AFRO YOUTH PAGE

FOR YOUR COLLECTION—Here are the Five Keys

Letter Box

Please add my name to the Pen Pal List. I am 13 and would like to correspond with girls and boys all over the world.

My favorite singers are Thurston Harris, Fats Domino, Hollywood Flames, Silhouettes, Chuck Willis and Chuck Berry. — DOROTHY LEWIS, 457 Conrad Avenue, Harrisonburg, Va.

* * *

Please add my name to the Pen Pal List. I am 12 years old and would like to hear from boys and girls all over the world.

My favorite singers are Fats Domino, Thurston Harris, Chuck Willis, The Silhouettes, Hollywood Flames and Chuck Berry. — DOLLIE STITT, 314 Kelley St., Harrisonburg, Va.

* * *

I would like to become a member of the Pen Pal List. I am 14 and attend Morningside High School. I will answer all letters received. — VERA V. BROWN, R. P. O., Box 731, Statesville, N.C.

* * *

I would like to have my name added to the Pen Pal List. I am 16 years old and in the 11th grade at Central High School. I would like to hear from boys and girls all over the world. I promise to answer all letters received.

My favorite singers are Larry Williams, Fats Domino, The Rays, Thurston Harris, Jerry L. Lewis and Chuck Berry. — BESSIE L. WILLIAMS, 27 Burch Avenue, Newnan, Ga.

* * *

Please add my name to the Pen Pal List. I am a rock and roll fan. I have many other interests, too. I like sewing, reading, skating, dancing and boys, naturally. My favorite singers are Clyde McPhatter, Johnny Mathis, The Heartbeats and The Chantels.

I promise to answer all letters received. — OLLIE JOHNSON, 415 E. 24th St., Baltimore, Maryland.

I would like to become a member of the Pen Pal List. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade at Bace Street School. I promise to answer all letters received. — CAROLYN DAYE, P.O. Box 731, Statesville, N.C.

* * *

I would like to correspond with girls between 15 and 20. I am 20 and have been in the Air Force three years. I promise to answer all letters and will enchange pictures. I am 5'10" weight 165 pounds. I like all sports (my favorite, football), and rock and roll music. BERNELL ELLIS, 9348, 326th Comron, Paine AFB, Washington.

Brain Twisters

By DON DOUGLAS

See how many words of four letters or more you can manufacture from the letters in the word COMPOSER. Only one form of any one word is permissible, and no proper names. We were able to squeeze out 34 words on this one. See how good a COMPOSER you are.

Disobedient Folks

Here are some famous characters in history and literature who disobeyed specific orders. How many of them can you identify?

1. Who looked behind, and turned into salt?
2. Who forgot the time, but won herself a a rich husband?
3. Who listened to his wife and consequently was dispossessed?
4. Who lost her lover by looking at him?
5. Who looked into a closet in the house of a wife-killer?
6. Who looked back, and thus lost a wife?
7. Who opened a box and released woes into the world?

How Did He Pay?

Test your financial know-how on this one. A man bought himself a suit for $102, including the tax. He paid for this suit with eight pieces of currency. But they were not five twenty - dollar bills and three one-dollar bills, as you might suppose. It happens he paid with eight other bills, and there were no one - dollar bills among these. Do you know how this was possible?

ANSWERS

WORD COMPOSITION: Copse, come, cor corm, compose, coop, cooper, cope, corps, corpse, crops, more, morose, moose, moor, mope, peso, pore, pose, poor, poem, prose, scoop, score, scops, some, sore, spore, spoor, sperm, rose, room, rope, romp.

DISOBEDIENT FOLKS: 1. Lot's wife, 2. Cinderella. 3. Adam. 4. Psyche. 5. Bluebeard's wife. 6. Orpheus. 7. Pandora.

HOW DID HE PAY: He paid for the suit with one fifty-dollar bill, two twenties, one five, and four twos.

Now Dig This?

Say, you blades and beauties, what's the current stomp craze in your town? Around this burg it's the chicken-in-the-box, the stroll, Birdland, slop, hop and bop . . . and others we haven't dug yet. You know, they crash the scene so fast, you've got to make like sputnik to dig 'em.

The other bright as we flipped the switch on TV to cop a crazy stomp session by some keen teens, wondered just how many of the present day kids have been on the scene before hour time.

Got somewhat of an idea about this a couple darks later while bugging behind one of those late, late, late flicks. It was supposed to be a movie out of the Roaring 20s, according to the spiel of square who was piping it in, but the way those chaps and chicks were doing the chicken, it could have been the carrying-on in any of our modern shout shacks.

Rock and Roll Hit Parade

1. **YOU SEND ME** (BMI)—Sam Cooke
   Summertime (ASCAP)—Keen 34013
2. **AT THE HOP** (BMI)—Danny and the Juniors
   Summertime (BMI)—ABC-Paramount 9971
3. **RAUNCHY** (BMI)—Ernie Freeman
   Puddin' (BMI)—Imperial 5474
4. **PEGGY SUE** (BMI)—Buddy Holly
   Everyday (BMI)—Coral 61885
5. **RAUNCHY** (BMI)—Bill Justis
   The Midnite Man (BMI)—Phillips International 3519
6. **JAILHOUSE ROCK** (BMI)—Elvis Presley
   Treat Me Nice (BMI)—Vic 7025
7. **I'LL COME RUNNING BACK TO YOU** (BMI)—Sam Cooke.
   Forever (BMI)—Specialty 619
8. **GREAT BALLS OF FIRE** (BMI)—Jerry Lee Lewis
   You Win Again (BMI)—Sun 281
9. **SILHOUETTES** (BMI)—The Rays
   Daddy Cool (BMI)—Cameo 117
10. **KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE** (BMI)—Jimmie Rodgers
    Better Loved You'll Never Be (ASCAP)—Roulette 4031
11. **ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC** (BMI)—Chuck Berry
    Blue Feeling (BMI)—Chess 1671
12. **MY SPECIAL ANGEL** (BMI)—Bobby Helms
    Standing at the End of My World (BMI)—Dec 30423
13. **BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ** (BMI)—Hollywood Flames
    Crazy (BMI)—Etch 119
14. **BONY MORONIE** (BMI)—Larry Williams
    You Buy Me, Baby (BMI)—Specialty 615
15. **LITTLE BITTY PRETTY ONE** (BMI)—Thurston Harris
    I Hope You Won't Hold It Against Me (BMI)—Aladdin 3398

Date Data

By The Chaperone

Dear Chaperone:

I am 19 years old and have been going steady with a girl for about six months. I knew that before she met me she had been going with an older man.

This never bothered me until she pointed him out to me in the street one day.

I always imagined him to be a well-dressed fellow about 20, or 21, but instead I saw a bald-headed little man about 30 years old.

I felt sick to think that she, a pretty girl who is also 19, could have been in love with such a person.

I want to go on seeing her, but will I ever get over my feeling that she had degraded herself?

A. D.

Dear A. D.

It seems to me you are being a little illogical. If the fact that your girlfriend was going with an older man didn't bother you, why should the fact that he happens to be bald and fat so disgust you?

I imagine you feel that this man is a reflection on your girl's good taste, so the discovery is unflattering to you.

It is a very youthful trait to judge people by appearances, and most of us grow out of it when we reach our twenties.

If you have really decided that you now disapprove of the whole thing, then it would be better not to see your girlfriend again.

But if it's only the man's appearance and age you object to, then you must face the fact that you are the one who is "degraded" and do your best to shake off this petty-mindedness.

THE CHAPERONE

Dear Chaperone:

I am in love with a boy. About the beginning of June people started telling me that he had another girlfriend and was playing around with me.

When I asked him about this, he says it's not true and I believe him.

Recently, he hasn't been acting himself. I haven't been seeing much of him and don't get a chance to tell him that I love him. I can't get another boyfriend, for I know I can never forget him.

D. E.

Dear D. E.:

Perhaps you may never forget him, but you can have an awful lot of fun trying. Don't pay any attention to what people say — actions speak louder than words.

But if he seems to be avoiding you, chances are what people are saying probably has some truth in it. Don't fret though — it has been said that the best way to get a boy to notice you is to ignore him.

THE CHAPERONE

FORTUNE TELLER

ORIENT

2 3 4 5 6 7

YOU can have fun figuring out your message from the Orient by use of this pleasant little letter puzzle. If the number of letters in your first name is 5 or less, subtract from 7. If more than 5 letters in your first name, subtract from 13. Now take this result and find your key letter in the word ORIENT at the top of this puzzle. Then, starting at the upper left corner, check each one of your large key letters as it appears from left to right. Below the key letters is a code message for you.

E	R	O	I	N	T	R	N	E	I	O	T	R
c	n	a	e	s	t	e	p	r	f	c	r	w
O	T	E	R	I	N	I	E	O	R	N	T	N
c	u	e	u	f	e	a	o	n	e	s	d	
T	O	R	I	N	E	I	O	R	N	T	E	O
t	m	d	c	y	t	t	p	e	r	w	u	t
N	R	E	T	I	O	T	O	R	E	I	N	T
e	r	o	l	i	r	s	s	e	v	a	t	
R	O	E	N	I	T	O	N	E	R	I	T	E
t	h	o	c	e	h	m	t	f	a	a	i	h
I	R	E	O	T	N	O	R,	I	T	N	E	R
c	n	a	e	n	i	n	d	t	e	o	b	i
E	O	N	T	I	R	R	I	T	N	O	E	I
i	t	n	s	i	n	g	o	s	s	s	t	n

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

With A Fighting Finish

She was a grand old ship, she had served through the Battle of the Atlantic during World War II, and now was to be used as a target for gunnery practice. Somehow, it just didn't seem right.

By March Lacy

The old captain must have made the supreme sacrifice for the love of a ship.

It was a hot sunny afternoon, hot even for San Diego, and the Navy Commander, very trim and executive looking in his blue uniform, bright gold stripes running around his sleeve, neat ribbons on his chest, tapped impatiently on the desk with a well-groomed hand.

At the moment, he wanted nothing more than to be swimming with a certain redhead who was waiting for him at the beach. He said to the old colored man standing before im, "Now what did YOU want to see me about?"

"Been trying to see you for the last week or two," the plump old man said, heavy wrinkles in his dark face, nervously fingering a faded red beret in his bent and gnarled fingers. His worn suit was shapeless and his skin looked like weather - beaten leather.

"I know," the Commander said. "However, I've been busy. Who are you?"

* * *

"CAPTAIN ANDERS," the old colored man said, his voice a hoarse whisper — like wind whipping through the rigging of a ship. "Captain Anders — I was sailing windjammers when you were in knee pants, sir."

"Very interesting — eh, Captain," the Navy man said, thinking: This crazy colored man — a captain! Wonder how he got in here. "You see, I have an appointment in a few minutes and . . ."

"I came to see you about the Angelia," the old man said, pronouncing the name tenderly, as if he were talking of a beautiful woman instead of a battered old Liberty ship. "I hear you're planning to sink her."

The Commander said, his voice stiff and proper, almost curt. "Where did you hear that?"

A faint smile flitted over Captain Anders' dark face.

"Oh, I just heard it about. I go down to the docks every day to look at the Angrlia, and I heard. You see, sir, she was my ship during the war."

"Yours?"

"Yes, sir, my ship, my first ship. I've been at sea a long time, had my captain's papers for a lot of years, but , well, you know how it is . . . no one wanted a colored captain.

* * *

"WELL, Commander, I retired from the sea back in around 1935 — nobody had much use for me, a sea captain with brown skin who never had a ship. But after Pearl Harbor, well, seemed they wanted captains so bad, they didn't care about the color of his skin.

"So they gave me the Angelia, and a crew of black and white sailors — the salt of the earth, those men. Greatest bunch of . . . well, but we're talking about my Angelia.

"A bright new pretty thing she was, fresh from the drydocks. And, like the crew, she knew she had to doubly prove herself — prove a ship with a colored captain could sail as well as any other ship. You know her record, Commander?"

"Well, no . . . I've heard of her, of course, but that's about all."

* * *

CAPTAIN ANDERS rubbed a few stray grey hairs on his chin. "We sailed through hell and back on her, Commander.

"Our first voyage took us to Africa and Nazi planes cut her deck day after day as they strafed us. Ships blew up all around us, but not my Angelia! We made the nightmare run to Murmansk, and she made port with a gash in her starboard side — German torpedo plane did that. But we got the goods through.

"Later, when they repaired her and we were returning to the States, a sub wolf pack caught us off Iceland. About a dozen ships were torpedoed in as many minutes. Subs were on the surface, firing point blank.

"We fired every gun on the Angelia, kept firing like mad — and praying too, I guess. The Angelia was the only ship to make it into port. We were in Bari when the Jerries made their surprise attack, planes coming in a few feet off the water — sank one of our ammo ships and I thought the earth had exploded.

"Angelia had her bridge ripped off and I was wounded, but she was still afloat when it was over. And now, you're going to take her out, use her as a target for your dive bombers."

* * *

FOR A moment the Commander stared at the old colored man, at the silly red beret he was nervously fingering, then said, "I'm sorry, Captain Anders," and his voice was full of soft respect for a fighting man. "I can understand your sentiment, but to us she's merely a worthless old hull and . . ."

"It isn't just sentiment," Captain Anders cut in.

"Don't you see, sir, she's always been a fighting ship, and now to think of her out there alone, defenseless—why, that's like taking an old soldier and backing him against the wall.

"That isn't a fair or proper ending for a good ship. You're jim-crowing her!" The Captain fairly blurted the words out.

"Come now, old timer," the Commander said, "you can't jim-crow a ship. Why, we . . ."

"You're sinking her because she proved a black captain and a mixed crew could be fighting champ! Why don't you use some other ship?"

* * *

THE NAVY man put his white hands on his big desk and said, "Captain, you know we don't decide these matters. I merely carry out Washington's orders. We didn't especially pick out your ship — hundreds of Liberty ships are being used for target practice. I know how you feel, and I'm sorry, really sorry."

The old captain fumbled with his red beret for a moment, put it on his thick iron-gray hair. Then he said, "Couldn't you have her cut up for scrap? I'd rather that than have her sent to the bottom by planes — a grand old fighter like my Angelia out there alone, helpless.

"I'm a very old man, my kin is dead, seems like the Angelia is about all I have — just my memories of her in action. I have a little money in the bank; could I buy her?"

* * *

THE COMMANDER stood up, looking very tall and athletic. He walked around the desk, almost put his hand on the little captain's shoulders, but didn't.

He said, "I can't do a thing, Captain. As for buying her, you know the red-tape you'd have to go through, and the tests are set for tomorrow. I don't know. Since she is a fighting ship, I'd imagine you'd rather have her go down under fire instead of being cut up for scrape like a damn ferry boat."

Captain Anders nodded, walked to the door. Then he turned suddenly, said, "But you ought to give her a chance to defend herself! By God my Angelia isn't afraid of any planes — off Norway, Stukas divebombed us every day and she stood them off, shot two of the Bastards out of the sky!"

"I'm afraid she won't with—and our planes tomorrow," the Commander said gently. "We're using a new type rocket on her."

"At least give her a fighting chance . . ." The old captain stopped abruptly walked out.

* * *

THE COMMANDER, who had been behind a desk during most of his Navy career, stared thoughtfully at the door for a moment, then looked at his watch, took his hat and ran to keep his date.

The following afternoon a Navy tug towed the Angelia far out to sea. A few hours later, formation of dive - bombers swept down on the ship, quickly sending her to the bottom,

(Continued on Page 8)

PRINTED PATTERN

4696
SIZES
10—18

PRINTED PATTERN

4803
12—20
40

AFRO PATTERNS

Fashion's newest figure-glorifying line — the "Chemise." It's curved to flatter, skips the waist, narrows the hips, tapers at the hem. A sew-easy Printed Pattern—choose checked cotton, silk print, or wool for spring.

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