Book Review

By Saunders Redding

Year's End: A Recapitulation

These are the books that, having been reviewed in 1957, seem worthy of year's end notice.

MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING, by Marian Anderson. (January)

"In a manner as warm, rich and unaffected as her singing of colored spirituals, Marian Anderson has held the story of her life . . . There is no self - adulation . . . Sometimes the simplicity makes for cliches, but cliches are small faults . . . a very readable book."

Mr. Redding

* * *

BLACK BOURGEOISIE, by E. Franklin Frazier. (April)

". . . There is less of erudition and more of sharp intelligence in **Black Bourgeoisie** than in Frazier's earlier book(s). The intelligence, turned to insights, will cut many middle-class Negroes like a knife. Many will find **Black Bourgeoisie** ill - advised and bad-tempered."

* * *

THE ORDEAL OF MANSART, by W. E. B. DuBois. (May)

". . . Social and historical events are rendered forth (in this novel) in exhaustive and exact detail. They prove once more Dr. DuBois' great learning; they emphasize again the moral earnestness that adds lustre to an eminent career; but, unfortunately, they do not make a novel . . ."

* * *

DEADLINE, by Paul Darcy Boles. (May)

"**Deadline** will not please every reader, but it will be widely read, and even those who read it only because it is 'timely' will get a great deal more from it than they have any right to expect."

JULY, 1863, by Irving Werstein. (September)

"Though the infamous acts of crazed and brutal men are the chief concern . . . they are not the only concern . . . for Werstein's book is a warning and a lesson in a time when the American people are led to believe that they are faced with a crisis just as grave and potentially as dangerous as in July, 1863."

* * *

SIMPLE STAKES A CLAIM, by Langston Hughes. (October)

"Mama, that man's here again! The man, of course, is Simple — Jess B.... God willing, may he never go away."

* * *

WHITE MAN, LISTEN, by Richard Wright. (October)

"Wright provides no travel map for the journey into the future, but he points out clearly the road the Western world has thus far come."

CORNER BOY, by Herbert Simmons. (October)

". . . If a young writer has talent it shows through the imitativeness like daylight through an uncurtained window. In **Corner Boy** real talent shows . . ."

DESEGREGATION AND THE LAW, by Albert P. Blaustein and Clarence C. Ferguson. (October)

". . . For all the authors' dispassion, and probably because of it, **Desegregation and the Law** is clearly therapeutic, and the average man who reads it — and it is very readable — cannot fail to have his angle of vision corrected . . ."

* * *

NEITHER BLACK NOR WHITE, by Wilma Dykman and James Stokely. (November)

"Miss Dykeman and Mr. Stokely . . . moved by 'an affectionate concern for the region,' traveled through thirteen (Southern) states and set down in compassion what they saw and in truth what they heard (about the desegregation issue) . . . and the meaning of their book is not that a cause is lost, but that a conscience is having a painful birth."

Our Readers Write

If you have a problem, let us help. Make letters short. Address AFRO Magazine Section, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

BIRTHSTONES

Richmond, Va.—What is the birthstone for the month of December?

KENNETH SANFORD

According to the National Jewelers Association, it is either turquoise or zircon.

* * *

OFF COLOR

Kinston, N.C.—I dream quite often, and usually remember my dreams—but I never recall the colors of things in them. It's as if everything is in black and white. What is the reason for this?

MARGERY DAVID

Good health, according to a leading psychiatrist. Those who dream in colors are often unwell and suffering from headaches.

People in good health usually dream as though they were color blind, and even if a color is of particular significance in a dream, it's seen as if it were but a tinted portion of a black and white photograph.

* * *

ROBIN HOOD

New York, N.Y.—Did Robin Hood really exist or is he just a fictional character?

L. DeLAINE

For years, historians have been trying to discover when Robin Hood lived and who he was.

He has been written about in 12th and 15th Centuries as if he were living at all those times. Researchers have found a Robertus Hodd and a Robyn Hod named on documents of Edward II's time.

They have investigated claims that he was the son of an Earl of Chester who lived 100 years ago.

But they've finally had to admit that Robin Hood is as legendary a figure as King Arthur or Peter Pan.

* * *

BIG STUFF

Washington, D.C.—Since it is reasonable to assume I'll never see one, whose picture is on a $100,000 bill? Is this the largest bill printed by our treasury?

J. S. W.

Yep, 100 grand is the largest denomination and it carries the picture of President Wilson. We talk about it glibly, but we've never seen one either.

* * *

DEATH SENTENCE

Richmond, Va.—What states do not have capital punishment?

EARL ROBINSON

There are five: Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Wisconsin. Life imprisonment is the maximum penalty in these states.

Your Prayers Are Asked

For Ida and her only son Keith both suffering from eye afflictions . . . For a young husband and father suffering from a disease of the spine . . . For little Janet that she may be able to speak . . . For Maureen that an operation may be possible . . . For baby John partially paralysed . . . For a dear sister Gwen suffering from cancer of the throat . . . For Audrey's mother . . . For an aged sister that her sight may be saved . . . For a dear mother-in-law not expected to live . . . For Leslie that he may walk again . . . For a dear husband that he may have peace of mind . . . For two brothers Tom and John . . . For Grace that she may recover . . . For cousin Brian that his leg may be saved . . . For my . . . For a husband with arthritis . . . For Mrs. A. . . . For a family of three. For Philip . . . For Agnes . . . For a very sick Mum . . . For Mrs. T. in severe agony . . . For little Caroline.

And for all sick and suffering people wherever they may be, that it may please God to heal them. And that Peace may prevail in the world.

SCHOOL RELIGION

BALTIMORE, Md. — How much religion should be taught in the schools?

The question was asked by one of the AFRO readers. I don't know what was meant by the word religion, (religions are man-made) but to me religion means the Holy word of God—that is —the Bible.

We should use the Bible only as a foundation for the spiritual needs of students. The Bible says: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." John 15:3.

Then, the spiritual life of students should be—in the hands of only born-again regenerated leaders. Then they will have the wisdom and understanding necessary to place a course of study to meet their spiritual needs.

There is no such thing as getting enough religion to last a lifetime. We are to grow in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

As for the walk-out the students staged because of having to attend church seven times a week, that's just some more juvenile foolishness. This is another one of the signs of the time.

MRS. G. WAUGH

* * *

RING FINGER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—I have been told that rings worn on the fingers have separate meanings for each finger. Of course I know it is just a superstition, but do you happen to know what are the various meanings?

JOAN CUMMINGS

A ring worn on the forefinger is supposed to denote a bold and overbearing character; on the second finger, dignity and discretion; on the third or marriage finger, love and affection; and on the little finger, masterfulness.

* * *

BIG HAT

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. — I assume they still call those big cowboy hats ten-gallon hats, but just how much liquid would one hold. Ten gallons is a lot of water.

FRANK LOTTER

The hat would not hold more than six pints.

Looking For Someone

If you want to locate missing friends or relatives, enclose $1 in an envelope along with a description of the person, and when he was last heard from. Send it to Missing Persons Editor, AFRO-AMERICAN Magazine, 628 N Eutaw St., Baltimore, 1, Md.

Persons with information concerning these missing people address all correspondence to Missing Persons, c/o AFRO-AMERICAN, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.

Mrs. Sallie B. Douglass is looking for her brother, Luther Irby. He is 52 years old and about 5 feet 10 inches. Weighs about 185, dark brown skin and gold tooth in front. His last known address was Miami Beach, Fla., Miller Hotel.

* * *

MRS. SALLIE COLEMAN of Baltimore, Md. is looking for Mr. Abe Washington and his wife Doll. They were last heard from living between Fairmount and Clarksburg W. Virginia in 1938. Mr. Washington was a coal miner.

* * *

ROBERT HASLEY of Baltimore, Md. is looking for children, Joseph, Judy and Inez Hasley. They were last seen in Rock Hill, S.C. in 1946. Mother's name is Ruth Acres.

* * *

MRS. ELLEN CALHOUN, 2708 Fisk Rd., Baltimore, Md. is trying to locate a cousin living in Chicago, Ill. His name is Vernon Magginne. He formerly lived in Greensville, S.C. and later resided in Baltimore. His father, Gip, and a sister, Ruth, still live in Greensville.

* * *

MRS. IDA EDWARDS is looking for her son. Last heard from in 1955 living at 209 W. 121 St., New York 17, New York.

* * *

MRS. LOUISE McNAIR is looking for her sister-in-law, Arcetha McNair, whose last known address was 1294 Park Avenue, N.Y.C., where she worked. Her brother is critically ill in Mercy-Douglass Hospital, Philadelphia.

* * *

MRS. DELORES ROBINSON of Virginia is looking for her son, Elbert Robinson.

* * *

MISS V. ALSTON of Baltimore, Maryland is looking for her father. He is short, light brown skinned, about 49 years old. His last known whereabouts was in NYC where he was staying on Broadway St.

* * *

MRS. MARY B. ADAMS, of Savannah, Ga., is looking for a very dear friend Mrs. Robertha Goldwire of Savannah, Ga. Last known address was Harlem, N.Y.

* * *

Mrs. Maggie McCrae of Midlothian, Virginia, is looking for her son, Mr. William H. Carter.

He has a brown complexion, and is about 5 feet 9 inches tall. He was last heard from on May 8th 1932, and he gave the following address, 722 S. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Legal Advisor

I bought some very excellent and expensive furniture several years ago. I sent this furniture to an upholstering company to have it upholstered. The company lost my furniture and wants to give me some cheap furniture to replace it. What can I do?

Ans. It appears that you will need some expert assistance along with an attorney. You should get your original bill of sale to determine the make of the furniture so that the value of the furniture could be determined.

If the upholstering company cannot give you furniture of equal value then it's a matter for the courts to determine.

* * *

I OWNED a lot of ground before I got married and paid taxes on it for years. I am now married and never put my wife's name on the deed. Does she have an interest in the lot?

ANS. Yes. Upon marriage any property you owned in fee simple, your wife has what we call dower. It's a one-third interest. This does not apply where there is a ground rent.

* * *

MY HUSBAND and I were married about two years ago and broke up three days later. We only lived together three days, and I want to know if I can get an annulment.

Ans. From the facts you gave, I would say so. I assume you want to know if you can get your marriage annulled simply because you only lived together three days.

This fact alone is of no consequence. If your husband left you after three days of marriage, you have to wait 18 months and then sue for divorce.

The Bridge Table

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠—A 6 3
♥—K 9
♦—A Q 9
♣—A Q 7 5 3

WEST
♠—9 4
♥—Q J 6 5 3
♦—8 7 6 3
♣—4 2

EAST
♠—10 8
♥—7 4 2
♦—K J 10 5
♣—J 9 8 6

SOUTH
♠—K Q J 7 5 2
♥—A 10 8
♦—4 2
♣—K 10

The Bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♣	Pass	1♠	Pass
2♠	Pass	2♥	Pass
3♠	Pass	4 NT	Pass
5♠	Pass	7♠	Pass
Pass	Dbl.	Re-Dbl.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening lead: eight of diamonds

Woe to those unfortunate hard-headed bridge players who refuse to believe that a grand slam can be made against them — and there are some.

East, in this week's hand is a perfect case in point. He allowed himself to be sucked in by the seeming temerity of North's bidding and came up with an unjudicious double which allowed the North-South partnership to reap a harvest of points.

Aside from North's soft-peddling diamond bid on the second round, the bidding might pass muster, since South was alert to the potential values of the hand. A better bid by North would have been a jump-shift in diamonds.

On the diamond lead, declarer took the ace, cleared trumps in two rounds, then cashed the ace, king, and queen of clubs. A club ruff then established the suit.

The losing diamond was parked on the established club, the losing heart ruffed in dummy. Result—2,730 points for North-South.

AFRO
MAGAZINE SECTION
Published every week by the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers (Copyrighted) Robert W Matthews, Editor
The AFRO assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or photographs unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. No pictures published will be returned.

HERE IS MILDRED

A Credit To Your Race Or Include Yourself In

Worst mistake a speaker can make is to ask Mildred if she agrees with him. One fellow asked—and she let him have both barrels.

By Alice Childress

Hi Marge! My, but your house looks so cheery and fresh with all those pretty candles and the tree so glowy and all.

Of course, I'll help you wrap packages and soon as we get through you can march upstairs with me and wrap mine.

Well, thank you! I think I look nice too. I just came from Sara's church.

* * *

NO, IT wasn't for services, they had a speaker, a white speaker.

Sara's church started a policy to be real democratic and invite a white person to come over and talk every once in a while.

He was a nice kind of man and ever so well-mannered and soft-spoken.

He spoke about havin' our rights and races livin' in peace together. I enjoyed him ever so much, and don't feel sleepy at all like you do when some folks get to talkin'.

* * *

YES INDEED, he was most interestin' and I was goin' along with just about everything he had to say except once in a while he'd spoil the wisdom of what he had said by throwin' in a back-handed compliment.

He didn't mean a bit of harm, and I knew that if he suspected he was goin' wrong, he would have mended his ways.

He kept callin' the names of prominent colored persons and sayin' they were a credit to their race.

No, I don't suppose that is a too-terrible remark but it always leaves me a bit uneasy.

You know, you never hear white people namin' off white actors, baseball stars or singers and callin' them a credit to their race.

I have never heard that, have you?

* * *

ANOTHER REMARK he made was . . . "I think a colored person is just as good as I am."

Now, on the surface that may sound pretty good, but somehow it never sits right with me.

That man was as smart as he could be and kept analyzin' the South and the North and showin' how and why things happen the way they do.

Oh, he was on the side of right because he spoke up and declared that the colored man was not askin' too much when he asked to go to school and ride the buses.

He thought we should be given what we are askin' for, without a big fuss and ado about it.

He ended up by pointing out how the colored race has come a long way and will go even further with the help of good people everywhere.

* * *

AFTER THE speakin' part was over, they served coffee and cake whilst the people chatted with each other and asked the guest questions.

We all met him, but I tried to keep out of his way, because when something is on my mind I feel driven to express myself.

"I enjoyed the speaker, and didn't even get sleepy."

I didn't want to pick at what he said because he was such a fine man, had come a long distance to see us, was not gettin' any pay for speakin', and he was not sidin' with the segregation side but was takin' our part.

When I meet somebody like that I am most cautious not to chase them away, or make 'em feel that their good intentions don't go very far.

* * *

MARGE, DON'T you know that man didn't do a thing but walk clear across the room to talk to me!

I told him that it was a pleasure to be there, and that I was glad I'd heard him, but I guess he must have caught a little glimmer in my eye, because he popped the question.

"Did you agree with what I said?"

I nodded and told him that I really did appreciate the speech **for the most part.**

He smiled very nicely and said he was very interested in knowing what displeased me!

I stammered a bit, but he kept on insistin' that I was holdin' something back, so I told him:

"You were almost perfect, except you didn't include yourself in, you kept talkin' about us from some far away place.

"You told us that the ball player was a credit to our race but I wanted you to claim him too:

"I think he's a credit to us, A credit to his country, to all of us."

He looked very thoughtful and said I was absolutely right.

I could tell by his expression, that I could safely tell him some more without him feelin' he'd been a failure, so I did.

* * *

"I AM most careful," I says, ". . . about telling folks that I think they're just as good as I am.

"Some people may be a little better and some a little worse and it's got nothin' to do with what race you came from.

We are citizens.

"Citizens have credit rights, and none of us should try to take away the privilege of another citizen accordin' to the law of this land.

"You say the colored man has come a long way, I say we have come a long way, and we have a long way to go, but with the help of all good people we will make it.

"Include yourself in."

* * *

MARGE, HE was very glad that I mentioned those things and we chatted and laughed about first one thing and then another.

And he said that he was going to tell his wife, what a nice lady he met at the church; and also what she told him.

If I Were In Your Place

(Continued from Page 1)

tioned Baltimore - born Thurgood Marshall. But he was educated in Washington because no law school in Baltimore was open to him at the time, and went to New York to practice his profession.

The point, Mr. Wagner might well discuss, is why should white people in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, be more civilized than white people in Baltimore.

Isn't it extremely significant that these communities have city or state civil rights laws while Baltimore and Maryland do not have them?

"One of my sons drafted in the army . . . his company in Georgia training camp . . . equal part . . . Negro and white . . . it hadn't struck him as being particularly worthy of mention," says Mr. Wagner.

That is the big reason, Mr. Wagner, why we must press for civil rights laws, judicial decisions and executive orders abolishing segregation.

Whenever government establishes integration as public policy, youngsters are the first to conform.

* * *

TWENTY YEARS from now, a new generation will regard as silly our present use of social designations in the Sun, our recording of vital statistics, census and employment figures on the basis of race, and our restrictions of public and private employment only to those, who have a certain color or a certain religion.

In 20 years, Baltimore will be as civilized as New York is today.

And Atlanta or Birmingham will be as "liberal" as present day Baltimore.

If we have to fight a war with the Russians soon, progress will be even faster.

It may be, that we can only win a struggle of such proportions by use of the full potential of every citizen.

"But, sweetheart—I can't afford to buy you an engagement ring and send you to cooking school, too!"

Jest For Laffs

Two fathers were discussing their families and children and some of the incidents that arise in daily living.

"My three boys sure stick together," said one dad. "When one of them gets in trouble, neither of the other two will ever squeal on him."

"But how do you find out the guilty one so you can punish him?"

"That's easy. All I do is send all three of them to bed without supper, and the next morning I thrash the one with the black eye!"

* * *

An adoring grandmother, up on all the latest techniques, consented to baby sit for her small grandson. All went well as she tucked him cozily into bed.

"Now there," she said . . . "Let's have a bedtime story, shall we?

"Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear; Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair; Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?"

There was no answer. The boy just looked at her steadily.

"Well, darling," said Granny, "was Fuzzy Wuzzy fuzzy or wasn't he?"

After another long look . . . the boy replied . . . "Grandma . . . you're drunk!"

* * *

A small-time salesman treated himself to a ride on an extra-fare train. He finally made his way to the club car where a group of Wall Streeters were discussing business.

"Bad week," he heard one say. "We only netted $70,000."

"It was better for us," said another. "Wheat was hot and we cleared $250,000."

Man after man told of such profits. Suddenly every eye was on the quiet little salesman and someone asked: "How's your business?"

"So-so," he shrugged. "Last week yellows were off half a million but reds were up two million and blacks up four million."

Eyebrows were raised in wonder. Then one Midas respectfully asked, "What's your business?"

"Me?" he sighed, "I sell jelly beans."