

# NATIONAL GRAPEVINE

By CHARLEY CHEROKEE

## THE DIES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU

Smart a year ago, liberals and colored people called Martin Dies dirty names, sneered at his investigations, and signed anti-Dies Committee petitions. Since the Russia-Finland incident and the Fifth Column scare and other by-products of the German "Blitz" methods, brother Dies is the "White Haired Boy" of the era. Many signers of anti-Dies petitions have had their action boomerang to their discomfiture. Others, many of them government workers, are uneasy in their sleep.

## PHAMUS PHEUD

Bitter, despite surface gentility, a smouldering feud at Howard university flames up again. Management of the H. U. Art Gallery, having pushed that institution into national prominence as a gallery, art center, and cultural dispensary, tears its hair (blond and brunette) because Dr. Alain Locke of philosophy, is recognized as the leading authority on Negro art.

Locke gets all the invites to serve on art committees and write ARTicles for snooty magazines. Currently the management is incoherent because Locke has been appointed to the National Art Week Committee and because he sniffs audibly at the measly \$1,700 raised for the Marian Anderson government-building mural. To date there has been no physical violence.

## POLITICS

An avalanche of Republican publicity is planned for the last two weeks, such as has never before been witnessed. Radio speeches and transcribed skits, loud-speaker autos, posters on streets, in every empty store and on cars, handbills, buttons and soapbox oratory are some of the devices to be employed in making "Willkie" a household word. It's the old advertising psychology of wearing down sales resistance by sheer repetition. It looks as if voters will either vote for Willkie because they just can't get the name out of their heads or will refuse to vote for him because they are fed up with the name and darn tired of hearing and seeing it. It won't be long now. Win or lose the Republicans will have spent many a dollar. The records won't show all the money spent, but it proves which party is the party of the rich man.

## THIRTEENTH COLUMN

The real problem annoying the army is not what to do with colored people but what to do with the "Uhangl Boys" and some other draftees who look like father and act like mother. These er . . . persons, many of them fine physical specimens and in perfect health are looking forward to camp life with keen anticipation.

## MUD SLINGING

About that "smearing." Colored campaign worker Ray who had to be the goat, was in Washington urging

colored government workers to contribute to the Democratic Campaign fund, when his secretary in New York inadvertently sent out that statement on Willkie instead of sending it to Rainey for consideration. Republicans say: "A damnable and indefensible attempt to smear the character by reference to alleged German ancestry." Democrats say: "Queer, a guy who has been calling the President a 'Dictator' and a lot of worse things, can't take it. Besides it's true Negroes used to be chased out of Elwood, Ind."

## MOON OVER U STREET

"You" street, ever-interesting axis around which Washington's Negro life revolves, offers this one: Pay-day lines are long at savings and checking windows of the one colored bank, which surviving depressions, is insured by the government. Biggest business goes on at the note window but there is never any line there. Prosperous Washingtonians borrowing money for cars, fur coats, etc., don't want poor savings-depositing Washingtonians to know anything about their business. So the procedure is to put payment hook and necessary cash in an envelope, walk briskly up to the note window looking very rushed and important, shove it through and say: "Take care of this. I'll pick up the hook later." Poor depositors standing sheep-like at the savings window, say to themselves: "Ah! A big shot!"

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Panhandlers in Washington now blow whiskey breath in your face and say in their best good-honest-American-working-man manner: "Mister, I'm on my way to the Norfolk Navy Yard, let me have a dime to help me on my way."