think of the magnificent networks and contrivances that are necessary for such services. We merely throw a switch and the room is immediately made as bright as day. We mail a letter in New York City and one-and-a-half days later the letter is delivered on the opposite coast.

People, or most of them, fail to appreciate those conveniences just as they fail to appreciate their present condition, when they are far better off than their neighbor. The fellow who usually grumbles is the fellow who should be thankful that he is in the position that he is, and that is usually a pretty good one, considering the plight of other people. A good job, good health and a happy family, is to be considered by anyone as a very happy and contented life but usually we find something to grumble about, when our neighbor is scuffling trying to get a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk. Think of what we have, and not of what we don't have, and we all will be much better off. Whad d'ya think.

Minute Meanderings: I wonder why every one rushes off an elevator when it stops on the ground floor. I nearly get trampled every time I ride one of the darned things. I'm all fixed now, though. As soon as the door opens, I make a dash for the opening, and, at

(Continued on page 7)