Book Review

By Saunders Redding

THE BLACK BULL, by Frank Goodwyn. Doubleday and Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York. 264 pp. $3.95.

The Black Bull is a beautiful novel of beguiling simplicity, and I cannot hope to give you a proper sense of all its qualities.

Its style is like the land Goodwyn describes — soft and gentle, but seductive and strong.



Mr. Redding

Its beauty is more than literary: it is moral, and rings with truth; imaginative, and stirs the senses; emotional, and moves almost to rapture like a poem.

It tells the simple story of a young **vaquero's** pursuit of a black bull.

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WHEN ROBELIN ALEGRIA sees the bull his fate is fixed. "Bull of my soul," he addresses it.

He knows its beauty and its power.

He senses its wild and untamable will as elemental in himself, for Robelin is a lover of natural things, and freedom in all its forms is natural.

He himself would "rather be free in peril than enslaved in safety."

In the **corrida** and on the ranch few of his companions, happily settled into custom, would understand this even if he tried to explain.

They understand only what they see, and what they see in Robelin is a man "too quiet, too reserved," sometimes "sullen without visible cause"—strange.

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BUT ROBELIN is no more strange to them than Josefa is to him. Josefa is the girl he loves.

At sixteen blooming, voluptuous and yearning to play her woman's role of "civilizer" of man, she tries to snare him.

He tingles with the desire to have her, to ask her hand in marriage, but something holds him back.

His instinctive love of freedom struggles against his custom-bound love of her.

"Once I was so close to her ear that I could have whispered the question into it quickly and easily," he tells his friend Pedro.

"It was almost against my lips, fragrant and open, ready to receive the request ... A voice inside me cried: "You are close to the bait, little fish. Have care! Don't bite! And I said to my lips, 'Keep still!' "

It is the passion of this struggle, modified and exalted to universal significance, that sends Robelin in pursuit of the black bull.

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ONLY A FINE talent and a skillful control of it could create the story of the pursuit.

It is a story delicately-wrought, quietly and simply told, but it casts a spell of enchantment and its meaning slips effortlessly into the mind.

More because of contrast than comparison, many readers will think of **Moby Dick.**

Ahab is quickly transmuted into a symbol and becomes supra - human: Robelin never does.

Ahab scours the seven seas, his quest is too self-concious-ly of universal application.

Robelin roams only a range in Texas, and his quest is as ordinary-seeming as the daily job of cowboys.

And in the final great scene, when the theme of **The Black Bull** drives truly home, Goodwyn and Melville are poles apart. The disenchanted naturalism of **Moby Dick** is a glowing cloud. The cosmic idealism of **The Black Bull** burns like a bright star.

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.

HERE I STAND

Seaford, Del.—I am intrigued with the articles from Paul Robeson's book, "Here I Stand" that you are publishing in the AFRO Magazine Section.

Can you give me the name of the publishers and the price of the book?

MRS. OLLIE WATSON

Published by Othello Associates, Inc., Box 283, Manhattanville Station, New York 27, N.Y. Price $1.50 paper bound, $2.50 cloth.

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CAB CALLOWAY

Bronx, N.Y. — If possible, please tell me whether Cab Calloway's wife is colored or white.

JOHN D. ALFRED

Mr. Calloway has been married twice. His first wife, Betty, although very fair, was colored. So is his second wife, Nuffie.

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SCHOOLS

South Norwalk, Conn. — I would like to know how I can get a list of names of boarding schools.

UNSIGNED.

You didn't say whether you were interested in prep schools, high schools or colleges. Keep reading your AFRO and watch for the special school supplement which will be published this summer.

Your Prayers Are Asked

For a very sick woman who needs understanding . . . For a sick daughter whose mind may be healed. . . . For Marie Smith. . . . For Willis who is sick in the mind . . . For Annie and Lottie. . . . For my daughter Ida that she will feel better from her leg trouble and kidneys. . . . For Oletho Edward. . . For a Brother Robert that he may gain weight and be healed. . . . For Kenneth and Chris that they may be reunited for the sake of their daughter. . . . For Loretta and Puddin that they may prosper as entertainers in show business. . . . For a mother that she may be completely healed and be able to return home. . . . For the removal of evil influences. . . For a son's life. . . .

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.

PICTURES

Hampton, Va.—Is there any way possible to secure a large photo of Frankie Lyman? Please help me and tell me how.

LILLIAN PATTERSON

Best way to get in touch with recording artists is through the companies for which they record. We will print another picture of Frankie on the AFRO Youth Page in the near future.

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CLEANLINESS

Philadelphia, Pa.—Is it true that those fabulous French palaces, such as Louis XIV's Versailles palace did not have any plumbing? What did they do for baths?

EARLINE SMITH

It was not customary for kings and queens to bathe regularly in those days. Some of them rarely took a real bath. An occasional swipe with a damp rag was considered enough to cleanse he skin. Perfumes and spices were in great demand.

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BIRTHPLACE

Washington, D.C.—There's a bet on this. I say that President Eisenhower was born in Abilene, Kansas. My roommate disputes this, says he was born in Texas. Who is right?

JAMES DORSEY

Hope you didn't bet too much because you will have to pay up. President Eisenhower was born in Denison, Texas. The family moved to Abilene, Kansas, when he was one year old.

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TAXES

Richmond, Va. — Is it true that there are no taxes in Bermuda? How do they get money to run the government?

MABLE CROMARTY

Bermuda levies no taxes on real estate, incomes, or inheritance, but raises revenue by excise, postal, transportation, stamp taxes, and duties.

Looking For Someone

If you want to locate missing friends or relatives, enclose $1 in an envelope along with a description of the person, where 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.

Lizzie M. Bonner of Baltimore, Md., is looking for Levy Purvis also of Baltimore. Approximately 55 years old, wears glasses, 5' 4" tall and weighs about 145 pounds. Complexion brown. Last seen Saturday, February 1, 1958.

W. R. Jenkins of Baltimore, Md., is looking for a young lady that he met in Boston, Mass., while a patient at the Chelsa Ward Hospital. She worked in the cafeteria. Her name is Florence R. Wilkerson. She is about 5 feet 3, weighs about 115, brown-skinned, and very attractive. I have her class ring with the initials F. R. N.

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Mamie Hamilton of Bostic, N.C., would like to locate her brother, Joe Flack, whose native home is North Carolina. Tall, brown-skinned, age 61. Last heard from about October, 1956.

Othella Branch of Northfork, W. Va., is looking for her sister-in-law, Bertha Branch, her two daughters, nieces. Helen Branch and Katherine Branch. Last seen in 1923 in Omar, W. Va. Their husbands and father were killed in Omar, W. Va.

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Bessie Hall of Baltimore, Md., is looking for her niece, Lillian Scott of New York, her nephew, Willie Legree of Marcus, Pa., and Janie Lester of New York.

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FOUND

Lewis Pender of 673 N. Park Ave., Philadelphia 23, Pa., knows the whereabouts of Marlyn Davis's mother, Hazel Davis. He also thinks she has a sister she has never seen before.

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Irene Smith of New York is looking for her brother Edwin Tucker, whom she has never seen. The people who took him in might have changed his name. His mother, Irene Tucker is in a mental hospital in Petersburg, Va. He should be around 30 years old.

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Agnes Walker of Plymouth, N.C. is looking for Nania M. Valentine, a dear friend of hers. Last heard from on January 24, 1955.

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FOUND

Frank Harris, brother of Willie Harris, can be located at 302 Robert St., Baltimore, Md.

Legal Advisor

Q—My husband and I started buying a house. We do not know very much about property. We paid $400 down and $92 a month.

We have an expense account of $21 but the real estate now takes out for repairs, such as a new roof which he told us the house had when we moved in. Can we get our money back?

A—You should see an attorney and give him more details than were contained in your letter. The law specifically states that all deductions should be listed on a contract of sale.

However, you may be in a Building and Loan Association with a second mortgage and the realtor is using the money for repairs instead of the second mortgage.

See an attorney, he can advise you after seeing all the papers.

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Q—I work for a family taking care of their three children. I work from 7:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. and make $30 a week. For four years they have not taken out Social Security Insurance. Are they supposed to and if so, how do I see about this?

A—Your employer is supposed to deduct for Social Security. I don't know where the office is in Richmond, Va., but look for the Field Office of the Social Security Administration, usually found in the Post Office. They will compel your employer to file.

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Q—I have been married and have been separated for seven years. I had four kinds for him and I want to know can I make him support his kids although I have two more for my friend? How much money do I have to send?

A—You are entitled to support for the four children in an amount depending on the needs of the children and the wages of your husband.

The separation for seven years and the fact you have two other children won't prevent a court from ordering support for the minor children.

It will not prevent you from getting support. I don't know what you mean by how much money do I send. If you mean how much money does he have to send, this is up to the courts.

--The Greatest

CONTINUED from Page 1

er he is at the plate, running the bases, skedaddling after a fly ball or throwing from any position, Mays has my vote."

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MUNZEL, ace writer of the Chicago Sun-Times, said:

"Taking all phases of the game into account, the most exciting player is Willie Mays.

"He can give you a thrill in every aspect of the game — hitting, fielding, throwing and running the bases. Ted Williams and Stan Musial are the master hitters but they aren't standouts in other departments.

"Willie can hit the ball out of the park or steal a base. He can beat you both ways. And he's just as dramatic on defense.

"The only ones close to him are Mickey Mantle and Minnie Minoso."

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SOME MAY argue that praise by baseball writers doesn't make a ball player great. And they'd be right.

But the testimony of the newsmen doesn't have to stand alone in the Mays corner.

Mantle is not the "unstoppable" hitter that Mays is, nor is he the polished fielder to equal Willie.

These views come from (1) a top Cleveland Indians pitcher and (2) the Yankee manager, Stengel.

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THE INDIANS play the Giants a series of games every spring, some years as many as 35 exhibitions. They also play the Yankees 22 times during the regular season. The pitcher, who for obvious reason prefers not to be identified, says:

"We find that we can strike out Mantle if we pitch him properly. It's no sucker pitch and we have to get it just right, or Mickey's apt to knock it into the seats.

"On the other hand, we don't strike out Mays. We get him to chase bad pitches, sometimes but we haven't yet come up with a pitch to Willie we can bank on."

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AS RECENTLY as a month ago, Stengel was lamenting the fact that, despite his occasional brilliance, Mickey leaves much to be desired in the field.

"Still," Casey will add when pressed, "he's one of the most improved defensive players in the league."

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ASIDE FROM besting Mickey in lifetime fielding (.985 to .979), Willie holds the edge in lifetime batting percentage (.318 to .316); in slugging average (.627 to .606); in base stealing (187 for five years to 99 for seven), and in throwing assists (59 to 52) again on the basis of five years against Mantle's seven.

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REALIZING that there are some who will still proclaim for Mantle over Mays, the writer is anticipating some of the arguments that are likely to be raised in Mickey's behalf.

Such things as the winning of two "most valuable player" awards, and the decided edge held by the Yankee star in lifetime homers.

These are not difficult to rebut.

It is common knowledge that players on pennant-winning clubs invariably command the most attention when the MVP voting gets under way.

Mantle has played on five championship teams since joining the Bombers in 1951.

Mays has been a member of two pennant-winning Giants clubs.

Mickey, therefore, grabbed the honor twice in five shots at it. Willie gained it once with two chances.

The 207 homers acquired by Mantle represent seven seasons. Mays' 187 homers were obtained in five, his career cut by two years (1952-53) in the military service.

AFRO

MAGAZINE SECTION

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"HERE I STAND"

I Was A Good Boy

After Princeton came grade school in Westfield, 1907 and then high school in Somerville in 1910.

What mixed schools were like in New Jersey 40 years ago.

"Students and teachers were friendly and urged me to attend parties and dances."

"My chemistry teacher was the first to dance with me on those occasions."

Part Three

(Of a series of five articles taken from "Here I Stand," by Paul Robeson, published by Othello Associates, Inc., N.Y. Copyright 1958 by Paul Robeson. All rights reserved.)

Though we moved away from Princeton in 1907, when I was nine, I was back and forth between the other towns and this community until I finished college at twenty-one. Visiting Princeton was always being at home.

Westfield, where we moved first, was thirty-odd miles away in the direction of New York.

For years in Princeton, after he lost his church, friends had told my father that he must return to preaching. And so, at the age of sixty-two, when he got the chance, he eagerly set out to begin all over again.

Now he joined a different denomination, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church.

The colored community of Westfield was even smaller than in Princeton and there were at the start not more than a dozen members in Rev. Robeson's new congregation to help him dig the foundation for the Downing Street AME Zion Church.

There were too few colored children for the town to have a separate school "for colored only," so the grade school I attended during the three years we lived there was mixed.

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WESTFIELD, and later Somerville, were quite unlike Princeton.

Barriers between colored and white existed, of course, but they were not so rigid; and in the ordinary way of small-town life there were more friendly connections between the two groups.

And here there were white working men, too, many of them foreign-born, who, unlike the Princeton blue-bloods, could see in a working man of a darker skin a fellow human being (a lower-paid worker, of course, and perhaps a competitor for a job, but not a person of a totally different caste).

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IN THESE towns I came to know more white people. I frequently visited the homes of my schoolmates and always received a friendly welcome.

I wasn't conscious of it at the time, but now I realize that my easy moving between the two racial communities was rather exceptional.

For one thing, I was the respected preacher's son, and then, too, I was popular with the other boys and girls because of my skill at sports and studies, and because I was always ready to share in their larks and fun-making.

Observing my manner of respectful politeness and courtesy, in which Pop had trained us, some of the white parents encouraged their children's friendship with me, hoping, I suppose, that I might have a favorable influence on them.

A good boy studied hard, helped with the chores, gladly ran errands, tipped his hat to ladies, always said "No thank you" when offered a piece of cake (at the first offer, that is), never puffed a cigarette or said bad words, would never in all his years touch a drop of hard liquor, never told lies, never played hookey, never missed Sunday School, and got nothing but A's on his report card.

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WELL, I was a good boy, sure enough — but I wasn't that good!

Not all the time at any rate.

For my father gave my teachers permission to paddle me for any waywardness, and though I don't recall the misdeeds, this permission was memorably exercised on a couple of occasions.

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IN 1910 we moved to Somerville, a larger town midway between Westfield and Princeton, where Reverend Robeson served as pastor of St. Thomas AME Zion Church until his death eight years later.

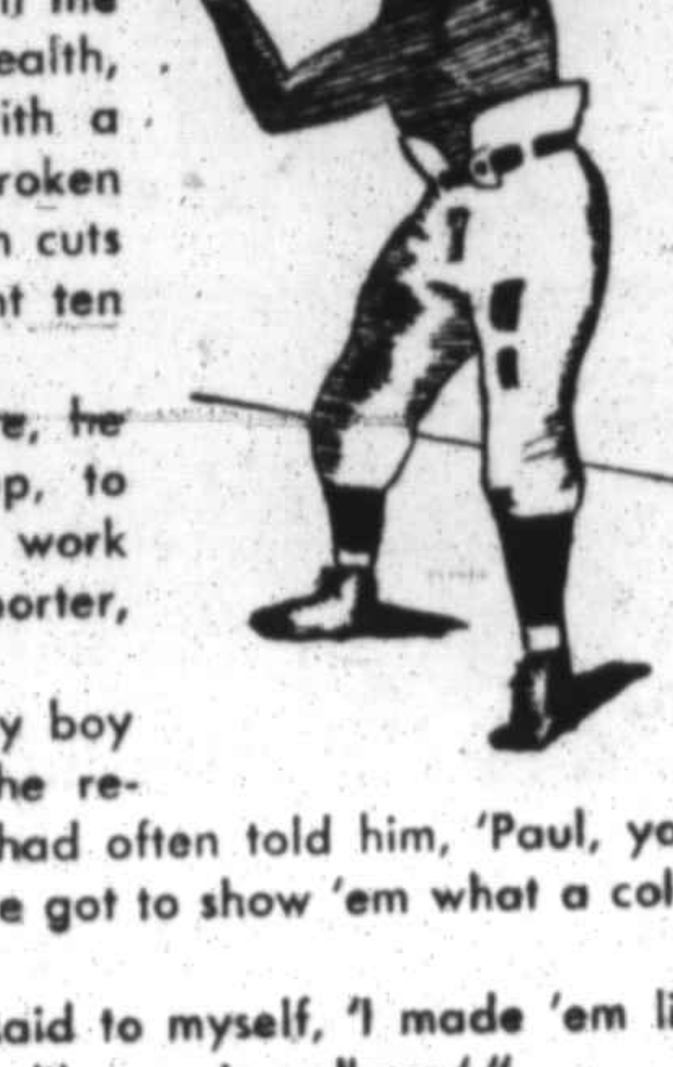
I attended eighth grade in Somerville (here again the school was all colored) and graduated at the head of my class.

Pop was pleased by that, I guess, though it was only what he expected of me and his attitude never allowed for feelings of exaggerated self-esteem.

He Made The Varsity

He made the football team, as a freshman the hard way. When Robeson, today, tells of his first appearance on the field, he chuckles about it. "Those boys were tough," he says.

"They didn't gang up on me because I was colored; they only wanted to see if I had the stuff. They're all my good friends now and I wouldn't want anybody to think they were mean and vicious."



Well, maybe so. But after the first few scrimmages all the other boys were in good health, but Robeson was out, with a dislocated shoulder, a broken nose, a body covered with cuts and bruises, and he spent ten days in bed.

At first, as he lay there, he wanted to give it all up, to leave school and go to work as a waiter, a Pullman porter, or a stevedore.

This was more than any boy of 17 could stand. But he remembered that his father had often told him, 'Paul, you're representing your race. You've got to show 'em what a colored boy can do. Don't ever quit."

Robeson told me, "I said to myself, 'I made 'em like me in high school. I'll make 'em like me in college.' "

The next time he went out for practice, things, for the first few plays, weren't quite so tough. But—he laughs, kind of, about it now—after a hard tackle he lay out of breath on his back on the ground, and a player trotted past him and purposely stepped on Robeson's outstretched right hand, and the cleats on the football shoe tore his fingers.

Robeson is a smoldering volcano and now he erupted. Suffering excruciating pain, like a mad gorilla he seized the first player who came his way. "It was Kelly," he smiled; "Kelly, a great back, who wouldn't hurt a fly. He was one of my best friends. I wanted to kill somebody, and as I raised him over my head to smash him to the ground, I heard George Foster Sanford, the coach, yell, "Stop, Robey; stop! You're on the varsity."

That stopped him. He had been accepted. He had made the grade. He was one of them. Now Kelly was a fellow teammate, and Robeson lowered him gently to the ground and the trainer came and bandaged the hand, Robeson was never hazed at Rutgers again.

(From American Magazine April 3, 1944 by Jerome Beaty.)



Remembering the devotion of his own father, Paul Robeson spent many hours with his son Paul Jr. Here, they play chess. There was also a pool table, bowling alley and tennis court on the family grounds.

I have often told how he was never satisfied with a school mark of 95 when 100 was possible. But this was not because he made a fetish of perfection.

Rather it was that the concept of **personal integrity,** which was his ruling passion, included inseparably the idea of **maximum human fulfillment.**

Success in life was not to be measured in terms of money and personal advancement, but rather the goal must be the richest and highest development of one's own potential.

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A LOVE for learning, a ceaseless quest for truth in all its fullness — this my father taught.

His own schooling had been along the classic pattern which today has been largely displaced by an emphasis on technology.

I do not know, in political terms, what stand my father took in the debate then raging in the colored man's life between the militant policy of W. E. B. DuBois and the conservative preachments of Booker T. Washington — that clash of opposing ideas as to the path for the colored man's progress which was so largely expressed in terms of educational goals.

But in practice Rev. Robeson flatly rejected Washington's concept that colored education be limited essentially to manual training; he firmly believed that the heights of knowledge must be scaled by the freedom-seeker. Latin, Greek, philosophy, history, literature — all the treasures of learning must be the colored man's heritage as well.

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SO FOR me in high school there would be four years of Latin and then in college four more years of Latin and Greek.

Closely my father watched my studies, and was with me page by page through Virgil

(Continued on Page 4)

Broadway production of "Othello," 1944. Robeson played the title role. Uta Hagen played Desdemona. Below Donaldson award presented to Paul Robeson for the "best male performance of the 1943-44 season. The citation is signed Jose Ferrer, representing the actors, and June Havoc, for the actresses. Other signatures are representatives of producers, stage managers, critics, stagehands, ticketsellers, publicity men and Billboard Magazine.

