

Native Son

By Robert Adelson

The story of a young negro, bewildered by the apparent injustices of the world he lives in, and rebellious against it, is excellently portrayed by Canada Lee in Orson Welles directed, *Native Son*. The play, unlike many plays based upon novels, does not lose sight of the underlying message and theme of the mother work, *Native Son*, by Richard Wright.

Bigger Thomas, a negro youth of Chicago's south side, appears before us in each of ten scenes, and with each successive appearance we glean new understanding of his character and makeup. Bigger, early in life, lost his father to a southern lynch mob. After this, the family, composed of Bigger, his mother, Hannah Thomas, a pious and righteous woman, his sister Vera, who wanted to make something of herself, and his younger brother, Buddy, moved to Chicago in search of freedom from poverty and violence. In Chicago they found their poverty-stricken lot unimproved—the family on the relief roles. Bigger, in response to these life-sapping influences, became surly and cynical. Only when he is given a job, as chauffer and handy-man, do we see that Bigger is anxious and struggling to rid himself of the slavery to which poverty and his color subject him. Even then, however, he is in great awe of his employer, Mr. Dalton, and of the entire Dalton household.

Especially is he fearful of Mary Dalton, dilettante radical, who wants to "understand" Bigger. He commits the first "real" crime of his life, when in panic-stricken thoughtlessness he smothers Mary with a pillow in order to stop her from making any sounds which would have betrayed his presence in her room — he had brought

her there because she was too drunk to make it herself. In an effort to cover up his crime he stuffs Mary Dalton's body into the furnace.

The last two scenes serve as a medium for a final resume, where Bigger's case with all of its implications is formulated and laid bare, as it were, for the final driving home to the audience of the thesis of the author. Mr. Max, the defense attorney at Bigger's trial, brings out in his summation to the jury that although Bigger's guilt cannot be questioned, Bigger is not guilty, alone, that his case is an evidence of a "cancerous" growth, an illness of our society. He points out that as long as we have slums and areas from which negroes are restricted, as long as negroes are discriminated against in factories and in schools, as long as there are lynch mobs and tar and feather parties in the south, as long as there is Jim Crowism in our armed forces, and as long as the negro is not accepted as an integral part of our society on an equal basis with all others, so long shall the case of Bigger Thomas remain unclosed.

In the final scene, Bigger realizes, with the help of Mr. Max, that his struggle is not against men of different color than he, for here are white men who subject other white men to the same conditions that Bigger experienced, but against those things—slums, poverty, filth, and disease—which white men and black experience alike. Bigger with this realization feels for the first time that he is alive and as we leave him he seals his bond of consciousness by shaking Mr. Max's hand.

Although the entire cast acted with great sincerity and feeling, Canada Lee, an exceptionally versatile man, stood out brilliantly in his facial portrayal of the complex character of Bigger Thomas. He never, from beginning to end, relinquished the undivided attention of his audience.

Blitzkrieg!

Time to start cluckin' through my cha-
peau again, cut through the haze caused
by all you who connive to set this old
world afire, and emerged begrimed and be-
smearred with a few charred bits of chal-
lenges and charges.

HAIR WE COME

And speaking of challenges, Dr. Boder
issues one to all of our boys who cavort
about with those sawed off hair do's. Or
maybe he's trying to instigate a bit of hair
raising competition with Bernice Falk's
three inch amputation performed last week
on that hank o' hair. Even the good Doc-
tor's accessories received a trimming!! And
with winter coming on!! Speaking of 'hanks'
and 'bobs,' and while in the department of
little blocks, puzzles, and gruesome gad-
gets, Bob "Tiny Tim" Meyer has been defi-
nitely proved subnormal by Hank Pachowicz.
Seems our boy Bob just couldn't get in the
groove with the Ferguson Form Board.
Really gettin' in character for his first star-
ring role of Hank Aldrich (tickets .40 in
the business office or from any member of
the cast.) Bob popped up with the intelli-
gence of a 15-year-old. But ya can't fool us
with that beard, fella.

WANTED!

Dr. Countryman lost his bubbles!! So if
you have any spare box tops in your jerkin,
be sure to shake 'em out and forward them
to Dr. Countryman, the Double Bubble
Blower Demon. Seems the Doctor's little
contraption is a bit in the nil department in
regard to a few more highly essential nuts
and bolts. That Dr. Countryman may blow
bigger and better bubbles, all contributions
will be gratefully accepted.

TRIO TROUBLE

Triple trouble has Floyd Winn these
days. The old Winn ticker gives forth in

triple-quick time. Not one, or two, but three
devastating distractions have laid siege
to his heart, and scored a right smart hunk
of blitzkrieg!! Those liltin' lassies of lyrics
and stuff, Alda, Jane and Mary, really slid
over those sharps and flats a week ago
Saturday night at Northwestern. The croon-
in' chicks clucked on the three numbers be-
they realized the mike was daider'n a door-
nail. Testing, one . . . two . . . three.

Hurry-up man in the chem. department
is Maurice J. Murray. So anxious to adjourn
the meeting of the Flask and Beaker Bri-
gade, that he doused the glimmer in dou-
ble quick time so as to grab some unsus-
pecting pups by the tail in Ye Olde Cafe.
Methinks that such an able alchemist as
"Hurry" Murray should be able to synthe-
size Ersatz vitamins without leaving the
kiddies in the dark.

Really on the ball last Saturday night
were our boys when they dribbled around
the University of Chicago ball boys. Dot-
tie "X" Giambelluca really holdin' that line
with John "Skip" Carroll, pigskin carrier
for Marquette at same basketball game.

Public Nuisance number 2,7890 in the
book, is Howie "Hold that Pose" Reiser.
Cuttin' himself a mean hunk of blackmail
is this lad, with that infernal machine.
Candidly speaking, he's just another flash
in the pan!!

Well, gotta go and plunk down my forty
cents for "What a Life," (tax included)
from either the business office or any
member of the cast. And also here's a re-
minder concerning the Gamma Rho Snow-
drift, December 19. So get out your snow-
shoes and prepare to make tracks to the
affair with the rest of us.

THE SIXTH COLUMNIST

HE DOUBLES IN DANGER!

STUNT ACE MALCOLM POPE, WHO DOUBLES FOR THE STARS,
CRASHED THE MOVIES AT 60 MILES AN HOUR

An Outboard Steeplechase at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida

THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OUT. HEY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!

THAT'S MALCOLM POPE LEADING

WAIT'LL THEY HIT THE FIRE HAZARD

I'D WANT TO BE DOING MORE THAN 60 THROUGH THAT STUFF

SUPPOSE THEY SPILLED—OR STALLED?

40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump

The Last Hazard!

THE ONLY FINISHER—AND THE WINNER—MALCOLM POPE!

GREAT RACE, POPE. I'VE GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR YOU. LET'S CLINCH IT WITH A CAMEL

A CAMEL ALWAYS GOES WITH A HAPPY ENDING. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL. SWELL FLAVOR—AND THEY'RE Milder BY FAR, WITH LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE!

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I WANT

Malcolm Pope, Stunt Ace

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to

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