AFRO YOUTH PAGE

Rock and Roll Hit Parade

1. **YOU SEND ME** (BMI)—Sam Cooke
   Summertime (ASCAP)—Keen 34013
2. **RAUNCHY** (BMI)—Ernie Freeman
   Paddin' (BMI)—Imperial 5474
3. **RAUNCHY** (BMI)—Bill Justis
   The Midnite Man (BMI)—Phillips International 3519.
4. **AT THE HOP** (BMI)—Danny and the Juniors
   Rosalinda (BMI)—ABC-Paramount 9871.
5. **JAILHOUSE ROCK** (BMI)—Elvis Presley
   Treat Me Nice (BMI)—Vic 7035.
6. **SILHOUETTES** (BMI)—The Rays
   Daddy Cool (BMI)—Cameo 117
7. **PEGGY SUE** (BMI)—Buddy Holly
   Everyday (BMI)—Coral 61847
8. **GREAT BALLS OF FIRE** (BMI)—
   Jerry Lee Lewis
   You Win Again (BMI)—Sun 381
9. **MY SPECIAL ANGEL** (BMI)—Robby Helms
   Standing at the End of My World (BMI) Dec. 30873.
10. **ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC** (BMI)—Chuck Berry
    Blue Feeling (BMI)—Chess 1671
11. **I'LL COME RUNNING BACK TO YOU** (BMI)
    Sam Cooke
    Forever (BMI)—Specialty 618
12. **KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE** (BMI)—
    Jimmie Rodgers
    Better Loved You'll Never Be (ASCAP)—Roulette 4031.
13. **LITTLE BITTY PRETTY ONE** (BMI)
    Thurston Harris
    I Hope You Won't Hold It Against Me (BMI)—
    Aladdin 3366
14. **BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ** (BMI)—Hollywood Flames
    Crazy (BMI)—Ebb 119.
15. **WAKE UP LITTLE SUSIE** (BMI)—
    Everly Brothers
    Maybe Tomorrow (BMI) Cadence 1337.

Letter Box

PEN PALS

I would like to have my name added to the Pen Pal List. I would like to correspond with boys and girls between the ages of 13 to 15. I am 14 years of age. My favorite singers are The Charts, Channels, Dubs, Tune Weavers and Daddy and the Juniors. — SALLY GRAY, 42 West Lincoln Ave., White Plains N.Y., Greenburg.

* * *

PLEASE PUT MY name in the Pen Pal List. I am 18 years old and completed school when I was 16. I would like to hear from boys and girls all over the world. I promise to answer all letters received. I would like to receive letters from boys and girls in Richmond, Virginia.

My favorite singers are Fats Domino, Larry Williams, Huey Smith and Jimmy Reed. — BESSIE M. MOODY, Route 1, Box 10, Bumpass, Va.

* * *

I WOULD LIKE TO have my name added to the Pen Pal List. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade at Northhampton County Elem. I would like to correspond with boys and girls all over the world. I will answer all letters.

My favorite singers are The Rays, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Thurston Harris. — BESSIE MITCHELL, Route 13, Box 94, Birdsnest, Va.

* * *

PLEASE ADD MY NAME to the Pen Pal List. I am 15 years old. My favorite singers are Larry Williams, Bo Diddley. My hobbies are dancing and singing. I would like to correspond with teenagers all over the world. — MAXINE MITCHELL, Route 1, Box 100, Hampstead, N.C.

* * *

PLEASE PUT MY NAME on the Pen Pal List. I am 16 years old and in the tenth grade at John R. Hawkins High School in Warrenton, N.C.

I would also like to correspond with boys and girls from 14 to 18 all over the United States and will answer all letters.

My hobbies are dancing and collecting rhythm and blues artists. My favorite singers are Little Richard, Fats Domino, Larry Williams, Jimmy Reed, San Cooke and Little Willie John. — RUBIE J. GREEN, General Delivery, Warrenton, N.C.

* * *

PLEASE ADD MY NAME to the Pen Pal List. I am 13 and in the 7th grade at Pender County Training School. My favorite singers are Fats Domino, Larry Williams and Jimmie Reed. I would like to receive letters from boys and girls all over the world from 12 to 16. I will answer all letters received.—MARY E. McINTYRE, Route 2, Box 20, Rocky Point, N.C.

* * *

AFTER READING ALL the letters in your Letter Box, I would like very much to have my name added to the Pen Pal List. I am a young man, 19 years old. I have completed high school and am now working at the Navy Exchange Mdse. store at Whiting Field. I would like to correspond with boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 20. I will answer all letters received.

My favorite singers are The Five Satins, Larry Williams, Huey Smith, Lavern Baker and Mary More. — BILLY G. McGRAY, Route 4 Box 251-D, Milton, Florida.

* * *

PLEASE ADD MY name to the Pen Pal List. I am 13 years old and would like to correspond with boys and girls. I attend Robert R. Moton High School in Farmville, Virginia.

My favorite singers are Sam Cooke, Thurston Harris, Little Richard, Larry Williams and Clyde McPhatter. I will answer all letters received. — BESSIE M. REED. Route 3 Box 148, Farmville, Va.

* * *

PLEASE ADD MY name to the Pen Pal List. I am 18 years old and in the 12th grade and attend Lynchburg High School. My favorite singers are Fats Domino, Clyde McPhatter, Little Richard and many others. I would like to correspond with boys and girls all over the world. I promise to answer all letters received.

I am also willing to exchange photos. — NELLIE JONES, Route 3, Kenbridge, Va.

* * *

I WOULD LIKE TO have my name added to the Pen Pal List. I am 16 and a junior at Sampson High School. I would like very much to correspond with boys and girls and promise to answer all letters received.

My hobbies are playing basket ball, listening to records and going to the movies. My favorite singers are Sam Cooke, Ray Charles, Thurston Harris and Clyde McPhatter. — CARRIE E. BUTLER, Route 2, Box 295-B, Clinton, N.C.

Now Dig This!

How now, my pretty cool ones. Ol' Dad is stuffed to the hilt — been partying like mad, winging way out there.

Don't know how the weather is in your part of the U.S. and A., but it's drop-top time almost here.

* * *

Just in case you have some younger brothers or sisters who sent in entries in our coloring contest. Wise them that the deal closed down January 4, and after we get through wading through those thousands of entries, we'll announce the winners week after next.

* * *

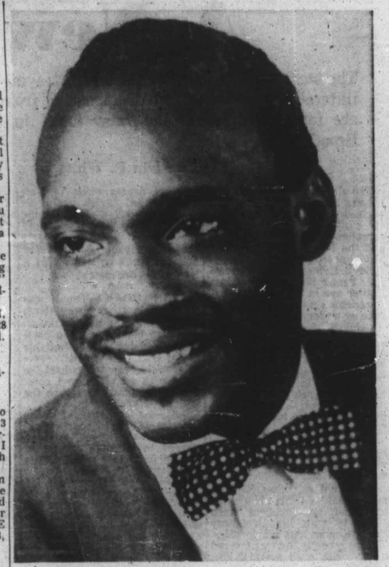
Tell you what I'd like to know. Every one is always coming out with some poll about the "best this of the year" or "the best that of the year."

Let's try to find out what was the top rock and roll record of the year. Think way back now — talking about sides that jumped off during 1957.

Drop ol' Dad a postcard or letter and vote for what you think the top record was. Might be interesting to see—dontcha think?

For your blues fans, have you dug Joe Williams sing "Baby Ain't I Good To You?" with Count Basie's band—really wails.

Our address is still: Ol' Dad, AFRO Magazine Section, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Md.



FOR YOUR COLLECTION — Here is that wailing cat Chuck Willis.

Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

Modern Talk

Here is a list of words of comparatively new origin. How many of them can you define?

1 Video. 2. Kamikazi. 3. Rozer. 4. Quisling. 5. Goon. 6. Schneid. 7. Position. 8 Fission. 9. Rightist. 10. Jalopy. 11. Iconoscope. 12. Gremlins.

Twisted Nations

If you will rearrange the letters correctly in each of these listed phrases, you will spell out the name of a well-known country of the world:

1. VIAL OBI. 2. GAIN RIE. 3. SKIN A TAP. 4. CROOMOC. 5. OAIN AN SHAFT. 6. MAIL GOON. 7. A SAUR TAIL. 8. LARGE DENN. 9. COURT A FISHA.

Getting Ahead

Each answer here contains a HEAD. For example, if we give the clue, "A star performer," your answer will be HEADLINER. Now, do you know what HEAD —

1. Is one big pain? 2. Is unplowed land? 3. Is part of bowling? 4. Is in front of the foremast? 5. Is on the bed? 6. Is very stubborn? 7. Is obvious? 8. Is inverted? 9. Is water on the mill wheel? 10. Is for a radio man? 11. Is the main reporting-in place?

ANSWERS

MODERN TALK: 1. Television. 2. Japanese suicide plane. 3. O.K. 4. A traitor. 5. A hired slugger. 6. Gin rummy term. 7. Positive electron. 8. Splitting of the atom. 9. A conservative. 10. Dilapidated car. 11. Part of a television set. 12. Little imaginary beings who make things go wrong.

TWISTED NATIONS: 1. Bolivia. 2. Nigeria. 3. Morocco. 4. Afghanistan. 5. Mongolia, 7. Australia. 8. Greenland. 9. South Africa.

GETTING AHEAD: 1. Headache. 2. Headland. 3. Headpin. 4. Headsail. 5. Headboard. 6. Headstrong. 7. Head in the clouds. 8. Headfirst. 9. Headrace. 10. Headset. 11. Headquarters.

1. Columbus, Ohio, 2. Bismark, N.D., 3. Phoenix, Ariz., 4. Raleigh, N.C.

Date Data

By The Chaperone

Dear Chaperone,

I am 16 and in love with a handsome 18-year-old boy who lives in another town about 8 miles from me. He writes and comes to visit me very often but he doesn't want me to talk to other boys. Do you think I should love anyone else besides him?— B. M.

* * *

Dear B.M.,

I am afraid that you have a jealous boyfriend. Jealousy can sometimes lead to tragedy. I see no reason why you should not converse with other boys. After all, you must realize that you are not in any way obligated to this young man. Try having a talk with him and see if you can get him to see that there is nothing wrong with talking to other fellas.

* * *

Dear Chaperone,

I am 16 and very much in love with a boy 16 years old. We both attend high school and are very much in love with each other. Another girl likes him and I believe he is very much in love with her. What should I do, can you help me? —M.F.

* * *

Dear M.F.

I suggest that you really have it out with this young man. Let him know just how you feel about the situation. Maybe you were wrong when you said you both love each other, but he can love you and still like someone else too, you know.

* * *

Dear Chaperone,

I am 18 and very much in love with a 23-year-old boy. Although we live in the same community and he comes to the house regularly, my mother doesn't know that I am in love with him.

We have been slipping out together for three or four years. He said he loves me and wants me to finish school in May before we get married. Do you think this boy means much to me or should I keep on slipping with him until I finish school? —C.B.B.

Dear C. B.B.,

Why is it that you haven't told your mother about this friend of yours? She just might approve of your seing him without your slipping around here and there with him. It would be much easier for you and your friend also.

* * *

Dear Chaperone,

Recently I met a boy who is not from my home town and he seems to be very nice and understanding. He says he cares for me and loves me and I love him also. But my problem is I have two children by another man who was killed in a car wreck in 1956. We had planned to be married but he was killed. Now I've met this boy who is not from my hometown and I don't know how to go about telling him about my two kids. Do you think if I told him it would break up our romance? When he comes to my town again we are going to be married.

Should I tell him now or wait?

FICTION FROM 'BEST SHORT STORIES' BY AFRO-AMERICAN WRITERS

Heartbreak On Amateur Nite

It's tough to walk out on a stage for the first time to face an audience just daring you to be good—you are standing on heartbreak hill.

By GENE DAVIS

An ominous quiet settled over the huge audience. Then, quite abruptly, a long, venomous hiss punctured the silence and hurtled toward the young man on the stage. In an instant the whole house became a bedlam of hoots, catcalls, and jeers.

The young singer foolishly tried to proceed with the song, pausing now and then to look at the orchestra leader who was watching him impersonally.

The orchestra leader seemed not at all interested in him. He had held up his arm for the silence from the instruments simultaneously with the hiss. This was Wednesday night—amateur night — and for the orchestra leader it was all in the course of the week's work.

* * *

THE YOUNG singer finally got it through his head that the harder he tried to make himself heard above the tumult, the greater would be the racket raised by the audience. Then he stopped abruptly. Over the footlights all he could make out was a dim blurring of faces.

Before, peering out from under cover of the wings, he had distinguished many friends there, but now he could not recognize a single one.

He hesitated a second, half-minded to leap out into the audience and seek battle with it, but then there came to his ears a familiar ringing sound —the dreaded gong!

He was finished. The master of ceremonies caught his sleeve and tried to show him to the wings.

When he resisted, the crowd laughed. Backstage, two stage hands gripped him firmly, ready to quell the fighting spirit which amateurs often show when treated so summarily. But he found himself limp as a dishrag, trembling with terror, with no wish to struggle.

* * *

HE SANK onto an upturned trunk and looked at the other amateurs as they got ready to go on. What had been wrong with him! Was it possible that the people he knew so well could weep over a thing one moment and jeer the next?

Could it be that the difference between singing at churches, parties, and small concerts could be so great? At any party or concert, songs like "Deep River" and "By 'n By" and "City Called Heaven" might go over big, but not in a sure-enough theatre.

Then it was the songs that were wrong — the songs, not himself. The thought made feel better.

* * *

THROUGH THE partitions came the thin, tiny notes of a young girl's voice. He moved to a point from which he could see the stage. The girl was sweeping about in an absurdly jerky dance and her voice was almost a scream.

The young man watched her in wondering amazement. Voice, she had none; grace, she had less, beauty, she was almost totally lacking; but she flirted about the stage, singing her cheap songs, dancing her grotesque steps, winking at the audience and seeming to take them into her confidence, getting them with her at every move she made.

The manager came rushing up with a proposition

He drew a long breath of wondering admiration. He did not know what it was, but somehow he felt that this queer girl was enjoying herself immensely out there, and he was pleased in her happiness.

He caught himself chuckling at the crudity of her work, but he realized, by the time she had finished, that the audience was roaring out the chorus with her — not derisively, but because they liked it, and because there was something in her voice which just naturally made them sing.

Then before they had had half enough, she was standing, panting, in the wings. Her thin chest rising and falling unevenly as the storm of applause rocked the house.

* * *

THE YOUNG man turned to leave the theatre as the time for distribution of the prizes drew near, for he was certain that he had won nothing. He had reached the stage door before a loud voice called him back. He turned slowly, narrowly eyeing the manager, who was rushing up to him.

"What's your name, son?" the man asked in a not unkindly tone.

"Harris—Johnny Harris," the young man said, his heart giving a frightened leap of wonder and delight. Could it be possible that he had done well despite the jeers and the fact that he had gotten the gong? His eyes were glistening with excitement as the manager put his name down in a little notebook.

"Can you drop around for next Wednesday's amateur show?" the manager asked. "There'll be a couple of dollars in it for you."

For a full moment Johnny could not speak. A lump rose in his throat.

"I'll be here with bells on, mister," he managed to say finally. "And I'll change my songs. I'll do something fast and hot."

"Oh, no you won't," the manager retorted. "You'll dish out the same stuff you sang tonight. It's a scream kid! You'll get three bucks just for takin' the gong."

* * *

JOHNNY HARRIS looked up one second, an expression of such blind rage flushing his face that the man retreated quickly. Hot words were on the tip of the boy's tongue, but somehow he felt the situation called for something worse than words. He turned on his heel and fairly ran through the stage door.

He was offered three dollars to go through this same humiliating experience; to be made a fool by a crowd that didn't know good music when it heard it. He was not to be given another chance; for three dollars he was to provide a laugh, a harsh laugh that hurt deep down in his vitals, then slowly moved through the narrow alley toward 125th Street.

* * *

THAT thoroughfare was brilliantly illuminated, but the lights brought none of the old warmth to his heart.

It was his street, the place he had always called home, but every bright light repelled him tonight. He looked about stealthily furtively edging toward the lobby of the theatre from which he had just emerged.

Some fascination held him, chained him to the place, made him eagerly scan the photographs of the real actors appearing on the stage that week —the actors who were paid for their services, and whom he fondly imagined he could outdo.

One by one the entrance lights went out as the show inside drew nearer to its close. The ticket woman locked up her booth and retreated inside the theatre, carrying the cash box with her. But still that old lure held Johnny Harris to the broad lobby, made him wander among the groups of pictures.

* * *

A HAND grasped his elbow slowly. He looked up nervously, surprised to see beside him the girl whose trucking had caught the fancy of the audience.

"They sure gave you a rough deal in there, kid," she began haltingly. "Me, I thought you did swell. That 'By 'n By' piece sent me! Was I mad they wouldn't let you finish — the dopes!"

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "Forget it!" he said curtly. "I should of known better in the first place. How about a plate of chow mein at the restaurant on the corner?"

Somewhat hesitatingly she accepted the invitation, and in a few moments they were seated in a chop suey joint making inroads into a steaming meal.

* * *

JOHNNY HARRIS was crushed. For two years he had grown so accustomed to the adulation of party-goers and church people that he had come to think of himself as something of a demigod. But this evening had brought the revelation of what the public really thought of him and of his songs.

On the other hand, this mere slio of a girl, who manicured dishes in a Seventh Avenue restaurant and learned to dance at a juke box joint, had more than made good.

The same manager who had asked him to take the gong for three dollars had offered her a ten-week booking at thirty dollars a week! From now on she would be a real, sure-enough professional.

* * *

WHEN THEY left the restaurant Johnny fell in step with her, taking her arm stoutly in his own and conducting her through the jostling, lounging crowds of Seventh Avenue until she paused before a dingy apartment entrance near 129th Street.

She turned to him and held out her hand. As he took it, something in her homely face made him cling to it tenaciously. Perhaps it was the indefinable feeling that she was going up — up where he could never be; perhaps the hope that she might be able in some miraculous manner haul him with her. At last she turned away, with a long sigh.

"Goodbye, kid," she said.

"Goodbye," he answered dully. "Say, what's your name, anyway?"

"Molly."

"Swell, goodbye Molly. I hope I see you again."

* * *

"NOW, LISTEN, Pops," Millie told the orchestra leader, "I've framed a new ending for my act tonight. When I give you the nod, you and the boys are goin' to swing into 'By 'n By'—you know, the Burleigh song.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AFRO Patterns

EVERY woman appreciates the gift of lovely lingerie at holiday time. Why not plan on sewing several of these sets in pastels or rich dark tones.

No. 1560 with PHOTO-GUIDE is in bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 34 bust, slip, 2⅞ yards of 35 or 39-inch; ½ yard wide lace; panties, 1⅞ yards of 35-inch.

YOUR little princess is certain to adore this back-buttoned jumper cut on easy to sew lines. Inclosed is a pretty blouse for companion.

No. 1302 with PHOTO-GUIDE is in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Size 6 jumper, 2⅜ yards of 35-inch; blouse, 1⅛ yards.

Send 35c in coins for this pattern to IRIS LANE, (care of Afro-American), Box 438, Midtown Station, New York 18, N.Y.

Home Sewing for '57 — a completely new and different pattern book for every home sewer. Send 25 cents now for this all-section sewing manual.