

## BUD SAYS IT

Friend Tony: I trust this will find you well and enjoying the best of health. I close my engagement here during the holidays. Now, before I begin throwing hints I shall in brief give you my plans for the winter. After spending a few days in Atlantic City with my sister I will leave for Palm Beach, Fla., where I expect to entertain during the winter season. Also will do a bit of scouting for some real talent for my company, which will open the summer season about the 25th of June, either at New London, Conn., or Westerly, R. I., playing all New England resorts. I am also writing a new play. In this play the modern or new Negro will be introduced, not overlooking or eliminating that usual pep and wit which places him above all others as an entertainer. This play is built of 20th century material, eliminating the extreme ante-bellum or Uncle Tom variety. I think the Negro producer as well as performer will do the stage or profession a great favor by doing away with smut and low comedy, the chicken, razor and watermelon stuff and ideas. Just as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" died, so is the old minstrel waning. For the benefit of the profession let us also bury the old, disgraceful vulgarity professionally known as smut. Also the old, stale, worn-out Uncle Tom ideas of entertainment should be forgotten. Now, in this city we have two theaters owned and controlled by the Race. Still, at many performances there are plenty of vacant seats. There is also in this city a large movie house owned by a Jew. At every performance the house is filled to capacity with Race patrons. And why? Well, I guess they are getting what they want. Now, I will admit the management is not always to blame. The manager is not always in position to know what he is getting. So it is up to the agent and producer to weigh carefully, and what is found wanting should be sent back for repairs. In that way I feel that the profession will be very much benefited. Now there is a certain company I think simply plays hide-and-seek just around New York and Philadelphia. About every three months this company plays here—same old play, slightly changed; same faces, but a brand new name. All over the city the question is asked: "Well, are you going to the show this week?" Answer: "Oh, no. It is the same old thing. I can see too much razor carving and rotten candidates running for mayor, or something in the streets of the city. No, I am going to the movies, where I can see something with class." Now, that is the sentiment of the majority of the theatergoers here, and, I believe, the country over. Some of our performers of today seem to think that as soon as they can do the shimmy and commit to memory a few lines of low comedy and bellow the blues they are supreme performers. I wish they really knew just what is thought of them by the majority of their audiences. We are living in a new age, and it is high time for at least the majority of our producers and performers to bring something new and elevating to the Race. Our people are growing more and more intelligent, and today they are no longer satisfied with living in the past. And to interest them we should bring them something worth while—something that will measure up to the growing demand. While playing Spartanburg, S. C., the "World's Greatest Weekly" can be secured from my son, Master Vincent D. White, 475 St. John St.—Yours truly, W. Bolken "Bud" White, 706 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.